

THE ADVERTISER. G. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Published Every Thursday Morning AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Nebraska Advertiser.

THE ADVERTISER. G. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. ADVERTISING RATES. One inch, one year, \$10.00. Each succeeding inch, per year, 5.00.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1878. VOL. 23.—NO. 13. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

First National Bank. BROWNVILLE. Paid-up Capital, \$50,000. Authorized " 500,000.

General Banking Business. BUY AND SELL. COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS. UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

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LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS. Neatly printed at this office.

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VEGETINE Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo. MR. H. R. STEVENS writes: "I have used several bottles of 'Vegetine' and it has entirely cured me of Vertigo, which I have had for several years, and which was entirely relieved by the use of your Vegetine."

VEGETINE I believe it to be a Good Medicine. MR. STEVENS writes: "I wish to inform you that your 'Vegetine' has done for me, I have been afflicted with Vertigo, and after using your 'Vegetine' it has entirely relieved me, and I believe it to be a good medicine."

VEGETINE Druggist's Report. H. R. STEVENS writes: "We have been selling your 'Vegetine' for the past eight months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, by your 'Vegetine', it has given great satisfaction. Respectfully, RICK & WIGGLES, Hickman, Ky."

VEGETINE IS THE BEST Spring Medicine. PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS. Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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A Penitent. Arrah, Neelie, don't look like a thunder-cloud, darlint! What harm if I did state a kiss from your lips? No such one meets a smiling young rose, sure? But stops the shy thafe, and a honey-drop slips.

THE BOX TUNNEL. BY CHARLES READE. The 10:15 train glided from Pad-dington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description.

Miss Haythorn—You are near me—very near me, indeed, Captain Dol-gan. Dolgan—You know my name? Miss Haythorn—I heard you mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place.

Miss Haythorn—Nonsense! Dolgan—Pweep! (Gravo reader do not put your lips to the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.) Miss Haythorn—Ee! Ee! Friend—What is the matter? Miss Haythorn—Open the door!

There was a sound of hurried whis-pers, the door was shut, and the blinds pulled down with hostile sharp-ness. If any critic falls on me for putting unartificial sounds in the dialogue as above, I answer with all the inso-lence I can command at present: "Hit boys as big as yourself," bigger, perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; they began it, and I learned it of them, so against my will.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been mark-ed by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish perfect gen-tlemen. With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had inau-dibly (Latin for kissed) deposited some-where in his feet a look of gentle, blushing reproach; the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes; and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Dol-gan that he had the grace to be a friend to Major Hoskyns of his reg-iment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look coolly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon-balls and linestocks. He had also to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it im-possible for Major Hoskyns to de-scend to an ungentlemanlike work or action as to brush his own trousers beneath the knee.

Captain Dolgan told this gentle-man his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the Major, but fortunately he deserved to lose it. At this, blood mounted to the younger man's temples; and his sen-ior added, "I mean to say he was 55; you, I presume are 21!" "Twenty-five." "That is much the same thing; you will be advised by me?" "If you will advise me?" "Speak to no one of this, and send White the 43, that he may think you have lost the bet."

Let the disbelievers in human per-fectionibility know that this dragon cap-able of a bluish did this virtuous ac-tion, albeit with violent reluctance; and this was his first damper. A week after the events he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious dis-content which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady, equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of George Dol-gan as a man, when suddenly from these glided past him a most deligh-ful vision! a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes—an- other look: "It can't be! Yes, it is!" Miss Haythorn (not that he knew her name!) but what an apoth-ecary! The duck had become a peahen— radiant, dazzling, and looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He

found he again. She was so lovely, she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, speak to her. If he had been content to begin her ac-quaintance the usual way it might have ended in kissing; it must end in nothing. As she danced sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him—one gentleman was particu-larly assiduous; she smiled on his as-siduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolgan was surprised at his success, his ill-taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolgan at last found himself injured; "who was this man? An what right had he to go on so? He never kissed her, I sup-pose," said Dolgan. Dolgan could not prove it, but he felt somehow the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Mrs. Haythorn, and hated all the ugly suc-cessful. He spent a fortnight trying to find out who his beauty was—she never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: A lawyer's clerk paid him a little visit and commenced a little action against him in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thorough-ly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name was at last revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address was but a short step; and the same day our crest-fallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect. But one fine after-noon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the parade. Dolgan did the same; met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked till all the other prome-naders were tired and gone. Then the culprit summoned resolution, and, taking off his hat, with a volun-tary and somewhat tremulous, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowl-edged nor disavowed his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how hap-py he was, and concluded by begg-ing her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was al-ready mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an ex-planation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders and said: "How stupid you are!" Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime! "She did not know!" "She must not bid him adieu, as she had to make some preparations for a ball at the Crescent, where every-body was to be." They parted, and Dolgan determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her man-ner was gracious. With the wonder-ful fact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolgan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her to church, where the dragon was re-warded by learning that there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made an acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he at last saw with joy that her eye loved to dwell on him, when she thought he did not observe her. It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolgan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R.N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slight-ly captivated by violently listening to a cutting out expedition; he called, and in the usual way asked permis-sion to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing quarter-deck, when sud-denly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "It was all right and his visitor might run along-side as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking his leave, Dolgan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, ob-served a sweet consciousness deepen into confusion—she tried to laugh, and cried instead, and then she smiled again; when he kissed her hand at the door it was "George" and "Ma-rian" instead of "Captain" and "Miss" the other.

A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays); these two were very happy; they were once more upon the railroad going to enjoy their honeymoon all by themselves. Ma-rian Dolgan was dressed just as be-fore—duck-like and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of op-posite; and she drank him in gently from her eyelashes.

"Marian," said George, "married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you; no?" "Yes; yes!" "Well, then, you remember the Box Tunnel?" (This was the first al-lusion he had ventured to it.) "I am ashamed to say I had £3 to £10 with White I would kiss one of you two ladies," and George, pathetic external-ly, chuckled within.

"I know that George; I overheard you," was the demure reply. "Oh! you overheard me! impossi-ble." "And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her." "You made a bet! how singular! What was it?" "Yes, I know; but what about it?" "That if you did you should be my husband, dearest." "Oh, but stay; then you could not have been so very angry with me, love. Why, dearest, then you brought that action against me?" "I was afraid you were forgetting me! George, you will never forgive me?" "Sweet angel! why here is the Box Tunnel?" "Now, reader—flee! no! no! such thing! you can't expect to be indulg-ed in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider, two sensible mar-ried people. No such phenomenon, I assure you, took place. No scream in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time!"

An exchange says: It may not be generally known that common cook-ing soda is a sure remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake, if applied soon en-ough. An incision should be made to the depth of the wound made by the fangs of the snake, and into this cut the soda should be sprinkled. It will immediately bubble up and turn green, caused by the action of the so-da in neutralizing the acid of the poi-son. This remedy was never known to fail when applied in time.

The Animal Conscience. Mr. Darwin's book has familiarized us with the idea that the moral and mental elements in man's nature, no less than the physical and material, were derived from irrational creatures by the process of evolution. How far this is capable of being proved in other respects it is not for me to say (whatever I may believe), but I am sure that it is true of that element which seems at first sight most op-posed to it—the conscience. Making allowance for the temptation and ten-dency to read our own thoughts into the minds of animals, and also for the effect upon the animals themselves of man's moral control, it yet remains certain that the materials out of which conscience has been constructed are everywhere discernible, like the rough, unheaved stones of a quarry, in animal life and in nature itself. The mere fact that animals can be taught and made to feel what they ought to do (how can we avoid using the word "ought") settles the ques-tion. But, without relying upon this, is it not evident that the contrast be-tween the external force that would destroy and the internal power that will have existed long before it became an object of perception and reflection in the brain of a reasoning creature? And this contrast produced such ac-tions as the following: flight, combi-nation for defense, appealing looks, cries of remonstrance, self-defense to the last moment of existence. For instance, the sight of an object accus-tomed to prey upon a weaker animal then and there stimulated that animal to flight by putting into motion the appropriate muscles and limbs. But the animals with which man is in closest alliance were those whose weakness must certainly have made the necessity of escape a large part of their experience. With this would come a great number of painful and also pleasant emotions. The need of hor-rible exertions, the terror of anticipa-tion, the sense of unavailing wrath, sometimes the ecstasy of deliverance, which must have been so strong in the heart of every hunted animal that turned to bay at last, are seen to border closely upon that instinct of righteousness which so evidently belongs to our own individual inherited expe-rience. It needed but the touch of self-consciousness to make the instinctive feeling pass by a bound into an instinctive thought in the mind of a being that "could look before and after." And whatever difficulty there may be in accounting for the evolu-tion of man lies not in his moral but in his mental growth. How he became conscious of himself we may possibly never be able even to imag-ine, but that being conscious of him-self he was by mere force of circum-stances possessed of the germ of con-science, is a statement that presents no difficulty at all.—Rev. T. W. Foulis in Popular Science Monthly for Sep-tember.

Fine Prayers. I believe that God abhors fine prayers. If a person asks charity of you in elegant sentences, he is not likely to get it. Finery in dress or language is out of place in beggars. I heard a man in the street one day beg-ging aloud by means of a very mag-nificent oration. He used grand lan-guage in very pompous style, and I dare say he thought he was sure of getting a pile of coppers by his gar-bered speech; but I, for one, gave him nothing, but felt inclined to laugh at his bombast. Is it not likely that many great prayers are as useless? Many prayer-meeting prayers are a great deal too fine. Keep your figures and metaphors and parabolic expres-sions for your fellow-creatures, use them to those who want to be instructed, but do not parade them before God. When we pray, the simpler our prayers the better; the plainest, hum-blest language which expresses our meaning is the best.—Spurgeon.

The New York Graphic, quoting the remark of the London Times, that "the American delegates seem to have succeeded in dispelling the idea that the Bland bill was designed to the prejudice of the bondholders, or that the conference originated in self-interested motives," says of the conference that: 1. It has refuted the slanders of the nation, uttered by the New York and Boston press. 2. It has restored confidence in American integrity. 3. It has assured the world that German demoralization was disas-trous—disastrous to Germany and to all the money exchanges of the world. 4. It has shown that this use of gold alone is advocated by only "three small States," not by either England or Germany. 5. It has revealed a determination not to carry demoralization any fur-ther.

THE YOUNG TREE.—Prof. Reel, of the Michigan Agricultural College, says that the young tree must be treated very much like a hill of corn; therefore raise high crops in a young orchard. He also, like most intelli-gent horticulturists, says it is a good plan to keep young trees molched, to prevent rapid evaporation from the soil, keep the surface mellow, and prevent the soil from freezing and thawing in winter, and from becoming overheated in summer.

"The sweet to love, but oh how bitter, To love a girl and then not get her."