

G. W. FAIRBROTHER, S. C. HACKER, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning at BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$1.50; One copy, six months, 1.00; One copy, three months, .50; No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ONEVEY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1877.

VOL. 22.—NO. 14.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. J. M. POWELL, Judge; W. A. SMITH, District Attorney; WILLIAM H. HOOVER, District Clerk; O. A. CHASE, Deputy Clerk.

County Officers. JAMES S. CLARK, County Judge; WILSON E. MAJORS, Clerk and Recorder; N. J. BURTON, Sheriff; J. H. HARRIS, Treasurer; JAMES M. HACKER, Surveyor; JOHN H. HARRIS, Assessor; JONATHAN HIGGINS, Commissioners; J. H. FEARY, Coroner.

CITY OFFICERS.

J. S. STULL, Mayor; E. E. BURRITT, Police Judge; J. H. HARRIS, Treasurer; W. T. ROBERTS, Assessor; W. H. LANSFORD, Marshal.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

STULL & THOMAS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office, over Theodore Hill & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb. T. L. SCHICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office, over J. L. Moore & Bro.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY RESTAURANT.

C. H. KENNEDY, (Russell's old stand), Brownville, - - - Nebraska. Warm meals served at all hours. Pies and Cakes made daily, and a full line of Confectionery and Toys constantly on hand.

95 Main Street 95

HUDDART'S GROCERY & PROVISION STORE.

Second door east of Post Office, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

95 Main Street 95

OLD RELIABLE Meat Market.

BODY & BRO. BUTCHERS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

B.F. SOUDER, Manufacturer & Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS, Robes, &c.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT?

Having purchased the "ELEPHANT" LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

J. L. ROY, Undertaker

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

E. HUDDART'S Peace and Quiet

Saloon and Lillard Hall THE BEST OF Brandies, Wines, Gins, Alcohols

And Whiskies. No. 49 Main Street, Opposite Sherman House, Brownville, Nebraska.

Arthur V. Walsh, PLASTERER, Brownville, Nebraska.

Parson Allen's Ride.

The following poem was read at the recent celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Benning, by Mr. Wallace Bruce: The "Catacombs Tavern" is lively to-night; The "boys" of Vermont and New Hampshire are here; Drawn up in line in the gloaming light To greet Parson Allen with shout and with cheer.

Over mountain and valley from Pittfield green, The sound the driving rain of that August day, The "lock" marched on with martial mien, And the Parson rode in his "one horse shay."

Three cheers for old Berkshire! the General said, As the boys of New England drew up face to face, Bann bids us a breakfast-morrow to spread, And the Parson is here to say us the grace.

The lads who are with me have come here to fight, And we know of no grace, was the Parson's reply, Save the name of Jehovah, our country and right, Which your own Ethan Allen pronounced at Fort T.

To-morrow, said Stark, there'll be fighting to do, If you think you can wait till the morning's light, And, Parson, I'll conquer the British with you, Or my Molly will be a widow at night.

What the Parson drooped in that Benning-ton camp, Neither Yankee nor Prophet would dare to guess; A vision, perhaps, of the David stamp, With a mixture of Cromwell and good Queen Bess.

But we know the result of that glorious day, And the victory won ear the night came down, How Warner charged in the latter day, With Kassiter, Holbert and old Jon Brown.

And how in a hall of the three hours' fight The Parson harangued the Tory line, As he stood on a stump with his musket bright, And sprinkled his text with the powder fine.

The sword of the Lord is our battle-cry— A refuge sure in the hour of need— And Freedom and Faith can never die, Is article first of the Puritan creed!

Perhaps the "occasion" was rather rash, He said to his comrades after the rout, For he had a bush, I saw a flash, But I fired that way and put it out.

And many the sayings, eccentric and queer, That were handed about the country side, Quoted in the histories for many a year, Of the Pittsfield march and the Parson's ride.

Honor to Stark and his resolute men; To the mountain boys all honor and praise; And with shout and cheer we welcome again The Parson who came in his one-horse chaise.

*Among the reinforcements from Berkshire came a clergyman with a portion of his flock, who were marching on foot and the Parson driving through the muddy roads in his primitive chaise.—History of Berkshire.

A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

I am an old man now, but I never think of that adventure without a shudder; and for years after it happened I would start from my sleep with a cry of horror as the scene was vividly before me in a dream. I was young then, active, strong, and not wanting in courage, though it may seem like sounding my own trumpet to say so. However, to my story.

It was the twenty-fourth of December, and I was going home to spend Christmas day with my relations. I was going to start in time to reach home for a friendly gathering that evening. In the morning, however, my boss had occasion to drive over to a village some miles distant. He was to return by midday to pay me and let me start before darkness came on.

But he was detained. When he was ready to start back the weather had got so bad that it was with the utmost difficulty he could make his horse creep along; so, instead of returning as promised, it was six o'clock before we heard the welcome patter of old Kitty's hoofs coming up the yard. He was nearly frozen, and when I reminded him that I wanted to start, he looked at me in amazement.

"Why, Jack," said he, "you never mean to say you intend turning out to-night? Stay till morning; they'll never expect you. Why, you'll be blown into the quarries."

But I was determined, go, come what might. After a deal of persuasion he paid me, an off I started—out in the bitter cold. The night was very dark, but the moon appeared now and again from behind a cloud, the effect being that the darkness seemed more intense when she was not visible. I turned to the left, was soon on the torpike, and in a few minutes the little town was lost to sight—and memory.

Many thoughts kept me from noticing the darkness. I could see the bright room at home, with my old father in his big arm chair by the fire side; I saw my mother go to the door and in fancy I heard her say, "I hope my poor Jack isn't out this dreadful night!" She looked so sad that I involuntarily quickened my pace. I saw my brothers and sisters playing evergreens around the picture, and trimming the Christmas tree. But my musings were suddenly brought to a termination, as I had arrived at one of the worst parts of my journey. I had to take a narrow road that wound itself like a gigantic snake around the rocks and between the innumerable quarries that were scattered all my dangerous journey.

The road is a thoroughly dangerous

ROBBING THE EXPRESS.

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"FIXING" THE STATION AGENT. Big Springs is a settlement consisting of a station building, the section house, and possibly another, and has but one telegraph operator, Mr. Geo. W. Barnhart, who is also agent for the company's business. The station is open only during the day and early evening, and the express trains, unless there be passengers or baggage to take or leave, frequently pass it without stopping, merely slowing to a slight speed. The east-bound express arrives there at 10:48 p. m., and it is the habit of Mr. Barnhart to sit up and receive the "train mail."

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The next move of the invaders was to compel Mr. Barnhart to hang out his red light to stop the express, the guard all the while covering him with the revolvers. He was then kept under watch.

How the Czars Die.

From Rurik (862) to Juric, or George I. (1155), who built Moscow, there were 17 Dukes of Kiev. To these followed 16 Grand Dukes of Vladimir, ending with Juric or George III. in 1325. The succeeding sovereigns, nine in number, born the title of Grand Dukes of Moscow.

In 1517, commenced the list of Czars of Muscovy, whose territorial boundaries have spread partly by purchase, but chiefly by conquest, until they reach the giant dimensions of the present Russian Empire. Feodor I., second czar, was poisoned; Boris poisoned himself; Ivan VI. of the house of Romanoff, was deposed; Peter II. was deposed and murdered; Paul I. was strangled in his bed-chamber; Alexander I. is reported to have died by slow poison; Nicholas, too, is reported to have been poisoned, as his death was unexpected, and his body lay three days in private state before any public announcement of his death was made.

Another and more common idea is that Nicholas died from mortification on account of his disasters and defeat in the Crimea. The present czar, Alexander II., is the 16th of the house of Romanoff. He has entered on a more arduous task than his father—the conquest of Constantinople—at a time when the rest of the great nations are even more averse to disturbing the balance of power in Europe than when Sebastopol was attacked. The crown does not sit easily upon his head. Recent accounts say that Alexander's cheeks are sunken, his eyes are lusterless, his step has lost much elasticity, and his carriage is less dignified than formerly. He is described as prematurely aged, which is not marvelous, since he works from 8 in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, laboring even harder than his ministers. If Alexander should fall and the Crescent should look down upon myriads of Russians sent to their death by his ambition to possess Constantinople, he will likely go the way of Nicholas, either by treason or brokenuhandedness. It is believed in Russia that on the base of a statue, erected by the czar's wife, there appeared miraculously written prophecy that the Russians would one day sit in the seat of the Greek Emperor. Every czar has sanctioned the fable, and hence each one who attacks Turkey fears the consequences of a failure.

The Editor. It looks very nice to the young man who has little experience with the world, who has always been among its flower beds and never among its thorns, to be an editor. Many a young man would almost give the old family homestead for the privilege of presiding over the editorial columns of a newspaper. But he little knows the tolls and vexations of such a position. It is doubtful if there is any place in the world in which the charm and romance of life are so quickly and utterly destroyed. The business is a constant scrutiny of the world—a dealing with men and women as they are. It is the duty of the journalist to penetrate the beauty, and to dissect its rottenness. Any other man would look only at the charming exterior, and would find nothing to offend his senses or shock his sensitiveness. He would thus be the gainer, for it is always better that the rose should hide the thorn, unless it be a duty to expose the thorn to view. The editor's life is largely spent among skeletons. He has enough of them voluntarily brought to him to disgust him with the world. Men come to him to invoke his assistance to secure for them dishonorable ends. Often they are men who stand high in the community, and are not unfrequently in the church. He soon learns to listen to their proposals as a matter of course, but they leave him with a feeling of regret that he should have entered a profession in which he is compelled to see so much that lessens his estimate of mankind.—Western Rural.

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As the train pulled into the yard, it stopped in obedience of the red signal, the express and baggage cars being alongside the station platform. As conductor M. M. Patterson stepped from the latter car he was met by two more masked men who ordered him to throw up his hands, which he did, and he was then marched around the engine.

At the moment the train had been stopped, two other men, one of them armed with a Winchester rifle, were at the locomotive, and when one of them attempted to climb up the side of the tank, the engineer, George W. Vroman, told him to get off. Instead of obeying he clambered over the edge, and Mr. Vroman threw a piece of coal at him. This act the man with the rifle rewarded with a bullet which passed through the lard can, about six inches from the body of the engineer, who then jumped through the front window of the cab, and ran around the dome into the arms of another robber. He was also put under guard, and the fire of his engine extinguished with water. At the same time Conductor Patterson was captured, four men appeared at the door of the baggage car just as the baggage master, Mr. Blend, came forward with his mail, and asked: "Is this the baggage or express car?" Mr. Blend answered "the baggage car." "All right," said the robber spokesman; "just shut up your door captain, and we won't molest you." The door was closed, and although the baggage man could not see what was going on, he heard everything.

Four or five of the masked men then took Mr. Barnhart to the door of the express car and made him give the usual rap, in response to which the messenger, Charles Miller, asked what was wanted. The robbers compelled Barnhart to reply, "I have some freight for you." As Miller opened the door a few inches, the crowd slid it back all the way, and four of them jumped in and captured him. It was easy work for them to throw him to the floor, take the key of his safe and rifle it. The through safe, which is fastened to the car and locked by a combination known only at Cheyenne and the termini of the line, next occupied their attention. They worked on Miller with threats to compel him to tell the combination, and Doc Blend informs us that he heard Miller reply: "Gentlemen, I give you my word of honor I don't know it. You may kill me if you want to, but I tell you honestly I don't know it." Finding further efforts to obtain possession of the contents useless, they desisted, and examined the express matter in the car. Three very heavily weighted boxes attracted their attention, and when they asked Miller what the contents were, he said he didn't know—probably castings or something heavy. The robbers then broke them open and found the contents to be gold coin to the amount of

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. Two boxes, containing \$20,000 each, were assigned to Wells, Fargo & Co., New York, and the other box, likewise containing \$20,000, to the National Bank of Commerce, also of New York. From the messenger's safe they obtained a little over \$400. A

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Paine and Voltaire.

While these men were engaged in this work, another squad entered the first-class passenger car and made the passengers yield up their money and other valuables. Fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars in money were taken, as well as four gold watches, and a through ticket to Chicago.

GETTING AWAY WITH THE BOOTY. All the proceedings recounted above occupied no little time, and before the robbers were aware of it, freight train No. 10, due at Big Springs at 12:05 a. m., was seen approaching in the distance. Conductor Patterson, under a guard of two, was sent back to signal it. As they reached the end of the last Pullman the guards suddenly disappeared, and when Mr. Patterson returned to the engine he found the others had gone also.

Where they went to nobody knew; no horses had been seen anywhere around, but it is probable they were piked at a short distance north of the track, and the robbers escaped to the canyons on the North Platte river.

When the freight reached the siding Conductor Patterson immediately detached the locomotive and sent it to Ogallala, nineteen miles east, from where the news was sent to Omaha.

HUNTING THE ROBBERS. A telegram early informed Superintendent S. H. H. Clark of the occurrence, and his first act was to notify all stations of the line of the Union Pacific, the commanding officers of all military posts north and west of here, and the local officers in the Black Hills, that ten thousand dollars reward will be paid for the capture of the robbers and money, or a proportionate sum for either.

Sheriffs Con McCarty, of Cheyenne county, and A. H. Bradley, of Lincoln county, immediately organized parties and are now in pursuit of the thieves, and a telegram from the latter yesterday afternoon stated that he had struck their trail a few miles from the scene of robbery, finding revolvers and an empty coin box.

Superintendent E. M. Morseman, of the Union Pacific express company, started west yesterday morning for Big Springs, meeting Mr. Miller, the messenger, at Fremont, whom he took back, Geo. S. Warner finishing the run to Omaha.

THE FIRST ROBBERY. This robbery of a train is the first occurrence of the kind which the Union Pacific railroad has experienced. Trains on other roads have been stopped and robbed, and this one has anticipated and prepared for such an event, by fixing the doors of its express cars with a system of chain work that enables the messenger to slide them a few inches for observation. How Mr. Miller overlooked the usual caution exercised we do not know, nor can we surmise. The matter will be inquired into and everything explained.

The entire loss falls upon the express company, and is a heavy one, though had the robbers succeeded in getting into the through safe it would have been several times greater. Messenger Miller was handled rather roughly by his captors, receiving several bruises from revolvers, one of which split his upper lip; although not serious, they are still very painful. The railway postal car on the train was undisturbed.

Mr. Barnhart, the Big Springs agent, is of the opinion the captain of the gang is a telegraph operator, from one or two little incidents that came under his notice.

From all accounts there were at least a dozen men engaged in the robbery, all wearing masks of red, black and white cloth.

Home, Wife, and Saturday Night. Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it of a Saturday night—a home, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so; no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it. Let the winds blow—close curtains. What if they are plain calico, without border, tassel, or any such thing. Let the rain come down—hear up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes! rendering cloudless, shedding a sunset through the room—just light enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways, not rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then wheel the sofa around by the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, unadorned, that, if so be it is just light enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of the silver bells for the time to come falls on the listening heart! How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more."

"Whisper You'll be Mine, Love," is the title of a new song. It is supposed that the old folks always remained up with their daughter when the author went to see his girl, and she didn't get an opportunity to speak right out.

Senator Morton is said to be not at all a wealthy man, being the possessor of only about \$24,000. He has never been extravagant nor a money-maker.

A child thus defines gossip: "It's when nobody don't do nothing and somebody goes and tells it."

While these men were engaged in this work, another squad entered the first-class passenger car and made the passengers yield up their money and other valuables. Fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars in money were taken, as well as four gold watches, and a through ticket to Chicago.

GETTING AWAY WITH THE BOOTY. All the proceedings recounted above occupied no little time, and before the robbers were aware of it, freight train No. 10, due at Big Springs at 12:05 a. m., was seen approaching in the distance. Conductor Patterson, under a guard of two, was sent back to signal it. As they reached the end of the last Pullman the guards suddenly disappeared, and when Mr. Patterson returned to the engine he found the others had gone also.

Where they went to nobody knew; no horses had been seen anywhere around, but it is probable they were piked at a short distance north of the track, and the robbers escaped to the canyons on the North Platte river.

When the freight reached the siding Conductor Patterson immediately detached the locomotive and sent it to Ogallala, nineteen miles east, from where the news was sent to Omaha.

HUNTING THE ROBBERS. A telegram early informed Superintendent S. H. H. Clark of the occurrence, and his first act was to notify all stations of the line of the Union Pacific, the commanding officers of all military posts north and west of here, and the local officers in the Black Hills, that ten thousand dollars reward will be paid for the capture of