

Nebraska Advertiser

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1877. VOL. 22.—NO. 26.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. Judge J. B. SMITH, District Attorney G. A. CECIL, District Clerk G. A. CECIL. County Officers. County Judge J. B. SMITH, County Recorder A. H. GILMORE, County Treasurer J. B. SMITH, County Sheriff J. B. SMITH, County Surveyor J. B. SMITH, County Commissioners J. B. SMITH, J. H. FEELEY, J. H. FEELEY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

STULL & THOMAS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. T. L. SCHOK, 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. ORBON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. PAT. CLINE, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. J. W. GIBSON, BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER. A. D. MARSH, TAILOR. JACOB MAROHN, FINE ENGLISH, FRENCH, SCOTCH AND FANCY CLOTHS, HATS, TRAVELING BAGS, ETC. MERCHANT TAILOR. JOSEPH SCHUTZ, DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY. IN BROWNVILLE THE LAST WEEK OF EACH MONTH. MATHEWS, DENTIST. Fire! Fire! General Banking Business. GOIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK. MONEY LOANED. STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES DEPOSITS. COAL, FI. SCOTT, RICHMOND, ANTHRACITE. A. ROBISON, STATE BANK OF NEBRASKA AT BROWNVILLE. CAPITAL, \$100,000. UNITED STATES AND EUROPE SECURITIES. BOUGHT AND SOLD. W. H. McCREERY, President. W. W. HACKNEY, Vice President. H. E. GATES, Cashier.

VEGETINE

WILL CURE RHEUMATISM. MR. ALBERT CROCKER, the well known business man of Brownville, Neb., was afflicted with rheumatism to such an extent that he was unable to move until he used VEGETINE.

Read His Statement. MR. H. H. STEVENS, Brownville, Me., Oct. 12, 1877. I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for several years, and have tried every remedy known to me, but have not been able to get any relief until I used VEGETINE.

REUMATISM IS A DISEASE OF THE BLOOD. The blood in this disease is found to contain an excess of uric acid, and it is this acid which causes the inflammation of the joints.

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Twenty Years Ago.

The springtime has come again, Will, As the years of yore, The maple trees are leading on Before the cottage door.

The silver brook is dancing, Will, Along its rocky banks, And on its rocky islands now The little children play.

The children have their play-house, Will, Just as you did you know, And they have their broken bits of ware, Their acorn caps for tea.

The woodbine climbs the lattice, Will, And hides the porch from sight, Do you remember how it stood, Not much beyond our light?

We have never met since then, Will, As you know you not; The black-eyed boy of those glad days, Has never been forgot.

Will find some honest grayer for a mate. And swinging her feet daintily From her perch in the big apple tree, Milly made a wry face, and then continued her soliloquy:

"I, Millicent Middleton, aged nineteen, big, enough, old enough, and ugly enough," and there the wretch laughed; she knew she was not ugly to fall in love, and dying to do it for the sensation, and, oh, dear! nobody to fall in love with! Now, I shall imagine this tree my lover. Oh, you do!

But, alas! as she turned to embrace the monstrous limb, she supposed was the general way, she slipped, and in a moment more was on her way to the ground, "to be killed," flashed through her mind, and then—blank.

Consciousness returned slowly, and she saw who was holding her so softly and gently.

"Oh!" and she snapped the lids together again, and Milly's pretty cheeks became a decided scarlet.

"Never mind, dear," said a soothing though decidedly manly voice.

Now, that was too much. Milly sat straight up then, but with a groan, sank back. "That horrid accident, how it did hurt!"

Walk she could not, so as soon as she gained courage to speak, she opened her eyes and said:

"Oh, sir, I am so sorry to trouble you. Did I fall and kill myself?"

Then, noticing a smile on the stranger's lips, for a stranger it was, though alas! for romance, a decidedly homely one, she added:

"Oh, please do not laugh at me! I live in that white house at the top of the hill. Won't you go for some one to take me home?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss, I do not like to leave you alone. If you will allow me, I will take you home myself."

And suiting the action to the words he lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house, and almost before Milly had time to speak again, he had reached it, and walking in the open door, laid her on the sofa in the hall, touched his hat, and was gone.

Then Milly laughed—laughed until she cried—unwithstanding the terrible pain in her ankle, until the stern face of her aunt appeared over her, demanding an explanation. She then sat up to give it, and with a groan pointed to her foot.

"I fell and hurt myself, and that man picked me up and brought me home. Oh, my ankle!"

Then stern Aunt Barbara softened a little, and bent to explore.

Milly's Fate.

There swims no goose so gray but soon or late Will find some honest grayer for a mate.

"Pardon me, madam, I called to inquire for you."

"Whom I found in the orchard this morning. I trust she is not seriously hurt," and after presenting his card, with a polite "Allow me," to Aunt Barbara, he turned to Milly.

Aunt Barbara's face softened visibly after reading the name, and turning immediately to Milly, she said:

"As if I were an infant," thought Milly, and was silent.

Then Aunt Barbara, finding Milly disposed to be grumpy, settled herself to talk to the gentleman, and Milly watched.

"Oh! what blue eyes he has, and such big ones, too! I am afraid of them," said Milly to herself. "I wonder how big his wife is, for he must be married, he is forty or fifty, I guess," thinks Milly.

Then the big blue eyes are turned on her and the deep voice says:

"Are you fond of reading, Miss Middleton? I have some of the latest novels with me, to which you are welcome to while away your invalid hours," then added: "I have also a copy of Pope. Should you like it?"

Poor Milly! Again her face burned.

"There swims no goose, flashed in to her mind. He must have heard her! The horrid old gander! Then aloud: "Thanks, I have all the reading I can manage."

The blue eyes smiled and turned to Aunt Barbara.

Evening after evening passed and still Milly was propped up with that everlasting ankle, and every evening the blue eyes of Dr. Vanbourg smiled on her while he conversed with Aunt Barbara. Milly fumed inwardly, but nevertheless liked to watch the great ugly gander, as she styled him. But when he spoke to her, she only answered politely, then contemplated the sunset.

"I am not a baby, and will not be treated as one," she soliloquized (Milly was fond of soliloquizing).

At last, one evening, when Milly's ankle was nearly well, Aunt Barbara was called away, and she was left alone with Dr. Vanbourg. Of course she must be polite and entertain him, so she smiled sweetly:

"Dr. Vanbourg, won't you tell me what your wife is like?"

The doctor looked astonished, and Milly blushed and felt very foolish, but the doctor was equal to the occasion. He rose from his chair and went toward her.

"Milly," he said, "I have no wife, but I want one very badly. Will you come, dear?" and he reached out his great arms.

"Poor little Milly!" "The great big ugly gander!" she said to herself; then turned to him with flashing eyes:

"I won't be made fun of! I hate you! Go away!" and before either could speak, but not before she saw the pained, sorrowful look in the big blue eyes, Aunt Barb appeared, and she became serene.

In a few moments the doctor rose to say good night. He went to Milly, and taking her hand before she could refuse it, said so low that even Aunt Barb's sharp ears could not hear:

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"I am not a baby, and will not be treated as one," she soliloquized (Milly was fond of soliloquizing).

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"Milly," he said, "I have no wife, but I want one very badly. Will you come, dear?" and he reached out his great arms.

"Poor little Milly!" "The great big ugly gander!" she said to herself; then turned to him with flashing eyes:

"I won't be made fun of! I hate you! Go away!" and before either could speak, but not before she saw the pained, sorrowful look in the big blue eyes, Aunt Barb appeared, and she became serene.

In a few moments the doctor rose to say good night. He went to Milly, and taking her hand before she could refuse it, said so low that even Aunt Barb's sharp ears could not hear:

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