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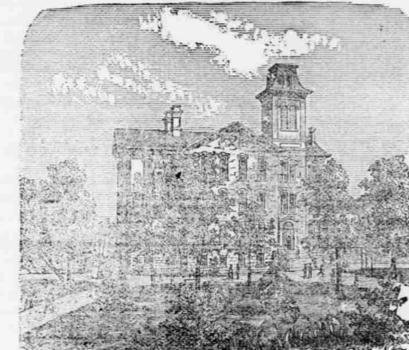
The Tragedy in Quito. Assassinations are rarely justifiable, and yet there are circumstances that show the recent taking of Senor Moreno, President of Ecuador, although a cowardly act, to have been at least a happy riddance for the Republic. He had ruled its destinies for fifteen years, during which time he had successfully obliterated every feature of civil government. Under his reign, Ecuador was a theocracy, ruled through him, by friars, priests and monks. His policy was ultramontane in the strictest sense of the word. His was the only Government in the world which bore unconditional fealty to the Pope of Rome. The Pope sent Moreno his blessing, and Moreno decreed a tax of \$10,000 a year for his Papal majesty. Everything was Jesuitical. No man enjoyed civil rights who did not subscribe to the political theory enforced by the President. Schools, societies and corporations were under priestly rule, the character of which smacked more of the inquisitorial age than the present enlightened period.

This, however, was a mere bagatelle in the long list of faults which characterized Moreno as an individual and as a public officer. The religious views which he enforced were hypocritical. It was for the purpose of a strong government that he courted the influence of the church. In fact he respected neither religion or creed. His personal ferocity was a leading trait; he spurned the apothegm that mercy "bleeth him that gives." It is related that on one occasion, a certain woman killed herself to escape his vengeance, whereupon, in a fit of horrible wrath, he had her brains cooked and served upon his table. This was probably the most revolting act he ever committed, but crimes rested upon his head, which were infinitely more brutal and merciless than it was. To execute the President's ill-will was a sure bid for death or exile. Over the doors of his basties there was no such inscriptions as the one recorded by Dante in his Inferno, yet few emerged from an Ecuadorian prison except to the executioner's block or as transported felons. A tyrant and monster, he was, at the same time, a traitor, ready to sell his country for gold. On various occasions he made overtures to Spain, and once he submitted a proposition to Napoleon, bartering away the constitutional rights of the people he had sworn to serve and protect.

It appears that few fears have been shed over the tragic fate of Moreno, even by those whom he regarded as his trusted retainers. To the masses of the people it is as if they had suddenly been rid of a great plague. Citizens now enjoy an immunity from personal oppression which they had not felt for more than a decade. Had the slain President been a just and righteous ruler, a revolution would have followed the assassination that would have shaken the republic to its foundations. Being a viper in the bosom of his country, and a heartless despot to his countrymen, his death is looked upon as the happiest circumstance which has occurred in Ecuador for years, and the administration of civil government does not seem to have been disturbed in the least. *Globe-Democrat.*

Noble Sentiments of Mr. Lincoln. The following extract from a letter written by President Lincoln, August 26, 1863, will be read with interest. It brings vividly before the mind the many obstacles which were placed in the way of those who were devoted to the Union. Mr. Lincoln could do nothing to strengthen the army, or encourage the country, without drawing upon himself the fire of Democratic criticism. The patience with which he endured it, the noble magnanimity with which he answered it, the hopeful spirit which lifted him above its range, are shown in the language which follows: "You say you will not fight for free negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight for you; but no matter. Fight you then, exclusively to save the Union. I issued the proclamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be up to you for you declare you will not fight for free negroes. I thought that in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motives, even the promise of freedom. And the promise being made, must be kept. "The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to sea. Thanks to the great Northwest for it, nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The job was a great national one, and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and well done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and on many other fields of less note. Nor must Uncle Sam's web feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present, not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and where ever the ground was a little damp they have been and made their tracks. Thanks to all. For the Republic—for the principal lives by and keeps alive—for man's vast future—thanks to all. "Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that freedom is worth the cost, and a successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such an appeal are sure to lose their cause."

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"Go!" she said. He looked into her flaming eyes as if he could bluff her. "Go!" He rose up and reached for the money. "Leave it!" she whispered, making a threatening motion with the revolver. He retreated back. "She followed. Foot by foot he backed across the cabin, the muzzle of the revolver always on a line with his face. He backed through the door on the promenade deck and the railing was there. "Jump!" she whispered. The boat was running along within three hundred feet of the shore. Over the rail to the water was a terrible leap. "You can have the money," he said. "Jump!" she repeated. "I will not!" The arm came up a little, and the light from the cabin showed him a cold, strange, determined look on her face. He turned about, shivered, and was over the rail, leaping far out and unable to suppress a cry of alarm, as he felt himself going down. The boat swept along, her arm fell, and, re-entering the cabin, she sat down, leaned her head on the table and wept bitterly. The passengers said she was a "brick." Was she? A correspondent of the *Star and Herald*, of Panama, writing from Guayaquil, August 10th, inst., gives the following story of the assassination of the President of Ecuador: The whole city was thrown into great excitement by the news of the assassination of Garcia Moreno, in his palace at Quito, by Capt. Rayo, an officer whom he had bisplaoed, aided by two young men of Quito called Conzajo and Rayo. The first struck the President over the head with a mallet, and was instantly run through by the sentry, who fired his piece at the same time, killing the assassin immediately. The two young men, after Rayo had struck the President, fired on the latter with their revolvers. The President fell on his face mortally wounded, and has since died. The two young men escaped. The people cannot realize the President's death, and are yet afraid to attempt anything. Great alarm has seized on all foreigners, and strong reasons exist for believing that there will be a massacre of foreign priests.

A youngster being required to write a composition upon some portion of the human body, selected that which unites the head to the body, and expounded as follows: "A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up. This is pretty much all I can think of about necks."

DOMESTIC. To make good Tomato Ketchup use one peck of tomatoes, one great spoonful of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg each, half a large spoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of cayenne, and a pint and a half of vinegar. Stew the tomatoes and strain them and then add the spice and the vinegar. This quantity will fill three bottles.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Let your cucumbers stand in cold water one day and night. Then make a weak brine, have it scalding hot when you put the cucumbers in; let them stand in this three days. Repeat this for nine mornings, then seal in vinegar.—Take them out and place in glass jars, chop horse radish, and add with cinnamon bark, cloves and red pepper, chopped to suit the taste. If you wish to green them, you can do so by scalding them in a brass kettle with grape leaves covered over them. Seal up.

CORN SOUP.—To each half dozen ears of corn 1 pint of milk, butter size of hickory nut, 1 square cracker, salt and pepper to taste. Cut or grate the corn from the cob, and boil the cobs in the water half an hour, remove them and put in the corn, adding more water if it boils away much, simmer the corn twenty minutes, then add the milk and simmer till the corn is quite tender, add the salt, pepper and butter, and the cracker rolled fine, and serve. A favorite dish with most people.

DRYING CORN.—Cut the corn from the cob before cooking, put in a dripping pan, set in the oven, stirring often till the milk is all dried up; then put in the sun till thoroughly dry, and then put in a sack till needed.—How to cook: It needs no washing; put in water, cook a short time, and then season with butter, cream and salt to suit; no sugar is required. It cooks nearly as quick as peas. Try it once and you will never go back to the old way of cooking before drying. "Is better than canning, I think."

NEW USE FOR ONIONS.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* commends onions as a specific against epidemics—not as an esculent, but sliced and kept in a sick-room, where they will absorb any atmospheric pollution. They should be replaced by fresh one every hour. It is noticed that in the room of a small pox patient they will blister and decompose very rapidly, but will prevent the spread of the disease. The application has also proved effective in case of snake bites.

Pulverized alum possesses the property of purifying water. A table-spoonful sprinkled in a hoghead of water, the water being stirred at the time, will after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it that it will be found to possess all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A single teaspoonful will purify a pailfull containing four gallons.

For canning prepare the corn as for drying, fill the can full, cover with cold water, set over the fire and boil till clear, and then seal.

HISTORICAL. BY ROSCOE WIERHA. A joke of late has just appeared, About an Englishman, Who, in his self-conceit, ne'er feared But that he'd have some fun. And, by the way, I will relate Where this great scoundrel occurred; It happened in the "Granite state," Of which you all have heard. A martial band of some repute Was playing through the street, While at the music of the fute Their hearts in union beat. And "Yankee Doodle" was the tune That they were playing, when A lordly son of Albion Said to a group of men, Who chanced to stand beside the walk, As he was passing by, Engaged in animated talk About our liberty: "Please, sir," said he, with pompous word, "What tune is that, I pray? I never in my life have heard Such music till this day. "I'm not quite sure, but I've been told, If by my memory's not wrong, It is the tune the famous old Wonderful 'cow died on.' "Oh, no! my friend," a Yankee said; "I'll tell you, brother John, Since now the animal is dead, It's the tune 'old Bull' died on."

From the *Vicksburg Herald*. **Was She a Brick?** It was one of the handsomest packages on the river, and among the passengers bound for Vicksburg were a Georgian and his wife, who have relatives in Mississippi. He was a large-sized, handsome looking man, and she was a pleasant looking little woman, with blue eyes and short chestnut curls. One would have said she would have screamed at a tilt of the boat. He sat smoking with other gentlemen after she had retired to her stateroom, and the cabin was entirely clear of ladies, when some one proposed a game of cards. In ten minutes after half a dozen men were shuffling cards over cabin tables, and the Georgian was matched against a stranger to all on board. He was a quiet, courteous, well-dressed man, and had been taken for a traveler in search of health. He was lucky with his cards, but he did not propose playing for stakes. It was the nettled Georgian who proposed it. He called himself a champion hand at poker, and when he found that he had met his equal he determined to test the stranger's financial metal. They had fifty dollars on the table when the Captain looked into the cabin. He caught the Georgian's eye and gave him to understand that his opponent was a river blackleg, but the other gentlemen had dropped their cards and crowded around, money was up, and the information had come too late. Besides, the Georgian was doing well enough, and he flattered himself that he could teach the courteous blackleg a lesson. It was a very quiet group around the table, and after the play had continued for fifteen minutes the gentleman spoke in whispers, and some of them were reminded of old times on the Mississippi, when gamblers had the full run of every boat. The Georgian had luck with him from the very start, and while he looked smiling and confident, the gambler appeared to grow excited and uneasy. His money was raked across the table until the Georgian had \$200 in greenbacks before him. The stakes had been "light up" to this time, both men seemed to fear the others skill. The Georgian proposed to increase them, and the gambler agreed. In ten minutes the latter had his \$200 back. Luck had turned. The Georgian lost \$20; then \$50; then \$80; then \$100. The gambler's face wore a quiet smile, as the Georgian became nervous. His hands trembled as he held up the cards, and his face was wet with moisture. "Come, gentlemen!" said one of the group, "let's have a general hand for amusement, and then turn in." The Georgian looked up with a fixed glance, and replied: "I have lost \$400; he must give me a fair show!" The play went on. The heap of greenbacks at the gambler's right hand grew larger. Once in awhile the Georgian won, but he lost \$10 for every one gained. He finally laid down his cards, pulled a roll of bills from a breast-pocket, and counted out \$300. This was his pile. In less than ten minutes every dollar of it had been added to the gambler's heap. "Gentlemen, will you smoke?" asked the gambler, as he turned around and drew his cigar case. They knew his true character in spite of his disguise, and they refused. "I am sorry for my friend," he continued, biting at the end of a cigar, but you will agree that the play was fair." The Georgian had passed out on the promenade deck. The gambler turned to his stack of bills and was counting them when there was a sharp exclamation, the sounds of a brief struggle, and the little woman with blue eyes and chestnut curls entered the cabin. She was half undressed, a shawl thrown over her shoulders, and she had a revolver in her hand. No one had seen her leave her stateroom and cross the cabin. None knew that her husband had the revolver in his hand as she softly came upon him. "Go back!" he whispered—"I am coming in a moment!" With swift motion she seized the weapon, wrenched it from his grasp, and as she came down the cabin to the table at which the gambler sat, and around which half a dozen men yet lingered, her blue eyes were full of fire. The gambler looked up. The hammer of the revolver came up with a double click. A white arm stretched out and the muzzle of the revolver looked straight into the gambler's eye. He turned pale; the men fell back. For half a minute the deep silence was broken only by the faint splash of the paddle wheels.

And pay the costs. There will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on this great consummation, while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it. "Still let us not be over sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just GOD, in his own good time, will give us the rightful result."

A Wooling not Long a Doing. It is told of Abernethy, that while attending a lady for several weeks, observed those admirable qualities in her daughter which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the marriage state happy. Accordingly, on Saturday, on taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: "You are now so well that I need not see you after next Monday, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But in the meantime I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to—, and I can settle— on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband covets, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination, for I really have no time for the routine of courtship." In this humor the lady was wooed and won; and we believe we may add the union was felicitous in every respect.