

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

VOL. 23.—NO. 47.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

First National Bank

BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, \$50,000

Authorized " 500,000

IN PREPARATION TO TRANSACT A

General Banking Business

BUY AND SELL

COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

on all the principal cities of the

United States and Europe

MONEY LOANED

On approved security only. Time Drafts, Discount

STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES

DEPOSITS.

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

DIRECTORS:—Wm. T. Don, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Rowley, Wm. Fraisher.

JOHN L. CARSON,

A. B. DAVISON, Cashier, President

L. C. MCGEE, Assistant Cashier.

BODY & BRO.

Proprietors

OLD RELIABLE

MEAT MARKET

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

GOOD, SWEET,

FRESH MEAT,

Always on Hand.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PIANOS

AND

ORGANS

The Celebrated

Music House

OF

W. W. Kimball,

Of Chicago,

Keep in stock a full line of

PIANOS and ORGANS.

For full particulars, terms & prices,

call on or address,

J. R. DYE, Local Agent,

—OR—

E. M. Lippitt,

PIANO and VOCAL TEACHER,

Brownville, - - Nebraska.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY,

A. Physician, Surgeon, Ophthalmologist

Graduated in 1851. Local office in Brownville, Neb.

L. HULBURD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

And Justice of the Peace, Office in Court House

Building, Brownville, Neb.

STULL & THOMAS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Office, over Thomas Hill & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

T. L. SCHICK,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office over J. L. McGee & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

S. A. OSBORN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office, No. 41 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

J. H. BROADY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. ROGERS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

J. W. GIBSON,

BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOEER,

Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

PAT. CLINE,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

CUSTOM WORK made to order, and fit always guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Shop, No. 27 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

B. M. BAILEY,

SHIPPER AND DEALER IN

LIVE STOCK

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Farmers, please call and get prices; I want to handle your stock.

Office—31 Main street, Headley building.

JACOB MAROHN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

and dealer in

English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths,

Yeastings, Etc., Etc.

Brownville, Nebraska.

There's Danger in the Town.

There, John, hitch Dobbin to the post; come

near me and sit down;

Your mother wants to talk to you before you

go to town.

My hairs are gray. I soon shall be at rest

within the grave;

Not long will mother pity you o'er life's tem-

pestuous wave.

I've watched o'er you from infancy, till now

you are a man,

And I have always loved you, as a mother

only can love;

At morning and at evening I have prayed

the God of love

To bless and guide my darling boy to the

bright home above.

A mother's eye is searching, John—old age

can't dim its sight—

When watching o'er an only child, to see if

he's doing right;

And very lately I have seen what has aroused

my fears,

And made my pillow hard at night, and

moistened it with tears.

I've seen a light within your eye, upon your

cheek a glow

That told me you are in the road that leads

to shame and woe;

Oh, John, don't turn away your head and on

my counsel frown.

Stay more upon the dear old farm—there's

danger in the town.

Your father, John, is growing old; his days

are nearly through;

Oh, he has labored very hard to save the

farm for you;

But it will go to ruin soon, and poverty will

follow;

If you keep hitching Dobbin up to drive into

town.

Your prospects for the future are very bright

my son;

Not many have your start in life when they

are twenty-one;

Your star, that shines so brightly now, in

darkness will decline

If you forget your mother's words and tarry

at the win.

Turn back again, my boy, in youth; stay by

the dear old farm;

The Lord of Hosts will save you with his

powerful right arm;

Not long will mother pity you o'er life's

tempestuous wave;

Then light her path way with your love down

to the silent grave.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Miss Arcthusa Peppard was out of

temper. She said she was "mad."

But it must have been a mild kind of

madness, for her pleasant voice had

only a dash of sharpness, and no fire

flashed from her soft brown eyes. But

she was out of temper; no doubt

about that, and no wonder. She had

left her mite of a cottage early that

April morning, and gone over to New

York to shop, and in the very first

store she entered—a store crowded

with people buying seeds and bulbs

and plants—her pocket-book, contain-

ing her half-monthly allowance, had

been stolen, and she had been obliged

to return to Summertown without the

young lettuce and cabbage and onion

sets and parsley and radish seeds

that she had intended the very next

day to plant in her mite of a garden.

And every day lost in a garden in

early spring, as everybody knows, or

ought to know, is a loss indeed, and

there's nothing in the world so exasper-

ating to an amateur gardener, as

everybody else knows, or ought to

know, than to hear from a neighbor-

ing amateur gardener: "Good-morn-

ing, Miss Peppard. How backward you

are this year! Your radishes are

just showing, and we've had at least

a dozen a day for three days past.

And our parsley's up, and our onions

doing nicely. And you used to be so

forward!"

So Miss Peppard, who was a dear

little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright

old lady, living in the neatest and

most comfortable manner on a small

income, with a faithful colored ser-

vant woman, a few years younger than

herself, a rolly-polly dog, a tortoise-

shell cat, and three birds, had two

reasons for being sorely vexed, the

loss of her money and the loss of the

days which she expected would start

the green things a-growing.

"All the money I had," she said to

Peteona—called Ona for short—as she

rooked nervously back and forward in

her rocking-chair, her eyes sparkling,

and her cheeks flushed. "I only wish

I could catch the thief. I'd send him

to jail as sure as grass is green."

"Dat's sho' enuff, Miss Peppard!"

Peteona always dropped the "d."

"An' it'd sarve 'em zackly right, w'en

dey was ketchted, to be drug to de lock

up by de heels." Then, after a slight

pause, which was Ona's way, she ad-

ded an after-thought: "Dono, dough;

s'pose dey might as well take de pore

work by de head."

"All the money I had," repeated

Miss Peppard; five and twenty dol-

lars; and I can't get any more for

two weeks, for borrow I never did

and never will. And there's the gar-

den all laid out and ready for plant-

ing, and Mrs. Brown sets out her let-

tuce and cabbage plants to-morrow

morning, and she'll be sending them

here with her compliments—her com-

pliments, indeed!—before ours have

begun to head."

"If she do, I'll frown 'em ober de

fence," said Ona. "Beter eat de

dough, I guess. Her compliments

can't hurt 'em."

"And, oh! my conscience!" Miss

Peppard went on (she could invoke

her "conscience" thus lightly, dear

old lady, because she had nothing on

it), "baby's picture was in that pok-

et-book. And I can't get another. Pol-

ly said it was the last, and the photo-

grapher don't come that way but once

a year."

"Well, well, you're a pore soul,"

sympathized Peteona, "to go an' 'ise

dat ar pter—dat lubly thing jus'

like a borney angel. An' yer sister's

onliest chile—'cept five. Wish I had

dat robber yerd'n minit; I'd box his

ears so he couldn't set down for a

week."

"He wouldn't be here long," said

her mistress. "Of all things in the

wide world I hate a thief. I'd have

him put where he'd steal nothing for

a year or two, at least."

"Might be a she; dar's she-robb-

ers," suggested Ona; "an' dey's all

wuss den caterpillars. Caterpillars

takes yo' things right 'fore yo' eyes—

don't sneak in yo' pocket. Take a cup

of tea, Miss Peppard." Dar's no use

frettin' no mo'." An' de cat's been a

waitin' on yer skirt for half an hour,

"My sister Polly's child!" cried

Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks

beginning to glow.

"Her onliest chile—'cept five," said

Peteona.

"And it looks like," continued the

boy, bursting into tears—"It looks

like—my—little—sister."

"Your little sister?" repeated Miss

Peppard, her own eyes filling with

tears. "Is she—with her mother?"

"'S to be hoped she be," said Ona,

with a sniff, "or some odder place

where she'll be washed. Her brudder's

dirty nuff for a bull family."

"She's in a place ten miles or more

from here," said the boy, "with a wo-