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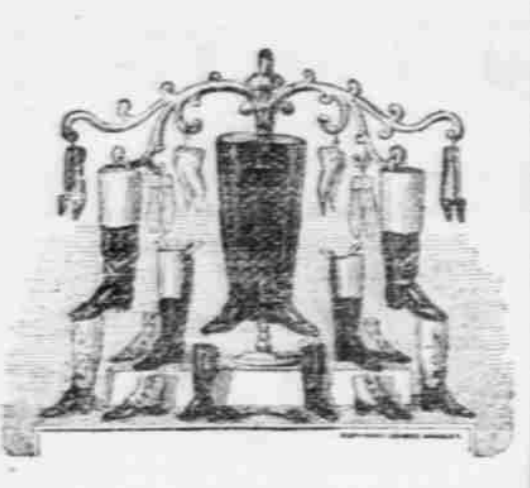
OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. J. S. POTTS, Judge; A. S. SMITH, Sheriff; WILLIAM H. HOOPER, Clerk; O. A. KEEL, Deputy Clerk. County Officers. TAYLOR S. CUTBUSH, County Judge; WILLIAM H. HOOPER, Clerk and Recorder; JAMES M. PLATTEN, Treasurer; JAMES M. PLATTEN, Surveyor; JOHN H. SHOOK, Assessor; JOHN W. HARRISON, Commissioner; J. H. PERRY, Coroner.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

STULL & THOMAS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. T. L. SCHICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. J. H. BROADY, Attorney and Counselor at Law. W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. A. S. HOLLADAY, Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician. S. A. OSBORN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. PAT. CLINE, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. J. W. GIBSON, BLACKSMITH AND HOUSE SHOER.

A. ROBISON,



DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES. MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing Neatly Done.

Brookville, Nebraska.

E. HUDDART'S

Peace and Quiet



Saloon and Billiard Hall

Brandies, Wines, Gills, Alcohols. And Whiskies.

B.F. SOUDER,

Manufacturer and Dealer in



HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS, Robes, &c.

J. L. ROY,

UNDERTAKER



BURIAL CASES & CASKETS

CONSTANTLY ON HAND. 56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

STATE BANK OF NEBRASKA

AT BROWNVILLE.

CAPITAL, \$100,000. UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

STATE, COUNTY & CITY

SECURITIES, BOUGHT AND SOLD.

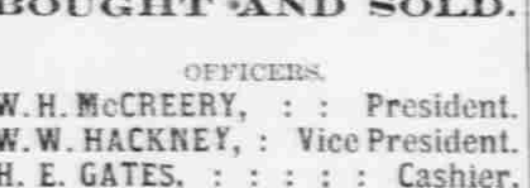
OFFICERS: W. H. McCREERY, President; W. W. HACKNEY, Vice President; H. E. GATES, Cashier.

W. H. McCREERY, President

W. W. HACKNEY, Vice President; H. E. GATES, Cashier.

D. B. COLHAPP,

Manufacturer of FINE CIGARS.



J. RAUSCHOLS

LUNCH & BEER HALL.



Hawkins & Smith,

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

1st door west National Bank, Brownville, Nebraska.

DIFFIDENCE.

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"I've come to ax ye, Biddy dear, If—then he stopped again, As if his heart had bubbled o'er And overflowed his brain; His lips were twitching nervously O'er what they had to tell, And timed their quavers with the eye That gently rose and fell.

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"That Peggy has seen my ghost, I saw," said Choker. "Very well, sir, draw your own conclusions; but you deserve to be paid, you buried me very respectably, indeed; and your jury gave a correct verdict, Mr. Coroner. It was apoplexy. Ah, well! don't go to be in a hurry."

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CHOEKER'S RESURRECTION.

The only true ghost story I know, is the story of Choker's ghost. That is a positive fact, well attested. All the neighbors know what happened. And as it is the story of Choker's ghost, it could not have begun until Choker died.

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RAIDING A CIRCUS.

The Party Who Stole Twenty Head of Sells Bros' Circus Horses Taken In.

Last week Sells Brothers' circus performed at Trenton, in Grundy county, and during the night, it is reported, twenty head of horses were stolen from their stables, including two spotted ponies. It seems incredible that the thieves could have made any great headway with so large an amount of stock, and yet they succeeded in evading pursuit and keeping out of the reach of the officers of the law until ten o'clock yesterday morning, when they were overtaken between Independence and Hickman's Mill, near Rhe- town, captured and returned to Independence. They were chiefly followed by reason of the spotted ponies, telegrams describing them having been sent to all parts of the country.

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Ingersoll's Answer.

Mr. Editor.—Will you please insert the following extracts from Col. Ingersoll's reply to his reviewers, delivered at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco, to an audience of 3,000 people. The extract is a complete answer to the Rev. Mr. Welton's pathetic appeal to the sceptics, wherein he purported to state the death-bed repentance of Hume, Voltaire and Paine:

"Now the next critic who assailed me was the Rev. Mr. Kallech. I am going to show you what I can withstand. I am not going to say a word about the reputation of this man, although he took some liberties with mine. [Prolonged and triple repeated applause.] This gentleman says negation is a poor thing to die by. I would just as lief die by that as the opposite. He spoke of the last hours of Tom Paine and Voltaire, and the terrors of their death-beds; but the question arises: Is there a word of truth in all he said? I have observed that the murderer dies with courage and firmness in many instances, but that does not make me think that it sanctified his crime; in fact it makes no impression on me one way or the other. When the man through old age or infirmity approaches death, his intellectual faculties are dimmed, his sense becomes less and less, and he loses these he goes back to his old superstition. Old age brings back the memories of childhood. And the great bard gave even in the corrupt, heeded Brooks and green fields, an instance of the retracting steps taken by the memory at the last gasp. It has been said that the Bible was sanctified by our mothers. Every superstition in the world, from the beginning of all time, has had such a sanctification. The Turk dying on the Russian battlefield, pressing the Koran to his bosom, breathes his last, thinking of the loving adoration of his mother to guard it. Every superstition has been rendered sacred by the love of a mother. I know what it has cost the noble and the brave to throw to the winds these superstitions. Since the death of Voltaire, who was innocent of all else than a desire to shake off the superstitions of the past, the curse of Rome has pursued him, and ignorant Protestants have echoed that curse. I like Voltaire. Whenever I think of him I wish his spirit were coming from the fray with victory shining upon his brow. He was once in the Bastille; and while there he changed his name from Francis Marie Aloysius to Voltaire, and when the Bastille fell of those who did it. He did more to bring about religious toleration than any man in the galaxy of those who strove for the privilege of free thought. And he was always on the side of justice. He was full of faults and had many virtues. His doctrines had never brought unpopularity to any country. He died as serenely as any one could; speaking to his servant he said: 'Farewell, my faithful friend.' Could he have done a more noble act than to recognize him who had served him faithfully as a man? What more could be wished? And now let me say here, I will give \$1,000 in gold coin to any clergyman who can substantiate that the death of Voltaire was not as peaceful as the dawn. And of Tom Paine, whom they assert, died in fear and agony, frightened by the clanking chains of devils—in fact frightened to death by God—I will give one thousand dollars likewise to any one who can substantiate this absurd story, a story without a word of truth in it. And let me ask who died in the most fear, the man who like the saint exclaims, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' or Voltaire, who peacefully and quietly bade his servant farewell?—The question is not, who died right but who lived right. I look upon death as the most unimportant moment of life, and that not half of the responsibility is attached to dying as to living properly."

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Animal Wounds.

The bite of a mad dog is properly treated. If it occurs rub for ten seconds a pointed stick of the nitrate of silver into the wound. It acts as a caustic and neutralizes the poison. This should be done at once. The dog manifests the disease—hydrophobia—by a peculiar brilliancy and wildness of its eyes, and then it snarls at any object near it, has spasms about the throat, and dreads fluid. It is alarmed at objects unseen by others. A cat may be mad and make a woman as nervous as that of a mad dog, and should be treated in the same way. The bite of an animal not mad is often severe and dangerous. It is usually a lacerative wound—a torn wound, that is longer in healing, more dangerous than others, and very apt to cause lockjaw. The nitrate of silver neutralizes the poison; even if the animal is not rabid its bites and its scratches produce bad wounds. A friend of forty years was bitten by his own cat, seemingly for the fun of it; but it cost the venerable man the paralysis of the bitten hand ever after. If a child be bitten, send for your M. D., who may treat.

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The "Holy War" Rates.

The proclamation of the Shah-ul-Islam has fired the enthusiasm of the Turks in a manner never before heard of in the annals of Ottoman history. By the lower classes this declaration is only regarded as another justified pretext for committing all sorts of outrages and brutalities. The obligation which the "holy war" lays upon the Turks has just been declared as follows:

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