

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 fogs, 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 good 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, and 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 cherishes the sentiments so pointedly enunciated in the first 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, and 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 declaration 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 1876. Single copy, one year, \$1 50 Three months, on trial, 50

Persons living outside the county must remit 15 cents to prepay postage. No paper sent from the office unless paid for in advance. Address, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BROWNVILLE BUSINESS HOUSES. JOHN CRADDOCK. W. P. CRADDOCK. CRADDOCK & SON. GUN SMITHS! BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS, RIFLES, CARBINES, AMMUNITION, SPORTING GOODS. Guns made to order, and Repairing neatly done. No. 11 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

J. MAROHN MERCHANT TAILOR Dealer in Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc.

W. T. DEN, Dealer in DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, FURNITURE, WAGON, AND FARM MACHINERY. Buys Everything the Farmer Raises.

"OLD RELIABLE" MEAT MARKET. BODY & BROTHER, BUTCHERS. Good, sweet, fresh Meats always on hand and satisfaction guaranteed to customers.

DEN Keeps his Dry Goods Department well stocked with all the latest styles goods, and has gentlemen clerks to exhibit them to the ladies.

DEN Is Selling Groceries at Red Rock Prices—Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Syrup, Fish, Canned Fruit, Salt, Pepper, Spice, Nutmegs, Etc., Etc.

DEN Keeps the Best Fine Cut Canning and Smoking Tobacco in the market. Call and take a chew or a smoke with the old Scotchman.

DEN Keeps a Full Line of Furniture—Bureaus, Bedsteads, Chairs, Rocking Chairs, Safes, and Fancy Veneered Parlor Seating Chairs, Etc., Etc.

DEN Keeps a Large Stock of Boots, Shoes, Overshoes, Gloves, Mittens, Hats, Caps, Etc., which he will take great pleasure in showing you.

DEN Keeps his Clothing Department full and complete. Fashionable and serviceable suits for Men, Youths and Boys, at very reasonable prices.

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

B. F. SOUDER. Manufacturer and Dealer in HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS, Robes, &c., BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

State Bank Nebraska. Capital, \$100,000. Organized, 1870. Transacts a general banking business, sells Drafts on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Special accommodations granted to depositors, State, County and City Securities bought and sold.

ELEPHANT LIVERY, FEED & SALE. Corner First and Atlantic Sts.

STABLES. BEN. ROGERS, . . . PROPRIETOR. PAT. CLINE FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. CUSTOM WORK. MADE TO ORDER. FITS ALWAYS GUARANTEED. 29 Main Street, 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 East, West, North and South. Omnibuses to connect with all trains. Sample Rooms on first floor.

BROWNVILLE FERRY & TRANSFER COMPANY. Having a first class Steam Ferry, and owning and controlling the Transfer Line from Brownville to Phelps. We are prepared to render entire satisfaction in the transfer of Freight and Passengers. We run a regular line of BUSSSES to all trains. All orders left in the R. Ticket office will receive prompt attention.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. EDWARD PLOTTS' STAR PARLOR ORGAN. Surpasses in tone and power any Reed Organ heretofore manufactured in this country. It has been tested by many competent judges and

Gives UNIVERSAL Satisfaction. Unsurpassed by any Instrument. The proprietor has noted for many years the imperfections and needs of the reed instruments, and directed his practical experience to the correction of such imperfections, and his experiments have resulted in the production of a quality of tone which assimilates so closely to

THE PIPE ORGAN QUALITY. That it is difficult to distinguish between the two. This instrument has all THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. And every organ is fully warranted. Large Oil-Polish, Black Walnut, Painted cases that

WILL NOT CRACK OR WARP. And forms in addition to a splendid instrument of music, A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE. This organ needs only to be seen to be appreciated, and is sold at EXTREMELY

LOW PRICES. For cash. Second hand instruments taken in exchange. Agents Wanted (Male or Female) in every county in the United States and Canada. A liberal discount made to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc., where there is no agent for the "Star" Organ. Illustrated catalogue and price list free. Correspondence solicited. Address the manufacturer.

EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J. July 1, 75 1y

PLOTTS' STAR ORGANS. Are as perfect parlor organs as are manufactured. Correspondence solicited with organs, musicians, and the trade. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. ATTORNEYS. E. E. Ebright, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

T. L. Schick, ATTORNEY AT LAW—MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office and Residence in Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska. 18-47

J. S. Stull, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW—Office, over Hill's Store, Brownville, Neb.

J. H. Brady, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW—Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. Thomas, ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office, front room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. Rogers, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW—Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

PHYSICIANS. A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, A. and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1852. Located in Brownville, 1855. Office, Lett & Craig's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 18-4m

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 22 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

NOTARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS. L. A. Bergmann, NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER—Office, No. 41 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

BLACKSMITHS. J. W. Gibson, BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOEER, First Street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order, and satisfaction guaranteed.

A Repository of Fashion, Finance and Instruction. Harper's Bazaar. ILLUSTRATED. THE BAZAR is edited with a contribution of fact and interest that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is an organ of the great world of fashion. Boston, 1875.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States. Harper's Bazaar, one year, \$1.00. \$1.50 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publisher. Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly and Bazaar, to one address for one year, \$10.00. or two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year, \$10.00. postage free.

An extra copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazaar, will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$1 each, in one remittance; or six copies for \$5, without extra copy; postage free. Back numbers can be supplied at any time. The Annual Volumes of Harper's Bazaar in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for \$2 each. A complete set, comprising eight volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of \$15 per vol., freight at expense of purchaser. Prompt attention will be given in Harper's Bazaar to such illustrations of the Continental interest as may be especially appropriate to its columns. Newspaper agents are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers. Address, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

State Normal School. PERU, NEMAHA COUNTY, NEBRASKA. THE COURSE OF STUDY. Extends through five years—two in the Elementary Normal, three in the Advanced Normal. It is the aim of the School to secure thoroughness in scholarship, and skill and ability in the special work of teaching.

FACULTY FULL. TUITION FREE. First class Boarding Hall; beautiful location; ample buildings. Fall term opened September 2nd; Winter term, January 6th, 1876; Spring term, April 6th. For information address the Principal.

THE "MATCHLESS" BURDETT ORGANS ARE MADE AT ERIE, PENN. Send to the Burdett Organ Company, Erie, Pennsylvania, for Circulars. 6m6

YOU CAN BUY DRY GOODS! CROCERIES! CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, Queensware, Glassware, CHEAPER OF

JOHN McPHERSON Than at any House in Southern Nebraska. 72 Main Street, Brownville, Nebraska.

BARLEY! I Want to buy all there is in the country. W. A. JUDKINS.

A Desperado Killed by a Boy.

Says the Independence (Kansas) Courier, of December 31: From S. S. Peterson we learn that Col. Coker, the half-breed Cherokee who killed Isaac Journeyake, a prominent citizen of the nation, some time last June, met a similar fate the day before yesterday, but on Wednesday he escaped from his guards and started to Lightning Creek to see his wife. On the way he met a young Delaware named Love, who was the principal witness against him riding along the road with a sack of flour on the horse before him. Coker at once attacked him with a revolver. Love drew a pocket knife and began carving the desperado in return for the pistol shots. Every time Coker shot, the boy would ward off the weapon and at the same time strike his assailant with the knife. When Coker had emptied his pistol, both now on the ground—he drew a large knife, and the fight became more desperate. Finally the boy with his little knife struck the fatal spot, and Coker, the desperado who has been for years a terror to the people of that section, fell a corpse at his feet. The boy, however, was cut and stabbed almost beyond recognition, and simultaneous with the dying groan of the desperado, the brave youth fell to the ground nearly exhausted from the loss of blood and severe pain from his wounds. He started on his hands and knees for his home, a half mile distant, but luckily had not proceeded far until he met an acquaintance. After his first expression of horror and surprise at the appearance of the intrepid young fellow, the stranger asked if he had met Coker. "Yes," replied the boy, "he is down the road there watching my sack of flour." The boy was taken home and medical aid summoned, and it is now probable he will recover. Every peaceable citizen of the Nation will rejoice over the death of Coker, for his deeds are many and of the most desperate character. If the Delaware Council don't present Love with a handsome medal for his bravery, they will neglect an important duty.

HUMEROUS.

The first duty on T—Don't forget to cross it. What's in a name again? Mr. Sylvanus Bump was landed on his head out of a wagon in Omaha the other day.

Laborers in the Michigan woods are working for their board. That's what the woods are for, we believe.—Danbury News.

The editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, promptly replied, "Well, that covers the ground, anyhow."

A Texas banking firm at Fall River has suspended. The rumor is that a cattle drover passed a bad ten dollar bill on them.

"No, sir," said a weary looking man on a street car to an individual by his side. "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive. I've been a dry goods clerk too long for that."

Detroit policemen don't seem to be very good marksmen. "I want you either to hit me or stop making such a blamed racket," said a thief in that city, at whom a policeman was shooting.

"How are you, Smith," said Jones. Smith pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly: "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes, I suppose so. Everybody has that's got common sense."

At Hawkinsville, Ga., recently, one of the two convicts of the Pulaski county jail tore out part of the wall and escaped, and the other complained bitterly the next day to the sheriff that unless the walls were mended so that he would be kept warm he'd go too.

Ned and Zack are sad toppers—been so since the 4th of July last. Ned told Z. his nose was the last rose of summer. Z. retorted, "Taint blooming alone." They left a deal of ground plowed up, and both noses are polished.

A few days ago a man convicted of drunkenness stood up before his honor at the police court, and his honor said, in his slow, solemn way, "I'll give you \$10 or thirty dollars." "Well, I'll take the \$10, squire," said the fellow.

An exchange astutely remarks:—"Does Tweed has escaped from justice." If Boss Tweed desired to escape from justice he should have stayed in New York. Outside of that city he is likely to run into her arms at any time.

LUTHER AND THE BIRD.

The sun was setting after a day gloomy, and wind chill, And Martin Luther hurried away From the garden-spot where the shadows lay And the lurid sunset under the gray. For his heart was darker still.

But on a branch a bird began To croon a little song; It struck the ear of the moody man, Borrowing under an awful ban. And through his heart its music ran, And it made him glad and strong.

Then it needed its head beneath its wing, And quietly went to rest; And the time was passing from from spring, And the world had many a venom thing, And none knew what the night would bring, With the sun gone out in the west.

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Worrying the Lottery Men—Tithon—Failures—Work in the City—The Rabbit Defalcation—Business.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser. NEW YORK, Jan. 24, 1876.

WHORRYING THE LOTTERY-DEALERS. The authorities are making raid on the lottery-dealers, and are worrying that honorable fraternal fearfully. The Kentucky and Missouri shops have been shut up, and the managers arrested; five of the Havana dealers have been placed in quod, and the others are being pulled as fast as possible. The method is, for an officer in plain clothes to go in and purchase a ticket, and then go and make his complaint. But very few have an idea as to the extent of the business, or the amount of money expended in this kind of chance. The famous Kentucky Lottery scheme was sold five times in this city alone, to the extent of over \$275,000 each time, and that was the only one of a core of schemes that were before the public, and by no means the most rapid selling. It is curious how the people part with their money. For instance, there is the Havana Lottery Ring, who take thousands of dollars a day, from people who have no knowledge as to the responsibility of the managers, or, for that matter, whether there is any lottery at all. They pay their money on the simple say-so of men of whom they have no knowledge, and who are following an illegal business, at best. One old reprobate, who lived in Cincinnati, but who had an "office" here, advertised drawings ten years—one each month—of watches, horses, houses and money, taking thousands of dollars a month from his victims; but he never had drawing at all. Each month he would go over his letters, and select points where business was dull, and send to some well-known man who had bought tickets a prize. These men would talk about it, and become walking advertisements for the old swindler. The law finally stopped him, and it is trying to stop the regular business, but it all amounts to nothing. There is no way of making a fool keep his money. The lottery men will get out of jail, lay low a few weeks and go at it again as bold as ever.

TITHON was at home New Years, looking fresher and better than I have known him for three years. He has made a great success in the lecture field this season, and has materially strengthened his position. His daughters side with him in the difference between him and their mother, which is one of Theodore's griefs. He insisted that they should call upon their mother New Years, and take gifts to her; but suspecting that they came at his instance, she refused to see them. Mrs. Tithon is very bitter, and I can't blame her. She is the chief sufferer in this miserable affair. The Church that holds together to be innocent in this her as though she were guilty, and while it has oceans of sympathy with Beecher it has none whatever for her. She is wretchedly poor, and has had a hard time to live.

FAILURES. During the week there were forty-one failures, many of them very large. One firm that had eighteen ten stores, in various parts of the city, went under, owing \$600,000 more than it could pay, the cause being shrinkage in the value of goods and the terrible falling off in trade. It was shown that one of the stores, which formerly did a profitable business, had not for a year sold enough goods to pay running expenses, and that none of them had made a cent. This failure took down three other houses, and each of them will carry down some smaller ones. The owners of business buildings are shaking in their shoes, for they don't know from one day to another but that their tenants may fail, and they know very well that when a store gets empty it is going to stay empty for a time. Half the business houses in the city are either empty or being occupied at half the old rates. The effect of this is visible in everything. There has been but very few big balls this winter, and the few have been thinly attended. Then those who do attend are content to go very modestly attired, and without a special display. At the big Charity Ball, the other night, the absence of diamonds was the most conspicuous feature. The fact is the jewels of a great many fashionable dames are lying very safe in bankers' safes, as security for money that was absolutely necessary for the head of the house to have to save himself from going under and the iron that enters Madam's soul is the horrible uncertainty as to whether the sacrifice will save him after all. If it does not, she has lost her diamonds without saving her husband. How she would like to have those diamonds, if they do fall, and how fervently will she mourn them! Pity the rich—they are the ones who need it. The poor are used to thin living—like the eels that were skinned alive—they are used to it.

NIGHT WORK IN THE CITY. Few persons ever think of the labor

It takes to meet the convenience of a large city. With dusk the laborers of the day wend their way home, but another army is ready to take its place. A host of sweepers and cleaners take possession of the streets at dark, companies with broom and shovel work on the crossings, while the street sweeping machines hurry and clatter past like light artillery, the great cylinder brushes sweeping a swath half the width of the street, just as a mowing machine rakes up grass. Then the scavengers with their sealed wagon-tanks ply their unsavory tasks without, as of old, making the night hideous with their passage. The hundreds of private watchmen take up their patrol, and the battalions of night police file to their posts, dropping a man at each station as they pass. Scores of night reporters are on the move, silent, unnoticed and alert, till two in the morning getting up the latest news of fire and arrest for readers at breakfast. The work of loading and unloading vessels goes on by night and day all the same. The printing offices of the morning papers begin their work about nine in the evening, not to close till the last customer is served across the counter with his batch of dailies to be left at up-town docks.

THE BECKWITH DEFALCATION. The exposure of Mr. B. T. Babbitt's managing clerk is a fit climax to the cases of default during the year. Mouth after month some new fraud shocks the public, which business men take with as much coolness as the failure of a country customer.

In the case of Babbitt's, as every-body calls it—if the criminal had no concern in it, the matter is not to pass off with a little hard swearing in the private office. The defaulter has been living for two months past in lodgings on Tenth street, going out only in the evenings for air.

How did the detective find out Mr. Beckwith's whereabouts? Easily enough. It is simply a knowledge of feminine human nature that is the stock in trade of all detectives. They don't ask "where is the man?" they simply find out where the woman is, who is a part of the man, and they are morally certain to find the man as soon as they want him. The detective who had this matter in charge, got an accurate description of Mrs. Beckwith, knowing that while Beckwith himself would keep very close, Mrs. Beckwith would be out, not only to take the air, but to be his means of communication with the outside world, without which no man can live. How did he find Mrs. Beckwith? Quite as easy. An old thief would know better than to let his wife show herself any more than he would show himself. But your defaulter is only an amateur. He may be exceedingly ingenious in stealing, but he has never learned that more important art of hiding. As his wife has never been charged of any crime, he fancies that it is perfectly safe for her to go as she chooses, forgetting the ministers of the law watch the flight of the sparrows as carefully as they do that of the vultures.

Our detective got a very accurate description of Mrs. Beckwith, (he asked no questions about Mr. B.) and then went to a friend he had in Stewart's. Had he stolen only \$10,000 he would have gone to the cheap dry-goods store on Sixth avenue, but a \$500,000 defaulter's wife would be satisfied with nothing short of Stewart's. He had a friend there, a salesman, (the detectives have them everywhere,) and giving him a description of the woman, asked him if she came there?

"Every day," was the answer. "Let me stand here, by you, and when she comes in, nod." "All right."

And there that detective stood all the day, as patient as a statue. Finally, about four o'clock one day, a woman came in, and the salesman nodded. She made some purchases, and went out, not knowing that the gentlemanly person just behind her was following her and would follow her should she go to Chicago. She did not go to Chicago, but she did go home to her husband; and the detective took a room in the house opposite, and he waited and waited, till one night, at nine, Mr. Beckwith went out for his airing, and the detective had no more trouble in taking him than he would have in picking up a pin.

You see, the catching of a criminal is a purely philosophical matter. The detective knows that every man has a woman about him, and that the woman is certain to go to the man. He catches the woman first.

BUSINESS. Continues worse than ever, if possible. Why don't the people come and buy? Don't they wear any more clothes? Don't they eat or drink? Why is it? There are a few merchants in the hotels, and a few buyers seen about the wholesale houses, but the few that come only buy just what they have to want, to say they have a stock and they want that little on such terms as no merchant can live at. The change in the rates of freight, will make some difference, but I fancy the trouble lies deeper than freights. It costs too much to do business here, and New York will never get her business back till everything comes down to hard-pan. The hotels must drop their rates, the theatres must come down to ante-war prices, and all the expenses of coming to the city, staying here, and getting out again must be lowered to something like the old times. Then people will come here again, and business will revive. New York has been too greedy, and has killed the goose that laid its golden egg. There is such a thing as presuming too much on natural advantages. It is to be hoped that the the spring will bring a revival, but it is a dreary wait. PIERCE.

It was Ben. Franklin who introduced broom corn culture into this country, but thousands of suffering husbands would prefer to see the man who introduced broom handles.

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FAILURES. During the week there were forty-one failures, many of them very large. One firm that had eighteen ten stores, in various parts of the city, went under, owing \$600,000 more than it could pay, the cause being shrinkage in the value of goods and the terrible falling off in trade. It was shown that one of the stores, which formerly did a profitable business, had not for a year sold enough goods to pay running expenses, and that none of them had made a cent. This failure took down three other houses, and each of them will carry down some smaller ones. The owners of business buildings are shaking in their shoes, for they don't know from one day to another but that their tenants may fail, and they know very well that when a store gets empty it is going to stay empty for a time. Half the business houses in the city are either empty or being occupied at half the old rates. The effect of this is visible in everything. There has been but very few big balls this winter, and the few have been thinly attended. Then those who do attend are content to go very modestly attired, and without a special display. At the big Charity Ball, the other night, the absence of diamonds was the most conspicuous feature. The fact is the jewels of a great many fashionable dames are lying very safe in bankers' safes, as security for money that was absolutely necessary for the head of the house to have to save himself from going under and the iron that enters Madam's soul is the horrible uncertainty as to whether the sacrifice will save him after all. If it does not, she has lost her diamonds without saving her husband. How she would like to have those diamonds, if they do fall, and how fervently will she mourn them! Pity the rich—they are the ones who need it. The poor are used to thin living—like the eels that were skinned alive—they are used to it.

NIGHT WORK IN THE CITY. Few persons ever think of the labor

It takes to meet the convenience of a large city. With dusk the laborers of the day wend their way home, but another army is ready to take its place. A host of sweepers and cleaners take possession of the streets at dark, companies with broom and shovel work on the crossings, while the street sweeping machines hurry and clatter past like light artillery, the great cylinder brushes sweeping a swath half the width of the street, just as a mowing machine rakes up grass. Then the scavengers with their sealed wagon-tanks ply their unsavory tasks without, as of old, making the night hideous with their passage. The hundreds of private watchmen take up their patrol, and the battalions of night police file to their posts, dropping a man at each station as they pass. Scores of night reporters are on the move, silent, unnoticed and alert, till two in the morning getting up the latest news of fire and arrest for readers at breakfast. The work of loading and unloading vessels goes on by night and day all the same. The printing offices of the morning papers begin their work about nine in the evening, not to close till the last customer is served across the counter with his batch of dailies to be left at up-town docks.

THE BECKWITH DEFALCATION. The exposure of Mr. B. T. Babbitt's managing clerk is a fit climax to the cases of default during the year. Mouth after month some new fraud shocks the public, which business men take with as much coolness as the failure of a country customer.

In the case of Babbitt's, as every-body calls it—if the criminal had no concern in it, the matter is not to pass off with a little hard swearing in the private office. The defaulter has been living for two months past in lodgings on Tenth street, going out only in the evenings for air.

How did the detective find out Mr. Beckwith's whereabouts? Easily enough. It is simply a knowledge of feminine human nature that is the stock in trade of all detectives. They don't ask "where is the man?" they simply find out where the woman is, who is a part of the man, and they are morally certain to find the man as soon as they want him. The detective who had this matter in charge, got an accurate description of Mrs. Beckwith, knowing that while Beckwith himself would keep very close, Mrs. Beckwith would be out, not only to take the air, but to be his means of communication with the outside world, without which no man can live. How did he find Mrs. Beckwith? Quite as easy. An old thief would know better than to let his wife show herself any more than he would show himself. But your defaulter is only an amateur. He may be exceedingly ingenious in stealing, but he has never learned that more important art of hiding. As his wife has never been charged of any crime, he fancies that it is perfectly safe for her to go as she chooses, forgetting the ministers of the law watch the flight of the sparrows as carefully as they do that of the vultures.

Our detective got a very accurate description of Mrs. Beckwith, (he asked no questions about Mr. B.) and then went to a friend he had in Stewart's. Had he stolen only \$10,000 he would have gone to the cheap dry-goods store on Sixth avenue, but a \$500,000 defaulter's wife would be satisfied with nothing short of Stewart's. He had a friend there, a salesman, (the detectives have them everywhere,) and giving him a description of the woman, asked him if she came there?

"Every day," was the answer. "Let me stand here,