THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning

AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 00
One copy, three months 50

☞ No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

VOL. 22.—NO. 42.

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers & Proprietors.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, one year $10 00
Each succeeding inch, per year 5 00
One inch, per month 1 00
Each additional inch, per month 50

Legal advertisements at legal rates—One square (10 lines of Nonpareil, or less) first insertion, $1.00 each subsequent insertion, 50c.

☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

District Officers.

S. S. POUND ..... Judge.
GEO. S. SMITH ..... District Attorney
WILLIAM N. H. HOOVER ..... District Clerk.
O. A. CECIL ..... Deputy Clerk.

County Officers.

JOHN S. STULL ..... County Judge
WILSON E. MAJORS ..... Clerk and Recorder
A. H. GILMORE ..... Treasurer
R. V. BLACK ..... Sheriff
V. B. PARKER ..... Coroner
JAMES M. HACKER ..... Surveyor
PHILIP CROTHER ..... School Superintendent
JOHN H. SPOON, JONATHAN HIGGINS, J. H. PERRY ..... Commissioners

City Officers.

W. T. ROGERS ..... Mayor
L. L. HULBURD ..... Police Judge
S. M. DOCKER ..... Clerk
BEN. R. THOMPSON ..... Treasurer
GEO. H. LANNON ..... Marshal

COUNCILMEN.

L. D. ROBINSON, JOSEPH BOUY ..... 1st Ward
W. A. JUDKINS, J. P. MEISGER ..... 2nd Ward
LEWIS HILL, C. NEIDHART ..... 3rd Ward

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2½ p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. S. F. Wilson, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a. m. H. D. Ivy, Pastor.

Christ's Church.—Services every Sunday, a 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Rev. Matthew Hickey, Missionary in charge.

Mt. Pleasant Cumberland Presbyterian.—Church four miles south-west of Brownville. Services first Sabbath in each month. R. J. Johnson, Pastor.

Christian Church.—Services every third Sunday of each month, by Elder J. Gimmenn. Sunday meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings.

Catholic.—Services every 4th Sunday of each month, at 10 o'clock a. m. Father Cummisky, Priest.

Schools.

Brownville Union Graded Schools.—J. M. McKenzie, Principal; Miss Josie F. Bath, Assistant; Miss Belle Tucker, Grammar Department; Miss Alice Hill, 1st Intermediate; Miss Kate Cox, 2d Intermediate; Miss Emma Smith, 1st Primary; Mrs. Carrie Johnson, 2d Primary.

I. O. of O. F.

Brownville Lodge No. 5. I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Spurgin, Sec.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 40. I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday. O. C. Cook, N. G. Davis Tourtellott, Sec.

Knights of Pythias.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15. K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. R. McCann, C. C. Wm. Kauffman, K. of R. S.

Masonic.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4. A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings Saturday on or before the full of each moon. Lodge room adjoining the court house. A cordial invitation to instruction and social intercourse. J. C. McNaughton, W. M. E. F. Souder, Sec.

Brownville Chapter No. 4. R. A. M.—Stated meetings second Tuesday of each month. R. W. Thomas, M. E. H. P. A. R. Davison, Sec.

Parnas Council No. 3. R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings second Thursday of each month. J. C. McNaughton, T. I. M. A. R. Davison, Rec.

St. Cecile Commandery No. 3. K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month. W. T. Rogers, E. C. A. W. Nichols, Rec.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63. K. R. C. R. A. C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the 4th Thursday. R. W. Farmer, M. P. Sov. R. V. Barney, Secretary.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star, stated meeting the 1st Sunday in each month. Mrs. E. C. Hadley, W. M.

Societies.

County Fair Association.—R. A. Hawley, President; J. R. Porter, 1st Vice President; S. A. Osborn, 2d Vice President; J. M. Trumbridge, Treasurer; Manassa Hill, Secretary; H. O. Minier, S. Cochran, F. E. Johnson, Thomas Bath, Geo. Crow, J. W. Wright.

Choral Union.—J. C. McNaughton, Pres't. J. R. Porter, Sec.

Blake Dramatic Association.—W. T. Rogers, Pres't. J. R. Porter, Sec. and Treas.

Metropolitan Cornet Band.—L. T. Smith, Musical Director. E. Huddart, Treasurer and Business Manager.

Brownville Literary Society.—B. W. Furnas, President. A. O. Cecil, Sec.

I. O. of G. T.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

Mrs. Ada Van Pelt, W. G. C. T. ..... Lincoln.
R. W. Meredith, W. G. C. ..... Tecumseh.
Mrs. L. D. Markel, W. G. V. T. ..... Riverton.
J. G. Kleckner, W. G. Sec. ..... Kearney.
Miss Eva Hanson, W. G. Treas. ..... Fells City.
A. J. Green, W. G. M. ..... Brownville.
W. F. Warren, W. G. Chap. ..... Nebraska City.
A. J. Sheldon ..... Dist. Dep. for Nemaha County.

Brownville Lodge No. 59. I. O. of G. T.—Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, over Nickell's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. Lucius B. Church, W. C. T. L. L. Halford, Sec. G. W. Fairbrother, Sr., L. D.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 109.—Meets every Monday evening. A. Huntington, W. C. T. J. R. Johnson, Sec. P. Crother, L. D.

Aspinwall Lodge No. 108.—Meets every Saturday evening. John S. Mintel, W. C. T. T. J. Hill, Sec.

Zion No. 137.—Meets every Thursday evening, at the Kennedy School House, two miles north west of Brownville. H. O. Minier, L. D., Brownville.

Security, No. 135.—Meets every Saturday evening at Fairview Church, six miles south west of Brownville. J. W. Hickney, W. C. T. John Maxwell, W. S. Geo. Crow, L. D., Brownville.

Linden, No. 98.—Meets every Saturday evening, at Linden School House, six miles north west of Sheridan. H. F. Palmer, L. D., Sheridan.

Pleasant Prairie, No. 169.—Meet every Saturday evening, at Bratton School House, Benson precinct. B. H. Bailey, L. D., Bratton P. O.

Bedford, No. 160.—Meets every Friday evening at Coal Tar School House, four miles south west of Nemaha City. C. Tucker, L. D., Nemaha City.

Sheridan, No. 162.—Meets every Saturday evening. W. P. Reed, L. D.

Other lodges in the county that desire a place in this directory will please inform us of name, number, when and where it meets, names of presiding officer and secretary, together with any other information they may wish to communicate.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

— OF —

BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, $50,000
Authorized " 500,000

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A

General Banking Business

BUY AND SELL

COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

on all the principal cities of the

United States and Europe

MONEY LOANED

On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,

STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES

DEPOSITS.

Received payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.

DIRECTORS.—Wm. T. Den, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Hoadley, Wm. Prather.

JOHN L. CARSON, President.

A. R. DAVISON, Cashier. T. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.

JACOB MAROHN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

and dealer in

Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc.

Brownville, Nebraska.

BUSINESS CARDS.

L. L. HULBURD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Justice of the Peace. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

STULL & THOMAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, over Theodore Hill & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

T. L. SCHICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over J. L. Metcee & Bro's store, Brownville, Nebraska.

J. H. BROADY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. ROGERS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in the Boy building, Brownville, Neb.

A. S. HOLLADAY,
Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.
Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. Office, 41 Main street.

S. A. OSBORN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office, No. 81 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

J. W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER.
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

PAT. CLINE,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
CUSTOM WORK made to order, and fits always guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Shop, No. 27 Main street, 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.

CHARLES HELMER,

FASHIONABLE

Boot and Shoe

MAKER.

Having bought the custom shop of A. Robinson, I am prepared to do work of all kinds at

Reasonable Rates.

☞ Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Shop—No. 62 Main Street,

Brownville, Nebraska.

WITCHERLY & HAWKINS,

Hair Cutting and Shaving

SALOON,

1st door west First National Bank,

Brownville, - Nebraska.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MEALS AND LUNCH

AT ALL HOURS.

CONFECTIONERY, CAKES, NUTS,

FRESH AND CHEAP.

MEALS ONLY 25 CTS.

Oysters Cooked to Order.

Rossels Old Stand.

Mrs. Sarah Rauschkolb.

T. A. BATH

is now proprietor of the

City Meat Market,

and is prepared to accomodate the public with

GOOD, FRESH, SWEET

MEAT.

Gentlemanly and accommodating clerks will at all times be in attendance. Your patronage solicited. Remember the place the old Pascoe shop, Main-st.,

Brownville, - Nebraska.

FRANZ HELMER,

WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.

WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. 34-1y.

D. B. COLHAPP,

Manufacturer of

FINE CIGARS

59 Main Street,

Brownville, Nebraska.

Orders From Neighboring Towns Solicited.

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE ELEPHANT.

Having purchased the

"ELEPHANT"

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business.

Josh Rogers.

VEGETINE

FOR

Chills, Shakes,

FEVER AND AGUE.

TARBORO, N. C., 1878.

DR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir.—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, Vegetine, has done in my family. I wish to express my thanks by informing you of the wonderful cure of my son; also, to let you know that Vegetine is the best medicine I ever saw for *Chills, Shakes, Fever and Ague.* My son was sick with measles in 1871, which left him with *Hip-joint* disease. My son suffered a great deal of pain, all of the time; the pain was so great he did nothing but cry. The doctors did not help him a particle, he could not lift his foot from the floor, he could not move without crutches. I read your advertisement in the "Louisville Courier-Journal," that Vegetine was a great Blood Purifier and Blood Food. I tried one bottle, which was a great benefit. He kept on with the medicine, gradually gaining. He has taken eighteen bottles in all, and he is completely restored to health, walks without crutches or cane. He is twenty years of age. I have a younger son, fifteen years of age, who is subject to *Chills.* Whenever he feels one coming on, he comes in, takes a dose of Vegetine, and that is the last of the *Chill.* Vegetine leaves no bad effect upon the system like most of the medicines recommended for *Chills.* I cheerfully recommend Vegetine for such complaints. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world.

Respectfully, MRS. J. W. LLOYD.

VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE

FOR

Dyspepsia, Nervousness,

And General Debility.

BERNARDSTON, MASS., 1878.

We, the undersigned, having used Vegetine, take pleasure in recommending it to all those troubled with *Dyspepsia* of any kind, *Dyspepsia, Nervousness,* or *General Debility,* it being the Great Blood Purifier. Sold by R. L. Crowell & Sons, who sell more of it than all other patent medicines put together.

MRS. L. F. PERKINS,
MRS. H. W. SCOTT,
JOSEPHUS SLATE.

VEGETINE is the great health restorer—composed exclusively of barks, roots, and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE

FOR

NERVOUS HEADACHE,

And Rheumatism.

CINCINNATI, O., April 9, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:—

Dear Sir—I have used your Vegetine for *Nervous Headache,* and also for *Rheumatism,* and have found entire relief from both; and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all who may be likewise afflicted. FRED. A. GOOL,

108 Mill St., Cinn.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who had been long and painfully sufferers.

VEGETINE.

DRUGGISTS' TESTIMONY.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—We have been selling your remedy, the Vegetine, for about three years, and take pleasure in recommending it to our customers, and to tell the stance where a blood purifier would reach the case, has it ever failed to effect the cure, to our knowledge. It certainly is the *par plus ultra* of renovators.

Respectfully,

E. M. SHEPHERD & CO.,
Druggists, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

It is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE

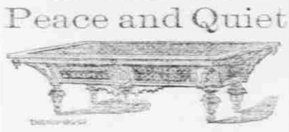
PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

E. HUDDART'S

Peace and Quiet



Saloon and Billiard Hall!

THE BEST OF

Brandies, Wines, Gins, Alcohols

And Whiskies.

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

ORGANIZED, 1870.

STATE BANK of NEBRASKA

AT BROWNVILLE.

CAPITAL, $100,000.

Transacts a general banking business, sells Drafts on all the principal cities of the

UNITED STATES AND EUROPE

☞ Special accommodations granted to depositors.

STATE, COUNTY & CITY

SECURITIES,

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

OFFICERS.

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

DIRECTORS.

L. HOADLEY, J. C. DEUSER,
WM. H. HOOVER, C. M. KAUFFMAN,
W. W. HACKNEY, H. C. LETT,
W. H. McCREERY.

OLD RELIABLE

Meat Market.

BODY & BRO.

BUTCHERS,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat

Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

Maud Muller Burlesqued.

Maud Muller worked at raking hay,
And cleared her forty cents a day.
Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine,
And on she worked in the sweet sunshine.

Singing as glad as a bird in May,
"Barbary Allen" the livelong day.
She often glanced at the far-off-town,
And wondered if eggs were up or down.

And the sweet song died of a strange disease,
Leaving a phantom taste of cheese,
And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda water and ginger cake.

The Judge rode slowly into view—
Stopped his horse in the shade and drew
His fine-cut out, while the blushing Maud
Marveled much at the kind he "chawed."

He was "dry as a fish," he said with a wink,
And kind o' thought a good square drink
"Would brace him up," so the cup was filled
With crystal wine that the old spring spilled.
And she gave him with a sunbrowned hand,
"Thanks," said the Judge, in accents bland.

"A thousand thanks! for a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand"—but there he laughed.
And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day,
And raked the Judge instead of the hay.

IDAHO.

Oriana, Countess of Cinchon, and wife of the Viceroy of Peru, was wasting away with a slow but insidious malady that bid defiance to all the skill that the court doctor, Garcia, could bring to combat it. With what delight she found herself installed in a gorgeous palace, dignified with the title of "vice-queen," and surrounded by a court that was not excelled in splendor by many an European one.

Her joy was short-lived. The light faded from eyes, her blood almost seemed to cease its flow, and her step grew slow and languid. Day by day she faded like a bright flower transplanted from its native bed to an uncongenial clime, until her husband began to despair of her recovery.

"Do not repine, Carlos," she would say, in answer to his bitter self-upbraidings. "Heaven ordained all for the best. Could I have been happy had I remained in Spain, with an ocean flowing between us? No; I should have pined myself to death. If I must die now, are you not here to close my eyes and hear my latest sigh? The thought consoles me for all I suffer, and resigns me to meet the worst with fortitude."

"So unrepiningly, the young wife—scarcely more than a girl in years—lingered on.

Among all her attendants there was one she most especially favored, a young Peruvian girl, named Idaho. She had found her one day while riding in the forest, and, being struck with her wild grace and beauty, had attached her to her person. Never had mistress found a more willing maid. Idaho, apparently, was attached heart and soul to her patroness. And when this strange sickness came, she it was who watched almost incessantly by her restless couch, fanned her fevered brow, and presented the cooling draught to her parched lips.

The new vice-queen had instituted a new era in provincial government; she looked upon her Indian subjects as human beings, and treated them as such. Hence her partiality to Idaho. She prized the untutored Indian girl, whose face was the mirror of a guileless heart, far above her European attendants, and made no secret of her partiality. This favoritism incensed the ladies of the court beyond measure, and Idaho's destruction was resolved upon. Already the poisonous tongue of slander was at work. To judge of the progress the enemies of Idaho had made, we must listen to a conversation which took place between the Viceroy and the learned Dr. Garcia.

They had just emerged from the flower-covered veranda, leaving the Countess to the care of the ever watchful Idaho.

"What do you think of this strange malady, doctor?" asked the Viceroy.

"Your excellency, it baffles all my skill to determine."

"But you must have formed some conjecture?"

"Most certainly—I were no true son of Æsculapius had I not done so; but what are conjectures in a case like this? I am called upon to cure an intangible disease, beyond the power of any medicine as yet known to science. In my opinion her ladyship is suffering from a fever peculiar to this climate and country, the only remedy for which is an herb of some kind known only to the Indians."

"Why not obtain it from them?"

"Impossible! They are bound by the most fearful oaths never to reveal it to their European conquerors.—Many a fruitless days' search have I had in the forest, looking for this same herb. I have offered gold, employed threats, but all in vain. They will not reveal the precious remedy. I verily believe that if you were to burn one of these Indians at the stake, he would die with the secret unspoken."

"Doctor, I have heard the story of this wondrous herb, and believe it to be a sheer fabrication, like the marvelous gold mine we hear of but never find. The disease, which we find so incurable, is nothing but the effect of a slow poison secretly administered."

"Poison! What reason have you for this conclusion?"

"The events of the past. My predecessors died from the effects of poison administered by an Indian. You know the sullen hate they still bear toward us. Poison is their only weapon."

"And you think the Countess' malady proceeds from poison?" asked the doctor.

"Such is my firm belief," replied the Viceroy.

"It is also mine."

"Ha! you agree with me, then?"

"On the contrary, I differ with you entirely. The poison which has been administered to the Countess is the miasma that floats in the air, that subtle essence which saps the very foundation of health, and baffles all my drugs. What pift the thought of poison in your excellency's mind? Who would wish the death of one so well beloved as your excellent lady? Have your suspicions fastened upon any one?"

"Yes; the favorite waiting-maid of the Countess—Idaho."

"Idaho!" repeated the good doctor, in utter astonishment. "Impossible! She watches over her as tenderly as a sick mother over her ailing child.—Idaho! Were an angel from heaven to come down and accuse that girl, I would not believe him."

"You have great faith in that girl, doctor," said the Viceroy, with a smile.

"I have great faith in pure, unadulterated human nature," returned the doctor, warmly; "and I assure your excellency that Idaho is a simple child of nature, unacquainted with the name of crime."

"It may be doctor. I am not wont to judge hastily, as you know; and I assure you that I have strong grounds for my suspicions against this Indian girl. Simple child of nature as you think her, she has a lover."

"I see nothing to her prejudice in that. It is the most natural thing in life to fall in love."

"She often meets this lover in the forest. Being suspected she has been followed and watched. Yesterday she had a meeting with her lover, who, by the way, is a chief of some consequence, called Guatamoxin. One of our usherers, who had been despatched for that purpose by Donna Clara——"

"The old Jezebel!" muttered the doctor.

"Ensconced behind a tree, overheard their conversation, though of course his imperfect knowledge of the Indian tongue prevented him from understanding it. But he comprehended enough to know that Idaho demanded something of her lover. [illegible] great reluctance in granting; but at last, yielding to her pressing importunities, he placed a small package—apparently a powder folded in a leaf—in her hands, with a strict injunction for her to use the utmost caution and secrecy, as discovery would be certain death to both. The listener heard them mention the name of the Countess, and had no doubt that the powder, or drug, or whatever it may be, was intended for her; and he, moreover, heard her lover say that the best time to administer it would be at the full of the moon—to-morrow night?"

"That is, to-night?"

"Precisely, doctor. We must watch this girl to-night."

"Exactly the suggestion I was about to make, your excellency."

"Should we detect the girl in the act——"

"We will take the—poison from her and analyze it!" The doctor's eyes sparkled.

"Do what you will with the poison," said the Viceroy; "but, by my father's memory! if this girl prove guilty, she shall die a fiery death!"

* * * * *

The moon's full beams shone in through the looped curtains of the Countess' chamber with a sickly lustre. Beside her couch knelt Idaho, her long black tresses floating upon her shoulders, and her deep, black eyes sparkling like diamonds from the pale vermilion of her face. Solitary and alone she maintained her weary vigil beside the sufferer. Her delicately-moulded hands were clasped in prayerful supplication, as she gazed tearfully upon her lady's face. She turned from her sad contemplation and cast a look at the windows.

"The moon is at its full," she murmured, unconsciously, as it were, uttering her thoughts aloud. "Now is the time."

She rose gently to her feet, and went cautiously to the windows, gave a searching scrutiny to the veranda, and then dropped the heavy folds of the curtains, shutting out all vision from the exterior. Her movements were as cautious and as stealthy as the leopard in its forest lair. Now she stands beside the table, the lamp-light shining on her face which displays an emotion of fear. She takes from her bosom a small package; another cautious glance around, and the contents of the leaf she holds—a powder—is mingled in the Countess' drinking cup, and the leaf returned to its hiding place. A gleam of exultation passes over her features when this is done.

"This is her daily drink," she says aloud, as if addressing some one—perhaps the evil spirit of her race—whom she deems to be present; "and it now contains that which will set at rest her every pain."

She takes the cup in her hand and examines its contents by the light.

"I will myself administer this slow but certain influence on her," she says, apostrophizing the cup.

She advances toward the couch; footsteps sound in her quick ears, a hand grasps her wrist and the cup is taken from her, despite her sudden effort to destroy it. She turns around and sees the Viceroy and Dr. Gracia, and a suppressed scream bursts from her lips. She is utterly dismayed and overcome. So strong is her appearance of detected guilt, that even the worthy doctor's faith in her is shaken.

The Viceroy advances to Idaho, grasps her by the arm, and leads her from the chamber. She makes no resistance, but yields to his guidance with the obedience of a child. The doctor silently follows, bearing the fatal cup in his hand. Not a word is spoken; the invalid's slumber must not be broken.

Outside the chamber are soldiers; into their charge the Viceroy places Idaho, with these stern words:

"Prepare for instant trial, nor hope past feelings of compassion will recur to interpose between you and your certain sentence." Then turning to the doctor he added: "I charge you, disclose not to the intended victim of her atrocious guilt, what has occurred. Orian's frame, torn as it is by these murderous practices, would not survive the knowledge that such a specious form inclosed a heart black and polluted with the worst form of human vices—ingratitude!"

So saying, the Viceroy went to seek a more trusty watcher for his sick wife's couch.

"What will you do with that?" asked Idaho, glancing wistfully at the cup.

"Analyze it and learn its contents," he answered.

"Oh, no! do not!" she cried eagerly. "It will not save me—my doom is fixed."

"What if I should discover that it is not poison?" demanded the doctor, with a searching glance.

"No discovery can save me now," she said, despairingly.

"Then she is indeed guilty!" exclaimed the doctor, as his last hope faded and he turned sadly away.

Idaho was conducted to prison; and ere dawn the palace was all astir with her detected crime, though every one was strictly forbidden from mentioning it to the Countess, who, when she awoke called for her favorite, and was much grieved at her absence.

Idaho's doom was pronounced—she was to be burnt at the stake, a terrible example to the Indians, and one which it was hoped would deter them from future attempts at poisoning. Before two days had passed, thanks to the gossiping enemies of the hapless girl, the crime and sentence of Idaho was circulated throughout Lima and penetrated to the forest beyond.

On the second day a young Indian presented himself before the Viceroy. It was Guatamoxin, the lover of Idaho. He came upon a strange mission. He was the real criminal, he said, for it was he who had given the poison to Idaho. If she must die, he wished to die with her.

Though somewhat struck with the abnegation of self which this singular demand exhibited, the Viceroy, by the attempt which had been made upon the life of his Countess, consigned the lover to a dungeon, there to await his doom.

The fatal day on which the lovers were to perish rapidly approached. But now a great change came over the Countess; her malady at length yielded to the skill of Dr Garcia, and she recovered sufficiently to leave her bed. And now the fate of her favorite could no longer be concealed from her; and great was her indignation and incredulity when she learned the crime with which she had been charged.

On the next visit she received from the Viceroy, who found her in her chamber attended only by Doctor Garcia, she at once scornfully scouted the idea of her favorite's guilt, and demanded the release of the prisoners. But the Viceroy was not easily turned aside from the implacable justice he had resolved upon.

"You are deceived in this girl, Oriana," he said; "we detected her in the very act of guilt."

He recounted the scene they had witnessed in her chamber on the night of Idaho's arrest; but the Countess was still incredulous. Turning to the doctor, she demanded:

"Did you analyze the contents of the cup, doctor?"

"I did."

"What did it contain?"

"A drug that will make my fortune in Europe," returned the doctor, with a pleasant smile. "Wonderful bark (not an herb, as I fancied,) containing quinine, reduced to a powder, a certain cure for fever of this climate. I have at last obtained the Indian's secret, so strictly guarded, thanks to Idaho; for she would have cured the Countess before I could, had I not taken the cup from her hand."

"My faithful Idaho! Doctor, why have you kept this a secret, and allowed the poor girl to suffer so long?"

"I could not help it my lady. I was obliged to experiment with the bark, and make sure of its healing properties before I could speak. The girl looks upon death as certain, both for herself and lover, for they have betrayed the secret of her tribe."

"Neither shall die!" cried the Countess with energy. "I will protect them—care for them so long as the life Idaho has preserved is left to me."

The Viceroy could not now gainsay her wishes, and in a few moments the lovers, restored to life and freedom, were kneeling at her feet. She never lost sight of their wellfare afterward, but had their marriage celebrated in her presence, and attached them to her household. When she returned to Spain, they went with her, for their betrayal of the virtues of the bark had made them exiles from their tribe. The Countess also took with her a quantity of the wonderful Peruvian bark, which acquired such a celebrity in Europe that it was called after her, "Cinchona," a name which it bears to the present day. So the one grateful act of a loving heart has been the means of affording relief to suffering millions years after that heart ceased to beat.

Faithful old Argus.

Argus was an old watch dog, and belonged to a farmer's family in Albany, N. H. Having long outlived his usefulness (as it was presumed), his owners had determined to put him out of the way, and had several times disposed of him, as they thought, but he had always returned to them again alive and well.

Finally a neighbor called one day, with his rifle in his hand. He had been out after a fox. One of the boys laid in with him to take Argus out into the woods and shoot him. The old dog was always crazy to follow a gun. He lay in the shed and heard the conversation, and when, finally, the rifleman called to him, he got up and followed him out, followed him around to the rear of the barn and there disappeared.

It would seem that he had understood exactly the meaning of the compact which had been framed against his life. At all events, he disappeared and for six days we saw him not, though two or three times we fancied we could detect his tracks, where he had been at the swill tub during the night.

The seventh night of the dog's absence was the night of Saturday. During the day soap had been made and boiled down and a heavy baking done in the great old oven. Somewhere past midnight all hands were aroused by the barking and howling, and whining, and scratching of old Argus. We knew the voice, but we were determined not to let him in. He redoubled his cries and his scratching upon the door.

At length the head of the family, in his wrath, took down a loaded musket—loaded for a hawk—and threw up a window of the sitting-room. No sooner was the sash raised than the old dog came in at a bound, and without stopping to see what his reception was to be, he leaped through the door opening from the great kitchen out into the wash-room and wood-shed, where he howled and scratched like one possessed.

John and I knew that something must be wrong outside, so we unfastened the door, and as we opened it the dog bounded out to the shed, where was a great wooden box half filled with ashes.

But we had no need to go further to learn what was the matter. The shed was filled with smoke, and a sharp crackling broke upon our ears. The ash-box was on fire, from coals which had been carelessly thrown in during the afternoon before, and the fire had taken to the dry pine partition between shed and wash-room, and had made its way almost to the roof.

A smart wind was blowing, and in ten minutes more the fire would have been entirely beyond our control, and those ten minutes and more would have been given to the enemy but for the dog. As it was having water handy, we put out the fire with only the loss of the ash box and a part of the partition; but the experience gained was worth more than that.

Grand old dog! He had crept to the house to satisfy his hunger from the poor swill-bucket, fearing death if he were discovered; but when he found danger to the family—a danger which he must have comprehended instantly and completely—he thought no more of himself; to save those whom he had loved became his sole object, and how he did it we have seen. Be sure there were no more thoughts of killing that dog, nor of giving him away.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Kansas Fossils.

The Stockton (Kansas) *News* says: "Some curious things have been discovered in the stone quarry where the men are getting out stone for the dam. Upon one huge stone was carved (probably by Indians) a picture of a horse and an Indian. The pictures are moss-grown and nearly obliterated. In blasting a large stone a fossil was struck which gives conclusive evidence of being the petrified remains of a shark. The jaw bone and several of the spinal vertebræ were in almost a perfect state of preservation. Many other curiosities have been found, which makes the stone quarry a source of daily interest to the relic hunter."

Drinking in Edinburgh.

A writer in the Edinburgh (Scotland) *Daily Review* make the following statements: The other day in the ladies' room of one of the confectioners in Edinburgh I counted twelve ladies at one time, each drinking spirits, porter, or ale (none had wine); one, a girl not fourteen years old consumed a bottle of stout. At the counter of the same shop, while I was buying some 'sweeties,' two young ladies under twenty paid for three 'brandies and soda.' In the same place at another time, about noon, I was shocked to see a lady order and drink a glass of raw brandy, and go away without eating anything. A friend who witnessed a similar incident said the draught was followed by a liberal application of *eau de Cologne,* to cover the offensive smell. I am creditably informed that school girls, with books in hand, go to confectioners for 'nips' of cherry brandy, more than one such visits being paid by the same girl at different shops on her way home; and in one case the owner of the shop got a severe reprimand from a young girl for having entered her brandy in the family pass book, as she intended to pay for it herself separately.

Ducks.

A large supply of water is not necessary to success in rearing ducks, yet it is quite a luxury for them, and in the breeding season it is highly beneficial; but ducklings should never be allowed a great suply of water till they are well fledged. They should be kept in a dry yard, and fed often on soft, scalded food. Never feed them whole grain till they are well matured. Clear Indian meal is too strong for them. Mix it with wheat bran, the coarsest, and thorougly scald it. Never feed raw mush to ducks or chicks. If corn and oats are ground together and used instead of corn and meal, all the better. Ground worms are greedily devoured by them and should be supplied once a day, if convenient. Spade up the earth in a moist place, and let the ducks pick out the worms. During the breeding season old ducks should only be fed once a day, if they have access to a stream or pond. Feed them at night and they will always be found ready for their evening meal and can easily be secured and kept in till they have deposited their eggs, which they generally do at about the break of day. If you want your ducks to supply you with a goodly number of fertile eggs, don't over-feed them, but use the same kind recommended for ducklings with occasionally whole grain sparingly. Follow these directions, and success will attend you.—*Poultry Argus.*

A Crow Caucus.

The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* of a recent date says: "Passengers on the 5:30 train bound south, Friday morning, looked with wonder upon a flock of about five hundred crows all huddled together on the ice south of Low Point, and about six hundred feet from the shore. They faced each other about half-and-half, and were so close together that they jostled each other in hopping about. About ten feet west of them sat a large, bald American eagle, perched upon a cake of ice, which had been thrown upon the main body of the ice by the action of the wind and tide. It looked as though the eagle had, by common consent, been appointed chairman of the convention, and that something of an important nature was transpiring. So intent was this strange convention upon the business in hand that neither the roar of the train nor the shriek of the engine's whistle disturbed it in the least. The sun shone full and bright upon the singular spectacle, and the dignity and solemnity of the presiding officer were remarked by all."

A bad school, like a bad family, is known by the amount of flogging in it. In proportion as the rod is unknown, perfection of discipline may be inferred, and good order is the main requisite for rapid progress in knowledge. A teacher who has to spend the most of his time in beating boys is soon good for nothing else, as he loses the temper and habit of an instructor. Such a person ought to be put out of school at once, since he will be violent and inefficient whether the rod be taken away from him or not. By selecting men and women possessed of the natural tact, dignity and force of character required to impress and control a number of children of every sort, brought together in one enormous family, the School Commissioners will do more to abolish corporal punishment than by passing a hundred rules prohibiting it. Such teachers will be able to get along without using the rod, and the sentiment of our times will insist upon having such teachers, since the days of education by rulers, canes, leather straps and rawhides belong to the era when they flogged sailors in the navy, and considered Solomon literally the wisest man that ever lived.—*N. Y. World.*

According to an exchange from the Pacific coast, Messrs. Miller and Lux have 700,000 acres in all in California, an area nearly as large as the State of Rhode Island. There must be at least 400,000 acres all in one body running in a strip ten or twelve miles wide and sixty miles long from Hill's ferry southward. It is covered with farm houses well equipped in all respects. They own about 80,000 head of cattle, and last year their new-born calves numbered 25,000 head. Of sheep they have a vast number, as well as of hogs, and they furnish the largest share of fresh meat for the San Francisco market.

There is a Spanish woman on the Little Colorado, in this Territory, who has lived one hundred and twenty-eight years. She sits most of the time and has a broad board against which she leans he back for support, ease and rest.—*Arizona Miner.*