

F. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning at BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year... \$1.50

PROFESSIONAL CARDS ATTORNEYS.

S. A. Osborn, Attorney at Law.

T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law.

J. S. Stull, Attorney at Law.

J. R. Broadley, Attorney at Law.

E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law.

W. T. Rogers, Attorney at Law.

A. S. Holladay, M.D., Physician.

H. L. Matthews, Physician.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. Gavitt, General Auctioneer.

J. Marohn, Merchant Tailor.

THE ELEPHANT LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

A. D. Marsh, Tailor.

CITY HOTEL.

B. Stroble, At City Bakery.

FRESH OYSTERS.

HOMWOOD MILLS.

HENRY SHIFFER, Dentist.

R. A. Hawley, Dentist.

GU'S SMITHS, Gunsmiths.

FRANZ HELMER, Wagon & Blacksmith Shop.

ABBOTT Wagonmaking, Blacksmithing, Emery.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry.

JOSEPH SHUTZ, Jeweler.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS.

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1877.

OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET.

BODY & BRO., BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat.

J. H. BAUER, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes.



PAT. CLINE, FASHIONABLE.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

First class work.

TREASURY ORNAMENTS FOR THE PARLOR.

A. D. Marsh, DYEING TO SAVE YOUR OLD CLOTHES.

H. R. ROBINSON, Gunsmiths.

WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP.

ABBOTT Wagonmaking, Blacksmithing, Emery.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS.

H. R. ROBINSON, Gunsmiths.

WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP.

ABBOTT Wagonmaking, Blacksmithing, Emery.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS.

THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY.

Who Will Save Her? CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)

form; but oh! the delicious 'greenery' that wanted and exuberant beauty which held everything in a wild embrace.

A certain of verdure broken by twinkling windows, a forest of chimneys, and there we have, embosomed in a garden of flowers, the pleasant place that was once the home of Diana Darknoll.

As the old man hurried across the park, the shadowy deer rose before him, and glancing through the fastidiously mist, passed swiftly away; while the myriad rabbits still capering about, came to gaze at the intruder, showed their white seats for a moment and then disappeared in the ground like plump little fairies.

Arrived at the lodge, he passed in at a side wicket, exchanging a few words with a sun-burnt fellow in a shabby velvet coat, who was busy with a bill-hook trimming the hedges and cutting off the decayed branches of trees.

'Any gentleman here Appletwaite?' inquired Darknoll. The sunburnt man paused a moment to consider. He placed his bill-hook on a hedge greasy his hat, and with an extremely doffed handkerchief wiped his forehead slowly.

'Well, Mister Darknoll, there be no denying that there be several persons here; but when you come to the question of gentlemen, why that calls for discussion.'

'Which isn't worth my time or yours to go into,' interrupted Darknoll, impatiently. 'Is Mr. Philip here?'

The sunburnt man finished wiping his head—a good broad head it was, full of natural sagacity—then cast the crumpled handkerchief into the crown of his hat, and laughed aloud.

'He be all here; not a bit of him missing from the top of his head to the sole of his boots. And precious tight he is, too—his boots and himself.'

F. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, one year... \$10.00

Legal advertisements at legal rates.—One square (fifteen of newspaper or legal first insertion, 10¢ each subsequent insertion, 5¢).

OFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

The allusion to the blue face was made to a scar, a huge scar, disfiguring a portion of the stranger's cheek; but the word 'sounded,' possibly as being too appropriate, aroused to the full extent the man's fury.

His bulldog visage, brown mark and all, glowered with rage, and raising his hand, he struck out fiercely.

Mr. Appletwaite, however, knew better. 'Get up!' he said, deliv'ring a not very gentle kick into the prostrate man's ribs.

Peter Appletwaite, however, knew better. 'Get up!' he said, deliv'ring a not very gentle kick into the prostrate man's ribs.

'Well, man a-love, I never was possessed of twenty shillings in my life; but as you're strange in these parts, and don't know our ways, I'll thrash you as often as you like for nothing.'

Second only to Lincoln.—Mr. Beecher, in his Thanksgiving sermon thus refers to President Grant: 'I come now to regard the party led by those hands the government has led for fifteen years. I hear men to-day finding fault with these men in power, but was there ever an administration that had such difficulties to settle?'