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A Hundred Years Hence

A hundred years hence! What a change will be made. In politics, morals, Religion, and in all that appals every one. "What is it like?" she inquired. "It is an immense form, and has the appearance of a woman, with her arms crossed upon her breast." "How do you account for this strange appearance?" asked Miss Ingene. "None of us can account for it, and to tell the truth, but few believe in it at all. It has been seen only by a few men, who have come in from the West and, I think, amounts to nothing." "When will we be likely to see it?" "That is altogether uncertain, and perhaps we will not see it on this trip across the plains, as I have met but few men who claim to have ever witnessed it." "When is it seen by those who say they have seen it?" "Generally toward the close of the day. It is seen on the plains only and never on the mountains." At that moment, a tall mountaineer passed near them, and Harry called out to him, and asked him to come up. "Here," said Harry, "is Ashley Logan. He has seen the apparition as often as any man living, and can tell you all about it." Miss Ingene asked Ashley to take a seat near her, and then inquired of him what he had seen. Ashley hesitated somewhat, and remarked,—"Miss Ingene, this is a matter I do not like to talk much about. I have often seen the phantom, which we mountaineers call the 'Spirit of the Platte,' and have never known any good to come from it, but, on the contrary, it always brings evil."

THE SPIRIT OF THE PLATTE.

BY ALBERT G. BRACKETT. We all know how, in old times, men, women and children, used to toil along the road that leads up the Platte River. We know how tired and footsore the horses and cattle used to get, and how weary every animal became. The hot sun reflected the sun's rays, and became hotter than ever; and the far off cottonwood trees appeared to be double in size and spread out on the shore. The grass was pale, yellow and sickly; the weeds crumpled and sinewy; and the long flags of the marshes waved slowly to and fro in the breeze, that came lazily from the south, as hot as if it had been heated in a furnace. A few birds sailed slowly overhead, surveying the dull landscape below them, and then disappeared—no one knew where. The distant knolls and hillocks were covered with hot air, that shifted and shimmered in the most singular manner; now dancing up and down, and then rolling off in huge waves, far away to the right and left, until lost to view. On a bright, sunny day, a crowd of immigrants were slowly moving along this road. The party consisted of several men and little ones, who were all on their way to the land of promise, toward the setting sun. The wagons had immense covers, and were comfortable enough in every respect; they contained cooking utensils and crockery; and every night after going into camp, a supper was provided in the best possible style. The evening camp was agreeable enough, after the hot experiences of the day, and all looked forward to it with pleasure. One family, named Dandru, will claim our particular attention, as it was composed of a father, mother and several handsome daughters. The family were moving from Missouri to the new country in the far west. The girls were all excellent housekeepers, and, after riding for hours in the wagon, were glad enough to vary the experience, by engaging in cooking, when the train stopped for the night. Several young men belonging to the party were only too glad to wait upon the young girls and bring them as much wood and water as they required. The damsels went to work cheerfully, and many a ray laugh was heard while they were baking their bread, preparing their coffee, and cooking their meat. Miss Ingene one of the daughters, was a universal favorite with every body; and her fair little form, laughing eyes, dark hair, made a handsome picture as she stood near the fire, engaged in her womanly duties. She knew very well the power of her charms, though she never went out of her way particularly to captivate anybody. It must not be understood that these young ladies were uneducated or coarse; as they had all received the benefit of an excellent education, and were skilled in many female accomplishments. In the evening, after sunset, they sometimes sang near the tent, which was pitched near the wagons, and, in the clear, starlight night, the effect was charming. Over plain and river the sounds floated sweetly, the pure night air seeming to carry them to a great distance. This, added to the conversation in regard to the various events of the journey, served to make the time pass agreeably; and, though the days were hot and tedious, the nights fully compensated for them. The men of the party understood traveling on the plains, and knew how to take advantage of every circumstance. All of the arrangements moved on like clock work; and what would have cost a great deal to inexperienced hands, seemed here to cause no trouble at all, but to give way at once to the practiced plainman. As Miss Ingene sat one evening talking with a brisk young fellow named Harry Ingolsby, she asked him what the men had found to interest them so much lately, especially in regard to a certain appearance near the band of the river.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The End of a Puglist—The Business not a Good One—Politics—Cruelty to Children—Business. Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser. NEW YORK, Oct. 11, 1875. "THE END OF A PUGLIST." "The way of the transgressor is hard." Never was this text better illustrated than in this city Thursday morning, in the death of Edward O'Baldwin, the Irish puglist. Mr. Ned O'Baldwin was an Irishman, who was best by nature with a frame six feet seven inches in height, and correspondingly broad. He would have made a magnificent ditcher, a superb truckman, or a splendid longshoreman. But Mr. O'Baldwin being pugnaciously inclined, and having met with much success punching heads in a private way, blossomed out into a professional, and followed his countrymen to New York, where he developed into a most expediting puglist. He was a brawny, a cowardly, ruffianly fellow, who became the centre of a gang of ruffians, all as bad as himself, except in the matter of inches and pounds. He fought prize-fights; he was used in elections by the Democracy—in short he became a bravo of the same type who he used to fight in Italy, only he used fists instead of the stiletto. For a time Mr. O'Baldwin flourished like a green bay tree. He was the pet of the short-haired fraternity, and the dissolute women of the town lavished their smiles upon him, and lived in a feverish way rose-fisted as possible. But the dark days came. The populace tired of him, and disaffection weakened his huge carcass, so that plenty of younger men could bang him about. Then Mr. O'Baldwin, to furnish bread for himself and to get his liquor at wholesale prices, opened a bar-room with another Irishman named Finnell. The speculation did not pay, for some reason. Probably Mr. O.B.'s whiskey was exceptionally bad, or possibly those who would otherwise have been customers feared him when in his cups and wisely kept away. Be it as it may, Mr. O'Baldwin, Wednesday night, appeared to Mr. Finnell, and abruptly announced that he should quit the place. Mr. Finnell's hot Celtic blood rose at this summary dissolution, and as if determined that it should be complete, drew his pistol and planted two balls in O'Baldwin's body. As either would have finished the giant, which I regret, for it is a pity that it could not have missed its aim and killed some one else in the room. But we can't have everything to suit us. Mr. O'Baldwin was carried out, and after lingering twenty-four hours in great agony, died. Mr. Finnell gave himself up the day after, and as he does not appear to have much influence among the Democracy (he had just started his rum-mill), there is a cheerful prospect that he will hang. It's rather expensive business, hanging these fellows, but in the long run it pays. And speaking of the LAST END OF PUGLISTS, none of them have ever died happy or in comfort. Yankee Sullivan cut his throat in San Francisco to avoid hanging; Tom Hyer died miserably and wretched of consumption; Bill Poole was stabbed; Geoghegan keeps a miserable rum shop; Tom Allen ditto—in short, go through the list, and scarcely one can be found who did not die in violence, or if they escaped that, of extreme poverty. John Morrissey, it is true, is apparently flourishing; but his end is not yet. There will come a turn to him one of these days that will bring him into the bottom of the cup. Deceit, my young friends, is as much the best policy as honesty. The man who lives without labor is not going to have a very long life or a very pleasant one. I may put right here that O'Baldwin, who had a good time as any of them, served two years in the Massachusetts Penitentiary, and as much more in the Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia, to say nothing of innumerable sixty day terms in jails and prisons in various cities. POLITICS. The Republican State Central Committee of New York have some hope of carrying the State, though I fall to see upon what they base it. The Committee are zealously at work, determined to secure the legislature, even though Tilden, by virtue of the fraudulent vote always to be expected in the defeat of the Democracy in Ohio and Pennsylvania, for they foresee trouble that will certainly come upon the country in the event of the success of the party in those States upon inflation platforms. I Ohio and Pennsylvania go Democratic this fall, and the next national Democratic Convention from making inflation and repudiation the chief plank of its platform. Hence, the Democratic business men of the city desire Republican success in those States. The action of the Republicans in Massachusetts gives general satisfaction to the Republicans here. The ticket is sound and the platform splendid. With Massachusetts, Ohio and Pennsylvania in line, the question as to which party will elect the next President is settled. The Re-

Gen. Grant and the Whisky Ring.

President Grant has written a letter denying the report that he and Secretary Bristow were not in full accord in their efforts to bring to justice all who have been guilty of frauds on the revenue. He says: "Let no guilty man escape if it can be avoided. Be especially vigilant, and instruct those engaged in the prosecution of the frauds to be, against all who insinuate that he, a high influence to protect them. No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing public duty." These words have the right ring. Gen. Grant has done all that could be done to break up this infamous whisky ring, the base slanders and cowardly insinuations of his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course it would serve the purpose of the guilty parties to have it appear that the President does sanction the course of his vigilant and patriotic Secretary, as it would enable them more readily to obtain bondsmen, in order that they might be kept out of jail, and possibly, in some cases, escape indictment. Never for a moment doubting that the President would maintain the dignity of his office, and at all times and under all circumstances be found on the right side, we rejoice, nevertheless, that he has publicly declared himself. Now that he has spoken all honest men will understand the motives by which he is actuated. Gen. Grant has carried himself nobly all through this trying ordeal. Even the fair-minded Democrats are beginning to admit his straightforward course, and are rendering him the praise he so richly deserves. Long after his accusers are forgotten, his countrymen will hold his name in grateful remembrance for the signal service he has rendered the country in purifying the public service and bringing to justice those who have basely betrayed their trusts.—Missouri Messenger.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY.

The Killing of Col. Sharp, of Lexington, Ky., and Subsequent Suicide of the Murderer and His Wife. A Lexington, Ky., correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial revives the incidents of the bloody and romantic Beauchamp-Sharp tragedy, enacted some fifty years ago—a tragedy that has been celebrated in song, drama and story—and which at the time excited the profoundest sensation all over the country. Among other graves worthy of remark in this cemetery, writes this correspondent, I found one bearing the name of Solomon P. Sharp. The inscription on the dark gray monument states that he "was assassinated while extending the hand of hospitality on the morning of November 7, 1825, in the 38th year of his age," with the text added: "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." On the day of the funeral of the late Governor of Kentucky, during the administration of James Madison he had served two terms in Congress, at which time he was the room-mate and intimate friend of John C. Calhoun, who is said to have declared that Sharp was "the oldest man of his age that had ever crossed the mountains." He had previously been elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and under Gov. Adair, was Attorney-General of the State. At the time of his death he had settled in Frankfort, a very successful lawyer, but had recently been again elected to the Leg-

Comfortable quarters—twenty-five cent pieces.

Boston house-keepers have recently discovered that flour mixed with lead water makes the best bread. It takes a little longer to rise, and is, therefore, unpopular with cooks, who have to rise a little earlier to have their hot cakes ready for breakfast. Comfortable quarters—twenty-five cent pieces.

islatore as the champion of the "Relief party."

A few years previous Sharp had met a young lady named Ann Eliza Cook, and he had seduced her. She was a young lady of good family, of fair cultivation, with some literary talent. He met her at a party, I believe, and it was under the excitement of dancing and wine perhaps that Miss Cook yielded herself to him. After her disgrace became known she had secluded herself at home, but it seems that a young lawyer named Jerome O. Beauchamp, also of a respectable family happened to see her, succeeded in obtaining her promise to become his wife on condition exacted by her that he would kill Col. Sharp. This promise was made—the marriage took place. Some time—a year or two, perhaps—passed, and "been forgotten had not the seduction been mentioned against Sharp's character during the warm political campaign in which he was elected to the Legislature. On this charge being brought against him, Col. Sharp treated it slightly, and stated in public, it is said, that a certificate, was in evidence that this child born of Miss Cook had a black face. This added insult to the original injury, and the secret writing of Beauchamp's promise came out distinctly at its breath. The Sunday evening before the General Assembly met, Beauchamp (who lived in another part of the State entered Frankfort, and, finding the hotels full, put up at the private house of a gentleman named Scott, two or three squares south of Sharp's residence. Late at night he went around to the house in which Sharp resided—the large old brick which I have mentioned—and, going up to a side door (though others say it was to the front door), he knocked. Sharp was awakened and asked who was there. Beauchamp answered by giving the name of one familiar to Sharp—in other parts of the State, where the latter had formerly lived, but changing the second initial of this person's name—saying, "John A. Covington," and requesting to see him at once on important business. "I know John W. Covington," said Sharp, deliberately opening the door and advancing into the open air and darkness. Beauchamp at once lifted the mask which he wore, saying: "Don't you know me, Colonel?" "My God! it is I—," exclaimed Sharp, but did not succeed in pronouncing his enemy's name before the latter struck him upon his mouth with his left hand and stabbed him to the heart with his right. Col. Sharp was found dead on his door step. Beauchamp returned to his lodging and left town early in the morning, without being suspected, I believe. It is related that on approaching the intelligence of the deed accomplished by waiving his handkerchief aloft in the distance. The death of Col. Sharp produced a profound sensation in Frankfort and throughout the State. The Legislature offered \$30,000 for the detection and apprehension of the murderer. Beauchamp was finally brought to trial and sentenced to be hung. During the interval between the sentence and its execution great efforts were made in his behalf, delegations of ladies visited him in prison, and the Governor was then Governor of Kentucky, and a son of the Governor, Isaac B. Desha, was imprisoned at the time, convicted of a highway robbery near Mayville. It was presumed that after young Desha would be pardoned—as he afterward was—and it was urged that the Governor might do a gracious thing, lightening his sentence out of clemency, by pardoning Beauchamp and his son together. But he was inflexible. Political revenge, perhaps, it is said, had to be gratified. The day of execution came. A short time before the hour designated, request was made by Beauchamp that his wife might be conveyed to his cell with him alone in his cell (it seems they were very tenderly attached to each other) for the purpose of their last leave-taking, and this privilege was granted. After a while, as the time fixed for the execution was at hand, the officers entered the prison cell and found the wife dying with the wound of a pen-knife in her breast, and the husband himself also fatally stabbed. They had determined to elude the law and die together. But, as the time for execution had come, Beauchamp was taken, in his dying condition, out upon the scaffold and hung. The bodies of the husband and wife were removed to their home and buried together. Subsequently this tragic romance of real life was made the basis of a novel which was largely bought up. It is said, by Sharp's friends. Latter, about eighteen years ago, a "Believe, the Irish poet" founded on the Beauchamp history. A woman is very like a kettle, if you come to think of it. She sings away so pleasantly—then she stops—and when you least expect it, she boils over!—July. Zeb Crummet says he would as soon think of trying to pour knowledge into a man's head as goodness into his heart. Father Coleridge, the Jesuit, is writing a life of Christ, but it is not stated who the woman is.