

**THE ADVERTISER.**  
G. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. G. HACKER,  
**FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,**  
Publishers and Proprietors.  
Published Every Thursday Morning  
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

# Nebraska Advertiser.

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ADVERTISING RATES.  
One inch, one year, \$10.00  
Two inches, one year, 15.00  
Each succeeding inch, per year, 2.00  
Legal advertisements at legal rates—One square,  
(24 lines of Nonpareil or less) first insertion, \$1.00  
each subsequent insertion, 50c.  
All transient advertisements will be paid  
for in advance.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1877.

VOL. 21.—NO. 29.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**ATTORNEYS.**  
S. A. Osborn,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office with W. T. Rogers,  
Brownville, Neb.  
T. L. Schick,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office with W. T. Rogers,  
Brownville, Neb.  
J. S. Stahl,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office  
over Hill's store, Brownville, Neb.  
J. H. Broady,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office  
over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.  
E. W. Thomas,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office front room over  
Slevin & Cross's Hardware Store, Brown-  
ville, Neb.  
W. T. Rogers,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW—Office  
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**J. H. BAUER,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**HARNESSES, SADDLES,  
Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes,**  
Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c.  
Repairing done on short notice. The cele-  
brated Vacuum Oil Finishing for preserving Harn-  
esses, Boots, Shoes, etc., always on hand.  
64 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

**SILENCE.**  
There is no ripple on the lake,  
No breath upon the hill;  
No sound the sleeping echoes wake,  
The aspens leaves are still,  
And in the dim and peaceful wood  
I feel the silent solitude.  
The full-orbed moon looks coldly down  
On the unbroken snow;  
Beyond the stambling town,  
The frozen stream below;  
Above the solemn dome of night  
Lifts upward to the infinite.  
In "So-and's" sleep, there, too, is rest;  
Love needs no voice, no token—  
Faith calmly sleeps on Hopes bright  
Truth's promise is unbroken, (breast,  
White Angel Patience, smiling still,  
Unconscious waits the perfect Will.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
A. S. HOLLADAY, M.D., Physician, Surgeon  
and Obstetrician, graduated in 1851. Local  
in Brownville 1855. Office, Lot 1 & 2 of  
Congress, McPherson Block, Special attention  
paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and  
Children.  
H. L. MATTHEW, Physician and Surgeon, Office  
in City Drug Store, No. 2 Main Street, Brown-  
ville, Neb.

**J. RAUSCHKOLB'S  
LUNCH & BEER HALL,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.**  
I don't.  
I buy my beer  
by Jake.

**THE  
WENTWORTH MYSTERY.**  
—OR—  
**Who Will Save Her?**  
CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)  
"You, the daughter of Benjamin  
Darknoil, parish clerk, once lodge  
gate keeper, brought me for a mar-  
riage portion five thousand pounds."  
"The gift of Sir Hugh Wentworth,"  
said the woman, with a contemptuous  
look of her handsome head.  
"There was no lightening of her  
rich color as she said this, no beating  
of the heart or quickening of the  
pulse. It was a coarse nature endeavor-  
ing to face out and beat down a  
coarser nature."  
"You were a wife to be welcomed  
at any price," continued the calm  
lawyer with one of his blandest  
smiles; "but you were none the less  
welcome for the money you brought.  
I was a poor devil of a lawyer's clerk  
then; I am now Mathew Rockwood,  
Esq., with five clerks of my own to  
badger and bully."  
"You admit I made your fortune?"  
"You assisted in doing so, yes; but  
men of my talent are not easily kept  
under. I gave Mrs. Mathew Rockwood  
admission into society, made her  
respectable, in short. In return,  
she gave me, judging me wisely to be  
a rising man, five thousand pounds.  
Don't lose your temper. Nothing's  
got by losing the temper. Think your  
self in a witness-box with Hawkins  
at work upon you, and keep calm  
whatever you do. In a happy hour  
you told me the story of Philip's  
birth."  
For a moment, the proud head  
drooped.  
"For a moment only," was the reply.  
"I guessed it all along. Benjamin  
Darknoil is a close saving man, but  
lodge-keepers do not usually dower  
their daughters with five thousand  
pounds. On our marriage-day, Diana,  
you thought you were a robe of  
mystery—bah! I haven't followed  
Old Bailey practice for nothing; your  
robe of mystery was as transparent as  
a pane of glass."  
"And knowing all this, you married me."  
"It was an investment, my dear,  
without there being the slightest  
probability of my suffering a loss."  
"You played upon my woman's  
weakness, my woman's vanity, my  
woman's sense of undeserved wrong.  
Besides, I loved you then, Mathew  
Rockwood."  
The woman uttered a heavy sigh,  
the lawyer's eyes twinkled.  
"Then?" he repeated emphasizing  
the word. "Thank you, Diana—  
thank you very much!"  
"You know with what cruel  
patience and cunning you gathered up  
thread by thread of my story."  
"Oh! Bailey practice, my dear—Old  
Bailey practice! It's a maxim with  
me that a thread picked up to-day  
may become a pair of hand-cuffs to-  
morrow. You love Philip Wentworth,  
who, in ignorance of the con-  
nection between you, is unaware of  
your very praiseworthy devotion.  
Urged by you, I have lent the foolish  
spendthrift money, much money—  
taking security, of course. That is to  
say, I have speculated largely upon  
him, and so am deeply interested in  
him also. Sir Philip Wentworth, in  
possession of the estates, will represent  
me a good round sum,—he'll draw  
his arms abroad, and gaily snapped  
his fingers. 'For that reason, the  
estates must come into his hands, and  
into no other."  
"And the girl—the Gertrude? Ugh!  
how I hate the name! What is to  
become of her?" asked Mrs. Rock-  
wood.  
"Mr. Rockwood rose lightly from his  
chair, and standing with his back to  
the fire, touched his wife several  
times lightly on the arm, with a con-  
fidential air.  
"A question not just yet to be satis-  
factorily replied to. A girl's life is but  
a fragile thing at most to stand be-  
tween a man and large estates."  
The speaker's eyes met his wife's  
dark ones fixed sternly, inquiringly  
on his face. No words were neces-  
sary; they understood each other; the  
soft, painter-like, smiling man—the  
handsome, terrible woman.  
Romance, indeed! Why, in this  
prosaic age—this age of telegrams  
and penny postage—this practical age  
of 'free breakfast tables'—of religious  
'platforms' and tract societies—here  
we have Maebeth played over again,  
in a snug dressing-room, near a blazing  
fire, in the house of a highly respect-  
able, and remarkably well-known,  
Bedford Row solidier.  
Crime has no epoch. Sweet Au-

**A. D. MARSH,**  
TAILOR,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Cutting or Outting and Making done to  
order on short notice and at reasonable  
prices. Has had long experience and can  
warrant satisfaction. Call at his shop at  
residence on Atlantic street.  
AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.  
**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
—OF—  
BROWNVILLE.  
Paid-up Capital, \$100,000  
Authorized " 500,000  
IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A  
**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 discount-  
ed, and special accommodations granted to deposit-  
ors. Discounts on RAILROAD TICKETS.  
**DIRECTORS**—Wm. T. Dev., B. M. Bailey, M. A.  
Hendley, Frank E. Johnson, H. M. Atkinson,  
Wm. Frazer.  
**JOHN L. CARSON,**  
A. B. DAVISON, Cashier, President.  
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.  
**ORGANIZED, 1870.**  
**STATE BANK OF NEBRASKA**  
AT BROWNVILLE.  
**CAPITAL, \$100,000.**  
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 & CITY**  
**SECURITIES,**  
**BOUGHT AND SOLD.**  
**OFFICERS.**  
W. H. McCREERY, President.  
W. W. HACKNEY, Vice President.  
H. E. GATES, Cashier.  
**DIRECTORS.**  
L. HOADLEY, J. C. DEUSER,  
W. H. ROYER, M. KAUFMAN,  
W. W. HACKNEY, H. C. LEFT,  
W. H. McCREERY.

**B.F. SOUDER,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**HARNESSES, SADDLES, WHIPS,  
COLLARS, BRIDLES,  
ZINK PANS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS,  
Robes, &c.**  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Full stock ready made goods constantly on hand.  
**PAT. CLINE,**  
FASHIONABLE  
**BOOT AND SHOE  
MAKER.**  
CUSTOM WORK  
MADE TO ORDER, AND FITS GUARANTEED.  
20 Main Street,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
**J. MAROHN,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
and dealer in  
Fino English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths,  
Vestings, Etc., Etc.  
Brownville, Nebraska.  
**HAVE YOU SEEN  
THE ELEPHANT?**  
Having purchased the  
"ELEPHANT"  
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES  
I wish to announce that I am prepared to  
do a first class livery business.  
Josh Rogers.

**CHAPTER IV.  
AMONG GREEN LANES.**  
A stretch of English landscape,  
very beautiful to look upon, glittering  
with sunbeams, and bright with gold-  
en mists.  
A foreground of lofty trees, shed-  
ding cool shadows down upon a pleas-  
ant labyrinth of hedges, green leaf, and  
pleasant shade.  
To the left a magnificent park slopes  
downwards in gentle undulations to a  
sparkling river.  
To the right a wilderness of copse  
and thicket tending away into the  
thicker and more majestic woods.  
A thoroughly English scene; the  
blue smoke of farm-houses rises above  
the tree tops; their windows glisten  
in the sunlight; and the bleating of  
flocks, the lowing of cattle, is every-  
where enhancing, rather than distur-  
bing, the stillness of the scene.  
From amidst a great clump of stately  
elm trees a cluster of turrets and  
chimneys, the turrets dominated by a  
grand square bell-tower, surmounted  
by a huge weathercock, around which  
the quaint old chimneys, of every  
conceivable fashion and shape, cluster,  
shouldering each other, as if eager  
to take their time from the old  
white-faced clock which solemnly  
ticks, as it has ticked for a century  
past, in their midst.  
A narrow, well-kept road, bordered  
by carefully trimmed hedges, leads  
to a railway station, of which the  
white gate is just visible, with the tall  
signal-post stretching out its arms  
against the clear blue sky.  
The name of this station is Dripsy  
Bridge; the village just visible from  
our point of view rejoices in the same  
name, while the mansion with the  
many turrets, and huge clock-tower,  
is Wentworth Abbey, one of the oldest  
residences in the neighborhood.  
A gentleman, very young, and what  
the fast young ladies of our day would  
call 'awfully handsome,' is seated on  
a gate at one of the many entrances  
to Wentworth Park. At his feet is a  
small valet, which he impatiently  
taps with his walking-stick, an occupa-  
tion only varied by the rattling of his  
heels against the gate. He certainly  
is very handsome, though not  
at all pretty-looking. A fine tall lad  
of about twenty—square head, a broad  
forehead, around which the curls  
cluster thickly; honest, fearless Sax-  
on eyes; a well formed nose, and a  
chin which, like the rest of the face,  
denotes energy and power of will.  
Though not exactly one of those  
'athletes' so bepraised by our lady  
writers, this young fellow's figure was  
full of nervous strength; every  
movement was graceful but wiry  
withal; a strength which in a few  
years would develop into a perfect  
manhood.  
"The train can't be far off," he said,  
speaking to himself, while he beat  
the valet with redoubled energy.  
"Not but what I would lose  
twenty trains rather than lose the  
chance of seeing her. Who knows  
when we shall meet again? I would  
have had a talk with her long ago,  
but that old villain Darknoil haunts  
the Abbey like an evil spirit, refusing  
either to permit an entrance or to de-  
liver a message. 'Sir Hugh mustn't  
be disturbed!' he croaks; 'as if I  
wanted to disturb him! Not but what  
if Sir Hugh were up and well, I  
should be admitted readily enough.  
I think she's coming!'  
He stood upon the gate, and gazed  
wistfully down a winding path that,  
half hidden in the tall grass, ran like  
a ribbon through the park. After a  
careful survey, he resumed his seat  
with an expression of much disap-  
pointment.  
"Now if old Bleek had played me  
false about the letter, and not deliv-  
ered it, I'll never trust in human na-  
ture—that is to say in the power of  
money again! The moment I slip-

**FRANZ HELMER,  
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP**  
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.  
WAGON MAKING, Repairing,  
Painting, and all work in the best  
manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaran-  
teed. Give him a visit.  
**JOHN CRADDOCK, W. CRADDOCK,  
CRADDOCK & SON,  
GUY SMITHS!**  
BEER-LOADING SHOT GUNS, RIFLES,  
Carbines, Ammunition and Sporting Goods. Gun  
made to order, and repaired neatly done.  
11 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

**ARTHUR V. WALSH,  
PLASTERER**  
Brownville, Nebraska.

**B. STROBLE,  
AT CITY BAKERY,  
FAMILY GROCERIES, TEAS,  
CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES,  
GLASSWARE,  
TOBACCO, CIGARS, MERSCHAUM PIPES, AND  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.  
FRESH OYSTERS  
HOMWOOD MILLS**  
Having in my employ Mr.  
**HENRY SHIFFER,**  
known to be the best miller in the  
state, I am prepared to furnish GOOD  
FLOUR in any quantity. Every sack  
warranted.  
My Flour is for sale at all the principal  
stores in Brownville.  
GEO. HOMWOOD,  
Sheridan Mills, April 1st, 1876.

**J. L. ROY,  
FURNITURE!**  
Dealer in  
Undertaking a Specialty.  
Keeps a full line of  
**METALIC AND WOOD  
BURIAL CASES.**  
66 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.  
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ped a sovereign into her horny palm,  
how she did promise! Note, number  
one, when starting in life, the  
excessive number of promises a sov-  
ereign will promise! Note, number  
two, to be proved the amount of  
performances likely to follow! And, af-  
ter all, what harm is there in me?  
As if every soul in der Dripsy  
Bridge, God bless it! didn't know me!  
It was the second time she had  
asked the question. Rockwood removed  
his hands, and lightly caressed his  
beard, and laughed.  
"Why, how a woman's jealousy  
magnifies matters! Miss Gertrude  
Wentworth is an obstacle, no doubt,  
but one that will *make disappear*, be  
assured of that."  
With these words Mr. Mathew  
Rockwood relighted his chamber candle,  
and betook himself to rest.  
He had a good digestion, and was  
not troubled with dreams, so we have  
no doubt he slept well.  
Not so Mrs. Rockwood. She drew  
her chair up to the fire, and rested  
her feet on the fender, and looked  
down brooding into the coals.  
Morning dawned damp and chilly.  
She was still there; the fire had long  
ago gone out, but she had not stirred,  
nor had her eyes once closed.  
Motionless as a statue, she sat on,  
the knitted brows and clenched teeth  
alone denoting the tempest that was  
raging in her breast.  
A mournful sigh, that handsome,  
brooding, desperate face, with the  
eyes fixed unconsciously upon the  
fireless grate.  
All is not gold that glitters, and all  
is not happiness beneath the roof of  
Mr. Mathew Rockwood, of Bedford  
Row.  
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be disturbed!' he croaks; 'as if I  
wanted to disturb him! Not but what  
if Sir Hugh were up and well, I  
should be admitted readily enough.  
I think she's coming!'  
He stood upon the gate, and gazed  
wistfully down a winding path that,  
half hidden in the tall grass, ran like  
a ribbon through the park. After a  
careful survey, he resumed his seat  
with an expression of much disap-  
pointment.  
"Now if old Bleek had played me  
false about the letter, and not deliv-  
ered it, I'll never trust in human na-  
ture—that is to say in the power of  
money again! The moment I slip-

"I have never found anything to  
like in Benjamin Darknoil, or any-  
body that he liked. I believe him to  
be a very bad man."  
"But you have no proof."  
"No, I have nothing to urge against  
him but my personal dislike. Now  
tell me, Gertrude, for that horrid  
train will be there in a few minutes,  
you will let me write to you every  
day—of course I mean every week, or  
every month, at the least—telling  
you what my father says, for I shall  
tell him all about you, and what my  
plans are for us both, and how, loving  
you as I do, I am bound to get on, and  
should things go badly with Sir Hugh,  
take you from your brother Philip's  
guardianship,—he could not repress  
a shudder as he uttered Philip's name  
—claim you, with my dear father's  
consent, for I shall know how to make  
that sure, and claim you as my own."  
"I shall read all the letters you write  
to the good rector, and if they con-  
tain enclosures, I dare say Mr. Mild-  
may (the rector's name) would read  
them out to me."  
"We are sure to be happy, Gertrude;  
and the brave, confident lad  
snapped his fingers in defiance of all  
the powers of evil. 'If we could only  
have been near each other!'  
"But that can't be!" said the sweet,  
calm voice.  
"Not just for the present—Why, no,  
—and the light again faded from his  
face; 'that's true. But'—and he raised  
her hand passionately to his lips  
—I solemnly swear—as I have often  
sworn before—that Everard Corbett  
takes no other wife but Gertrude  
Wentworth, or goes unmarried to his  
grave!"  
They were, as we have said, both  
boy and girl speaking like this in  
that quiet autumn evening; but  
there was something—not so much in  
the words of the boy, as in the face  
which wore the stamp of manhood  
and truth that Gertrude seized with  
a vague foreboding of danger, clung  
to him.  
"Oh, Everard, you know I trust to  
you! We have grown up together;  
and I suppose it's always thinking in  
the same groove that we have but  
one heart!"  
"But one!" he answered, folding her  
to his breast. "Don't give way, dear!  
—don't give way! His own head  
was averted, to hide the fast-coming  
tears. "We ought both to be happy,  
believing, as we do, in each other  
days I've had at Dripsy, to be sure!  
The dear, cozy rectory, and jolly  
rector, with his book and his pipe. To  
think of exchanging all this for a  
scorched-up bungalow, a muddy river  
and scores of crocodiles! And he  
kicked the much suffering valet  
fiercely into the road.  
"Nonsense! I won't stay with you  
another moment, if you talk in this  
mad way. It is but natural your  
father should wish to see you before  
he makes up his mind as to what you  
are to be."  
"I mean to be a barrister—a barrister  
at law in England, of course.  
Why shouldn't I be? I've eloquence  
—"  
The young lady interrupted him  
with a little laugh, which again  
brought the blush to his face.  
"You've a great deal of conceit, Master  
Everard," she said; "but young as  
I am, you must take one rule of con-  
duct from me—"Osey your father in  
all things!"  
"In all but one thing, I will," was  
the steady reply. "I have your  
pledged word, and you have mine. I  
marry none but Gertrude Wentworth.  
Oh, bless you! I know the gulf at  
present, I shall be a Lord Chief Jus-  
tice in no time. And, though I know  
your brother hates me—and, indeed,  
hates you!"  
"You shall soon be independent of  
him if there's virtue in law-books and  
parliament. We've pledged troth,  
my own dear Gertrude, and that bliss-  
ful memory will run like a golden  
thread through the dingy spider's web  
of the law."  
It was very pleasant to hear him  
talk thus—so strong, so hopeful, so  
full of youth—a great, generous spirit  
opening out upon the world, yet one,  
when deeply stirred, as ready for  
attack as for defense. He drew her to-  
ward him, she girlishly resisting,  
in full confidence in her own and  
Everard's honor.  
"Oh, how happy we shall be, dar-  
ling! There never was such a bright  
future as ours shall be! And Oh!  
how good you are, my own dear, dear  
Gertrude, to say you will wait for me  
a thousand years, if necessary!"  
"Ten thousand, if necessary!" was  
her laughing reply.  
"And will never love any one else?"  
"Never!"  
And thus the boy and girl talked  
on, painting everything with the rose  
tints of youth, and building blissful  
castles in the air.  
"Your father," asked Everard at last,  
as having forgotten something, which  
he certainly had—"is there no chance  
for the better?"  
Her head drooped on his shoulder,  
and her voice was scarcely audible as  
she answered.  
"None. We expect a great doctor  
from London, a nurse, and other peo-  
ple, Benjamin Darknoil, who has  
arranged all, says there is nothing to  
fear as yet, and you know he loves  
my father devotedly."  
For a moment the strong, open face  
of Everard Corbett looked no longer  
young. His forehead was furrowed  
by two deep wrinkles, and his voice  
was stern and harsh.

**Facts and Figures.**  
From the Chicago Tribune.  
The official returns of the late elec-  
tion bring to light a number of inter-  
esting facts which are well worth giv-  
ing to the public. The Democrats are  
in the habit of saying that the Rep-  
ublicans have declined in strength,  
but the figures below exhibit a very  
different condition of things. We  
copy the New York Tribune's tables:  
In the following table the Presidential vote  
of the Republicans in the twenty-two North-  
west States is contrasted with the largest vote  
ever before cast by that party in those  
States:  

State	Year	Republican	Dem.
California	1872	185,000	124,000
Colorado	1872	7,000	14,500
Connecticut	1872	60,000	20,000
Illinois	1872	270,000	275,000
Indiana	1872	180,000	195,000
Iowa	1872	135,000	175,000
Kansas	1872	65,000	125,000
Maine	1872	75,000	60,000
Massachusetts	1872	185,000	185,000
Michigan	1872	185,000	185,000
Minnesota	1872	185,000	185,000
Nebraska	1872	185,000	185,000
Nevada	1872	185,000	185,000
New York	1872	480,000	480,000
Ohio	1872	185,000	185,000
New Jersey	1872	185,000	185,000
Oregon	1872	185,000	185,000
Pennsylvania	1872	185,000	185,000
Rhode Island	1872	185,000	185,000
Texas	1872	185,000	185,000
Vermont	1872	185,000	185,000
Wisconsin	1872	185,000	185,000
Wyoming	1872	185,000	185,000
Total	1872	2,000,000	2,000,000

  
In Maine and Vermont the decisive  
elections were held in 1856, and the Rep-  
ublican vote in both States was much  
larger than ever before, though the Presi-  
dential vote was not quite full.  
Compare those great gains with the  
election in certain Southern States  
where the White-Liners applied 'dis-  
couragements' to Republican voters  
with the view of 'causing' them not  
to vote:  

State	Year	Republican	Dem.
Alabama	1872	100,000	250,000
Arkansas	1872	100,000	250,000
Florida	1872	100,000	250,000
Georgia	1872	100,000	250,000
Total	1872	400,000	1,000,000

  
Instead of this loss of more than a  
hundred thousand votes, there ought  
to have been an increase of at least  
that many, and could have been but  
for the illegal obstructions the Tilden  
votes placed in the way of Republicans  
going freely to the polls. Tilden, by  
force of a fraud, has secured a majority  
of the popular vote in the South. The  
New York Tribune, commenting  
thereon, says:  
"We congratulate him upon a major-  
ity obtained by diligent use of  
knives and revolvers, whips and  
rifles. Many men would scorn