

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1879.

VOL. 23.—NO. 38.

T. A. BATH

is now proprietor of the City Meat Market, and is prepared to accommodate the public with

GOOD, FRESH, SWEET MEAT.

Gentlemen and accommodating clerks will at all times be at your service. Your patronage solicited. Remember the place the old Fashioned Shop, Main-st.

Brownville, - Nebraska.

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE ELEPHANT.

Having purchased the

"ELEPHANT"

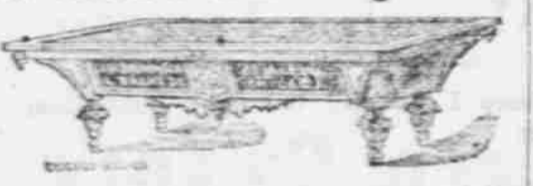
LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.

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

Josh Rogers.

PHIL FRAKER,

Peace and Quiet



Saloon and Billiard Hall

THE BEST OF

BRANDIES, WINES,

GINS,

ALCOHOLS AND WHISKIES

63 Main St., opposite Sherman House,

Brownville, - Nebraska.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.

OLDEST

REAL

ESTATE

AGENCY

IN NEBRASKA.

William H. Hoover.

Is a general Real Estate Business. Sells Land on Commission, examines Titles, makes Leases, Mortgages, and all instruments pertaining to the transfer of Real Estate. Also

Complete Abstract of Titles

to all Real Estate in Nebraska County.

BILLIARDS!!

I wish to inform my friends that I have recently opened a strictly

TEMPERANCE

Billiard Parlor

In the Hall joining the Sherman House, where any one wishing to play a quiet game of

Billiards, Pool, or Checkers,

Will find everything clean and conducted in good style. If you want to drink a nice

LEMONADE

or smoke a good

CIGAR,

call on

MAJOR J. J. WARD.

Joseph Schutz,

DEALER IN

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of exquisite articles in the line of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry. All WORK WARRANTED. Also sole agent in this locality for the sale of

LAZARUS & MORRIS'

CELEBRATED PERFECTED

SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES

No. 10 Main Street,

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. (Circular seal.)

JACOB MAROHN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

and dealer in

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

Brownville, Nebraska.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

First National Bank

BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, \$50,000

Authorized " 500,000

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A

General Banking Business

BUT ALSO

COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

on all the principal cities of the

United States and Europe

MONEY LOANED

On approved security only. Time Drafts discount ed, and special attention given to clearing deposits. Interest on Government Bonds.

STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES

DEPOSITS

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

DIRECTORS—Wm. T. Dea, E. N. Baker, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Handley, Wm. F. Frasier.

JOHN L. CARSON,

A. E. DAVISON, Cashier.

J. C. MCANULTY, Asst. Cashier.

J. H. BAUER,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c.

64 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

BROWNVILLE

Ferry and Transfers

BROWNVILLE TO PHELPS.

we are prepared to render entire satisfaction in the transfer of Freight and Passengers. We run a regular line of

BUSSSES

J. Bosfield, Gen. Supt.

OLD RELIABLE

Meat Market.

BODY & BRO.

BUTCHERS,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat

Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed all customers.

J. L. ROY,

Undertaker

Keeps a full line of

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS

Ornamented and Plain.

Also Shrouds for men, ladies, and infants.

All orders left with Miss Edithson will receive prompt attention.

66 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

POLLY PEMBROKE'S BABY.

"Dear me," said Polly Pembroke, "what a noise and confusion! I am quite sure I should go crazy if I lived in the city!"

Polly Pembroke was a farmer's daughter, who had come down to New York to buy the material for the first silk dress she had ever owned—a red deep blue, to be trimmed with velvet of a darker shade.

And Polly's golden head was dizzy with the thunder of omnibus wheels, and the rattle and rush of elevated railways, and the succession of brilliant things in the shop windows—and Polly sat holding onto her parcels in the great echoing depot, and wondering why everybody was in such a hurry.

For the express train was just going out, and Polly and Miss Jones, the village dressmaker, who had come with her to help select the important dresses, were obliged to wait fifteen minutes for the way-train, which commenced to stop at Whip-poor-Will Glen, where Polly lived.

She was a pretty little primrose of a maiden, with large wistful brown eyes, lovely yellow hair, and cheeks as pink as a daisy, while Miss Jones, who sat beside her, was straight and stiff, and upright, and wrinkled, as became a single woman of sixty.

And just as Polly was wondering if there was no end to the stream of humanity flowing through the wide open depot gate, a tall, handsome gentleman, with a dark complexion and deep Spanish eyes, came in with a little babe in his arms.

"Stewardess," he said to a respectable looking quodron, with a scarlet silk handkerchief twisted picturesquely around her head, who was dusting the window sash, "I am going out on the Chicago express, and I have forgotten a message which must be telegraphed to my place of business at once: will you be good enough to take this child a minute, until—"

"But the stewardess hastily drew back. "No, sir, if you please," said she, "I've heard of many cases where respectable women was left with strange children on their hands just dead-way!"

Instinctively, Polly Pembroke stretched out her arms.

"Let me take the baby, sir," said she coloring all over with pretty eagerness. "I'll hold it for you. Children are always good with me."

"The stranger doffed his hat courteously. "I am infinitely obliged to you," said he; "and I'll trouble you no longer than I can help."

"Polly, Polly! are you raving mad?" whispered Miss Jones, pulling the sleeve of the girl's dress.

But Polly paid no heed to her. "Suppose that gentleman shouldn't come back?" cried Miss Jones elevating both hands.

"He will," said Polly, gently rocking the little mite on her knee. "Oh, look, Miss Jones! Isn't it pretty? I declare it's laughing!"

"Pretty?" groaned Miss Jones, rolling her white-blue eyes skyward. "Polly Pembroke, I do believe you've taken leave of your senses! There's the bell—the gates are closed!"

"What of it?" said Polly. "The Chicago express is gone!"

"Well," said Polly, "and what of that?"

"Child, don't you comprehend? Your fine gentleman was going in the Chicago express," cried Miss Jones.

"I suppose he has missed the train," said Polly, quietly.

"Not he!" snuffed Miss Jones. "He has slunk quietly in by another way, and is laughing in his sleeve at you and your folly this very moment."

"Nonsense!" said Polly.

But she looked a little disturbed, nevertheless, and glanced rather anxiously at the door through which the tall gentleman with the Spanish eyes had disappeared.

"Come," said Miss Jones, jumping briskly up, and gathering her parcels in her hand. "There's the bell for our train!"

"But I can't go and leave the child," cried Polly.

"Humph!" snorted Miss Jones. "Are you going to stay here all night with it?"

"But what shall I do?" said Polly, beginning to be a little bewildered and frightened. "Perhaps, Miss Jones, we had better wait until the next train."

"And not get home until nine o'clock at night?" croaked Miss Jones. "I don't see what else we can do," said Polly.

But the trains came and went, and still no one appeared to claim the baby.

Miss Jones grew desperate. "Polly Pembroke," said she, "I've no patience with you for getting us into this scrape. What do you suppose is to be the end of it all?"

Polly rose quietly up. "I am going to take the child home with us," said she.

"Polly!"

"I am!" reiterated the girl. "Poor little helpless innocent! what else can we do?"

SPEECH BY GEN. SHIELDS.

In the U. S. Senate on the Resolution Granting Pensions to the Veterans of the Mexican War.

The Vice-President. The Senator from Indiana, by unanimous consent, calls up for consideration a resolution which will be read.

The Secretary read the following resolution submitted by Mr. Voorhees on the 10th of April, 1878:

Resolved, That the Committee on Pensions be instructed to report a bill to this body making provisions for placing the names of the surviving soldiers of the Mexican war, and of the widows of those who are deceased, upon the pension-roll of the United States.

Mr. Shields, Mr. President, I thank the Senate for giving me an opportunity to speak a few words in this place in favor of my old comrades of the Mexican war. My words shall be very brief indeed. They will be nothing more than an earnest appeal to this body to pass the resolution just read, and when the bill returns to the Senate that the resolution call for, to pass that bill also, and then, in my opinion, this body will have done generous justice to the soldiers of the Mexican war.

The soldiers of the last war have been treated by Congress with justice, and, in my opinion, with very commendable liberality. The soldiers of the Mexican war have not been so treated. Those soldiers served their country, and have received nothing in the way of generosity at the hands of the Congress of the United States.

You'd a deal better send it to one of the public institutions," said Miss Jones, severely.

"Our little Rosebud," said Polly, showering soft kisses on its velvet cheeks. "Oh, never, never, Miss Jones!"

"You was a big fool to begin with, and I don't see but what you mean to be a fool all the way through," said Miss Jones.

She had come to bring Miss Pembroke's fall hat home—a venerable leghorn, trimmed with drab satin bands—and when she was gone, Polly chanced to pick up the New York daily paper which had been wrapped around it.

"Mother," cried she, springing breathlessly to her feet, "just listen to this advertisement!"

"If the young lady who took charge of an infant in the Depot, on the afternoon of Saturday, July 30, 1875, will send her address to Messrs. Knobel & Ledger, No. — Broadway, she will confer an inestimable favor."

"Mother," cried Polly, "what does it mean?"

"It means you," said Mrs. Pembroke. "Shall I answer it?" said Polly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pembroke. "But suppose they want to take Rosebud away from me?" faltered Polly.

"My dear, we must accept our fate as Providence metes it out to us," said the old lady.

"So Polly wrote her little note, and, by the next train the tall gentleman with the Spanish eyes arrived at Whip-poor-Will Glen.

"Do you think me a heartless wretch?" he said to Polly, with his voice choked with emotion. "But I am not. When I went out of the depot that day, my feet slipped in crossing the street, and I fell under a horse's feet. They carried me insensible to the hospital, and I lay there for weeks in a delirium of brain fever, caused by my injuries. The moment I returned to consciousness I made every inquiry, but could hear nothing of you."

"I gave my address to the Stewardess," Polly said.

"But the stewardess had gone away. A strange woman occupied her position who remembered nothing of the circumstances, and for a while I actually believed that my motherless little treasure was lost to me forever. How can I ever thank you, Miss Pembroke, for all that you have been to my little Isaura?"

So the tiny Rosebud was carried away; but her father brought her back several times to see the adopted mother whom she loved devotedly.

"Polly," said he, one day, "Isaura is happier with you than she is anywhere else."

"For by this time they had become great friends, and she had lost all her awe of the stately gentleman."

"And it's a singular coincidence," he added, with a smile, "that I am also."

At this Polly colored radiantly. "What was the end of all this? Can't you any one guess?"

"Perhaps if I'd taken the baby home and made a fuss over it, the rich gentleman would have married me!" said Miss Jones, when she was cutting the white silk for the wedding dress. "I thought Polly Pembroke was a fool then, but I've seen cause to change my mind since."

A story is told of a New Haven colored preacher, who when his church was out of communion wine recently, called on a dealer to get more, and on being asked what kind he wanted, replied that "some ob de ladies ob de congregation had expressed a preference for gin."

An English nobleman, who is in the habit of speaking to soldiers in an affable manner, was much amused lately when a guardsman said to him, in a hearty and genial way: "I like you, my lord. There's nothing of the gentleman about you."

IS IT A GHOST?

A Mysterious Female Who Appears and Disappears in an Unaccountable Manner.

Special Telegram to the Interior. EL PASO, Ill., Feb. 25.—While working alone, two miles east of here to-day, near bridge No. 57, on the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw railway, Timothy Donahue, a section foreman on that road, saw a woman standing on the bridge about thirty yards from him. She was poorly and thinly clad, and had what appeared to be an old handkerchief tied around her head, the top being here; an old, faded cloak around her shoulders, and her dress reaching only within six or eight inches of the ground, and apparently in her stocking feet. Donahue looked at her for fully five minutes from where he stood, and, thinking she was in distress and needed assistance, and seeing a freight train approaching only a short distance off, he dropped his tools and went toward the woman to assist her off the bridge, but before proceeding half the distance, the woman had vanished and could nowhere be seen. This was on the open prairie, where there is not an obstacle in the way where any one could secret themselves, and in clear, broad daylight. Donahue examined the bridge carefully, and the approach on either side, but could find no traces of any one having been on or near it. The bridge is only about thirty feet long, and spans a narrow, shallow brook, only a few inches deep at this time of year, and there were no signs of any footstep or of any one having been around or near the brook. Donahue tells a very straight story. He is a sober, steady, reliable man, and will make oath to his statement. Upon inquiry I find that this same woman has been seen upon two former occasions by different persons, once by a farmer about seven years ago, and two years later by a woman who was walking on the track who lived near in a farm-house, each one telling substantially the same story at the time of the occurrence. No one here can account for this strange phenomenon. As to what it is, and why this strange appearance is made, is a mystery that no one seems able to solve.

The Sad End of a Romance. At Vassar College not more than a dozen years ago was a young girl from an interior town of Wisconsin. Of wealthy parents, herself handsome and unusually bright, about to graduate, after which she was to wed her heart's choice, her cup of happiness seemed full to the brim. Probably prompted by pure wickedness, an unattractive brother set about breaking the engagement, and only too soon succeeded in his purpose. The sorrow-stricken young girl returned home, though on the eve of honors that had cost her several years' hard labor. Her lover left home and friends for the far west, not to return. A short time after the girl's parents died, and the large estate was divided between the surviving children. Taking her share, nearly \$100,000, she turned her back on the home of her childhood, came to Milwaukee, and has since lived a most isolated life, not admitting anybody to her confidence, repulsing all attempts at friendship. Retiring deeper into seclusion year by year, to-day but few dare face her stern presence. She seldom if ever writes or receives a letter, makes no calls and has no callers, and, in short, is as entirely alone as one can be in this busy world. With an immense income, and one that is rapidly increasing, she spends but little money, and that for necessities. Rarely is she seen in the streets, and then as if she feared the touch of the bustling pedestrian. The brother does not live a hundred miles from Milwaukee.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Purification of the Blood. The various periodicals of the day are becoming more and more attentive to the subject of health, and while many paragraphs appear which are as opposed to health as to common sense, yet now and then we are delighted to find a paragraph which we can heartily endorse, and which commends itself to the good sense of every one. Of such a character is the following from the Watchman:

The most important means of purifying the blood—whatever readers of "Purifiers" may say—Gee the free use of pure air, a clean skin, a sound liver, active kidneys, exercise, and getting the system into its natural state. One may purify the blood more in single day while breathing pure air than by taking sarsaparilla for a month. More of effect matter is thrown off by exercise and perspiration, in one day—more than one-half of all taken into the stomach, solid and liquid—than by a year's dosing with some of the nostrums of the groceries. A free use of fruits will stimulate the liver to filter out more waste or "bile" than some suppose; while good, plain and wholesome food will make good blood, the old and worn out materials pass off by the means referred to, soon leaving the body in a good state. Pure air and water for cleansing are cheaper than the "patent blood purifiers," and will effect far more.

GETTIN EDDYKASHUN.

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlantic Colored University.

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, do n't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gettin eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchet back in an hour, wern't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days since yer borrow'd it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick-skulled niggers when yer goter school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchet?"

There are a good many white people whose education does not seem to teach them how to fulfill their promises.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.

The Connecticut courts have ruled that in that State cigars may be legally bought on Sunday, but cannot be legally sold on Sunday.

THE CONNECTICUT COURTS.