

Nebraska Advertiser.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1879.

VOL. 23.—NO. 30.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

First National Bank

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

General Banking Business

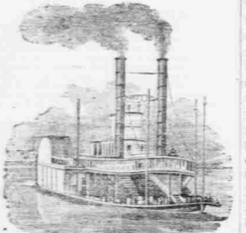
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS. United States and Europe.

MONEY LOANED

STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES DEPOSITS.

JOHN L. CARSON, President.

Ferry and Transfers



COMPANY.

BROWNVILLE TO PHELPS.

SUBSIDIARY

J. Bosfield, Gen. Supt.

J. L. ROY,



Undertaker

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS.

J. RAUSCHKOLB'S

Lunch & Beer

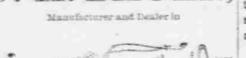
HALL.



J. H. BAUER,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES,



Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes.

Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c.

64 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

Parted.

Parted, after years of joy together. After years of summer weather, By one thoughtless angry word, And that word by you was spoken, It was this love's chain was broken, Still my pleadings were unheard.

Parted, and that bright vision All has passed before my vision Never to return again; Now alone in grief and wonder, On the past I sadly ponder, While my heart is filled with pain.

Parted, but I can't forget you; Since the day when first I met you I have loved you until now; I have asked you to forgive me, I have asked you to believe me, Keeping sacred every vow.

All in vain, 'twas unavailing, All my prayers were useless, failing To recall the words you said; Through this life we roam'd as rangers, For one word we met as strangers, To be forgotten when I'm dead.

THREE WARNED.

The circumstances that I am about to relate are of such an extraordinary nature that it will be better for me to give a short sketch of my birth and antecedents, in order that the reader may be able the better to judge of them for himself. I am not about to attempt an explanation, for the endeavor to explain the supernatural is bound to end in fog and failure. I will merely state the plain facts of the case as they happened, without comment, and then, as I said before, the reader can judge for himself.

To commence with, I am a Highlander by birth, and my father was noted as the descendant of—; but my father has nothing to do with the present narrative, so I will pass him by. My mother was noted for miles around for the possession of that marvelous faculty of second-sight, for which so many of my country people have been famed. In fact, she foretold her own death, which occurred shortly after the arrival of my brother and myself, who were twins. My father and I were left alone, two helpless children. An uncle, however, who resided in Aberdeen, having heard of the death of his brother, undertook the charge of us, and we were removed to his house and brought up by him. There was always a wonderful affinity between my brother and myself. It was more than affection; it was a mysterious attraction that caused us to be uneasy unless we were in one another's society; and anything that affected one of us, even if we were miles away, was sure to be felt by the other.

Time went on, and when we were sixteen our uncle considered that we were old enough to enter his office, where we were accordingly placed as clerks. From the first this never suited Robert. He was not fitted for the rough, every-day drudgery and routine of a place of business, and although he never once complained, I could perceive and feel what torture and agony it was to his proud spirit to descend to the dull slavery of the desk. In a few months this became more perceptible, and his cheeks, always pale, grew more so, and his eyes became large and feverish, and his breath short and difficult to draw.

The reader must forgive my lingering over this, for Robert was my only brother, and I loved him. At length it became evident to all that he was ill, and he was put to bed, and medical aid was called in. But it was then too late. The death-warrant had been signed, and my brother was going. I was permitted to stay with him, and my presence appeared to soothe and give him ease. It was 3 o'clock one morning; the church bells all over the town had just struck the hour as I was sitting in his room by his bedside. He had been slumbering, but suddenly awoke, and said:

"Douglas, my brother, I have just seen our mother, and my time is up in half an hour. Do not grieve, brother; I am glad. My nature was not suited for this world; yours is different. And I may be able to assist you where I am going."

I was not seventeen, and I could not restrain my tears, as I cried: "Do not go, Robert, and leave me all alone in this cold, heartless world!"

"Hush, my brother!" he replied. "I must obey, but this I will promise you; if I am permitted I will revisit you; and if I should be allowed the power I will always warn you of coming danger. And now, farewell, brother; my time is now. I can feel the weakness coming that precedes removal. Farewell, brother, until we meet again. Fare—"

The half-hour struck out, and Robert fell back dead.

My cries aroused the house, and in a few minutes the ordinary nurse, the servants, and my uncle had entered the room. I was led away in spite of my entreaties to be left, and placed in my own room. Lying across the foot of my bed I felt as though my heart would break; but, fortunately, my grief found relief in tears, and in a short time I had wept myself to sleep.

I know not how long I had slept, when I awoke suddenly with a feeling of intense happiness. As I opened my eyes I perceived that my dear brother Robert was standing by my side. He looked radiant and pleased, and holding up one hand, as if to demand silence, he said:

"All is well, dear Robert, and I am permitted to guard thee from harm." No sooner had he finished speaking than he melted away into the gray

dusk of the approaching dawn. I immediately arose, and pulling up the blind before my window looked forth. It was not yet daybreak, though that rosy appearance that generally comes before sunrise was apparent. Then I lay down and once more fell asleep. By the end of the week my brother was buried, and I was alone in the world.

Years passed on. My uncle died and left the wealth he had accumulated to his wife's family. With a new head to the firm there came new rules, regulations and staff, and I had to find a fresh occupation. Fortunately, without being long out of employment, I obtained a situation in an insurance company's office, where I managed to get along very well, liking my superiors and being liked by them.

One morning as I was making an entry in my ledger, the manager passed my desk and beckoned me to follow him. I did so into his private office, where he told me to seat myself. Having shut the door, taken up a position in front of the fire, and lifted his coat-tails, he began:

"I have called you in here to offer you a rather hazardous piece of business, which, however, if you fulfill properly and to our satisfaction, will, no doubt, ultimately be the means of making your fortune."

"Of course I intimated my pleasure at the honor, and was about to inquire into the nature of the business when the manager went on:

"You have now been with us some years, and we feel that we can place implicit confidence in you—in fact, I was requested to pick out a confidential man and one I could depend upon, and I have chosen you."

I bowed and murmured my thanks. "The nature of the business you were about to employ upon is this: In this town is a firm of ship-owners who are in the habit of insuring their ships and cargoes for extremely large sums, and lately they have been very unfortunate, or, rather, I should say, fortunate. Do you comprehend me?"

"Not quite, sir."

"Why, within the last year they have lost, in mid-ocean, two ships and a brig, and have received the insurance money on them. We have lately received an intimation that, in the first place, the cargoes are not what they purport to be, and that the crafts they have lost are not only old and worn-out tubs that have been sold for breaking up, but also that in two cases, at least, these ships have been scuttled for the sake of the insurance upon them."

The last words the manager spoke nearly in a whisper, and paused as if to give me time to take in the enormity of the offense. Then he continued:

"Now, we wish to discover them, if possible, in the very act—as I may say, in *frangente delictu*, and he puffed out his cheeks and looked very managerial indeed. "Consequently we have decided to send an agent in their next craft, in order to discover whether these reports be true or not, and that agent, sir, will be you."

I was fully aware of the dangerous nature of the job offered me, but at the same time I had so little to care for that without hesitation, I immediately accepted the duty.

"Very good, Douglas—very good!" remarked the manager, evidently much pleased. "I am glad to see that I have not been disappointed or mistaken in my estimate of your character. You can now return to your work, and later on I will see you again and explain what the nature of your duty will be. In the meantime," he added, as I was leaving the room, "be careful not to hint a word of what I have mentioned to you."

"Of course I promised to be silent and it would have been better for me if every one else had been as silent as myself on the subject."

A day or two passed, and then the manager informed me that the time had come. The firm previously alluded to had insured a brig named the Falcon, bound to Mauritius with an assorted cargo. He then went on to tell me that I must obtain a passage on the Falcon under the plea of being unable to pay the fare in the ordinary mail boat, and then, once on board, I was to keep my eyes open and write a daily diary of everything that occurred, particularly if at all of a suspicious nature. One of the seamen, it appeared, had also been engaged by the insurance company—the one, I believe, who had first raised their suspicions—and I was told his name was Jack Allen. Furthermore, he entered into particulars respecting remuneration, increase of pay afterward, and a manager's place at a branch office in case of my conducting the investigation to the satisfaction of the board.

After receiving my instructions and a check for expenses, I bade the manager good-bye, for I was not to return to the office for fear of arousing suspicion, and took my departure.

Having obtained change for the check I went to my lodging, and putting on a suit of old clothes, made my way down to the harbor. I had no great difficulty in finding the Falcon. She was a nice looking brig, and appeared quite new; at all events she was newly painted, and that is much the same thing to a landman. A gangway board stretched across from the shore to her deck, and walking across this I was soon on board. A boy was busily employed doing the cabin, and having asked to see the captain, that party appeared on deck. He was not a bad-looking man, but had

that loose, rollicking, shifty expression generally to be found with lack of conscientiousness.

"Good day, captain," I observed. "I hear you are bound for Port Louis, Mauritius. If that's so, could you manage to give a poor fellow a lift on the cheap?"

"On the cheap, eh?" replied he, taking stock of me up and down. "That depends. What do you call cheap?"

"Well, I've got a little coin," I replied; "but I can't afford these mail boats—they're too much altogether; besides, I want to keep a trifle in case I don't get the work I expect when I get out there."

"Well, I'll give you twenty pounds for it," said the captain.

I felt to be horrified, and offered £15; but at length we arranged for £20, and I was to find me in everything, I meaning with him at his table. Having effected this, I promised to be on board by Thursday evening, for she was to leave harbor on the next Friday morning.

By the appointed time I was down at the port with my modest luggage, which was soon transferred to the little cabin in the Falcon that I was to occupy. The captain was not on board when I joined, so I took possession of my little bed-room, and putting things to rights as well as I could, turned in and went to sleep.

The next morning I was aroused by sound of trampling overhead, heavy ropes being thrown about, loud voices swearing, and all the usual accompaniments considered necessary by nautical people to the proper clearing of a vessel out of harbor.

In about twenty minutes the noise had subsided, and there was a gentle heaving motion; so I went on deck and found that we were at sea, fast leaving the mouth of Bonny Bay behind, together with the city of granite.

Then, at the captain's invitation, I accompanied him into the cabin to breakfast. He now introduced me to the first mate, whose appearance I disliked at once, even before he opened his mouth. And when he commenced to speak, his conversation confirmed my first impressions. He hardly ever spoke without an oath or a curse of some kind.

"Well, we've got off all clear, that's one good thing," observed the mate.

"Yes; now let us have a wind that blows, we've the ship that goes, and I dare say one of us has 'the lass that loves the sailor.'"

Matters went on in the usual humdrum way. They always appear to me to do so at sea for some time, and I began to think that the company had sent me out on a wild-goose chase. But I soon discovered my mistake. I don't know whereabouts we were, but I took no interest in nautical matters, and understand very little about latitude and longitude, but it was about a week after we got into warm weather, that after dinner I lay down on the lookers at the stern of the cabin, to have "forty winks."

I had not lain there long, however, when the captain and the mate came in.

"To-night will be the very time, Hodge," exclaimed the mate. "The weather's calm; we're just in such a position that we could reach" (some place I couldn't catch the name of) "in the boats in a couple of days."

"I don't agree with you, Sharp," replied the captain. "In the first place, I should like to be blowing just a decent gale. It would be very fishy for a craft like this to go to the bottom in a nice breeze only; and then, again, in a week's time or so we shall be getting near the Cape Verde islands."

"Just as you like, skipper. Only, if you take my advice you'll do it at once, and get it over. Hallo! here's this 'longshore chap! Let him look out if he's been listening!"

"Hush!" said Hodge. "I expect he's asleep. Don't wake him."

And they approached me in order to see if I were awake or no. That was a very unpleasant five minutes. I could feel that they were gazing at me, and counting my pulsations, as it were, and yet I had to lie quiet and calm.

"He's all right," at length exclaimed the captain. "We'd better go on deck again."

"I hope he is," said the mate. "It'll be bad for him if he ain't, — his eyes!"

And they retired to the other end of the cabin, and apparently went to the ladder on the deck. Nevertheless, I thought it better to keep my eyes still closed, and myself in the same position. It was well I did, for at the close of another five minutes I heard one of them, who had stayed behind, leave the cabin and go on deck. Although no more was said or done respecting this, I had an idea that they suspected me after that, and watched me about in consequence.

Two or three days passed away, when one evening I had been writing up my diary, as usual, and replaced it, as I thought, in the private pocket where it was usually kept. But by some accident it must have fallen to the deck, for in about half an hour the steward came up, and, with the captain's compliments, would I join him, with the mate, over a glass of grog? Accordingly descended, and innocently enough, walked up to where the two men were sitting.

"This book was picked up a quarter of an hour ago and brought to me," exclaimed the captain, holding up my unhappy diary. "Is it yours?"

It was no good prevaricating, or attempting to evade, so I determined to lead off with a bold move.

"It does belong to me," I replied, and, at the same time, snatched it out of his hand.

"And now what have you to say?" "That you are a spy!" exclaimed the mate.

"Now, the question is how much do you know, and how are we to be sure that you will not peach on us?" said Hodge.

"The question is nothing of the kind," I replied as bold as brass; "The question is, I know enough to give you fellows penal servitude. You dare not follow me; and now what are you going to do, in order to save yourself from punishment?"

Hodge looked rather blank at this. And, then, in a minute, he said to his mate, "Sharp, come forward a bit; we must talk this over."

Accordingly they went away out of ear-shot and began arranging, the mate insisting upon something that the captain would not agree to. At length they returned, and Hodge said: "We must hit it over again. And, in the meantime, you must allow yourself to be put under arrest in your cabin. No harm is intended you?"

I did not desire that the matter should come a free fight, especially as I thought more than once that I could produce the butt of a pistol peeping out of Sharp's pocket, so I consented, and in five minutes was bolted in my cabin.

At supper-time the mate brought me a good plate of food and my usual glass of grog. I ate the meat—I think it was seepie—and drank the grog, and then passed to bed. But all at once an overpowering sensation of drowsiness came over me. In vain I struggled against it. With my eyes closing in spite of myself, I fell back across my bunk, asleep.

"Douglas, awake, my brother. Save yourself!"

Half-asleep and half awake, I heard my brother's voice, and replied, "All right, Robert; I'll get up directly."

And then I was going off again.

"Douglas, awake, my brother. Save yourself!"

This time the voice roused me more, and I was thoroughly awake, but still under the influence of the narcotic with which I had been drugged.

"Douglas, awake, my brother. Save yourself!"

The third warning in my lost brother's well-known voice completely restored me. I jumped off the bunk in the dark, and discovered that the cabin contained over a foot and a half of water. Then I saw the plot. The design of the captain and mate had evidently been that I should go to the bottom with the scuttled ship. With great difficulty and a heavy shove I succeeded in breaking open the door, and in another minute I was on deck. It was nearly flush with water, and as I jumped up I could perceive that the three boats belonging to the ship were in the water and manned.

"For whose's the passenger?" I heard somebody say. "Ain't going to shove off without him."

"He's dead drunk," replied the mate. "We haven't got time to wait for him."

"That's all, James Sharp!" I sang out as I approached the gangway. "You either didn't give me enough, or else you gave me too much. Which is Jack Allen?"

"Here you are, sir; jump in!"

And the third boat, which it appeared was steered by Allen, who had been inquiring for me, came alongside and took me off. That night we had a stiff gale of wind, the three boats separated, and the two commanded by the captain and mate were never heard of. After some very hard work, and being wet through nearly all the time, we were picked up.

In less than a month we were once more in the channel, and then it did not take long to reach London, where we took the train to Aberdeen. The evidence was most conclusive, for, in addition to what I had heard, Allen had actually watched the two villains down the hold, and saw them boring the holes which ultimately scuttled the Falcon.

With regard to the company, they kept their word with me, and I shall never go to sea again.

The reader has now heard my narrative of the three warnings, and can form of his own opinion.

A Mustard Plaster.

How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred at the most, perhaps, and yet plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe the application. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour. Such a plaster as this makes is abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a flayed, painful spot, after producing far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now a mustard plaster should never blister at all. If a blister was wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard plasters. Then use no water, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister on the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain on the part.

Early Amber Sugar Cane.

We have read considerable of Amber Cane but recently introduced in this country and have copied from reliable agricultural journals occasional articles to give our Nebraska readers a correct idea of it. We are very favorably impressed with this new farm product, and from the fact that it matures well in Minnesota and Wisconsin, we think it would be just the thing for our climate and soil in Nebraska. Just imagine yourself, friend farmer, making your own sugar and superior article of sirup, just about as easily as you raise corn, or the sorghum you now cultivate, independent of the hitherto only sugar producing countries, and with a knowledge that you are running no risk of being poisoned, as you now do in the use of your sweets. We hope some of the farmers of Nebraska will procure seed of the Amber Cane, in time to plant the approaching spring. The following, regarding this cane, we copy from correspondence in the Prairie Farmer:

I believe the Prairie Farmer, in the prominence it has given to the amber cane sirup and sugar question, is doing a grand work for the country, and helping to develop an interest which will soon assume larger and larger proportions and be of great value to the country. As bearing on this subject, I take pleasure in furnishing the following extracts from a letter of a recent date from Mr. C. F. Miller, of Minn., who with his neighbor, Mr. Kenny, of the same place, has been for years patiently and persistently experimenting with different varieties of the sorghum family, with a view of obtaining the best as well as the perfecting methods of manufacture. He says:

"I have been an operator in this business for many long years and have raised several varieties of cane and worked their juice into sirup. I always got a much inferior article to that which I now get from the early amber. I never could coax the other kinds to granulate, while now our barrels of early amber sirup are often found to be one-half or three-fourths full of sugar, and I have known them to be filled to within six or eight inches of the top with solid sugar, after standing for a month on end in a warm room. When the other varieties of cane were grown we only produced a few hundred gallons of sirup in a year in our country, but this year the product of early amber sirup in our country is estimated at 30,000 gallons. Some of our merchants declare that we (the cane growers) have spoiled their trade. I for one feel rejoiced at it. Our pure amber sirups are taking the place of the vile adulterated compounds which are being palmed off upon the public as sirups. Our farmers' wives who ought to know, say that the amber sirups will sweeten more in cooking than any of the sale sirups."

"I sent a former neighbor, now residing at Los Angeles, Cal., a pound of the early amber seed last winter. He writes that it grew there luxuriantly and is pronounced by Southern men to be the sweetest cane they ever saw. One piece here with us yielded 200 gallons of sirup to the acre. The suckers had all been kept off."

"The cane should be planted on clean ground and kept clean. It is very small when young and requires immediate attention as soon as above ground. A good plan is to go over the rows with a fine steel rake and rake the surface of the hills thoroughly. This will kill the weeds just starting and give the cane a chance to grow. The after cultivation may be the same as corn until it is two or three feet high when the horse cultivator or at least deep cultivation should cease as the whole ground becomes filled with fine rootlets which ramify in every direction, and if cultivated too deeply the roots are thereby made to suffer."

Mr. Miller does not indicate any further method of culture which would seem to be necessary, but this could be made by a cultivator constructed like the 'smoothing barrow' with small round steel teeth sloping backward which would thoroughly stir the surface of the ground, but without penetrating so as to disturb the roots. It does seem from the testimony of Mr. Miller, and that of other equally practical men in widely extended locations that, in the amber cane we have a sugar producing plant of great value to the country, offering to farmers a remunerative crop in these times of low prices of farm products, and coming into prominence opportunity just when the public attention is being aroused by the fact that we are being poisoned at wholesale by the chemical adulteration of sugars and sirups.

Another writer, from Minnesota, says:

The early amber sugar cane is undoubtedly a good crop to raise here. Sorghum has been grown up to the present day, without attention as to the seed, ground or soil, or to the cultivation thereof. I have raised and made sorghum, both in Tennessee and Minnesota, for the last 15 years. The most I ever made in one year was 1,000 gallons, from 16 acres of land, of which about one-half was sorghum, other than amber, the amber making by far the best article of sirup. I planted 1 1/2 acres on new breaking (in the timber) alongside of my cornfield. I worked and planted it just the same as the corn, with the exception that the corn was hoed twice, and the cane

but once, on account of the cane being too small at the first working of the corn. The yield was 240 gallons from the same ground, if I would make an allowance for stumps and the light stand. I planted it 3 feet each way, on an average of 5 stalks to the hill. I also had a patch of three rods square, by measure, of older ground near the house, planted with early amber. The ground had been manured from year to year, as it had been held as a 'truck' patch for the family. It was planted 3 feet one way and fifteen inches the other, and averaged 12 stalks to the hill, and was kept clean by hand hoeing only. From this piece I made 20 gallons of the very best sirup. An acre of the same stand and ground would average 350 gallons. This will show what early amber sugar cane will do, when raised with care on good ground, and that it will give the farmer a better profit than corn, or anything else. I sold my sirup at 50 cents per gallon in the barrel, and 60 cents at retail. I have not tried sugar making yet on a large scale; only to see what it would do. I took a box 12 by 24 and 6 inches deep, filled it with sirup, kept it in the room where it stood warm, and in about two weeks there was about one inch of pure brown sugar in the bottom. As long as I can sell the sirup at 50 cents per gallon I will keep on raising the amber cane."

The Difference.

"Ah, mamma," said little Gertrude at dinner, "how poor the soup is! Really it is not good at all, and I want no more of it," and she laid down her spoon as if it were a finished matter.

"I have no time now, my dear daughter, to prepare another and a better one—but this evening, I promise to give you soup that you will call excellent and delicate."

Gertrude was a poor woman's daughter, and after dinner she went out with her mother to pick up the potatoes that had been dug up over the field. They worked away, putting them up in sacks until sunset.

In the evening the mother prepared their supper, and first brought in the delicate soup. Gertrude tasted it and cried out with delight.

"Oh, what a difference there is between this and what we had for dinner! This is so good, mamma, you have certainly done your best this time."

As soon as she had finished it her mother laughed, saying:

"This is the same soup, my dear, that you found so poor at noon, but it is good at this time just because you have worked well this afternoon; and industry gives a good appetite, and industry all complaints."

Blaine's Off-Handed Style.

Scene, Pennsylvania avenue. Time Tuesday, after adjournment of Senate. Senator Blaine, strolling down the avenue, meets an old acquaintance, Mr. J.—(at one time private Secretary of Charles Sumner), who has just come out of a store with a package of figs in one hand and a fig in the other, which he is eating.

Blaine—"Why, J.—how are you?" (They shake hands.) "What are you eating?" (Give us one. (Blaine takes the package, extracts a couple of figs, checks them in his mouth.) "How is your health?"

J.—"Pretty fair."

Blaine—"How's your family?"

J.—"Well as usual, thank you."

Blaine—"Come around and see me; good day."

Blaine moves on down the avenue, looking every man in the eye; speaking cordially to everybody he knows. This simple scene is a sample of the Senator's off-hand, half-fellow-well met style, which makes everybody like him, whether approving his politics or not.—Washington correspondent Springfield Republican.

A Boy.—One of the best things in the world to be is a boy.

Boys have always been so plenty that they are not half appreciated.

A boy is willing to do any amount of work if it is called play.

The feeling of a boy toward pumpkin pie has never been properly considered.

A boy furnishes half the entertainment and takes two-thirds of the scoldings of the family circle.

It is impossible to say at what age a boy becomes conscious that his trousers-legs are too short, and is anxious about parting his hair.

In fact, a boy is a hard subject to get a moral from