

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1875.

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We invite the attention of our readers to the following article from the New York Nation or April 1:

Negotiations are pending in this city between a Catholic committee, acting for the parochial schools of the church, and a committee of the board of education, over a proposal, on the part of the former, to have the Catholic schools placed under the Board, and made part of the common-school system.

The Marysville Appeal tells how a stage was robbed by only one of those gentlemen of the brush. On the morning of the 14th of April, says that paper, about ten o'clock, the Downville stage, en route for Marysville, Oregon, was ascending the Oregon Hill grade, by a single highwayman and a double-barreled shot-gun, and robbed of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s treasure box, containing \$3,000 in gold dust, a gold bar valued at \$1,700, and about \$200 in small packages.

The robber kept his weapon bearing on the head of the driver during this exciting conversation, while passengers at this critical moment, as they were well anticipated, were not resting under the most pleasant of minds.

None of the passengers were armed, but they were not molested; the robber letting the treasure box suffice for the time to gratify his cupidity.

WARMIN'G TIME. The New York Times suggests that "the Pope's American friends, if they are wise, will warn the Holy Father against becoming an immigrant to this country. In the antique seclusion of the Vatican he is a spiritual potentate, a successor of St. Peter, and an infallible sovereign of the church."

At Nashville, Tennessee, on the 30th, ult., Robert Frazer, a policeman, was shot and killed by a negro named Joe Reed. The latter was whipping his wife when he shot the policeman for interfering. The following dispatch tells what became of the negro:

The excitement over the killing of police officer Frazer by Joe Reed, colored, to-day grew more and more intense. During the afternoon, and culminated at half-past eight o'clock in a large and excited crowd gathering in front of the jail demanding the keys from Jailer Henson, who refused to give them up. They immediately attacked the building, forced an entrance, and at 10:30, after forcing open four heavy iron doors, succeeded in reaching the cell in which the negro was confined, the door of which was soon broken open. Reed was seized and a rope fastened around his neck and hurried to the suspension bridge from which he was thrown, with the intention of hanging, and the rope breaking, he fell to the rocks beneath, a distance of ninety feet, and from thence into the river.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 30th ult., constable M. Casey went to the country to levy on the goods of one Jas. Connell. Being resisted, the officer returned to town for assistance and police officer Reibseiner went with him to the Connell place, where they found ten or a dozen of the Connell connection barricaded within the house. As the officers approached they were fired upon from the house and both of them hit. Reibseiner was mortally wounded. Casey received 14 bullet holes in his body, but may recover. The Sheriff then collected a large posse of men, and after a desperate fight and many shots being fired without any one being seriously hurt, the Connell crowd were overpowered and arrested and two Connell boys who shot the officers, were lodged in jail.

Mrs. John Wachtel, an old resident of Lancaster, Ohio, some twelve years ago ran a needle in her breast and failed to have it extracted, as it never caused her either pain or inconvenience. A few days ago the lady felt a strange, pricking sensation in a buncheon on one of her feet, and on examination found the point of a needle protruding. It was taken out, and appears to be the same needle she lost in her breast twelve years before.

The Judges down South whenever a case is brought before them under the civil rights bill, prevent its enforcement by declaring the law to be unconstitutional. We believe that to be a fact so far as the criminal features of the law are concerned. It is singular why a test case is not taken before the U. S. Supreme court for adjudication.

Dan O'Leary, of Chicago, recently walked 116 miles in twenty-three hours and eight minutes, and won a bet. He made better time than Weston or any other walkist ever made before.

A child being asked what the three great feasts of the Jews were, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

Recently a colony of 500 Bohemians settled in Howard county, Neb.

DARING HIGHWAYMEN.

A San Francisco paper describes the bold exploits of California highwaymen. On the 16th ult. two robbers stopped a stage which was loaded with travelers. The victims stepped from the stage one at a time, promptly, in obedience to orders, and in detail were relieved of their money, and jewelry. There was no resistance, and no one suffered bodily harm. The treasure of Wells, Fargo & Co., being in a strong iron safe, fastened in the coach, was not taken.

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BLOOMINGTON, NEB.

LETTER FROM JUDGE A. W. MORGAN.

HE PLANTS 14,400 COTTONWOODS ON ARBOR DAY.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

By your permission I will give a brief description of Bloomington, and my visit there. My object was to plant forest trees on a timber culture claim in Franklin county. I shipped my trees from Brownville direct to my claim, eight miles north of Bloomington, and planted some 14,400 cottonwoods on thirty-two acres of ground. This I did on the third Wednesday of April, or "arbor day."

After finishing tree planting I made a short visit to Bloomington, where I was met by many friends and acquaintances, and was very agreeably surprised in finding so handsome a village of only one year's growth. The east side of the public square is entirely built up, and business houses are scattered on the other three sides. The buildings are of a better class than I expected to find; and the hotel is as good, if not the best, in the Republican valley, and is in the care of the well known and popular hotel keeper, Jud. Rich, esq.

The land office is a very neat building, and the stores are generally one-story buildings, fronting 18 or 20 feet on the public square, and are from 40 to 60 feet deep, with square fronts, nicely painted, and with signs of the various business hanging in front in real city fashion. The dwelling houses are fully equal in size and appearance with the business houses.

The site is high and dry, and the public square is just rounding enough for the water to run off in all directions. The town has a commanding view of the surrounding country. The scenery around Bloomington, especially on the south side of the Republican river, is grand.

It looked like old times to see Evan Worthing, Geo. Dorsey, Malles, Vanelli, Jud. Rich, and our old friend Capt. Presson, formerly of Tecumseh. Everybody appeared to be happy, with the exceptions of slight dread of grasshoppers and drouth, but hope was lifting them above all that.

A State road was being located from Kearney Junction to Bloomington, and a bridge is under contract to be built across the Republican.

I was informed that 150 families of Germans were located in town 14, twelve miles north of Bloomington. A colony of Swedes have just bought twenty thousand acres of the U. P. lands between the German settlement and Kearney Junction.

So you see that country is fast settling up. The hundreds of tree claims scattered over that beautiful prairie, forty miles across from Kearney to Bloomington, and how far the other way I cannot tell, with forty acre groves on each section of land, will make it the handsomest country in the United States.

A. W. MORGAN.

Sheridan, Neb.

COME WEST.

The New York Bulletin takes up the advice of Horace Greeley who he left it, and expresses the opinion that the wisest thing the unemployed, who now throng our great cities, can do is to "go West." It is rich in the elements of extensive and permanent wealth. Land is still cheap there, and a cordial welcome will greet every man who is willing to work, and who goes there to make himself a home. We think the Bulletin is right in its advice. The Central West as well as the Far West is by no means crowded. There is room in Iowa, Missouri and Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Dakota and even Illinois, with its great population and noble development, for many more people, provided they are industrious and earnest workers. The great West must still become greater. Its agricultural, mineral and manufacturing capacity are still far from being fully developed. "Go West" then, and go determined to work and win. The above, from the Albany (N. Y.) Journal, is sensible advice. The west still presents as many advantages to the immigrant as it did when thousands daily looked to our State. We do not pretend to say that Kansas will make a man rich, but we do think that if a man comes determined to make himself wealthy, that no better place to settle can be found in the Union.—Leavenworth Times.

We are glad to learn that through the efforts of Senators Paddeck and Hitchcock the plans of the new Lincoln post office have not been changed. It will be constructed to the top of the second story in accordance with the original plans. They hope that next winter they can get an appropriation through to finish up the third story. The Lincoln folks feel exceedingly thankful to our Senators for the interest they have manifested in the matter and the persistency with which they have fought the proposed reduction.—Beatrice Express.

A crazy man named Chas. F. King recently fatally wounded Mrs. Dora Bremer, of St. Louis, because she would not desert her husband and marry him. He then attempted to shoot himself, failed, and gave himself over to the tender mercies of the police force of the city.

Robert Bonner, who plinned his faith to Bergh through thick and thin, is at last disgusted with him, and stigmatizes him as a vain egotist, guilty of foolish petty tyranny.

A Chicago preacher has locked him self up in the fourth story, and draws his meals up with a bed-cord. He says they can't get up any slanders about him.

Flora Temple is thirty years old, and her kind-hearted owner is doing all that he can to smooth her pathway to the glue factory.

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY TOM. R. EBRIGHT. To whom all communications designed for publication in this column should be addressed.

TRAINING TIME.

Supper is over, now for the fun, This is the season children must run. Papa is reading, says of those boys: "Pray did you ever hear such a noise?"

Riding on "camels" over the floor, See, one's e squirrel climbing the door. There goes the baby fat on its nose, Brother was trying to tickle his toes.

Little he minds it, though he would cry, Changed it to laughter as Lyn galloped by. Order is nowhere, fun is the rule, Think they are children just out of school.

Home is their palace, they are the kings, Let them be masters of just a few things, Only one hour out of all day Give them full freedom, joy in their play.

Do not be crusty; do not forget You like to manage—sometimes do yet. Home will be sweeter till life is done If you will give them one hour of fun.

THE FAMILY HAMMER.

Some time ago a lady we know missed the family hammer. Nobody lost it. Somebody had it at the barn fixing the hen-house, and it was seen no more. She grieved over that hammer, for it was very dear to her. It was an heir-loom, and she never used it without thinking of the patient, paternal, faithful hand in which it had done so much and so excellent service.

The wrist has been parted a long time from the hand that wielded the lost hammer, but his work remains. The handle was of seasoned hickory, polished with service, compact as horn, smooth as ivory, and the head was poised with absolute perfection on the handle. It didn't seem very heavy, but it always sent the nail right home. To her the hammer was a type of the character of the man that had used it so long. Years of steadfast resistance to evil had thoroughly seasoned him in virtue, contact with all classes of society had polished his manners, and the opinions he expressed, the convictions he uttered, were sent 'home' by a consistency of Christian life that was beyond cavil. But a substitute she must have, for what is home without a hammer? Pickets must be nailed on every now and then, carpets tacked down, nuts cracked, and a thousand other things done that will suggest themselves at once to every practical mind, which render a hammer perfectly indispensable. So she went into a hardware store in New-York and called for the best hammer the merchant had. It was a good one he handed her to examine; she fell in love with it at first sight. The long, smooth hickory handle shone like ivory, and the effective-looking head was fastened on in a manner so strong that you felt sure at a glance that "all the king's men," as the old riddle has it, could never, never draw them apart. Here was a hammer that would last for generations, if it didn't get lost. So she paid a dollar for it, and came home delighted with her new possession. The other night, in reading James Parton's new lecture in the Tribune, she came to the account of David Maydole and his hammers, and she was so sure that the new hammer was from his manufactory that the reading was suspended so as to allow her to go to the tool-box and get it. Sure enough, there on one side of the head was "D. Maydole, cast steel." It was like getting the lost hammer back again. The new one would preach, just as the old one had, of "honor, of conscience, of good feeling, high principle and business sense. It would admonish every one to work, not fast, nor too much, nor with a showy polish, nor any vain pretense, but as well as we can every time, never letting one thing go till we have done all that is possible to make it what it should be."

DOMESTIC BARBERING.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of the hair look as if they had been chewed off by an absent minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to avoid any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to set him on a bare floor and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back.

The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffing sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the mean time he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. There is a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges, and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man.

But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely his him on the other ear, to inspire him with confidence. When she is through, she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits from the top of his head her back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place on his head and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and, young as he is, shudders as he thinks what the boys on the streets will say.—[Danbury News.

LOOK AT HOME.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler; you have been drinking again to day."

"Do you ever take a drop yourself, minister?"

"Yes, John, but you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Very true, sir," says John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his ain door clean."

W. A. HAWLEY, NEBRASKA.

Marsh Harvester

Excelsior Mower and Dropper, Meadow King Mower, and all kinds of Farm Machinery, Wagons, Pumps, &c.

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CAPITAL, \$100,000. Transact a General Banking Business, and make collections on all points throughout the West, and all parts of Europe.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PAHS, RUBBERS, ROBES, &c.

"OLD RELIABLE" MEAT MARKET. B. B. & BROTHER, BUTCHERS.

BROWNVILLE MARBLE WORKS. CHARLES NEIDHART, Foreign & Domestic MARBLE, Monuments, Tombstones, TABLE TOPS, &c.

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ELEPHANT LIVERY, FEED & SALE

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REAPERS REAPERS FOR 1875. IMPORTANT TO THE FARMERS.

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Independent Rake, from the reel. A reel rake can not be changed so as to gather down or tangled grain. Your attention is called to

THE MILLER IMPROVED TABLE RAKE

which is giving entire satisfaction all over the United States. THE PRICE ON THE BUCKEYE IS REDUCED.

WALTER A. WOOD REAPERS are so well known throughout the land for their fine work, both as a Reaper and Mower,

that it is useless for us to mention any of their advantages over other machines. The Rake of the Wood machine works on the same principle as the Buckeye. Buy either of these machines, and you surely will have the best in the world.

REPAIRS. We keep a store room full of repairs for all machines we sell, and when a farmer breaks down he knows where to go to repair up. Buy no machines of any one who are not permanently in business. He visits you when he wishes to sell the machines, and when you want repairs the agent is not to be found. So the machine is a detriment to the farmer. Buy the Buckeye and Wood reaper of

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The best and most reliable machine in the market. Farmers who intend purchasing a header should, in order to get one in time for the coming harvest, give their orders at once to

WEIR CULTIVATOR NEW IMPROVED! OLD RELIABLE! Never fails to give entire satisfaction. For sale by

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The Buckeye, with Miller's table rake, and the Woods, with sweepable table rake. They are warranted to rake the bundles in good shape, even in down grain. The independent reel, which is separate from the rake, can be changed down or forward of the machine so as to gather lodged grain, or rake away remaining in its proper place to do its own work. No jerking or side draft. Buy of

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