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READING MATTER EVERY PAGE.

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1876.

VOL. 21.—NO. 16.

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Correspondence Solicited.

INCOME TAXES. The Letter of Commissioner Raum to District Attorneys.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE, Washington, Sept. 28, 1876.—SIR: A suit has been pending in the United States Circuit Court for the District of Rhode Island wherein the United States was plaintiff and Rowland G. Hazard was defendant for the recovery of income taxes withheld.

The Republican party is the conscience of the nineteenth century. What was the condition of the country when the Republican party came into power? I know there are those with envenomed tongues who denounce this party—men who, if they had had their own way, would not have allowed us to have a country today.

While this question was in controversy I have refrained from giving general directions for the institution of proceedings against parties alleged to be thus indebted to government for taxes evaded through neglect to make returns.

Now that it is judicially determined that this class of taxes is still recoverable, you will proceed without further delay to bring suit therefor against any and all such persons in your district against whom there is in your opinion sufficient evidence to sustain such proceedings. Respectfully, GREEN B. RAUM, Com.

IS THIS REFORM? The Tilden People in Arkansas Rife the Ballot Boxes of the Recent Election.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Sept. 25.—The Democratic Tilden reformers put up a job last night and broke into the County Clerk's office, and stole the tickets from the ballot boxes which were cast at the late election. The Republican candidates, who had been counted out at the late election were contesting for the offices, and this robbery was perpetrated to destroy the evidences of their election and screen the judges from prosecution.

A Card from Senator Hitchcock. OMAHA, SUNDAY, Oct. 1, 1876. To the Editor of the Republican:

I have read your issue of this morning with regret. It shows to my mind too strong a disposition to fight over again the convention contest, and to attack those republicans who were on the losing side. This is all wrong. It is unwise and impolitic as well as unjust.

A convention by far the largest and ablest ever assembled in this state, has, after an excited contest, concluded its labors and nominated its candidates. They are candidates, not of a faction or section, but of this whole party.

In such a hot contest doubtless many things were said and done which are now regretted. Why continue to stir up unpleasant memories? Why not close up the ranks and march on together for a common victory? I am sure this is the feeling of the great body of the republican party.

Here and there at occasional disorganizer may be found, but their numbers or influence are but slight. Let them who wish attack me to their heart's content. Let them lay at my door all the crimes in the criminal calendar, and then assert that I am a fool and an imbecile. They "prove all these things to their satisfaction" every day.

Let them do. My faith that the people of Nebraska have intelligence enough to discover the truth about my public service, has never faltered, and I know they will do right. My enemies strengthen me much by such outrageous abuse.

Let the Republican not make the same mistake. P. W. HITCHCOCK.

One of Waterson's Lies. CAMDEN, ARK., Sept. 14, 1876. To the Editor of the Inter-Ocean:

If the devil should close his reservoir of lies which he opened for the benefit of the Democratic party after the St. Louis nominations, the "reform campaign of Tilden and Hendricks would collapse in less than a week. Look at the following from that high toned reform organ, the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"The way in which the Arkansas radicals began the work of building up the schools of that State was characteristic of that party. They appropriated \$80,000 for schools, and at the same time created school superintendents and other officers whose salaries amounted to \$67,000, leaving \$13,000 for stoneware, and not a cent left for the schools."

The only truth contained in the above extract is in its first paragraph. As for the balance, Waterson is as loose and reckless with his figures as Tilden was in swearing to his income return. Yes, Republican school management in this State was characterized by the party. Now mark "how plain a tale" shall put this Tilden organ down. During the years 1869, 1870, 1871 and 1872, the Republicans of this State built 1,758 school houses, 379,952 children attended the public

schools, and \$1,374,212.90 was expended for educational purposes, leaving \$60,000 in United States bonds in the State Treasury, which the last Democratic Legislature unlawfully appropriated to pay themselves per diem and mileage. Sixteen thousand dollars of the State University fund went the same way. The proceeds of the sale of all sixteenth sections of public lands, donated to the State by the General Government for school purposes, has been either stolen or squandered by our Democratic cormorants, until our free school system stands—as it does to-day—a shriveled, grinning skeleton, a monument of Democratic hatred, malice and stupidity.

The above is from the files of an old Cincinnati paper, but the sequel, as told us by one conversant with the whole facts is stranger than what we have narrated. When the cholera was raging in our city in 1866 the second wife was taken very ill with it, and being informed by the physician that she would have but a few hours at most, as she was then in a collapse condition, she asked that all go out of the room, excepting her husband and the house-keeper, when she told how much she dreaded leaving her little child amongst strangers, and as dying entreated them both to marry again. The proposition was a strange one, but both promised, and in a few months afterward, when the second wife had been dead a sufficient length of time not to cause remarks, the two were again married, brought together after a cruel separation of so many years, and we believe are living happily together in a cozy West End house.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Love and Mischief. One sunny day Love chose to stray Adown a rosy path forbidden, Where mischief deep in ambush lay, And watched his snare beneath the flowers hidden.

Love tumbling in began to shout For mischief's aid, lest he should smother. "You little demon, let me out, Or I'll report you to your mother," Said Mischief, "I'll not set you free Unless you share your power with me, And give of every heart you gain One-half to joy and one-half to pain."

Love struggled, but in vain, alas! He was not born to prove a martyr, And sad to tell it came to pass He gave in to the little Tattler, Love flew to Venus in a post, And cried, when he had told his story,

"O, Queen of Beauty, never let That little imp vex a look of glory." The goddess, with a half sedate, Replied, "Canst thou not see that boy? But you shall conquer still my boy; 'I'll make love's pain more sweet than joy."

A TOUCHING STORY. The Original of "East Lynne."

It may be not generally known, yet it is probably true, that the famous novel of "East Lynne," although written in England, had the groundwork of its story in a singular marriage which took place in this city, the notice and the attending circumstances at the time being copied by almost every paper in the country. The matter was about as follows:

"A Mr. J. M., a clerk at a downtown house, fell in love with a young lady whose father was a well-to-do Second street merchant, and after a proper season of attention the couple were married. Both soon found out that they were not happily mated, and after a marriage of seven years, during which time they had three children, two boys and a girl, they both agreed to part, the husband applying for a divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of temper. The divorce was granted, and the wife went home to her father, who had through indorsing lost his business and all his property. The daughter's and his own misfortunes weighed so heavily upon the father's mind that during a moment of mental alienation he took his own life, leaving his daughter penniless, and to rough it with the cold charity of the world as best she could. The woman, a brave little creature tried every way she knew how to gain an honest livelihood; in fact, working so hard giving music lessons and doing embroidery for old school mates that her health gave way, and, having no money to pay her board, must beg, starve, or go to the poorhouse.

To turn to the other side of the picture, the husband after a few months' release from the marital bonds, again married, and at the same time of which we speak had not only the three children by the first wife, but also in addition thereto, a little two year old girl by the second wife. The latter lady being ill, the husband advertised for a nurse and house-keeper, which notice reached the eye of the first wife, and she in her trouble told him of her past condition and applied to him for the position in his household. The husband knew not what to say; but after giving her ample funds for all immediate wants asked her to call again at his office on the following morning, promising to consult his wife about the matter in the meantime.

Promptly as per agreement wife No. 1 was on time, as was the husband, and from there they went to the residence where the two wives had their first conversation ending in their agreement for the first wife to come and accept a vacant place, which she did, seemingly delighted at having a peaceful home over her head, notwithstanding the very strange circumstances under which such shelter was given. Necessity demanded that the entire past should be obliterated, and the new house-keeper treated as other help; that she must care for the children—her own offspring—and the other child the same as any hired nurse would do; that she must eat at the second table to care for her charges. All these things and even more humility did the poor woman exhibit, never by sign, word or look showing the least evidence of discontent. What, however, must have been the true feelings of her heart when seeing another filling the place that she had once tried, as she thought, so hard to fill!

Conservatives, developed into a malignant Copperhead Democrat becomes a blatant "reformer." The latest exhibition of this sort of political reforming which this class is capable of is found in the recent discovery of a spurious secret circular, purporting to emanate from the Chicago office of the National Republican Executive Committee, and addressed to post-masters in Wisconsin, the object being to entrap "doubtful Republicans."

This circular has been traced to the private office of ex-Republican, ex-Senator, and present Democratic manager, James R. Doolittle. As a specimen of political treachery, imposition and forgery the Doolittle circular is unique. It serves, however, to show to what baseness a man descends when he abandons hope and becomes a reformer.—Republican.

Kissing Edwin Booth. A San Francisco paper relates the following: Edwin Booth is proverbially opposed to having his private trumpet blown, but a little incident of his overland trip is too good to be lost. It seems that in the same parlor was a lady more remarkable for the loquaciousness of her style than for her refinement. She repeatedly stated that she would give a hundred dollars to kiss Booth. At Omaha a poor emigrant attracted the attention of the travelers as they returned to the car after dinner. He had started for California, but had been robbed while asleep. Booth's eyes fell upon his gorgeous admirer, who was standing near. He went up abruptly to her and asked: "Did you say you would give a hundred dollars to kiss me?" She replied, "I did," and opened a purse defiantly. He passed his arm around her neck and, gave her a sounding smack, held out his hand for the fee. This was given. Booth wheeled around and forced it into the emigrant's hand.

The Crucifixion. The Philadelphia Evening Journal publishes the letter of a tourist in Europe, who recently witnessed in the town of Ober-Ammergau a very curious religious ceremony, which has already been described in the novel of "Quixote." In the year 1633, when the village was visited by a pestilence, the monks induced the inhabitants to make a vow "that, in thankful devotion and for edifying contemplation, they would, every ten years, publicly represent the Passion of Jesus, the Savior of the world." The correspondent says:

Sunday was the day of the representation; and as the theatre was a temporary inclosure, we had the glorious mountains and the blue sky as worthy scenery for the great tragedy. Four thousand persons were present, of whom the greater part were peasants from the Tyrol, though next to us were Princes from Russia, the Duchess of Parma, and the Count de Chamford. The performance embraced every scene in the life of our Redeemer, from the entrance into Jerusalem to the ascension.

Between the scenes from the New Testament were typical tableaux from the Old Testament. In some of them there were four hundred persons, all of whom were natives of Ammergau. A chorus, like that of the old Greek tragedies, sang sacred songs, or, in recitative, explained the tableaux. We entered the theatre at 7 o'clock, and, with an hour's intermission, the performance lasted till 4:30 o'clock. My Protestant feelings were shocked even more than I expected when I first saw our Redeemer represented by a human being, and I regretted that I had come, and yet the performance was the very best ideal of the old Italian painters. In face and figure, almost unique; noble and dignified in his actions, and his voice faultless; no one could have filled the part more perfectly; but the scenes enacted and the words spoken were so sacred, that I was both shocked and pained. During the crucifixion, however, all my scruples vanished, for the illusion was perfect.

Every minute detail mentioned by the Evangelists was preserved, and even the agony suffered by the principal performer was real, and not feigned. He is, indeed, often ill for days afterward, and nothing but the conviction that it is a solemn duty owed to his fellow-creatures that keeps him from the scene of the Cross." was copied from Reubens Picture in Antwerp, after which followed the entombment, the earthquake, and the resurrection. The spectators so completely sympathized with what they saw, that they were all in tears, and not a word was spoken. A glorious triumphal song by the choir closed the strange performance. As a dramatic representation, nothing could be more impressive, and so admirable is every feature of it that your admiration would scarcely be better satisfied with the masterpiece of Rubens.

During the past year over one thousand negroes were assassinated in the State of Mississippi by the Democracy, and the reign of terror still continues. Negroes and white Republicans are constantly being assassinated or driven from their homes in the interior counties. Jackson papers say

the city is full of refugees. U. S. Senator Alcorn, in a recent published private letter said:

"The Democrats of the South took Greeley for President and they will take any body else. All they want is to be let alone, with the knife and revolver they will attend to the negro and white Republicans." Is it a wonder that Democrats do not like to hear about "bloody dirt."

A Chinese Gambling Den in San Francisco. Ten o'clock in the evening, one more in the streets amidst throngs of jabbering Celestials, with gambling houses, theaters and opium dens in full play. Crossing the street we enter a tea store kept by a Celestial sporting the name of Wing Hong. He bows courteously to our salute and says: "Good evening, gentlemen."

"John," exclaims a friend who accompanies us, "these gentlemen come all the way from the States and want to see gambling den. You show us two dollars." It will purchase enough chickens for a three days' feast and John prepares to accompany us. Passing up Dupont street we paused in front of a dirty two-story building. In front of the basement door, on a low stool, sits a Chinaman, with hands crossed, smoking and apparently the very picture of intention and listlessness. As quick as he catches sight of us he stamps on the pavement with his foot, a rattle of bolts is heard, a bar falls into its place with a heavy thud, and the entrance to the 'den' is secured. This Celestial is continually on the look-out for "Mellans," wholly him are all looked upon as policemen bent upon destroying that business that furnishes him and his co-partners a livelihood. Wing Hong steps up, a lively conversation ensues and the result of it is that the door swings open and we enter a low, narrow passage. Advancing perhaps fifteen feet we come to another door, opening which we find ourselves in the den proper, a room thirty by forty feet, brilliantly lighted, but rather squalidly furnished. In one corner on a slightly raised platform stands a Chinese woman, glistening in a gorgeous manner regardless of expense, playing on a clarinet. Every few minutes she breaks out in a wild refrain, that our informant tells us is the "Song of the Jasmine Flower."

On a stool at her feet sits a man playing an accompaniment on a one-stringed fiddle. At the other end of the room, behind a counter, sits the banker, who owns and controls the den. He is a fat, clever-looking fellow, and seems the very personification of good living and contentment. On the counter at his right is a large pile of Chinese cash, round metal coins with a square hole in the center, about the same size as the old-fashioned United States cent. One thousand of these are equivalent to one dollar in our money. Behind this pile sits the assistant, with a wire peculiarly shaped at the end. Before the counter is an excited throng of Chinese making bets on the "count" which as fast as they are offered are recorded by the clerk at the left on a book kept for the purpose, the bank taking odds against all offers. When the bets are all in the man at the right takes the wire and dexterously racks the pile of coin into piles, four in each, until the exact result is obtained. For instance, if there are one hundred and sixty piles those who bet on the even number win, those who bet on the odd lose. Bets are also made as to the exact number of coins in the whole pile. And this is all there is about the game, yet simple and easy as it appears it possesses a wonderful fascination for hundreds of Celestials, who come here nightly to squander and gamble away the small amount of money they have worked so hard to earn. Easy as it seems to guess the number not one in a hundred ever does it, and there is not an instance on record where anyone broke the bank. "We are here as visitors, but out of courtesy to the banker let us try our hand at 'backing the bank,'" says my comrade. To this I assented and stepping up to the counter bet four bits that the number of fours in the pile will be an odd one. If odd wins I will bet back my four bits and one dollar besides, the betting being two to one in my favor. The "counter" shuffles the coin, divides it into piles and—seven numbers, win. I try again with same success, while the banker nods condescendingly at me, and says: "Well had you no win him, hope you catch me next time." Not if I know myself, you bland-looking Celestial scoundrel, you. "Good-night, John," I say. "Good even, come again under time," and passing out we are once again in the open air.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Phrenologizing a Minister in Texas. A blind phrenologist lectured the other night at the Christian church. There was a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen present. At the close of the lecture a committee was appointed to select candidates for examination. The lucky man was Dr. Felix Johnson, Cumberland Presbyterian pastor of this city. The blind man of science proceeded to say that the doctor was fond of the fair sex—in fact, as Josephus said of Solomon, "immoderately fond of women;" that if his wife were to die he would lose no time in looking out for another; that he had a splendid appetite, loved good

eating, and liked to "dine out," and was sure to make it understood that when he did that Dr. Johnson was there, etc. Some one in the audience wanted to know about his religion. The sightless scientist resumed: "Publicly he is very religious, but privately he is not troubled with piety; he has a fine mechanical head, and while he would make a fine blacksmith, he would not make much of a preacher."

Here the doctor turned very red in the face, and said: "Sir, I have been a preacher of the gospel for forty years!" The blind man shook his head, as much as to say, "That's too thin." During the whole time the audience was in a roar, and the fun was prodigious.—Paris (Tex.) Press.

THE "MISSING LINK." Discovery of a Human Skeleton with Tail-Bones. From the Charlottesville (Prince Edward's Island) Examiner.

I am a farmer residing on the Nesbit road, East Point, and engaged, as most of my neighbors, in procuring mulch or marsh mud during the winter months. At the southern end of my land is a creek, about which lies a considerable tract of marshy land. For the last two or three years myself and sons have used the deposit in this marsh as a manure, and have made pits of considerable depth. Being convinced that the lower mud was the best, and our anticipations of being troubled by the rise of water in the hole proving unfounded, we have used the same pits for the past two winters. Bearing this in mind, it must be a matter of surprise that the pit is now excessively deep. The substance is a kind of heavy black peat. One day, in the latter part of last month, myself, my son William, and a man in my employ, one Alfred McAluff, were engaged in procuring manure from the pit. The two latter were in the hole digging and loading the sledge, while I remained above. I was about to light my pipe, when I suddenly heard loud exclamations from my son, followed by similar demonstrations from his companion.

I approached, and, to my infinite surprise, beheld, projecting from in a mud, the cerebellum of a human skull. Gradually and with the greatest care, we proceeded to free the remains from the superincumbent earth, and at length, had the satisfaction to disclose an entire skeleton of a full-grown human being. The skeleton, speaking generally, was much the same as that of a large male specimen of the present Indian race. The skull, however, was very much flattened on the top, and the jaw bones very large and thick. The lower arm bones were much longer than the usual standard. The legs, on the contrary were short to a noticeable degree. The discovery in itself is sufficiently strange; but the strangest part of the story is yet to tell. Behind the figure, and in a position directly continuous from the back of the spine, were nineteen small articulated bones. There cannot be the slightest room for doubt that these members represent the osseous framework of a tail. Startling as this fact may seem, it is beyond dispute. Of the great number of persons who have been in my house to view this most interesting specimen of a departed race, not one has, in the most explicit words, failed to indorse my own first-formed opinion. It was, indeed, argued by our minister that it was quite possible that the bones, though undoubtedly the bones of a tail, might be merely those of one taken from some animal, and used by the man as a weapon, offensive or defensive. But the position clearly invalidate this argument. The hands were folded in the front of the body, and, therefore, could not have been holding the tail, which, as it appeared to make a direct junction with the back bone, could not have maintained that situation without some support. Add to this the undoubted similarity of the bones, and plainly apparent articulation from the end of the tail to the neck is conclusive. I content myself at present with this brief narration of this most interesting discovery, leaving it for some future time to comment on its immense importance as a link in the chain of history of prehistoric man.

Extermination of Grasshopper. GREENWOOD, CASS CO., NEB., September 25, 1876. Editor Bee.—Having seen several modes suggested for destroying the grasshoppers next season while they are growing, I have concluded to make public a plan of my own for doing this business. I have tried it to some extent, and have found that I can exterminate all the 'hoppers that will be hatched out on my farm, with but very little labor and at a trifling expense. Two years ago the 'hoppers hatched out on my farm, and I concluded to get up something to destroy them. I saw in going through where they were thick that everyone hopped up about six inches high. I thereupon made a platform to pass under them as they hopped up. I took a two by four studding and made three runners four feet long. Then I took sixteen-foot boards and nailed them on the runners. I then had a platform five inches high. I slid it up the back side and both ends, leaving it open in front. I then hitched a horse to each end runner, and went for the 'hoppers. In going one round of 80 rods I had over two bushels of 'hoppers. Now that I had caught them I made a saddle similar to an ear for a horse; I then went for them, but I saw that they were too deep like mauling rails, for they were so deep on the platform that the heaviest lick would make out very little impression on them. Of late, however, I have thought of a way of killing the pests when they hop into the platform and I now give it to the public. It is to have some pieces made, similar to bread pans, and place them on the back side of the box or platform, in rows; fill them about one inch with coal oil, or take concentrated lye and weaken it with water; make it first strong enough to kill them. It is cheaper than coal oil, and just as effectual. The horses being hitched at each end leaves no obstacle in front, and they hop up just as it comes up to them.

Now take a strainer over a barrel and take up each pan after being filled with 'hoppers, and strain them, and you can use the same material again for another raid. Two horses can pull such a trap, made twenty feet long, by using canvas for the back side and ends, as that would make it lighter. In using canvas, build a frame three feet high and tack it on. Leave about a foot space from the front edge of the platform, as they would not have to jump so high to get into them. By doing so they will make two jumps, and be held. Now, I think a trap might answer one section of land as it gets over ground very fast. I do not claim that it will sweep them up all the first time, nor the second, but I do claim that it will thin out their ranks to a great extent; so much so that we can save our crops next season. Now let every man bestir himself and prepare this winter to meet the enemy and give them battle. By so doing you will save your crops. I have also a machine that I shall perfect this winter for killing them. I have made one and it will work. They can be attached to a header harvester. The hopper hops up onto the canvas as it passes along, and is run between two rollers similar to clothes wringer, and is crushed. This attachment for a header can be made for \$15,000.

Yours truly, IRA THINKHAM.

How to Get a Wife. A California correspondent of the New York Times shows how John Chinaman manages the matrimonial lottery: A Chinaman in want of a wife scrapes together his wages and sends the amount home, generally to his father or mother, with an order for a wife, and they go into the market and make the best bargain they can, according to the money to be invested. Sometimes the amount is small, and a really first-class article cannot be had for the sum; but the old woman generally does her best, ships over the woman consigned to her son, who meets her at the steamer with his bill of lading, pays freight and charges, and takes his property. If any of your readers want to know the price of the real useful wife of this sort, of reliable color, warranted to wash (Mondays), I can inform them, as my Celestial, Ah Sam, who dusts out my office, has recently imported one. Sam sent money to his