

On exhibition in Lincoln, an old fashioned wooden moldboard plow, made forty-four years ago.

Hays, Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is elected by a 4,753 majority. Both branches of the Legislature are Republican.

The State Journal says A. N. Hawley, one mile east of the University, raised thirty-five bushels of potatoes, called "Ohio Beauties," from one peck of seed, weighing on the average two pounds to the potato.

"To convict a man of defrauding the Government, signifies that he stands higher in favor than ever."

This is a recent fiction of the Kansas Chief, as it gradually drifts into the Democratic camp. Flop over, Sol., at once and be done with it; the agony you evince suspended on the ragged edge is pitiable and must be disgusting to your readers.

The N. Y. Evening Post, once on the liberal string of suckers is now off and very liberally and truthfully expresses its views of the remnants of that party, as follows:

For the last two or three years the Liberal Republican party of this State has been held together solely by the "obscure power of public plunder," which it has hoped to secure from the charity or cupidity or fears of one or the other of the regular parties. It has kept alive solely to see what it could "make." Now, however, it has obtained all it can get from Democrats and Republicans, and may as well disband.

The party began with the inspiration of high hope and unselfish enthusiasm. Why it failed, how it fell into the hands of political Philistines, it is not now necessary to recall. It is enough that it did fail; and it was no sooner perverted to base partisan uses than the good citizens whose support had been its sole strength fell away from it. Its mistake is that it did not disappear from public view, wholly and forever, at sundown on the first Tuesday of November, 1872.

That will apply pretty well to Nebraska, too.

The Democratic organization in Mississippi, called the White League, still continues its cowardly and bloody work of murdering Republicans and outraging most defensibly defenceless women and children.

A Mrs. Haffa, in the Philadelphia Press, tells of the sad experience of herself and family in Hinds county, Miss. She, with her husband and children, removed to that county six years ago from Philadelphia, and engaged in teaching school. They were quiet and inoffensive people, but her husband was guilty of the dangerous offense against White Leaguers of being a Republican. For this, on one occasion, and, perhaps, for teaching poor negro children how to read, they were taken from their beds one night and whipped—both, the lady and her husband—almost to death. But they did not leave the country, and one night a few weeks ago the White Leaguers visited the home of the Haffas again, determined this time to get rid of them. Mr. Haffa was the Republican candidate for the Legislature, with a fair prospect of being elected, but those Democratic politicians determined that he should not be elected. At 2 o'clock in the morning they broke open the doors of the Haffa residence, and while one of those Democratic sons of the chivalric south (!) choked the mother to stop her cries of terror and entreaties for the life of her husband, and while the children were kneeling around their father and praying for his life, the White Leaguers, in the interests of Democracy, shot the good husband and father through the heart.

These fellows have the same object in view that Church Howe's organization has in Nebraska county—"to break down the Republican party." We neglected to say that the Mississippi organization did not only choke the mother and murder the father, but they actually beat the children most unmercifully. After Haffa was dead one of his murderers said, laughing, "he got the office he was looking for." Another said, "that's the way we do with all damned yankees who come down here to make laws for us."

JENNY'S RETURN.

The Black Hills Geologist at Cheyenne—Flattering Reports from the Gold Fields.

Prof. W. P. Jenney, chief of the Geological Expedition of the Black Hills, and his corps of assistants, arrived at Cheyenne, W. T., on the 16th enroute for the east, having spent five months in the Hills, and made quite a thorough examination of the whole country and mapped it from Belle Fourche to the South Fork of the Cheyenne river. He reports a gold field extending forty miles north from Harney's Peak, and twenty miles that contain gold in quantities that will pay from \$3 to \$5 per day to the man, and that there are bars on many of the streams that will pay more. Water supplies are ample for working, and sufficient to carry water from the top of most of the bars and allow the tailings to be readily disposed of.—Gold is coarse scale, good and easily separated from gravel and sand. The Professor has with him an ounce of coarse gold that was obtained in Spring Creek with ten hours' labor. An assay of this gold shows it to be 940 fine, worth \$19.43 in coin to the ounce. Prof. Jenney corroborates Gen. Custer's report of the Hills, and says that they will support thousands of men settled to agriculture, and the hills and canyons to stock-raising.—Raisins plentiful and timber abundant. His official report will be made from New York, probably before Congress meets.

433 Majority.

Church Howe, and Moore of the Granger and others of the unscrupulous ring led by the gentleman named lobered incessantly, day and night, concocted and circulated the most barefaced lies, in their efforts to defeat the "Major's family," yet Wils, was elected by 433 majority! They said Wils, Majors was an aristocrat and would not allow his hired girls to eat at the same table with himself and family. THE ADVERTISER denounced the story as an infamous lie, and the people sustained THE ADVERTISER by 433 majority.

Church Howe, in order to crush Wils, declared everywhere that a combination had been entered into between Tom Majors, Dr. McComas and elected McComas. Tom Majors and THE ADVERTISER denounced and proved that the story was a miserable and flimsy lie, gotten up by Howe and the Granger in their desperate efforts to defeat Wils. Majors for county clerk. That lie was heralded from the lips of Howe in every school house in the county, and was taken up and repeated by the villainous crowd across the street with all its might; but their efforts were abortive, and THE ADVERTISER and the "Major's family" were approved by 433 majority!!

To whose election did Howe and his thing across the street contribute materially? It is susceptible of demonstration that their time, breath and efforts were fruitless to a humiliating degree. A large majority of the voters did not want Mr. Church for their County Judge as the result proves, and Mr. Plasters would have been elected all the same, and with a larger majority, had he had nothing to do with the Independent party.

As we said last year, precocious youths like Howe die young, and it is a fact conceded by his friends of a year ago that he is a most miserable failure as a politician with the honest masses of Nemaha county. His humiliating defeat in trying to beat Wils, Majors is keenly felt by him, and he is beginning to learn that wholesale lying and the most dastardly trickery will not win for any great length of time amongst a people who despise such practices and love candor and fair dealing. Howe ought to see that he stands rebuked by the people by 433 majority.

Nebraska Election News.

Lincoln polled 999 votes. The large vote of any ward was 400.

In Johnson county the Republican State ticket had about 250 majority, but for county officers party was not very strictly adhered to: The Independents elected the County Clerk, Treasurer, Sheriff, Commissioner and Coroner, and the Republicans the Probate Judge and Superintendent of Schools. The following are the officers elected: J. S. Dew, re-elected County Clerk; Joe. W. Buffum, Treasurer; Henry E. Taylor, re-elected Sheriff; H. Henry, County Judge; W. Cole, Surveyor; F. Foster, School Superintendent; G. W. Delong, Coroner; H. Hempler, County Commissioner.

Judge Pound's majority over Scofield, the Democratic candidate, for Judge of the 2d Judicial District, is something over 800 in the district.

Col. Savage, of Omaha, the Democratic nominee for Judge of the 3d district, was elected by about 400 majority. The Republicans in Douglas county, (Omaha,) elected their entire ticket. Gaslin is probably elected Judge in the 5th district over Dilworth, our present prosecuting attorney.

Indications are that the Constitution and the articles relating to the removal of the capital and allowing voters to express their preference for U. S. Senators at the polls, are all carried by large majorities.

In Pawnee county, Capt. Raper is elected to the Legislature to fill a vacancy. Judge Edwards is elected County Judge; Tallman, Sheriff; Cummins, Treasurer; and DeCoudre, Clerk.

Crime.

In New York, on the 15th, while some colored people were returning from a picnic held in the outskirts of Brooklyn, they were attacked by a number of whites. One of the negroes was instantly killed by a stone and another fatally injured. The police arrested seven men who were engaged in the assault.

John Haas, cashier of the first National Bank of Tiffin, Ohio, committed suicide on the 15th.

Recently a terrible shooting scrape occurred in Pinto Canyon, Utah, between two men named S. J. Burgess and R. W. Alphin. Family difficulties were at the bottom of the quarrel. A short time ago, Alphin went to Ponaca, Nevada, with a load of corn, and on his return, when within nine miles from home, he was waylaid by Burgess. When he first caught sight of Burgess, the latter had a double barrel shot gun drawn on him. Alphin sprang to the ground and drew his revolver, but before he could use it, Burgess fired three balls entering his bowels. Alphin fired, missed his man, but frightened his team, which set off on a run. Burgess jumped in to the road and again raised his gun, but Alphin was ready first and fired, and immediately expired. Alphin is still alive, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

At Clinton, La., recently a Dr. Saunders was poisoned by a woman named Catherine Mathews. The woman confessed when arrested, and said she had been instigated to poison Dr. Saunders by two men named John Gain and Robert Ray. On the night of the 14th a mob hung the woman to a shade tree and shot Gain to death. A few days ago a negro in Murray county, Ga., killed Sam Garner, whereupon a mob soon gathered and hanged the negro.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The End of a Quack—Business—Crucity to Children—The Fashionable—Politics.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1875. Who in all these United States has not heard of H. T. Helmbold, the manufacturer and vender of Buchu? Two-thirds of the people have paid money for his medicines, and whether they received any benefit therefrom or not, they may be benefited by reading somewhat of his history. Last Thursday "Dr." Helmbold was, for the fourth time, incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, where he will probably stay the remainder of his life.

Henry T. Helmbold commenced life as a druggist's clerk in Philadelphia, progressing by the help of a brother, to the proprietorship of a small drug store. He conceived the idea of putting up Buchu in the form of a so-called wine, twenty years ago, and after various ups and downs—he failed three times—succeeded in establishing it as a standard patent medicine, and received from its sale an income of hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum. But the doctor could not stand prosperity. The more his goods sold the more extravagant he became. He commenced a life of the wildest excess in point of expenditure ever known in this city. He had a six-in-hand team, the six horses costing him not less than \$20,000. The drag to which they were driven was the most expensive and elegant ever imported to America. Then he had a score or more of other horses for every purpose that horse-flesh is used. Of course he was compelled to have large and elegant stables, and an army of people to manage his equine interests. His principal coachman was paid a salary of \$8,000 per annum, with rooms and subsistence added. The doctor was not badly off for places to live. He had a house in New York, a mansion at Long Branch, and the most expensive apartments in the most expensive hotels in the country sheltered him at times. He seemed to have an itch for throwing away money. It was nothing for him to take his six-horse drag, with his coachman and outriders, with a full retinue of servants, to Baltimore or Boston, engage the most sumptuous apartments and astonish the natives by a display such as they had never seen before. The little fellow would get into that immense drag all alone, with a coachman six feet six on the box, and two footmen of the same proportion behind, all dressed in white livry, and would be driven in solitary grandeur all over the city, bowing at every manifestation, as pleased as a child with a new toy. The mock eulogies of interested newspapers he took for honest tributes, and flattery of hungry sycophants he swallowed as sweet morsels.

He believed himself to be a really great man, and nothing could be too gross for him to believe of himself, consequently he was surrounded with a mob of parasites who traded flattery for money. These fellows absolutely got the little man to actually believe that he could be President, and he spent a great deal of money to bring himself before the people.

And with all his vanity and insanity, he was in every respect a shrewd business man. He was the boldest advertiser that ever lived, and so far as his legitimate business was concerned, it was well and shrewdly done. He had the trick of starting the public into buying his medicines, and he was the closest and shrewdest man in the business in dealing with newspapers. He never threw away any money in his business. Could he have managed outside as well as inside, he would have been worth \$5,000,000 to day. It was nothing uncommon for him to contract \$100,000 to \$200,000 for advertising at a single sitting. He made contracts to the amount of \$175,000 for advertising his "Catawba Pills" before a single box had been put up.

But wine, gambling, horses, pimps and parasites did their work at last, and three years ago Henry Helmbold slipped away to Europe a pauper. A dozen great fortunes had slipped through his fingers, and he was compelled to live on the continent on the charity of a brother. His magnificence in New York and Philadelphia, his carriages, and everything went under the hammer, leaving nothing but what would not sell. His "friends" all left him of course, and when he returned a few months ago he was as crazy as a loon. His wife was compelled to send him to an asylum where he will probably die. Yale Helmbold. The only use he ever was to the world that endured him was to point a moral. There wasn't enough of him to adorn a tale.

BUSINESS. continues fairly good, though not brisk. There have been some heavy movements of dry goods of a forced nature, and something is doing in other goods, but is far from satisfactory. One of the largest tea houses in the city told me that the month of September was the worst month they had had since they had been in trade, and that October promised nothing better. The fact is there is a horrible lack of confidence that restricts buyers to just what they can get on with; and the inflation movement in Ohio and Pennsylvania has increased the feeling of uncertainty. After the trade cannot possibly get into a regular channel this year and business men are taking in sail accordingly.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN finds its hands full in its terribly needed work. At the last meeting the society's attorney reported a list of convictions enough to stoke the heart of any who reads them; mostly of the cases I mentioned in my last. A man, arrested for beating a little niece eight years old with a hoop studded with nails, gets ten days in

the city prison. The child, every one will be glad to hear, has been taken out of his hands and placed in a protective. A father, for beating his son nine years old over the head with a shovel, gets three months imprisonment. A woman, for cruelly beating a child which she tried to run off with, has six months. The Italian organ grinder finds his trade of taking children round to be sadly interfered with, and the parents who let out children for this purpose are fined \$50. The most pitiful case is that of the German boy of seventeen, of whom I wrote last week, whose mother dying suddenly without a will, left him in unrestrained possession of a handsome small property, to gain which, one of the lowest of low women used her arts over the boy, keeping him under her influence, hopelessly drunk for months, till he was reduced to imbecility. The society has taken him from the harpy's hands, and a responsible guardian appointed over him. The boy is recovering, and it is hoped will become fit to have his property when of age.

THE FASHIONS.

Last advices from abroad, say that the most elegant wearers of dress have abandoned tournures, and hoops entirely, and scant dresses made graceful by drapery drawn about them in close wrinkled folds relieve both the eye and the purse. This mode, the most ambitious of our ladies have made haste to adopt; and before spring the manufacturers of crinoline, will probably confine themselves to making the old fashioned hair-tote skirts, the only thing ladies will tolerate to support their draperies, close gipsy and sailor shapes, in felt or velvet are the choice for hats and bonnets. Let it be said that it will always not take the first striking style as the fashion of a season. There is always a second choice, and the best people assume, and which really gives tone to the fashions in general. The flaring halo brims, and scoop shaped hats, which, with their masses of flowers and feather trimmings, gave such an absurd shape to the head, are quietly discarded for the modest, and becoming styles which are the last from Paris.

Also plauds will be too common for presentably among people of taste by November, and rather wide stripes in dark shades so closely alike, as to be nearly invisible, are now chosen for really stylish suits. Plain velvet skirts take the place of silk ones beneath these over-dresses, and the cost is little more than that of a fully trimmed silk, while the wear is much more satisfactory. Full suits of wool material are also seen again, with cloak of plain beaver covered with striped braiding.

POLITICS.

The political pot is boiling more quietly here. All my hopes of a row among the Democracy have vanished in the air. Morrissey who breathed vengeance on Tammany has quietly subdued "for the good of the party." All which means that he has been promised his "divvy," that his bluster was for the purpose of extorting terms and nothing else. Consequently, the poor plundered city is to be still plundered.

The news from Ohio indicating the defeat of inflation Allen inspires the business men of New York with a little courage. If Ohio kills Allen and Pennsylvania puts the knife to Pershing's throat, a long stride will be made toward retaining that confidence, without which there is no use of talking of business. The people want to touch solid ground in governmental matters before they will venture their money into the enterprises necessary to brisk and busy times. Mem.—Republicans, for the sake of the country, do your whole duty.

PIETRO.

Agricultural Notes. Mr. John Whittemore, of St. Albans, Vt., recently had forty sheep killed by dogs.

The Albion, Mich. Recorder, states that James R. Taylor raised from one pound 23 pounds of Eureka potatoes in a row variety.

A traveler says: "In Utah you can feed your hogs on acorns, seal them in her hot springs, scrape them through her salt brush and pickle them in her Salt Lake."

The Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia reports the cotton crop of that State at but little more than two thirds of a full crop, and a deficiency of 2,000,000 bushels of corn.

A farmer writes: "The best food for sheep I ever used, all things considered, is good, bright, early cut hay, and one peck of corn and oats, mixed equal parts, to 100 sheep daily."

The September report of the Department of Agriculture says if the corn crop should be thoroughly ripened, its aggregate would largely exceed any previous crop, and the yield per acre would be one of the best, notwithstanding losses by the overflow of bottoms and the saturation of flat heavy soil, such loss proving less than the usual damages by drought and insects, while the rains have greatly benefited the crop on higher and dryer soil. Nearly everywhere corn is late in maturing from one to two weeks.

Dr. Henry Parker, of Berea, Ohio, has an Ayrshire cow, four years old in March last, that this year averaged fifty pounds of milk per day, throughout the month of June.

The last Indiana Legislature passed a law "that every person who shall cruelly beat or torture, or override any horse or other animal, whether belonging to himself or another, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be fined any sum not exceeding \$100."

Corn loses one-fifth by drying, and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for the farmer to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents than at \$1 a bushel in the following summer; and that wheat at \$1.25 in December is equal to \$1.50 in the succeeding June. In cases of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost—together with the shrinkage, there is little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than 35 per cent.

The Philadelphia Centennial Agricultural Hall, which was about one third completed, was blown down on the 12th.

LETTER FROM EUROPE.

Warwickshire, Eng.—Rugby—Loamington—Worwick Castle—Kensilworth.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

Passing by for the present, as I must, all that interested me so much in Ireland, and also an exceedingly pleasant visit at Manchester, I will endeavor to give your readers a sketch of what has interested me most in this part of England.

Warwickshire is one of the most beautiful counties in England, as well as one of the most classic. It lies not far from one hundred miles north-west from London—about half way to Liverpool. The face of the country is gently broken, every foot of it is improved, and so the most beautiful landscapes are everywhere presented to view. It is charming to drive thro' the country. All along are beautiful pasture lands, enclosed by neat, low hedges of hawthorn, skirted by large trees, and covered with luxuriant pasture. Here and there you see a field of grain, turnips, or potatoes, but this region is chiefly devoted to grazing.

What is everywhere striking is the thoroughness of the farming that is done. No land is wasted. Every acre is under the highest cultivation, so that the country is yielding the highest returns of which it is capable. But I am here at Shakespeare's birthplace and home, and I must not confine myself to such commonplace subjects. I am in the sitting room of the Falcon Tavern, so much frequented by him. Over the way is his garden and the site of the house he built and occupied the last fourteen years of his life. Guild Church, with the Grammar school he attended when a boy, adjoining, is over the way a little to the right. I have seen most of the important places here that are held sacred to his memory, still I feel no "fine frenzy" coming upon me. My music is as voiceless as ever. I believe others have had emotions stirred within them they could not utter while gazing upon objects he has touched, or up the stone beneath which he lies. Certainly no one can behold these relics of the immortal bard and maintain a state of cool indifference. I wish my friends might share the satisfaction which I have enjoyed to-day, but how shall I attempt to represent what I have seen? Telling will not do it, but that is all that can be done. Before attempting anything about Stratford in particular, I must go back to Rugby and approach more gradually this town of Shakespeare. It is all Shakespeare. There is nothing else in the town, or about it I don't know how far around. I passed a shop over which was this sign, "W. Shakespeare, Shoemaker." Yet I think it is mostly external show for the attraction of visitors. A bookseller told me he thought Shakespeare was less read in Stratford than in any town of equal size in England.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

The chief institution in the quiet town of Rugby is the "Rugby School for Boys," famous the world over through the influence of the two very unequal men Dr. Arnold and Tom Brown. The school was just organized and I only saw the buildings.—The chapel is a neat and commodious modern building, rendered sacred already by the dust of able and good men, chief among them is Dr. Thomas Arnold, head master. A stone in the floor of the chapel marks the spot where he rests from his labors. Even Shakespeare is hardly held higher in Stratford than Dr. Arnold in Rugby. His chair and table are in the vestry. The boys meet every morning at seven in the chapel for prayers. The school buildings are partly new and partly very old. The school was founded a little over three hundred years ago.—The older class rooms are very quiet. They are furnished with plain unpainted wooden benches and desks, carved and whittled almost away. Indeed about all the furniture is old-fashioned and poor. The old room of the sixth form, in which Dr. Arnold taught, is still used. Adjoining it is the library. It contains many old books and some new ones. Some of them are rare. I saw Tom Brown's study, and the one adjoining. They are, like all the others, little cells about six by eight, and not more than eight feet high, with a little window in the side. They are furnished very neatly, but remind one of a squirrel's nest. About eight of the four hundred and more boys live in the school.

LOEMINGTON.

Fifteen miles west of Rugby, is one of the handsomest towns in England. It is noted for its mineral waters, which are believed to possess valuable medicinal properties. It has several fine public buildings and a college, but, alas, no ruin of importance, so we must pass it by.

Two miles beyond is WARWICK, the county seat of Warwickshire, a very old but uninteresting town aside from its castle.

THE CASTLE OF WARWICK, the property and residence of the present Earl of Warwick, is very magnificent and represents very perfectly the old baronies of England. An outer wall surrounds the premises which are quite extensive. During visiting hours a rap at the outer gate admits you, and you pass up a winding approach cut through the solid rock and on through an open space to the great gate of the castle. Over it is a ponderous arch surmounted by a kind of tower. At the corner of the wall upon the right is Gay's tower, one hundred feet high, one hundred and fifty above the river, octagonal in form, with walls twelve feet thick. From its top a magnificent view of the country around is had. To the left of the gate is Caesar's tower, not quite so high, but rising from the very edge of the river, the water washing its base. Beneath it is a dungeon in which many an unhappy mortal has been confined. The walls of the castle are many feet thick, in some parts fifty feet high and surmounted by parapets. The inner court is surprisingly beautiful. A circular drive

drive passes around a greensward which is tastefully adorned with flowers.

Entering the castle itself, on the walls beneath which the Avon flows, a scene of surprising ostentation opens to you. You pass successively thro' the Great Hall, the Cedar Drawing Room, the Gilt Room, the State Bed Room, the State Dressing Room and a Gallery—all profusely furnished with rare paintings, sculpture, tables, urns, etc., etc. One table is shown made of precious stones in Roman mosaic which is valued at £10,000.—In the State Bed Room is the bed of Queen Ann, presented to the Earl by George III. The room is adorned with tapestry made in Brussels in 1694. The armory contains a profusion of armor, arms and implements of war and civil combat, belonging to different ages and nations. Besides these others are shown to the public, but it is too wearisome to go through them all.

Passing outside the castle wall thro' another gate between the small towers in which at one time bears were kept, you pass over what was once a drawbridge over a most beautiful stream. The walk leads through beautiful grounds to the greenhouse. It was built expressly for the reception of a celebrated vase found in the lake near Tivoli, and purchased for the late Earl by Sir Wm. Hamilton, when ambassador at the court of Naples. It is large enough to hold 161 gallons, and is wonderfully carved out of white marble. It is said to be the finest work of art that has reached this country. I do not vouch for the statement. In the greenhouse are two trees fifteen feet high and more than a foot in diameter, besides other rare plants.—From the front the landscape is exquisitely beautiful. The flower beds immediately in front, the sloping lawn so green and set around with grand cedars and other old trees make up a scene of richest beauty.

At the porters gate where we entered the outer wall are kept some curious relics of GUY THE FIRST EARL OF WARWICK. He is a fabled character said to have been nine feet tall, and to have killed in open fight a giant of Denmark.—The relics consist of his arms and armor, staff, tilting pole, flesh hook and porridge pot. The woman who exhibits them recites her speech in a very affected, oratorical style, beginning: "This is the porridge pot of Guy first Earl of Warwick and punch bowl of the present Earl of Warwick. It was filled and emptied three times on the night the present Earl came of age. It holds (I do not remember the quantities of the different ingredients) 202 gallons in all," etc. After she had got through I innocently asked her to tell me again the capacity of the pot. Instead of simply telling me 202 gallons she began more eloquently than before "this is the porridge pot of Guy first Earl of Warwick, and punch bowl of the present Earl of Warwick," etc. A hint I remembered from Mark Twain induced me to let her go on till she came to the desired information I wanted, and I asked no more questions.

Five miles north of Warwick is KENSILWORTH.

a desolate, falling ruin of a once magnificent castle, but rescued from oblivion by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. It is the grandest illustration of fallen greatness and humbled pride I have ever looked upon. I will not weary the reader, if one has followed me so far as this, with an attempt at description. It could give no adequate conception of the object, indeed nothing short of a visit to any of these spots can give any considerable degree of satisfaction.

On the way to Warwick you pass GUY'S CLIFF, the residence of the late Lord Percy. It is so called because it is built on a rock on the margin of the Avon under which is a cave in which it is said Guy lived a hermit the last years of his life and died. Near by is a stone well, said to be nine hundred years old! I see no reason to doubt it. The place is one of the most beautiful sequestered spots I have ever beheld. A long avenue of large trees leads from the road to the front of the house. The house is now the property of Guy's Percy and her daughter. In their absence the house with its furnishings is shown to visitors. It did not appear to good advantage so soon after seeing the Earl's palatial castle, yet it seemed very elegant notwithstanding the overpowering splendor of the latter.

There are other objects of interest in the neighborhood, and the scenery of the country around in its quiet beauty deserves more than I have said, but this must suffice for the present. W. E. Stratford-on-Avon, Sept. 25, '75.

Job Printing. Do you want Posters? Do you want Handbills? Do you want Business Cards? Do you want a neat Billhead? Do you want a tasty Letterhead? Do you want a nice Visiting Card? If so, leave your orders at THE ADVERTISER Job Office, where all work is done by experienced workmen, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

On the night of the 4th inst., the White Leaguers of Mississippi added another bloody deed to its long list of crimes. Anthony Smith went from Chicago to Clinton, Miss., to take a share in the violation of a friend, but the League finding that he was from the North and probably a Republican waylaid and shot him to death.

A man recently committed suicide in Baltimore by jumping from the top of the Washington Monument, a distance of 150 feet, and falling on the marble base below. The name of the man was not ascertained.

An "Iowa Exposition Company" has been formed at Des Moines with a capital of \$50,000, for the purpose of erecting buildings and holding exhibitions.

A sparring match recently occurred in Lincoln, at the Academy of Music, for a purse of \$100 between two light weights.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF NEMAHA CO.

OCTOBER ELECTION, 1875.

Table with 12 columns: CANDIDATES, Insult, Peru, Ill. Rock, Linn, Washington, Douglas, Linn, Linn, Brown, Appon, Nebraska, Ill. Rock, Insult, Power. Lists names of candidates and their respective vote counts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR! \$2.50 PER HUNDRED AT JUDKINS. Report of the Condition of THE 1st NATIONAL BANK, AT BROWNVILLE.

Report of the Condition of THE 1st NATIONAL BANK, AT BROWNVILLE. In the State of Nebraska, at close of business, October 1st, 1875.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Lists assets and liabilities with dollar amounts.

J. & E. HUDDART'S Peace and Quiet Saloon! AND BILLIARD HALL. \$275.00. Parlor Organ easily earned by a lady in Two Weeks.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS. AND BILLIARD HALL. \$275.00. Parlor Organ easily earned by a lady in Two Weeks.

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PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS. AND BILLIARD HALL. \$275.00. Parlor Organ easily earned by a lady in Two Weeks.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTRAY NOTICE. TAKEN UP by the undersigned in Aspinwall precinct, Nemaha county, Neb., on the 23rd day of September, 1875, one brown mare supposed to be four years old. No marks on the animal was seen swimming across the Missouri river to the Nebraska side. J. W. STEIN.

PROBATE NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of Susan Lash, deceased. NOTICE is hereby given that a sealed envelope has this day been filed in the Probate Court of Nemaha County, Nebraska, purporting to be the last will and testament of Susan Lash, deceased. The said envelope will be opened, and its contents read before said court, at the court house in Brownville, Nebraska, on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1875. All persons interested therein are notified to appear at said court show cause, if any there be, why said instrument should not be admitted to probate. Dated October 18th, 1875. E. M. McCOMAS, Probate Judge.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE BILLIARD HALL. AND READING ROOM. THE MOST COMFORTABLE GENTLEMEN'S RESORT IN THE CITY. PHIL FRAKER, PROPRIETOR. Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS. Every instrument fully warranted. Factory and office, Washington, N. J. Correspondence solicited. A GRAND EXCURSION!

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