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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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NURSERY STOCK.

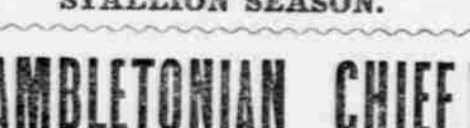
NURSERY STOCK "DIRT CHEAP!" Will sell what remains of the Furnas Nurseries AT PRICES NONE WILL CALL IN QUESTION. The trees are three and four years old, and of choicest varieties, principally fall and winter.

FURNAS NURSERIES.

Brownville, Neb.

STALLION SEASON.

HAMBLETONIAN CHIEF!



Will make the season of 1876, commencing March 1st and ending July 1st, at the stable of the Hambletonian Chief, Brownville, Neb.

MARION'S MEN.

McDonald's Trick on the Old Tory.

BY PETER HOBBS.

Hambletonian Chief

is a dark bay, 15 1/2 hands high, two white feet, star in forehead with powerful limbs and muscle, and free open trotting with which only needs time to develop himself, being inherited by him from his illustrious ancestors.

Authorized by the U. S. Government.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, \$100,000 Authorized " 500,000

General Banking Business

BUY AND SELL COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe.

MONEY LOANED

On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted and special accommodations to depositors.

Plott's Star Organs.

Agents supplied at figures that defy competition for the same class of instruments.

A. ROBISON,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE TO ORDER.

PLOTT'S STAR ORGANS

Are as perfect perfor organs as are manufactured. Correspondence solicited with organs, pianos, and the trade.

HOMWOOD MILLS

Having in my employ Mr. HENRY SHIFFER,

acknowledged to be the best miller in the State, I am prepared to furnish GOOD FLOUR in any quantity.

My Flour is for sale at all the principal stores in Brownville.

FRANZ HELMER, WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.

WAGON MAKING, Repairing,

and all work done in the best manner and on short notice.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call.

THE SONGS OF OLD.

The songs of old! How deep a spell lies in the old familiar rhymes, Ourselves by those we loved so well, In other days, in happier times! Visions of hope, long passed away, Come o'er the heart so lone and cold; And memory asks, "Oh! where are they, Who roscely sang the songs of old?"

Where are they? Some in silence sleep Beneath the mountain yew-tree gloom; Others within the boundless deep Have early found an ocean tomb, Dim are the eyes that gently shone, The once warm heart lies still and cold, And hushed for aye, forever gone, The voices that sang the songs of old.

Where are they? On some foreign strand For many a weary day they roam; Cheerless they tread the stranger's land, From friends afar, afar from home, Do they not long to join once more The joyous dance, the social throng, And mingle, as in days of yore, Their voices in the olden song?

Fondly the heart still loves to linger Amid the ruins of the past, Treading with fancy, airy finger, Visions so beautiful to last; Bringing to memory's eye again, The long lost friends, the cherished ones— Waking the past with some sad strain, Some well remembered olden song.

But scarcely had he smacked his lips before Dick paraded Selim; a proud, full-blooded, stately steed, that stepped as though he disdained the earth he walked upon.

Here the old fellow, brightening up, broke out again: "Aye! there, Mr. Sergeant, there is a horse for you! Isn't he, my boy?" "Faith, a noble animal, sir, replied McDonald.

"Yes, egad! a noble animal, indeed. A charger for a King, Mr. Sergeant. Well, my compliments to Colonel Tarleton; tell him I've sent him a horse, my young Selim, my grand Turk, do you hear; my son of thunder! And say to the colonel, that I don't grudge him, either, for egad! he is too noble for me, Mr. Sergeant. I have no work that fits for him, sir; no, damme, sir, if there's any work in all this country that's good enough for him, but just that which he is now going on, the driving the d-d rebels out of the land."

And in order to send Selim off in high style, he ordered Dick to bring down his elegant new saddle and holsters, with his silver mounted pistols. Then, giving McDonald a good breakfast, and lending him his great coat, as it was raining, he let him go with a promise that he would come next morning and see how Colonel Tarleton liked young Selim.

Accordingly, next morning he waited on Colonel Tarleton, and told him, with the smiling countenance of one who expected to be eaten up with fondness. But, alas, to his infinite mortification, Tarleton heard his name without the least change of feature.

After recovering a little from his embarrassment, he asked Col. Tarleton how he liked his charger? "Charger, sir!" replied Tarleton. "Yes, sir; the elegant horse I sent you yesterday?" "The elegant horse you sent me, sir!" "Yes, sir; and by you Sergeant, sir, as he called himself."

"An elegant horse! And by my Sergeant! Why, really, sir, I—I—I don't understand you at all!" "The looks and voice of Colonel Tarleton too sadly convinced the old traitor that he had been bit; and that young Selim was gone! Then, trembling and pale, he cried out: "Why, my dear sir, did you not send a sergeant yesterday, with your compliments, to me, and request that I would send you my very best horse for a charger, which I did?" "No, sir, never!" replied Tarleton; "I never sent a sergeant on any such errand. Nor till this moment did I even know that there existed on earth such a being as you."

To have been outwitted in this manner by a rebel sergeant—to have lost his peach brandy—his hot breakfast—his great coat—his new saddle—his silver mounted pistols—and worse than all, his darling horse, his young, full blooded, bounding Selim—all these keen reflections, like as many forked lightnings, falling at once upon the train and tinder of his passions, blew them up to such a diabolical rage, that the old sinner had liked to have been suffocated on the spot. He turned black in the face; he shook throughout; and as soon as he could recover breath and power of speech, he broke out into a torrent of curses, enough to raise the hair on any christian man's head.

Nor was Colonel Tarleton much behind him, when he came to learn what a noble horse had slipped thro' his hands. And a noble horse he was, indeed! Full sixteen hands high; the eye of a hawk, the spirit of the king-eagle; a chest like a lion, swifter than a rebock, and strong as a buffalo.

I asked McDonald how he could recollect it to himself to take the old paltrons' horse in that way? "Why, sir," replied he, "as to that matter, people will think differently; but for my part, I hold that all is fair in war; and, besides, sir, if I had not taken him, Colonel Tarleton, no doubt, would have got him, and with such a swift, strong charger as this, he might do us as much harm as I hope to do them."

And he did them harm with a vengeance; for he had no more sense of fear than a hungry tiger. And, as to his strength, it was such that with one of Potter's blades, he would make no more to drive through cap and skull of a British dragoon, than a boy would with a case knife, to chip off the head of a carrot. And then he always kept Selim up so lustily to the top of his head. He was so fond of him, that I verily believe he would at any time have sold the shirt off his

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

How the Poor Live—Beecher—Jay Gould—Religious—The Martha Washington Reception—Foreign Pictures—For the Girls, Etc.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1876. HOW THE POOR LIVE.

A friend lately had a delinquent washerwoman, and not finding excuses as satisfactory as shirts, set out with me to hunt her up, not more out of curiosity to find the clothes, than to see for ourselves how the poor live.

Her address was a narrow street of a dozen blocks, in the heart of downtown, and there was not a decent building in it. The pavements were strewn with garbage, and the houses stained with slops thrown from the windows. The woman was in a crazy old wooden tenement in the rear of the one fronting on the street, and in consequence had just a little air and light as it would do to live.

We found her in a room ten by twelve, with a bed, wash-tub, cook-stove and boiler in the corners, leaving just room to wren's one's way between them. Her grown son and a little girl sat on the bed; there was no chair, and a string of wet clothes hung about their heads. For this room and a closet for the boy to sleep in, she paid eight dollars a month rent, her whole means of living being her son's wages as boy in a grocery store, at four dollars a week, the washing from one family, and a trifle of help from her daughter, who got two dollars and fifty cents a week as waitress in an uptown house. Instead of making way with the clothes, as we supposed, we found her husband had been sick with fever, and the doctor had forbidden her to send any clothes out of the house.

The air could not get through the house, the drains were out of order, and the stench in the entries was so sickening that we were not surprised to hear that there was diphtheria and small-pox in the block. The man had been sent to the hospital to die, and the house cleaned and disinfected by the board of health, but it could hardly be kept clean by mortal hands, and never healthy. Comfort! These people never expect that. All they can hope for is the barest possible life—so bare and naked that a full meal is something to be dated from, and the possession of a dollar a matter to be remembered. And the end of that life? The hospital first, the Potter's life afterward. That's all there is about it.

JAY GOULD AND THE TRIBUNE.

That Jay Gould did get a controlling influence in the New York Tribune, everybody believes, and that he is sick of his bargain everybody also believes. Jay Gould is a tremendous man, but he is not altogether infallible. He wanted a big paper in his control that he might manipulate the stock market, and he took advantage of the trouble that followed the death of Greeley to gobble the Tribune, or enough of it to stock to have an influence in it, the idea being that he could have this stock written up, or that one written down, and thereby put money in his purse. But the thing didn't work. Mr. Reid did not yield to the behests of the stock-king, and the Tribune did not become a mere instrument in his hands. And now Gould wants to get out. The speculation did not pay as well as Wall Street—in fact it did not pay at all, for him. He did not want newspaper stock unless he could use it to help other stocks, and when the Tribune would not do that, his interest was at an end. Therefore Reid gets rid of this stench, and the Tribune, freed from the odium that attaches to the very name of Gould, will get back its place in the hearts of the people. The Tribune was a great power, and now that it is to be freed from the reputation of Gouldism, it will be again.

RELIGIOUS.

The Moody and Sankey meetings are no more a success in New York than they were in Brooklyn. The numbers in attendance are as great as ever, but the effect produced is nothing. And the really religious people of the city—those who were instrumental in bringing them here, are repenting of their bargain. Moody is a coarse man, though earnest and honest—and his manner and method rather than attract. He has trick of familiarity when he speaks of the Deity that shocks the sense of any devout person, and he has a bullying, swaggering way with him that is anything but pleasant. He is a very short, crusty and dictatorial in his dealings with the clergy, lacking entirely that meekness that is so important an item in the Christian make-up. Sankey's singing is delightful for a time, but like everything that lacks the principle of true art, it gets fearfully tiresome in a little while. It is a lamentable fact that ninety-nine hundredths of the people inattentive are religious people—the sinners stay carefully away and never go.

The revivals in other parts of the city are more successful. Dwyer and Collier are preaching in the slums of Vandam Street with marked success, for they have gone where the sinners are, and forced them to listen to the gospel. Several of the large churches seeing that Moody and Sankey must fail to produce any effect, are arranging for revivals in the regular way in their own churches, where they can

A Particular Customer.

A short-haired stranger, with a few's growth of beard on his face, slipped into a barber shop on West Madison street, the other night, and quietly took a seat in a vacant chair.

The knocking of the razor appeared, and, taking him by the nose, said: "Will you have a shave?" "No, I believe, I'll have a tooth pulled."

"But these are not dental rooms," said the astonished artist. "This is a barber shop."

"I am aware of that fact. You didn't suppose I thought it was a pawn shop, did you?"

"I thought—"

"You thought," interrupted the stranger, "that I sat down here to my hair back scratched, or my toenails pared?"

"I thought, perhaps—"

"You thought, perhaps, I wanted a section of Bologna sausage, some crackers and a hunk of cheese?"

"I didn't know—"

"You didn't know," cutting the barber's sentence short, "but that I wanted my ears pierced, or the wild hairs pulled out of my eyes?"

"I thought it likely—"

"You thought it likely I wanted the skin rubbed off my head, and a ring put in my nose?"

"No, sir, my tonsorial friend," continued the stranger, "let me give you a little advice: When a man comes into your shop whose beard is a week old, and whose hair is too short to be seen by the naked eye, and scath himself in one of your chairs, take it for granted that he wants to be shaved, and don't bore him with a dozen nonsensical questions just for the sake of having something to say."

The barber profited by the advice, and the stranger was shaved in silence.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

A "Liberal" Comment.

Col. Wm. M. Grosvenor speaks as follows in his new paper, The Public, of the Democratic House:

"Congress is doing nothing with marvelous industry. Even the dullest of the southern carpet-baggers take heart as they see the democratic majority unready or incompetent to act, and loudly affirm that 'it is going to be possible to elect any Republican, whoever may be nominated, because the Democrats are killing themselves as fast as they can.' The most sagacious Democrats see that the conduct of their representatives in congress is damaging the party, but do not see how to help the matter. Perhaps it is past help. Parties, like eggs, once rotten, are worthless."

It is said of Lord Norbury that he would at any time rather lose a friend than a joke. On one occasion he began the sentence of death in this wise: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of the crime laid to your charge, and I must say I agree entirely with the verdict, for I see 'scoundrel!' written in your face."

Here the prisoner interrupted with "That's a strong reflection—from your Lordship."

Whereupon the Judge, keenly appreciating the joke, commuted the sentence into transportation for seven years.

One of the most wanton and brutal cases of torture to a live animal ever recorded has occurred in Shrewsbury, England. A farmer was convicted of having cut out a hen's "crop" while she was alive. She was found lying next morning with her chest open. When interrogated about his motive, he said that he had lost a bag of wheat and, suspecting a neighbor, had cut out the crop of one of his fowls to obtain proof of the theft. He was fined five shillings.

He came home very late one night, and after fumbling with his latch key a good while, muttered to himself, as he at length opened the door, "I must make my own noise, I must make my own noise." He divested himself of his garments with some trouble, and was congratulating himself on his success as he was getting into bed, when a calm, clear, cold voice said: "Why my dear, you ain't going to sleep in your hat, are you?"

Many a good wife and her poorly-clad children wonder why at the end of the year they do not receive the little comforts promised them. The editor of the Progressive Farmer says it is a little delay in securing the crops, a little carelessness in the manner of storing them, a little wastefulness in the system of feeding, and a little indifference to the state of the market.

That was a shrewd girl, and not devoid of sense either, who remarked, when other girls were making fun of her short skirts, and affected to be much shocked at the exhibition thereof at a party:—"If you'd only pull your dresses about your neck, where they ought to be, they'd be as short as mine!" She was not troubled anywhere.

Our readers will do well to remember that vinegar, or any other acid—though vinegar is the most convenient and fully as good—is the only sure antidote for concentrated lye or potash. Accidents with these articles are frequently occurring, especially among children, and immediate action is very imperative.

A Word to the Boys.

Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well; who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort to please his master, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by every one, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men.

How She Would do It.

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a christian.

"Yes, brudder, I 'specks I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible?"

"Yes, brudder!"

"Do you know that there is a passage in the Scriptures which says that nothing unclean shall enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Well, Chole, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the-breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I 'specks to leave my breff behind when I go dar?"