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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

VOL. 22.—NO. 1.

ADVERTISING RATES: One inch, one year, \$1.00; Each succeeding inch, per year, .75; One inch, per month, .10.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

Mother's Diary. Morning! Baby on the floor, Making for the fender; Sunlight seems to make it sneeze, Baby "on a tender".

A BOX OF DIAMONDS.

Well, as I said before, as it's Christmas eve, I don't mind telling you the story. It's a good many years ago now since it happened, but the days of the mail companies, and Glasgow clipppers, when a man had to make his will and set his house in order before putting foot on board ship; and when once you had passed the Eddy-stone it was almost a hundred to one against your ever setting foot again in old England.

I brought it, a small oblong mahogany box, and laid it by his side upon the coverlet, and Mr. Grierson, laying his hand upon it, and at the same time detaching a key from a string by which it was suspended around his neck, with which his fingers played nervously during his recital, concluded: "I am a murderer. Aye! you may stare, and think perhaps that my mind is wandering, but it is the truth. Twenty-five years ago—twenty-five years of misery—I committed the deed which I am now in the presence of my maker about to confess. I was a clerk in a banking house in London and the facilities and opportunities for speculation offered me were too much for me to withstand, but circumstances occurred which convinced me that discovery could hardly be longer delayed, and I was casting about how to make my escape while there was yet time.

and over again in the stillness of the night I opened the box of diamonds and gazed on the brilliancy of the gems. What proof was there that they were not mine, the box with its brass plate bearing the owner's name could be destroyed in a moment, and then—over and over again the devil whispered to me, but thank God, I resisted the temptation. I would fulfill the trust confided to me, and I prayed fervently for strength to resist the evil promptings of my baser self. One day I sat alone, the box unlocked on my table, gazing with an irresistible curiosity, which I was unable to control, on the jewels which scintillated with a devilish luster before my dazzled vision. The door was suddenly opened and Captain McFarlane entered.

Mr. Spurgeon is a very hard-working man, his time being spent in moving quickly to and fro from the Tabernacle, the Pastors' college, the schools, almshouses, and orphanages of which he is the guiding spirit. He passes his life, when not actually preaching or working in a pony chaise, varied by occasional rambles in a carriage, in a room in a house overcast with a species of soot darkened but on his head a loose black necktie round his massive throat, and a cigar burning merrily in his mouth, he is surely the most unclerical of all preachers of the gospel. Yet that short, thick-built man, with the shock head of hair hardly yet touched with grey, with ample brown beard covering his heavy jaw, and a thin line of moustache covering his capacious mouth, is the famous preacher for whom, when yet a very young man, no building could be found sufficient to hold his congregation. One plan he has ever pursued during his public life. It is never to reply to personal satire or attack. Not even a statement in print that he had poisoned his own mother would provoke the shadow of a reply. More than this, he keeps not one volume, but several, in his library filled with newspaper cuttings of an abusive character, and takes particular pleasure in pointing out to his guests the "Wentworths" to which he is designated mountebank, buffoon, blasphemer, hypocrite, and villain. His dark brown eye lights up with a keen twinkle of enjoyment as he comes upon a particularly savage onslaught, and he actually smacks his lips over caricatures.

Well, said he with a careless air, "take it and give me the \$100. I'll make that do." With that he handed out the box once more, received a ticket and \$100 in cash, and disappeared. An hour later Mr. Epstein thought he would have a look at the gold, and took it out of the safe. To make assurance doubly sure, he tested it again. The first nugget proved to be silver neatly gilded. Another and another were examined in like manner, until the whole had been gone through, and every nugget was found to be of the same character, the whole being worth a fraction over \$4. The trick was now transparent. The pretended miser was in reality a very clever swindler, who had two boxes, one containing pure gold and the other the gilded silver, which he changed at the time he pretended to collate the offer of \$100. He made his escape, and Mr. Epstein philosophically pocketed his loss of \$96.

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As already announced, this meeting will be held from July 9th to 19th, inclusive. The special purpose of this Institute is to prepare superintendents and teachers for managing and instructing teachers' Institutes. The exercises will consist of 1st. Lectures on objects, methods, and means of institute work. 2nd. A regular study and recitation of some good work on teachers. 3rd. Specimen lessons by members of the convention, with criticism by the leader and others. 4th. The preparation of an outline manual of institute instruction embodying the best thoughts brought out at the convention, and suitable for use at Institutes. As a basis for specimen lessons, and instruction in the art of teaching, classes will be formed in the following among other subjects: Arithmetic—Compound numbers and per centage. Geography—North America, and map-drawing. Drawing on Blackboard, with special reference to its use by the teacher. Elementary Sounds and the use of a dictionary. Physiology—Digestive, Respiratory and circulating systems. School Economy—Organization, regulation, teachers' records, health condition, study and recitation. Recitations will be largely confined to the topics indicated above. Many text books will be furnished for use without charge, and all at very low rates. Delegates had better bring some text books for reference. Bring dictionaries especially. This Institute is called for all the counties in the State east of the 9th meridian. County superintendents are notified that section 91 of School Law, makes it their duty to attend this Institute. Superintendents who live within the district for which it is called, but who prefer to go to Grand Island will be allowed to do so.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasant to others is to show them attention. The whole world is like a miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not because nobody cared for him." And the whole world would serve you as if you gave them the cause. Let people see that you care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily called the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose value is too still to cease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks and little acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little employment, at the table, in the field, walking, sitting and standing.