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READING MATTER EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

VOL. 23.—NO. 28.

ADVERTISING RATES: One inch, one year, \$10.00; Each succeeding inch, per year, \$8.00; One inch, per month, \$1.00; Each additional inch, per month, .50.

PHIL. FRAKER, Peace and Quiet. Saloon and Billiard Hall. THE BEST OF BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, ALCOHOLS AND WHISKIES.

BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, ALCOHOLS AND WHISKIES. 40 Main St., opposite Sherman House, Brownville, - - Nebraska.

J. H. BAUER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856. OLDEST REAL ESTATE AGENCY IN NEBRASKA.

William H. Hoover. Complete Abstract of Titles to all Real Estate in Nemaha County.

A. ROBISON, Dealer in Boots & Shoes. 85 Main Street, Brownville, - Nebraska.

NEW RESTAURANT! Attention is called to the new, neat and comfortable Restaurant, just opened a few doors east of the post office.

Joseph Schutz, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry. Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line.

LAZARUS & MORRIS, Spectacles & Eye Glasses. No. 59 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

First National Bank of Brownville. Paid-up Capital, \$50,000. Authorized " 500,000. General Banking Business.

ALBERT M. SMITH, BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. Brownville, Neb. Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-dressing &c. In the Latest Styles.

THE ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT. A fine assortment of Type, Borders, Lines, Stock, etc., for printing.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT? LIVERY AND FEED STABLE. I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business.

OLD RELIABLE Meat Market. BODY & BRO. BUTCHERS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

NEW RESTAURANT. MEALS AND LUNCH AT ALL HOURS. CONFECTIONERY, CAKES, NUTS. FRESH AND CHEAP. MEALS ONLY 25 CTS.

The Hero's Grave. BY ST. GEORGE WEST. Where yonder mountain lifts its sunny head 'Mid nature's loveliest wilds, the traveler sees...

JOE'S NEW-YEAR'S DINNER. To have seen Joe Sterling stubbing about the store of Messrs. Sampson & Sturges no one would have suspected him of being a hero—a little, short, beardless fellow, with a peaked face, and shoulders that stood out sharply...

Joe shook down the ashes in his stove, turned on a pile of coal, brushed out the oven and tumbled in a half dozen or more potatoes. From suspicious-looking depths beneath the table he drew forth a gridiron, which he began scorching vigorously...

Joe was growing dreadfully tired of that street. It wasn't a busy street. Nothing ever seemed to stir in it, except tired men and women going out and coming in from labor.

Up two flights, and turning to the left he entered a small room, the atmosphere of which was charged in about equal proportions with the odor of molly wall paper and of some kind of pungent liniment.

Joe, said Uncle William, peevishly. "I ain't up near enough." Joe hopped up, and drew the three chairs gently, one after another, an inch or two near the table, then bobbed down in his place again.

Mr. Sampson bowed; giving Uncle William a glance that pretty accurately took the measure of that gentleman. "Careful, now—careful, Joe," said Uncle William, dividing his attention between Joe and the forkful he was making up.

Joe dropped his gravy-ladle and whisked around to the cushion. "And you live here, Sterling, and support your uncle, eh?" said Sampson, bluntly, and to Uncle William's offense.

Joe looked up at the ceiling, and motioning one of his callers to the lounge. "Our apartments can't be called elegant, and all things heretofore aren't exactly to our tastes, but it does very well, and we're quite comfortable."

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