

# Nebraska Advertiser.

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

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**OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.**  
**District Officers.**  
Judge, G. S. SMITH  
Clerk, W. H. HOOPER  
Deputy Clerk, G. A. YERGEN  
**County Officers.**  
County Judge, J. W. CHURCH  
Clerk and Recorder, W. H. HOOPER  
Treasurer, A. H. GILMORE  
Surveyor, J. M. PLASTER  
Coroner, E. K. ERBHOFF  
Assessor, J. M. PLASTER  
Commissioners, JOHN H. SHOOK, JONATHAN HIGGINS, J. H. PARKY  
**City Officers.**  
Mayor, J. R. STULL  
Police Justice, J. E. ERBHOFF  
Clerk, J. B. MOORE  
Treasurer, G. H. LANSON  
Marshal, J. R. STULL  
**COUNCILMEN.**  
1st Ward, T. RICHARDS  
2nd Ward, JOSEPH BROWN  
3rd Ward, W. A. JERVIS  
4th Ward, J. W. MOORE  
5th Ward, C. NEIDHART

**95 Main Street 95**  
**HUDDART'S**  
**GROCERY & PROVISION**  
STORE.  
Second floor east of Post Office,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

**ADAM HOLCOMB'S WILL.**  
Adam Holcomb was dead at last—dead after seventy years of money-getting, and the grave had closed over him. He had no children, for he had led a single life, indeed, so it was said, though nothing was certainly known, by an early disappointment which had warped his nature, and made him lead a solitary and selfish life, given up to Mammon alone.  
Adam Holcomb was dead, and as yet no one knew what disposition he had made of his money.  
Three days after the funeral the next of kin and possible heirs were collected in the office of the lawyer who was the custodian of the will and private papers of the deceased. There were few in number, for the family was not a large one. There were but three, and these three may be briefly described.  
First came James Holcomb, a nephew of the deceased, a man of portly form, and an air of importance. He was a prosperous city merchant, already in possession of abundant means, but he had no objection to have them increased by a legacy from his uncle's worldly wealth. He was a vain, selfish, worldly man, all his thoughts centered upon himself and his own family, who had never been known to give a cent for any charitable purpose.  
Next came Harvey Holcomb, a cousin of the last named, and about the same age. He was tall, thin and angular. He belonged to the legal profession, in which he had managed to pick up considerable money, though his reputation was none the best. He was considered tricky, willing to undertake any cause, however disreputable, for money. He was married and had a family, for whom he provided in a grudging manner. He too, had nourished sanguine hopes of finding himself much better off after his uncle's death.  
Last came a young man presenting a strange contrast to the other two. He was of light complexion, brown hair, clear blue eyes, and an attractive face. He was barely twenty-five years of age, very plainly dressed, and with a modest mien, which prepossessed one in his favor. He was the son of old Adam Holcomb's youngest sister, who had married a poor minister, and her son, Alfred Graves, was studying medicine, for which he had a decided predilection. But he had been cramped by narrow means, and was even now teaching a country school, hoping to obtain more by the means to pay for his next course of lectures. He had applied to each of his two relatives present for a small temporary loan to help him complete his studies, but without effect. He had been curiously refused by both.  
He had come hither to-day as a matter of form, without the slightest expectation of benefiting by the will of his late relative. He had known him but slightly, and never received any encouragement upon which he could build a hope. Yet if he could but receive a legacy of even three hundred dollars, he thought it would help him materially. That was the amount which he had vainly sought to borrow from the merchant and lawyer, now present with him at the reading of Adam Holcomb's last will and testament.  
The merchant and lawyer conversed while waiting for Squire Brief.

"Have you any idea, cousin, how much the old gentleman had accumulated?" asked James Holcomb.  
"I have heard it estimated at a quarter of a million," was the reply.  
"Quarter of a million!" repeated James, slowly. "That is a large sum. I hope he has not been unjust enough to squander any of it on charitable societies."  
"I hope not. That would be a great piece of injustice to his relations," said the lawyer.  
"He never dropped anything to you about the disposition he intended to make of his property, did he?"  
"Not he. He was a close man, v-e-r-y," said the other. "I once tried to worm something out of him, but didn't get much satisfaction."  
"What did he say?"  
"He said he thought of endowing an asylum for fools and lunatics, and that I could tell whether it was likely to be benefited by his doing."  
"Ho, ho!" laughed James, shaking his capacious sides, "hegot you there, eh?"  
"I don't see it," said the lawyer, sourly.  
"It was a foolish piece of impertinence. However, every body knows what the old man was, and I let it pass. If it had been any one else, I would have given them as good as they sent."  
"But you were afraid it would spoil your chances, eh?"  
"As to that I have no idea. There is no question that we ought to be joint heirs."  
"True," said James. "That would give us an eighth of a million apiece. That would satisfy me."  
"How about Alfred's chances?" queried the lawyer, glancing sharply toward that part of the office where the young man was quietly seated.  
"O, he'll get nothing," said the merchant, contemptuously. "He belongs to a beggarly stock, and a beggar he'll remain to the end of his days. Going to be a doctor, I hear."  
"Well, I wish him joy of his profession, if he ever gets into it, which is

some what doubtful. He wanted to borrow three hundred dollars of me the other day."  
"And of me. Did you let him have it?"  
"Not I. I've enough to do with my money without giving it away. Of course he'd never have repaid it."  
"No, I suppose not. The coolness of some people is refreshing."  
"Well, I take it for granted old Adam was too shrewd to lavish any of his money on such a fellow."  
"Trust him for that."  
The young man was engaged in reading a volume he had taken up, and did not hear this conversation. It was interrupted by the entrance of Squire Brief. Both the merchant and the lawyer greeted him with deference and cordiality, as a man whose words might bring them prosperity or disappointment. Alfred Graves rose in a quiet and gentlemanly manner and bowed with the courtesy which was habitual to him.  
"Gentlemen," he said, "I hold in my hand the will of your late relative. I will at once proceed to read it."  
Of course his words commanded instant attention. All bent forward to listen.  
After the usual formula, came the following item—"I give and bequeath to my nephew, James Holcomb, the sum of five thousand dollars, to be held in trust for his children."  
"To my nephew, Harvey Holcomb, I likewise give the sum of five thousand dollars, to be held in trust for his children."  
"To my only remaining nephew, Alfred Graves, I give the sum of two thousand dollars, as he may see fit. I set aside the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to establish a public library in my native city, one quarter to be appropriated to the erection of a suitable building, and the remainder to constitute a fund of which the income only shall be employed for the purchase of books. This library shall be named from me the Holcomb Library."  
Here the notary made a pause. The merchant and lawyer sat with looks of blank disappointment and anger which they made no attempt to conceal.  
"He had no right to defraud his relatives in this way," muttered James.  
"It is a miserable imposition," echoed Harvey Holcomb; "to put us off with a niggardly five thousand dollars."  
"For my part, I am satisfied," said the young man. "I have received more than I expected."  
"O, yes, it will be a great thing for a beggar like you," said James, sarcastically.  
"I am no beggar," said the young man, proudly.  
"Gentlemen," said the notary, "I have not finished reading the will."  
"My faithful old dog, Scipio, who is somewhat infirm, I trust one of my nephews will be willing to take home and treat indulgently for the sake of the master to whom he was attached."  
"That's cool," ejaculated James. "As for me, I don't choose to be bothered with the dog."  
"But," said the notary, "since your uncle has given you a legacy, are you not willing to incur this slight care and expense?"  
"I must absolutely refuse. Mrs. Holcomb does not like dogs, nor I. Moreover, my uncle has treated me too scurvily for me to inconvenience myself on his account."  
"Then you will take him?" asked the notary, turning to the lawyer.  
"Not I," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "The dog may starve for aught I care."  
"And you sir?" turning to Alfred Graves.  
"I will assume the charge of Scipio," said Alfred Graves. "It is a slight acknowledgment for my uncle's legacy."  
"You may find him troublesome."  
"That will make no difference. While he lives he shall be comfortable cared for."  
"What a model nephew!" said the merchant, sarcastically.  
"Good young man!" said the lawyer, smilingly.  
"Gentlemen," said the notary. "I will now proceed to read the codicil."  
The two elder men looked at each other in surprise, which changed into rage and dismay as they listened.  
"To that one of my nephews who shall agree to take charge of my dog, being yet unacquainted with this provision of my will, I bequeath the residue of my property, amounting, as near as I can estimate, to one hundred thousand dollars."  
"You knew of this!" exclaimed the elder man, turning wrathful faces toward Alfred Graves.  
"Not a word," said the young man. "I am as much astonished as you can be."  
"No one knew of it except myself," said the notary. "I congratulate you, Mr. Graves, on your large accession of wealth."  
"I receive it gratefully. I trust I shall make a good use of it," said the young man. "I hope now to repay my parents for the sacrifices they have made in my behalf."  
"If I had known," thought the merchant, with bitter regret. "I have thrown away a fortune."  
"And I," chimed in the lawyer, ruefully.  
But there was no help for it. The deed was done. The two disappointed men left the house feeling anything but grateful to the uncle who they

persuaded themselves had cruelly wronged them. But there was a modest little home that was made glad by the news of Alfred's good fortune. And in his hands the money has brought a blessing with it, for it has made a fountain of good deeds and charitable influences.  
**Freezing to Death.**  
Many years ago I became a citizen of the West, and commenced opening a new farm in a sparsely settled country. The place was about ten miles from the nearest town, and one pleasant day near the last of December, I went to the latter in a light spring wagon to get some supplies for Christmas festivities. The day was so mild that I did not even wear an overcoat. About the time I started home, which was a little after sundown, it began to grow suddenly cold, and presently a storm almost amounting to a hurricane broke from the north, bringing with it the temperature of Nova Zembla. In this region of marked climatic vicissitudes I never before or since knew any so great. The mercury fell in an hour to forty degrees below zero. Under ordinary circumstances I could have easily made the ride home in that time, but I was going in the teeth of the wind; so that I could make but little over half the usual speed. I suffered from the cold, but not more than I had many a time before, and have many a time since, but as you may imagine, was anxious to get home as soon as possible. When I got within a couple of miles of there, I found the weather growing pleasant again. My ears that had been stung and smarted with cold, no longer troubled me. My hands, though still numb, had a firm grip on the lines, and seated in the bottom of the wagon, with my back resting on the seat, I would have been quite comfortable, except that I was so drowsy that I could scarcely keep awake. I comforted myself with the reflection that I would soon beat home snugly tucked in bed, where I could sleep to my heart's content. While indulging in this pleasing reverie I dropped asleep, and what followed I only learned of my family.  
They had concluded that finding the sudden change in the temperature I had either determined to spend the night in town, or had returned there for that purpose in case I had started home before the cold began. At eight o'clock, having given me up they retired to bed and to sleep. About nine o'clock my wife was awakened by the repeated whinnying of a horse in front of the house. She never suspected that it was ours, but took it for a stray, and from motives of humanity called up one of the men and ordered it put in the stable. When the man went out and found that it was our own horse and that I was in the wagon apparently dead and frozen stiff, he made an outcry that soon brought out the household. Fortunately my wife had lately been reading of the proper mode of treating persons partially frozen, and therefore knew that I must not be taken into a warm room, but must be rubbed with snow. Plenty of snow had fallen, and I was stripped and well rubbed with it until I began to show signs of animation. Then frictions with coarse cloths were used until I was sufficiently restored to scream with the torture they were putting me to. Every portion of my body seemed as sensitive as a boil. I felt as if I had been stung all over with wasps or hornets until I was a swollen pulp, ready to burst at any point like an over ripe cherry. The joints of my fingers, toes, ankles and wrists seemed as if screwed in red-hot vise till the blood was ready to ooze out from the extremities, and could scarcely persuade myself that my fingers and toe nails were not being forced off by the pressure. I soon became delirious, and a raging fever set in, from which I did not recover for weeks. But when I did recover my physical condition was better than ever before. I had been slim and almost puny before, but now I became hearty and robust as you see me, so that at sixty I am as strong and active as most men are at forty. I attribute it to having been frozen to the verge of death.—*Exchange.*

**AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE WEST.**  
**Something That Will Be Eagerly Perused by Those Contemplating Settling in the West.**  
Interesting and Intelligent Correspondence About Nebraska, not from a Land Agent or Railroad Speculator.  
From the Auburn (New York) Journal.  
We have been permitted to make the following interesting abstract from a personal letter from Nebraska to a Cayuga:  
WILBER, SALINE CO., NEB., September 29th, 1877.  
The postmark of this letter will doubtless occasion surprise and wonder, that a corpulent, paralytic old man should wander from the comforts of home and the society of life-time friends into this (in your idea) far-away and unexplored region. To you, perhaps, the Missouri, Platte, Blue, and Nemaha rivers sound very much as the Luialaba, White Nile, Zambozi and Congo, so frequently alluded to by Livingston, Sepke, and other explorers of Central Africa, and you may fancy that I am a sort of a Stanley forcing my way through a dense forest, impassable swamps, &c., &c. My surprise and wonder cannot be less than your own, but from a very different cause, which I will endeavor to explain.  
When we were children (some fifty years ago) the geographies of that day (on whose account we received sundry ferrulings and adorned the dance stool divers times) represented Illinois as sparsely settled, a few trading posts, as Kankaskia, Kankokia, Shawneetown, &c., being the most prominent. Iowa was "unexplored" and west of the Missouri river "The Great American Desert." The impressions and prejudices of childhood are difficult to overcome, although Mr. Greeley, after an extended tour, during which he had ocular demonstration of the fertility of the soil, salubrity of the climate and inexhaustible deposits of minerals gave the advice, "Go west, young man." Though the internal revenue census and shipping returns had prepared my mind for something different from my childish conceptions, you cannot imagine, or describe my astonishment upon crossing the Missouri river to find instead of desert wastes, cultivated fields equaling in luxuriance and extent to the finest farms in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania or elsewhere. Instead of a squalid poverty a population whose appearance conclusively showed that while not aping the follies of the fashionable or shoddy society in the east were amply supplied with necessary comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Instead of ignorance, dissipation and crime, every few miles, go where you will, the school house and church spire greet the eye, giving assurance that education, moral and mental, is reckoned as the necessary requirements of life. Instead of the "Hog and Hominy" diet the early settlers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the delicacies of the sea board at slightly more cost, are abundant. Fresh oysters, fish and tropical fruits are as easily procured as in Philadelphia. The Parish House in Wilbur, Pacific House in Beatrice, Metropolitan at Lincoln, and Union House at Brownville, set a table which would satisfy the appetite of the most fastidious. I mention these houses not because they are the only hotels, but because I have had ample opportunity to test their excellence. These with a scenery, or rather a series of landscapes, for the summit of each gentle elevation develops a new scene sufficiently varied and beautiful to charm even my old and quariestic eyes, created an agreeable surprise which more intimate acquaintance and thorough examination ripened into wonder.  
You are aware that since 1852 I have traveled extensively in all the States east of the Missouri River (except New England and the Gulf States) the manufacturing interests of our firm requiring that we should be accurately informed as to the agricultural resources of every section. To this end what result I have given close attention, with that result the success of our firm fully attests. I came to Nebraska in May last, since which time I have carefully examined a large portion of the State, especially the counties of Saline, Gage, Jefferson, Johnson, Otoe, Lancaster, Pawnee, and Nemaha. I have no hesitation in saying that for fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, purity of water and beautiful scenery, I have never seen a country of the same extent which equals the counties above mentioned. Contrary to my experience and observation elsewhere, here the oldest lands produce the best crops. The capability of this soil to resist drought in dry, and absorb water in wet seasons, is such that the simplest truth would read like the tales of Baron Munchausen. The peculiarity of the soil secures a perfectly natural drainage which, with the purity of the atmosphere here accounts for the remarkable healthfulness of the country, which is fully attested by the appearance of the inhabitants as well as the census returns of mortality. Stock of all kinds do well, being free from many of the contagious diseases common to the East. It is true that a few lots of hogs, on the Missouri river, have had cholera, but the instances

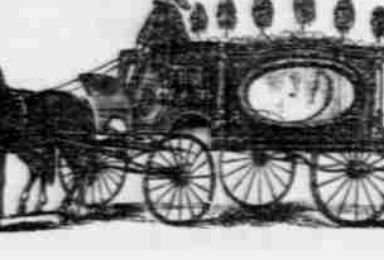
are few, and I am told these are attributable to crowded and muddy pens.  
Wheat will average about 18 to 20 bushels per acre, but 35 bushels is not uncommon. Barley about 40 bushels. Corn, I am told by very conservative men, will average 40 to 50 bushels, while others claim 60 to 75 bushels. Oats is conceded to yield about 50 to 60 bushels—all this with very careless cultivation. As to fruit, it will perhaps be news to you to know that Nebraska at the National Pomological exhibition in 1875 received the first premium for best assortment of apples. Wild fruit, such as gooseberries, plums, raspberries, strawberries, and grapes are abundant. All this it will be borne in mind has been accomplished in the short space of 22 years, for Nebraska was not opened to settlement by the whites until 1855.  
After mature deliberation I have made up my mind to move my family and settle my children here. I am induced to do this because I see with my own eyes what I have so imperfectly described, and I argue that if Nebraska has in 22 years, with drawbacks incidents to frontier life, with a gigantic civilizing to the successful termination of which she gave more than her proportional quota of men without the corresponding advantage of wealth from manufacturing (has made such strides towards the fulfillment of the prophetic visions of Mr. Greeley, what must be her condition some 20 years hence? Where Mr. Greeley saw extended plains over which the buffalo, coyote and the wild Indian roamed at will, now comfortable dwellings, school houses, churches and vast fields of luxuriant grain attest the triumph of civilization. The lumbering stage coach has given place to the palace car, the buffaloes and Indians to herds of cattle and sheep, which for quantity and breed would not discredit Illinois or Pennsylvania. Even those immense ranges of mountains on our west, which seem to present an impassable barrier, and in whose gorges Mr. Greeley saw a few straggling mines whose sole dependence for transportation was a pack mule, is now enlivened by the clatter of stamp mills grinding out the precious metals. Those lonely canons which only heard the shrill scream of the grizzly bear, or the war whoop of the wild Indian, now echo the whistle of the locomotive, as through defile and ever mountain it rushes with its precious freight of humanity and merchandise. Those mountains with their untold millions and billions of coal, iron, lead, gold and silver, will afford a ready market for the agricultural products of the country, and the day is not far distant when the grain and meat of this section will be shipped west to supply the thousands, eye millions of mining and manufacturing operatives in the mountainous region. In contemplating this subject I feel as though imbued with the spirit of prophecy, and involuntarily I exclaim with the poet:  
"Oh! the transporting raptures some  
That rises to my sight,  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight."  
I think that whatever of enthusiasm or imagination I possessed in youth had been crushed out by fifty years of struggle with the stern realities of business life in Pennsylvania, but as I view the scenery and products of Nebraska and contemplate its magnificent future, I feel as though I were a boy again.  
Now, my dear brother and sister, having told you what I propose to do, I earnestly advise you to come to Nebraska and look for yourselves. Next to my own children, my nephews and nieces and old friends are dearest to me. I greatly desire that they should share with mine in the blessings of this goodly land.  
Many have been prejudiced against this State on account of the grasshopper raid of 1874, which destroyed corn only, as the small grain was harvested before they came. The shipping books here show that even in that year hundreds of bushels of corn were shipped from here. It is true that some counties farther west where the people were newly settled, and had only "seed corn" which was destroyed, suffered; but the fact is as I state, that Nebraska has for twenty years past had a surplus to ship every year. Such is my confidence that I have purchased over 9,000 acres of land, and design investing every dollar I can spare without endangering other interests. I am not alone or singular in my views, for the large number of Mennonites holding similar views to those in Pennsylvania, embracing many of great wealth and intelligence, after having examined Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Illinois and Wisconsin, have purchased land in large quantities in Gage, Saline and Jefferson counties in Nebraska, and those European Mennonites are most estimable people and a valuable accession to the counties in which they have settled. I cannot help feeling proud of my old friends of the same persuasion in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, who, I am sure, can give their European brethren many valuable lessons in farming.  
In conclusion I would urge you, and all my old friends to take a look at this country. If any of you should wish information before coming you

can address John L. Carson, Banker, Brownville, Neb.; J. E. Smith, Esq., President of First National Bank, Beatrice, Neb.; or J. E. Dorn, Esq., Wilbur, Neb. Neither of these gentlemen are land agents, but will cheerfully answer any communications and give reliable information. Ed. Marsh (son of brother James) is with me, and fully concurs in all I have said of Nebraska, indeed is if possible more enthusiastic than I am. He joins with me in wishing you and yours health and happiness.  
E. C. MARSH.  
**GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.**  
**How He Lives in New York.**  
Thousands of our readers who have listened to the speeches of that erratic genius, George Francis Train, and wondered at the wonderful versatility and intellectual power of the man, will be interested in the following picture of his singular habits and manners for the past three years in New York, from the pen of a correspondent of the Buffalo Christian Advocate:  
You know George Francis Train. Of course you have heard of the Train who ran for the Presidency of the United States in 1872. Everybody has heard of him, but his true history has never been told. If you will walk over with me to Madison Square, I will introduce him to you. No, I can only point him out, for he never speaks any more to a person over fourteen years of age. However, I notice that he occasionally gets deceived in the age of young ladies, and speaks to those who are two or three years beyond the standard.  
This eccentricity began three years ago since which he has occupied a bench under one of the trees in Madison Square almost constantly. He appears at his seat both summer and winter, wet or cold, at precisely 6 o'clock every morning, and never leaves it before ten o'clock at night. In dress, except when mused by rain or snow, he is a picture of neatness. A \$2,000 cluster sparkles from his bosom, and a \$400 watch, hung to his waist by a \$300 chain, keeps for him the time of day. He owns a \$50,000 residence in Madison Avenue, a few rods away, the inside of which he has not seen in three years. In it place he rents a fourth-story bedroom in a house on Fourth street, near Second Avenue, paying therefor \$2 a week, the money being handed to a ten-year-old son of his landlord every Sunday morning. Except in case of a severe storm, he invariably takes the blankets from his bed and ascends through the scuttle and sleeps on the roof. His landlord stated to me that during the past year, Train had not missed above forty nights from his roof. Even the coldest nights of last winter found him there. He never wears any covering to his head, and allows himself but one regular meal a day, which he takes at half-past five in the morning at a coffee house on Third Avenue opposite Cooper Institute. He enters the park in the morning with every pocket crammed with candies, fried cakes and crullers. In a paper bag he brings half a peck of peanuts. This stock he parcels out to children and birds during the day. The birds partake first of his bounty in the morning. They have become so accustomed to his hospitality that the ground about his seat will be covered with them the moment he arrives. They alight on his head, shoulders and eat from his hand, a dozen at a time. The children begin to gather around him about seven o'clock. They are treated with less generosity than the birds, his bag and pockets being of less capacity than their stomachs. Neither the children nor sparrows seem to think Mr. Train insane. Everybody else about New York does, but a committee of doctors have pronounced him harmless. I think him insane, and the cause I attribute to an excessive and disappointed desire for popularity and fame.  
A correspondent writes: "Do you think it is wicked to smoke?" Oh, dreadfully, awfully, sinfully wicked. Send your cigars to this office and let us burn them up for you, while you swear off and reform before it is too late. It is already too late for us. We went to swear off last week, but the office was closed and the man had gone to a picnic.—*Hawkeye.*  
A Cincinnati liquor dealer applied to a customer for a letter of recommendation of a certain brand of whiskey which he recently sold to him. The customer wrote: "I have tried all sorts of insect poison, and find none equal to your Old Cabinet whiskey."  
"Silence in the court!" thundered a Kentucky Judge, the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted already without the Court's having been able to hear a word of the testimony."  
The wife of Ex-Governor Catlin, of Connecticut, at the mature age of 70, is a fine swimmer, and every morning may be seen buffeting the waves off the beach at Watch Hill.  
The pair of horses which drew the President's carriage in Louisville has been bought by a New Yorker for \$800.  
The best thing to fall over is a fall overcoat.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**STULL & THOMAS,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Office, over Theodore Hill & Co's store, Brownville, Neb.  
**T. L. SCHUCK,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office over J. L. Moore & Bro's store, Brownville, Neb.  
**J. H. BROADY,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Office over the Bank, Brownville, Neb.  
**W. T. ROGERS,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to him, office at his law building, Brownville, Neb.  
**A. S. HOLLADAY,**  
Special Assistant Surgeon, Ophthalmologist,  
Created in 1862. Located in Brownville 1863.  
Special attention paid to ophthalmic and delicate surgical and children. Office at Main street, Brownville, Neb.  
**S. A. OSBORN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office, No. 21 Main street, Brownville, Neb.  
**B. M. BAILEY,**  
SHIPPER AND DEALER IN  
**LIVE STOCK**  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Farmers, please call and get prices; I want to handle your stock.  
**PAT. CLINE,**  
FASHIONABLE  
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER  
CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER, AND ALWAYS GUARANTEED. Repairing neatly and promptly done. No. 22 Main street, Brownville, Neb.  
**J. W. GIBSON,**  
BLACKSMITH AND HOUSE SHOER.  
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.  
**A. D. MARSH,**  
**TAILOR.**  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Cutting or Cutting and Making, done to order on short notice and at reasonable prices. Has had long experience and can warrant satisfaction.  
Shop in Alex. Robinson's old stand.  
**JACOB MAROHN,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
and dealer in  
Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc.  
Brownville, Nebraska.  
**JOSEPH SCHUTZ,**  
DEALER IN  
**Clocks, Watches, Jewelry**  
No. 30 Main Street,  
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.  
**J. R. HAWKINS,**  
**TONSORIAL ARTIST,**  
1st door west First National Bank,  
Brownville, Nebraska.  
Shaving, Shampooing, Hair Cutting, &c., done in the highest style of the art.  
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.  
**IN BROWNVILLE THE LAST WEEK OF EACH MONTH.**  
**MATHEWS**  
**DENTIST,**  
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.  
  
**J. RAUSCHKOLB'S**  
**LUNCH & BEER HALL,**  
Full of beer and food,  
Brownville, Nebraska.  
I buy my beer by Jake. I don't.

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**THE VAGRANT ACT.**  
Down at the east end of the Central Market yesterday morning somebody threw the skin of a peach on the flagstones just three seconds before a citizen's foot was planted on the spot. He heeled to the starboard, rolled back to port, and then settled away and went down in about seven fathoms of miscellaneous water. As he was getting up, a man who had been eating a raw turnip stepped out and asked:  
"Are you a vagrant?"  
"Vagrant! Why, sir, I'll knock your infernal nose off!" shouted the victim.  
"Can't help that!" continued the turnip-eater. "I saw you when you started to fall you were clawing this way and that. You could have been convicted of vagrancy then."  
"What's that! You lie, sir and—!"  
"And I can't help that. You had no visible means of support, and that's vagrancy, or I'm a Hessian!"  
The victim of the fall kept his mouth open for half a minute, wanting to say something, but his jaws finally closed and he backed out of the crowd.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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