

THE Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED IN 1856, now enters upon its Twentieth Year, and is the OLDEST PAPER IN NEBRASKA

That never suspended or changed its name. Age has not caused its depreciation, nor its adherence to exploded foggisms, but otherwise; and to-day it stands on a sure foundation, in the

Advance Guard of the Great Army of Progression, Strong from the nourishment of long years of principles, consistent with the American idea of LIBERTY AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

When the question was presented between Treason and Loyalty, Union and Disunion, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars, THE ADVERTISER unflinchingly and uncompromisingly espoused the cause of Union and an undivided country, and as a consistent

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL. It has ever insisted, and does still insist, that this great country should be ruled by the party that saved it from destruction. In the political campaign of this year, and the National one to be in 1876, THE ADVERTISER will give no uncertain sound. Its editors will be found shooting efficient editorials in the same direction at the same foe, that they shot leaden bullets, for the mission of the Republican party is not yet accomplished, the occasion for political effort has not yet passed, American progress has not yet ended.

Other labors, to save what has been gained, lie before the loyal people. THE ADVERTISER most heartily wishes the sentiments so pointedly enunciated in the plank of the Republican platform of Ohio—"That the States are one as a Nation, and all citizens are equal under the laws, and entitled to the fullest protection,"—and believes that the safety of the Nation lies in the full recognition of this doctrine. From the attitude of the opposition, the duty of every Republican is obvious.

AS A FAMILY PAPER, THE ADVERTISER is conceded to have no superior, of few equals, if any, in the State; and we assure our readers that it shall be kept up, in every respect, equal to its present standard of excellence, until we make it better by various improvements which we have in view just so soon as times improve among the people financially so as to justify us in making such improvements.

At the commencement of the volume just closed we promised our patrons that THE ADVERTISER should be in the future a better family paper than it had ever been before; that we filled our columns not with old "dead" advertisements, but with choice reading prepared with care for a variety to suit the general reader. Our readers will concede that we have lived up to this promise. We have for the last year carried more reading matter than any other weekly in the State, demonstrating that our ambitious declarations are not an empty blow, and that we do not make promises only to break them.

AS A LOCAL PAPER. We have an especial pride in making an acceptable local paper, embracing in this feature the entire county of Nemaha first, then Southern Nebraska and the State; thus making it a most desirable medium for circulation in other States amongst those desiring correct information regarding Nebraska, and her claims to consideration as a young State with all the inherent qualities of greatness.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM. THE ADVERTISER is unexcelled among the weeklies of Southern Nebraska, or the State, on account of its long established high reputation, its unequalled neatness of mechanical appearance, its clear print, and very low rates for space.

Terms for the New Volume. Single copy, one year, \$2.00; Clubs of Five, each, 1.75; Clubs of Ten, each, 1.50; Three months, on trial, 50c.

All postage paid by the publishers. No paper sent from the office unless paid for in advance. Address, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

State Bank of Nebraska. CAPITAL, \$100,000. EXCHANGE ON EUROPE. INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

B. F. SOUDER, HARNESSES, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS, ROBES, &c., BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BROWNVILLE MARBLE WORKS. CHARLES NEIDHART, Manufacturer and Dealer in Foreign & Domestic MARBLE, Monuments, Tombstones, TABLE TOPS, &c.

PAT. CLINE FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER. FITS ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

JOHN CRADDOCK, W. F. CRADDOCK, CRADDOCK & SON, GUN SMITHS! BRASS-LOADING SHOT GUNS, RIFLES, CARBINES, AMMUNITION, SPORTING GOODS.

"OLD RELIABLE" MEAT MARKET. BODY & BROTHER, BUTCHERS. Good, sweet, fresh Meat always on hand.

J. H. BAUER, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, ROBES, Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER JOB PRINTERS. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WM. D. SWAN, DEALER IN Groceries, Provisions, Queensware, &c. No. 30 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

UNION HOTEL, JOSEPH O'PELT, PROPRIETOR. Feed stable in connection with the house. Stage office for all points.

BROWNVILLE FERRY & TRANSFER COMPANY. Having a first class Steam Ferry and towing and conveying the Transfer Line from Brownville to Phelps.

BUSSES. Local trains. All orders left at the office will receive prompt attention.

ELEPHANT LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES. Corner First and Atlantic Sts. BEN. ROGERS, PROPRIETOR.

GRAIN, SEED AND FEED STORE. First Street, bet. Main & Atlantic. CORN, OATS, WHEAT, RYE, BRAN, SHORTS, AND Chopped and Mixed Feed.

Good Grain & Stock Scales Connected with the store. CORN BY THE WAGON LOAD HUDDART & MCCOY.

Plott's Star Organs. Agents supplied at figures that defy competition for the same class of instruments.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTICE. I WILL hold Public Examination on the next Saturday of each month at my office in Brownville.

J. HUDDART & CO., PEACE & QUIET SALOON, No. 51 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB. BEST WINES & LIQUORS KEPT ON HAND.

BILLIARDS. We have fitted up in the style a Billiard Parlor and put up therein two tables fresh from the manufactory.

THE "MATCHLESS" BURDETT ORGANS ARE MADE AT ERIE, PENN. Send to the Burdett Organ Company, Erie, Pennsylvania, for Circulars.

MACHINE POETRY. By CORN SHELLER. We want all to know that we're living in town, in Brownville, Nebraska, that place of renown.

We have excellent Planes, and Reapers and Mowers, and every such thing by dozens and scores; we have Pitchforks, and Spades, and axes and Hoes, and they're excellent, too, as every one knows.

Richardson & Smith, DEALERS IN HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, AND FARM MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS. YOU CAN BUY DRY GOODS! GROCERIES! CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Queensware, Glassware, CHEAPER OF JOHN McPHERSON Than at any House in Southern Nebraska. 72 Main Street, Brownville, Nebraska.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK. Respecting the uncertainty of the birthday of St. Patrick, Samuel Lever, an Irish poet, and like many of his countrymen, a great wit, wrote the following humorous account:

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say, That St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day, While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born, And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn; For mistakes will occur in a hurry and a shock, And some blame'd the bay and some blame'd the clock— Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know, If the child was too fast—or the clock was too slow.

AN ILLINOIS WEDDING.

At the age of eighteen I married a minister. Eugene Morris was my first and last love; and though, I must in truth say that the life of a minister is a sort of refined slavery, still I have never for a moment regretted my choice.

Our home was primitive, but I had brought with me many luxuries from the east, and we both were young and hopeful and life was not unpleasant to us.

I, of course, encountered the trials of most minister's wives. I was criticized and found fault with, until I wondered if I was not the incarnation of original sin itself; and I frequently had doubts whether anybody in the world was to be held responsible for their ill deeds but myself.

Miss Splitwood said I dressed too much. The minister's wife ought to set a better example before the young sets of her flock. I laid her admonition to heart, and took the trimming off my bonnet, and wore it with nothing but the cape. Then Mrs. Hale called to tell me that it was disgraceful to the parish, wearing such a dreadful bonnet.

She was magnified in a green calico gown, over ornifoliate full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel—a white apron with red strings—blue stockings—a yellow neck-ribbon and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pig behind, and well adorned with the tall feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lemuel, the groom, was coming, Sally, who had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quietly retreated with a stow pan following close behind and a few sharp words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in sheep skin pumps. Very soon the company began to gather, and in half an hour the room was filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "give a head! I won't it done up short. I'm able to pay for the job—do yer best. Come Father Burke trot out yer gal!" But Sally refused to be trotted, she would be married where she was or not at all. We argued, and coaxed, but she was firm; and we finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood up—the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "will you have this woman, etc.," down came the coverlet, enveloping the bride groom and pastor and filled the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft, and out the rope which held it.

Mr. Morrison crawled out looking sheepish; and Sally was obliged to marry openly. To the momentous questions Lemuel responded, "To be sure—what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "yes if you must know." "Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over. "I'm ready to do anything reasonable, Elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that air. Just show me how and I'll do it, if it kills me."

Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison. Lemuel produced a piece of fur from his pocket. "There, Elder," said he, "there's a muskrat skin, and out in the shed is two heads of cabbage and you are welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks—the young people went to dancing. Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request, Mr. Morrison got our horse and we bade them adieu.

I never could have lived through another meal in that house. I have since heard that Mr. Lord said if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, "Sally might have gone to the dickens!"

At the age of eighteen I married a minister. Eugene Morris was my first and last love; and though, I must in truth say that the life of a minister is a sort of refined slavery, still I have never for a moment regretted my choice.

Our home was primitive, but I had brought with me many luxuries from the east, and we both were young and hopeful and life was not unpleasant to us.

I, of course, encountered the trials of most minister's wives. I was criticized and found fault with, until I wondered if I was not the incarnation of original sin itself; and I frequently had doubts whether anybody in the world was to be held responsible for their ill deeds but myself.

Miss Splitwood said I dressed too much. The minister's wife ought to set a better example before the young sets of her flock. I laid her admonition to heart, and took the trimming off my bonnet, and wore it with nothing but the cape.

She was magnified in a green calico gown, over ornifoliate full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel—a white apron with red strings—blue stockings—a yellow neck-ribbon and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a pig behind, and well adorned with the tall feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lemuel, the groom, was coming, Sally, who had been hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth. Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quietly retreated with a stow pan following close behind and a few sharp words from Sally, advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue, with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in sheep skin pumps. Very soon the company began to gather, and in half an hour the room was filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "give a head! I won't it done up short. I'm able to pay for the job—do yer best. Come Father Burke trot out yer gal!" But Sally refused to be trotted, she would be married where she was or not at all. We argued, and coaxed, but she was firm; and we finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood up—the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel, "will you have this woman, etc.," down came the coverlet, enveloping the bride groom and pastor and filled the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft, and out the rope which held it.

Mr. Morrison crawled out looking sheepish; and Sally was obliged to marry openly. To the momentous questions Lemuel responded, "To be sure—what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "yes if you must know." "Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything reasonable, Elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that air. Just show me how and I'll do it, if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter. "I um if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel, and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar, which he drew from his pocket, made a dash at me, smashed my collar, broke my watch guard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose greatly to the delight of the company.

"Now, Elder, what's the damage?" Don't be afraid to speak."

No CASE.—"Well, Jacob?" "Vhell, dot vos bad," sighed Jacob. "Jacob, they had to bring you down here on a wheelbarrow."

"And you made a great disturbance." "Vhell—py golly!" "You must have limbed at least a hundred glasses, Jacob."

"Vhell! vhell!" "And whyfore did you do so?" "I gant dell—I knows jottings more about dot."

"You have never been here before." "Not so much as any dime." "And you'll be careful after this?" "Shust as careful as a leedle child!"

"If you come here again—look out!" "I shall look me out like fox, all de vville."—Free Press.

The New York Tribune having remarked that the time has passed for carrying elections on the records of the past and empty promises for the future, the Washington Chronicle wants to know what better record a party have than a good one for past fidelity?

To which may be added, what party can have a worse record for dishonesty and lack of patriotism than the present Democratic party? It is no wonder that the leaders of that organization object to referring to the past.

Every criminal would rather look ahead than to take a glance at the ugly past.—Republic.

The Republic says: "If the southern States have failed to become prosperous, the fault is not in the measures of reconstruction, but in the people themselves. If southern Democrats had worked one-half as earnestly to help reconstruction as they have to oppose it, peace, security, happiness and prosperity would be fully possessed by the south to-day.

It is not too late to learn wisdom from the past. Let the intelligence and wealth of the southern States unite in efforts to build up, instead of tearing down, and the centennial year will see the south on the high road to wealth.

All vegetables should be washed in hot water first to cleanse them for cooking. Insects, sand, dirt, etc. are loosened by the heat.

A curious incident is reported in the American papers. About ten years ago a Jew in straitened circumstances left Transylvania for America to improve his position in the new world.

He left a wife and several children behind, and promised that as soon as it was well by his means, he would send them some money from America. There fortune smiled on him, and when he had amassed the sum of 60,000 florins he resolved to return home and surprise his family with his wealth.

He started without having apprised his family of his intended return, and on his way home he arrived at Hamburg, where he was seized with so dangerous an illness that he made a will bequeathing all his property to his wife. He recovered, however, only to find that during his illness his money had been stolen from him.

A few benevolent persons, collected about 100 florins, wherewith the unfortunate Jew resolved to return to America in order to retrieve his fortunes. In the meanwhile the nurse had decamped with his booty to America, where, shortly after his arrival, he died suddenly. The American authorities sent the coffin, with the 60,000 florins, to Transylvania, and, as the will was also found in the coffin, the authorities at the same time acquainted the relatives with the death of the testator. After the usual period of mourning, the wife contracted a second marriage. The first husband had, however, again saved a considerable sum of money, and eventually returned to his native country to find his wife married to another man.

The event has caused great sensation in the neighborhood, and it is stated that a conference of rabbis is about to be held to determine to which of the two husbands the woman belongs.—Jewish World.

A Simple Cure for Drunkenness. At a festival at a reformatory institution recently a gentleman said of the cure of the use of intoxicating drinks: "I overcame the appetite by a recipe given to me by old Dr. Hatfield, one of those good old physicians who did not have a percentage with a neighboring druggist. When I called on him he said: 'Now that you have the moral courage, I'll tell you the tonic which I have used with effect among my friends for twenty years. I expected, of course, some nasty medicine stuff, but no. He prescribed an orange every morning, a half-hour before breakfast. 'Take that, and you'll neither want liquor nor medicine.' I have done so regularly, and find that liquor has become repulsive. The taste of the orange is in the saliva of my tongue, and it would be as well to mix water and oil as rum with my taste."

A LAUNDRY SECRET.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher and pour to it a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle and cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch made in the usual way will give the laundress, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.—Water-town Banner.