

Nebraska Advertiser

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1879.

VOL. 23.—NO. 41.

J. H. BAUER, Manufacturer and Dealer in



HARNESS, SADDLES, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes, Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c.

FRANZ HELMER, WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP

WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Harness, and all other work done in the shop or on short notice.

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USE THIS BRAND CHURCH & CO'S SODA WATER

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CONSUMPTION AND ALL DISORDERS OF THE Throat and Lungs PERMANENTLY CURED.

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

BUY AND SELL COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

on all the principal cities of the

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MONEY LOANED

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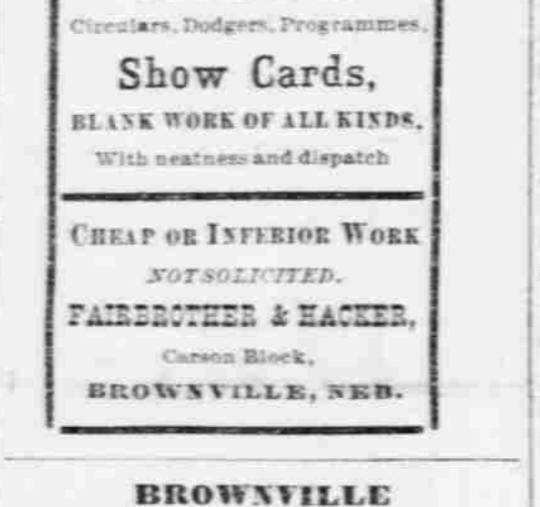
Circulars, Dodgers, Programmes, Show Cards,

BLANK WORK OF ALL KINDS, With neatness and dispatch

CHEAP OR INTERIOR WORK NOT SOLICITED.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Carson Block, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

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Having a first class Steam Ferry, and owning and controlling the Transfer Line from

BROWNVILLE TO PHELPS. We are prepared to render entire satisfaction in a transfer of Freight and Passengers. We run a regular line of

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 Mike Feltzner will receive prompt attention.

The Little Mischief.

Only a wee little mortal, Asleep on the nursery floor, With a pile of neglected playthings, Which litter the whole room o'er.

Two little fat arms lying Over a curly head, And smiles which awaken the dimples, Parting the lips so red.

Kitty-cat sits by the fire, Too disgusted to purr, For some one has spilled white powder All over her glossy black fur.

My basket has gone from the table, My work has been emptied out, And spoons, and cotton, and tumbler, Are here and there scattered about.

Here's dolly with arms and legs broken, And a terrible crack in her head, And her cheeks washed white as a lily, That once were so rosy and red.

Poor Fido—the puppy—is whining; Poor Fido—the puppy—is whining; Poor Fido—the puppy—is whining; I wonder what mischievous fingers Fastened that cup to your tail!

It was only that wee little mortal, Asleep on the nursery floor, And nurse stands aghast at the litter, Which covers the whole room o'er.

Well, pick them up patiently, nurse, Over and over again, Even though that bundle of mischiefs, Will make all your labor in vain.

Better a home with a baby, And a good deal of mischief with toys, Than one that is empty forever Of childish prattle and noise.

So here's a kiss for the darling! On forehead, and mouth, and chin, And whenever I find a dimple, I'll smooze the little in.

—Youth's Companion.

EDITH'S BROOCH.

"There, that's enough, young woman," said the harsh voice of Mr. Garnet, the jeweler, as a young and timid female still lingered near his counter.

"I have made you the offer. If you like to take it, well and good; if not, you had better be off at once." Still the girl hesitated.

"Can you not do any more for me? The brooch is so very valuable. It has been prized as one which is extremely rare," she pleaded.

"My good girl, do be reasonable. I never make two prices," said Mr. Garnet, sharply. "I can waste no more time on you."

And the jeweler turned from the young lady—and lady she was, in all her look and attitude and tone—to a customer who had just entered the shop.

"Is my pin finished yet?" he inquired. And Mr. Garnet turned off to a neighboring drawer to bring the trinket forth from his hiding-place.

"There it is, Mr. Trevaux. I hope it will prove all satisfactory, sir," was the civil reply, as the jeweler brought it to the counter. "It was a tiresome job, and we will be obliged to charge accordingly. It will be \$40, sir."

Mr. Trevaux drew out his purse, and paid the money without further comment. But as he did so his glance fell on the splendid diamond and ruby brooch that was still reposing on the counter near his shrinking mistress, and then it turned on the young lady herself with keen though not attentive observation.

Here was a face and figure that could well bear inspection. Paul's gaze furtively rested on her winning charms, while the jeweler wrapped up the beautiful breast-pin that had been so costly in its repair.

The young man lounged carelessly about the shop, examining its precious contents, and now and then asking the price of the tempting articles, while Edith Montrose once again spoke to Mr. Garnet, in a low, eager tone.

"The brooch is worth \$500, I have often heard. I will be content with \$300. Can you not give it to me? Even then it is a great loss," she added, plaintively.

Mr. Garnet hummed and hawed, looked again at the jewel, and again appeared to give way. "Well, well, I always was rather soft where youth and beauty were in the case. I expect I shall lose; but it cannot be helped. I will give you the money. There, write this receipt and your name and address, and it shall be a bargain."

Edith sighed deeply, but there was no alternative; a young sister and an invalid brother depended on her for support.

Was it for her to prefer a trinket, however valuable, to their comfort and welfare? The thought emboldened her to conquer feminine repugnance to such a sacrifice.

The pen was seized and the acquittance given during the brief absence of the jeweler.

But as he returned to his post with the bank-notes, another customer entered, followed by a large Newfoundland dog, who made up to Edith and fawned upon her with singular marks of affection, while his master began to inquire for the articles that he required from the store.

"What kind of a brooch were you wanting, Mr. St. Croix?" asked the jeweler of his remaining customer.

"I have not long since purchased one of exceeding value and beauty, which I should like to show you."

Mr. Garnet looked round to point out the jewel in question; but it was not visible. He searched the jewel-cases, the papers, and the inkstand from which Edith had taken the pen; but in vain.

The brooch had vanished. No trace of it could be found, and Mr. Garnet's ire was both loud and deep.

"The young miss? Yes, there can be no doubt of it! I am seldom so utterly befooled. But who could have believed such a thing? She really looked like a lady. Well, she shall suffer for it, cost what it will. I'll have no mercy. Mr. St. Croix, now am I not justified? You are witness. Look here at this receipt!"

And he displayed the graceful hand writing of his young client to Mr. St. Croix's stern eyes.

"A trifle of course. You never can be up to them; they have as many disguises as a detective," he returned. "However, I shall be very happy to bear witness in the matter, Mr. Garnet," he added, pocketing the jewels which he had just purchased from Mr. Garnet's store, leaving the jeweler to the indulgence of his wrath.

"Young woman, we have a warrant against you. You must come with us," said two ferocious-looking individuals, or, at least, they had a most formidable appearance in the eyes of the poor girl and her invalid brother, as they entered their humble apartment.

"For what? There must be some mistake," faltered the girl, shrinking. "Not at all. We never make mistakes. Ain't your name Edith Montrose?" they asked, sharply.

The girl bowed her head. "Ah! yes; it's all right. And weren't you in the shop of Mr. Garnet, yesterday, jeweler, in Old Bond Street?" was the next query.

And again the assent was mutely given. "Very well. Then you're the right person; and if you don't choose to give up the brooch you stole, we must take you off at once to prison," was the reply.

"I have no brooch. It is false! I sold it," exclaimed the girl, with flashing indignation in her eyes and face.

"Ha, ha! We know what all that means. We must search the house if you are still obstinate, young lady," returned the elder man.

"There are but three rooms on this floor that belong to me. I and my brother and sister lodge here," she replied, sadly. "My brother is in one of the rooms. He is ill. Please do not shock him with such a dreadful falsehood!" she went on, presently.

"That's your look out; not ours. You should not have done it," the man answered, gruffly.

But the other whispered a few words to him that somewhat mollified his hardness; and when they resumed their search to the invalid's room, they so far softened their manner as to refrain from fully explaining their errand to the astonished Ceil.

"Well—well; it's very cleverly hidden; but you'll be made to turn it out, young lady," said the official. "You must come with us; and if you choose to tell your sick lad there, not to expect you back, it will, perhaps, save some trouble."

Poor Edith shivered; but her love for the suffering Ceil prevailed over her woman's fears, and she quietly told him she might have to give some evidence about a lost brooch, and that the younger sister Mable would take her place in his room. And with this last bare attempt to conceal her suffering, she departed with her rough escort to the degrading destination of the police court.

The ordeal there was brief enough. There was no defence; but still only presumptive proof of her guilt. So a remand and a humane permission to occupy a room under surveillance instead of going to a common prison, was given by the indulgence of the bewildered and doubting magistrate.

"Miss Montrose, I have obtained leave to see you. I trust you will pardon the liberty I am taking in this self-introduction, and in obtaining permission to take up your case," said a gentleman, who had just been announced to the young prisoner in the rough and ready style of her jailer.

And Paul Trevaux stood before her, with a frank yet respectful air that was adapted to win at once her confidence and her respect.

"You are very kind, but I do not know you," she said, timidly. "I have no friends to help me prove my innocence, and it is unfair to expect a stranger to believe when proof is so strong against me."

"Never mind whether it is fair or not," he replied, smiling. "It is enough that I do trust you as I would myself, and that, being a budding barrister, I intend to win laurels in vindicating you triumphantly as an innocent lady. Will you allow such presumption?"

Edith's eyes filled with tears for the first time since her misfortune.

"You are indeed good and kind," she said, "and I do assure you from my very heart that I am innocent—quite guiltless of the theft," and her color rose indignantly at the degrading word. "No; I sold the brooch in

question to Mr. Garnet, and received the money, and left the jewel, while he was engaged with another gentleman—the one with a large dog, I mean."

"And you are sure the brooch was on the counter then?" he asked.

"Quite sure," she replied, and then the subject dropped, and the conversation turned on other topics, and Paul heard, with much difficulty, the sad story of the young girl's early trouble, how she and her brother and sister had been left orphans, and that all her energies had been taxed to the utmost to meet the demands on her courage and her time by such a burden.

And though she only distantly alluded to any peculiar difficulties, the very fact of parting with so valuable a family jewel, was enough to prove the straits in which she had fallen.

Paul lingered till the last moment of his time, and then departed, more than before convinced of the innocence of his fair client, and equally conscious that she appeared to him most lovely and fascinating.

"Pray, Mr. Trevaux, what witness have you to call in defence of the prisoner?" asked the magistrate, in an accent of severity that perhaps covered the dangerous yearnings of indulgence in his heart.

"Simply Mr. St. Croix and his dog," replied the young man, calmly. "I believe they are both in court, and if I can extract no information from them, I can only plead absence of any real proof for my client."

There was a general buzz as the large Newfoundland appeared by the side of his master, and looked round the crowded court with dignified inquisitiveness. But when his eyes fell on Edith, the creature cowered and recoiled, and she restrained from rushing to her to display the strange regard he had conceived for her.

"Mr. St. Croix," said Paul, calmly, "may I ask if you have examined your dog, as you wore it on the day when the brooch was lost—I mean, so as to make it absolutely certain it cannot have been carried off by you in ignorance. Of course, I distinctly mean that the trinket might have belonged to some part of your garment while you were utterly unconscious of its very existence, and I am sure, for this young lady's sake, you will pardon the question."

"It is impossible. I have worn them ever since the day. I must have detected such an involuntary theft had it been committed," replied Mr. St. Croix, gravely.

"And your dog? May I venture—or will you kindly undertake to pass this comb through his hair?" resumed the barrister.

There was a general laugh in court; but Paul was not to be turned from his purpose.

He came forward, and passed the large comb he held again and again through Neptune's thick coat of hair without effect. But just when a cry of derisive contempt was uttered by Mr. Garnet, there was a sharp, light sound on the floor of the court.

The missing brooch had become entangled in the innermost recesses of the shaggy mane, just below his broad leather collar, and Neptune stood convicted of felony.

But he was not only freely shielded from punishment by a pardon, but some few months afterwards he was made a wedding present to Mrs. Paul Trevaux, nee Edith Montrose.

Sore Eyes.

BY MELVILLE C. KEITH, M. D.

The peculiar sore eyes which are caused by a parasite, which is propagated by contact; consequently sore eyes are "catching," because the little animal causing the sore eyes burrow under the skin and breed, and when they came out or are at the surface, can be rubbed off on the towel and transmitted one to another.

Proper method of treatment is to use an alkaline wash. A weak solution of soda or a very weak lye from corn ashes, or wood ashes strained clear, are to be taken not to allow the eye to touch anything but the lids, will kill the parasite, and the eyes will heal up themselves.

The proper method of prevention is to be careful not to come in contact with those who have sore eyes. Keep the children away from the infected persons, allow no kissing, no washing in the same dish or wiping on the same towel.

A strong decoction of worm-wood used warm or cold will allay the inflammation and the eyes will feel all right after the second application.

A society paper says: "Square necks are much worn on low collars. V necks are also seen, but round necks are preferred by most young ladies for ball toilets. We prefer round, low necks, and object strongly to square necks because the corners cut your arms, and the V necks (which mean five dollars, we suppose) are too costly."

A few weeks since a New York drummer saw a young lady plowing in a field in Macopin county, Ill. He stopped to ask: "When do you begin cradling?" "Not till heads are better filled than yours," was the terse, unpolished reply. The young man expressed his surprise.

Milwaukee Beer.

Mr. Finch writes as follows to the Beatrice Courier, and, as it should interest beer drinkers everywhere, we publish it:

May I talk to your readers on beer. Beer drinking is the curse of America, England and Germany. It is the principal cause of drunkenness. Lager-beer is popular with the ignorant in most of our cities and towns, and many of our most educated people have thoughtlessly fallen into the use of it. Perhaps this accursed beverage will not be so popular when those who now advocate its use study its effect and tendency, and its manufacture and adulteration. Milwaukee Lager-beer is a fair sample of beer everywhere. The Milwaukee News, a leading daily paper of that city, in a recent article says: "It has lately begun to be a matter of remark among beer-drinkers that they cannot drink beer with as much impunity as heretofore. Indulgence of three or four glasses in the course of an evening or even a less quantity is likely to be attended with violent headache the next morning." A report was circulated that the brewers were adulterating their beer, and in order to investigate the truth of this report, "The News" man visited the office of the internal revenue department, where every brewer is required by law each month, to record every pound and bushel of material that he buys for the manufacture of malt liquors, as well as all malt manufactured, and all sales of beer, purchase, stamp, etc."

The book containing the information was placed at the disposal of "The News" man, and he reports the result of his investigation as follows: "The legitimate articles in the manufacture of beer are hops and that preparation of barley known as malt. The principal substitutes are corn, rice, and drugs. The records of articles used as substitutes for barley areas follows."

"Philip Best Brewing Co. in 5 months used 20,700 pounds of corn and 72,382 pounds of rice."

"Valentine Blatt in 6 months used 656,366 pounds of corn and 87,337 pounds of rice."

"Fred Miller in 7 months, used 76,168 pounds of rice."

Other figures are given but these are enough for my present purpose. The "News" man proceeds: "Marveling much at this revelation, the reporter sought and obtained an interview with a gentleman whom he knew to be well posted in the tricks of the beer trade, because he had been for many years employed in a confidential and responsible capacity by one of the largest Milwaukee brewers."

The reporter produced the above information and desired an explanation of it. This authority, in the course of a long interview, gave the following facts and suggestions. Not all those brewers who make no report of the purchase of substitutes are to be credited with using none. Several of them buy large quantities of malt from the maltster, Gerlach, who runs a rice malt mill for their special accommodation."

"The Best Co.," said this informant, "buys a large stock ahead of rice at the auction sales of broken, unmerchantable rice, hold in New Orleans twice a year." The reporter asked, "Are these substitutes harmful for your opinion?" The reply was, "They are harmful to beer at any rate. Beer is properly a liquor made from hops and barley. Beer made from corn, rice, or wheat and drugs is about as much beer as butter made from beef scraping is butter, or sugar made from old rags is sugar. Expert drinkers can detect the use of these substitutes from their effect on the health."

I consider rice especially hurtful to health. It gives the best color and body but it gives the drunkard "a head" the next morning. Corn is not so injurious to the health, but beer partly made from corn must be consumed right away. It is rather laxative in its effects. I have no doubt that either corn or rice made beer is capable of doing harm to delicate persons, to women, and to nursing children of women who drink it."

Another thing; beer made from corn can never be lager-beer. It has to be marketed and consumed while green." The first article in the News created a great sensation among the beer guzzlers of Milwaukee. The matter was followed up for several days. In its second article it says: "Beer that is not pure, beer made from grain inferior to barley, and then doctored with pernicious drugs to disguise the immediate effect, can never become a wholesome, popular substitute for the stronger kinds of drink. Indeed, it is hardly a question but that pure alcohol is a safer drink than this sort of cheaply made and crooked beer. . . . Not only with Germans, but with a growing proportion of our American-born population, beer is used at the table and elsewhere for its supposed nutritive qualities. The disastrous and even fatal effects of a regular diet of spurious beer, upon the delicate functions of infant-nursing mothers, has only to be pointed out to be perceived. This has been ascribed as a cause of the unusually large infant mortality in Milwaukee for the past few months."

Among the drugs found in the beer were many of a deleterious and poisonous nature. This is a type of beverage making the world over. When pure, beer is a dangerous beverage but when doctored it is much worse. Beer deadens the intellect and destroys physical health. How long before thinking men will abandon the drink of ignorance. Yours,

JOHN B. FINCH.

Don't Slam the Gate.

Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me, But when you go so late, I wish you would be careful, dear, To never slam the gate.

For Beside listens every night, And so does Tommie Kade, To tell me next day what o'clock They heard you slam the gate!

Twice nearly ten, last night, you know, But now 'tis very late— We've been discussing; so I beg You will not slam the gate.

For all the neighbors hearing it, Will say our future fate, We've been discussing; so I beg You will not slam the gate.

For though it is all very true, I wish that they would wait To discuss our affairs—gentle— Well—pray don't slam the gate!

At least, not now. But by-and-by, When in "our home" I wait Your coming, I shall always like To hear you slam the gate.

The Musicians of Bremen.

A certain man had a donkey which had served him faithfully for many years, but whose strength was so far gone that at last it was quite unfit for work. So his master was thinking how much he could make of the skin, but the Donkey, perceiving that no good wind was blowing, ran away along the road to Bremen. "There," thought he, "I can be town musician."

When he had run some way he found a Hound lying by the roadside yawning like one who is very tired. "What are you yawning for now, my lazy fellow?" asked the Ass. "Ah," replied the Hound, "because every day I grow older and weaker. I cannot go any more to the hunt, and my master has well beaten me to death, so that I took to flight, and now I do not know how to earn my bread."

"Well, do you know," said the Ass, "I am going to Bremen to be town-musician there; suppose you go with me and take a share in the music. I will play on the lute, and you shall beat the kettle drum." The dog was satisfied, and off they set.

Presently they came to a Cat sitting in the middle of the path, with a face like three rainy days. "Now, then, old shaver, what has crossed you?" asked the Ass. "How can one be merry when one's neck has been pinched like mine?" answered the Cat. "Because I am growing old and my teeth are all worn to stumps, and because I would rather sit by the fire and spin than run after mice, my mistress wanted to drown me, and so I ran away. But now, good advice is dear, and I do not know what to do."

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand nocturnal music, so you can be a town musician." The Cat consented and went with them. The three vagabonds soon came near a farm-yard where upon the barn door the Cock was sitting crowing with all his might. "You crow through narrow and bone," said the Ass; "what do you do that for?"

"That is the way I prophesy the fine weather," said the Cock; "but because grand guests are coming for the Sunday the housewife has no pity, and has told the cookmaid to make me into soup for the morrow, and this evening my head will be cut off. Now I am crowing with a full throat as long as I can."

"Ah! but you red-gomb," replied the Ass, "rather come away with us, for we are going to Bremen, to find there something better than death. You have a good voice, and if we make music together it will have full play."

The Cock consented to this plan and so all four travelled on together. They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and at evening they came into a forest where they meant to pass the night. The Ass and the Dog laid themselves down under a large tree; the Cat and the Cock climbed up into the branches, but the latter flew right to the top, where he was the most safe, before he went to sleep. He saw a little spark in the distance, so calling his companions, he said they were not far from a house, for he saw a light. The Ass said, "If it is so, we had better get up and go further, for the pasturage here is very bad," and continued the Dog. "Yes, indeed, a couple of bones with some meat on would also be very acceptable!" So they made haste towards the spot where the light was, which shone now brighter, until they came to a well lighted robber's cottage. The Ass as the biggest went to the window and peeped in. "What do you see, Grayhorse?" asked the Cock. "What do I see," replied the Ass; "a table laid out with savory meats and drinks, with robbers sitting around enjoying themselves." "That were the right sort of thing for us," said the Cock. "Yes, yes, I wish we were there," replied the Ass. Then these animals took counsel together how they should contrive to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a way. The Ass had to place his forefeet upon the window ledge, the Hound got on his back, the Cat climbed upon the Dog, and lastly the Cock flew up and perched upon the head of the Cat.

When this was accomplished, at a given signal they commenced together to perform their music. The Ass brayed, the Dog barked, the Cat mewled, and the Cock crowed, and they made such a tremendous noise and so loud that the panes of the window were shattered. Terrified at these unearthly sounds, the robbers got up with great precipitation, thinking nothing

less that some spirits had come and fled off in the forest. The four companions immediately sat down at the table and quietly ate up all that was left as if they had been fasting for six weeks. As soon as the four players had finished they extinguished the light and each sought for himself a sleeping place according to his nature and custom. The Ass laid himself down upon some straw, the hound behind the door, the Cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the Cock flew up upon a beam which ran across the room. Worn by their long walk they fell asleep. At midnight the robbers perceived from their retreat that no light was burning in their house and all appeared quiet; so the Captain said: "We need not to have been frightened into fits," and calling one of the band he sent him forward to reconnoiter. The messenger, finding all still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and taking the glistering fiery eyes of the Cat for hot coals he held a lucifer match to them expecting it to take fire. But the Cat, not understanding the joke, flew in his