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Vestings, Etc., Etc.

Brookville, Nebraska.

Nebraska Advertiser

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1879. VOL. 23.-NO. 49.

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William H. Hoover.

Complete Abstract of Titles to all Real Estate in Nebraska County.

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Editor and Poet.

"Two a man wrapped in an ample cloak, Poetic in his mien, That went into the office of An English magazine.

He gave unto the editor A paper closely writ: "I would unto your judgment, sir, A poem submit; Then read it carefully and say 'What that you think of it.'"

Slowly the editor read it through; On his brow an angry flush There came, as he said lightly: "About 'dogwash,' 'frot' and 'dash.'"

And he gave back the manuscript Into the hand, and said: "That ballad is the very worst That I have ever read."

If I send trash as that should dare Print in magazine, Then you would call me a three-penny ass-- And they would be right, I ween.

So, sirrah, take that stout sawhorse, Thuro to fume and rage; Thy blue is bawking good; Thy blue is bawking good."

When that the poet heard these words He ran to fume and rage, And he said unto the editor, "Thou art a howling idiot!"

Read over that ballad again, strah, Read over that ballad again, And then thy candid opinion give-- My name is Alfred Ten--"

"The heaven you say," cried the editor, Astonished; then he said, "That poem is the finest thing that I have ever read."

It shall appear very month," And, kneeling on the ground, He gave the Laureate a check For \$1,000.

ITS NAME WAS WONDERFUL. A Sketch of Pluck and Printer's Ink.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I shall call no names, for my hero is living to-day—a hale, hearty old man, gliding down into the shadowy vale surrounded and assisted by every comfort that money can give.

I want to tell you how he came by his money. I have told something of the same kind once before, but this is an entirely different affair, and the two must not be confounded; and, if I remember rightly, when I told the former story the present hero had not retired from business.

Ichabod Marvel, as we may know him, somewhere about the year eighteen hundred and forty-four to forty-eight, went to New York in search of business. He was a son of Maine, born and reared among the hills of Oxford county, and at the age of thirty, or thereabouts, with a hundred dollars in his pocket, he set forth for the far-away city to seek his fortune.

By a mere chance he formed, first, the acquaintance of a man who had acted in the capacity of clerk for a celebrated pill maker, and he never tired in listening to the story of the pill maker's success, and the means adopted by the pill maker for giving publicity to his medicinal wares. And shortly thereafter he formed the acquaintance of that genial, ever-bustling friend of mammas and nurses, then just rising into fame, for whose medicated lozenges the sufferer children cried continually.

"I want to man!" said Ichabod. "I believe I can do that thing myself. Aunt Nabby's cough medicine'll be just the checker! Sakes alive! what a wonderful thing printer's ink is! If it's only elapped on in just the right way, I'm blessed if I don't believe I can do it!"

And he returned to his old home and obtained his venerable aunt's recipe for her cough medicine—a simple syrup, compounded from two or three common garden herbs, properly steeped and fixed with a requisite quantity of sugar, or, what was better, honey.

In the course of a month he had set his aunt and her family into a fever of excitement by the erection of a plain building behind the barn and the setting therein of three enormous iron boilers, capable of holding forty gallons each, with fire-pots beneath. I had heard of his strange "carrying-on," and was wondering "what he could be up to, when, one evening, he called upon me at my dwelling. He wished to consult me privately. I took him into my study, where I assured him we should not be interrupted. He seated himself by my desk, looked carefully around, and having seen all safe and secure, he opened his business.

To make a long story short, he had taken a hint from the wonderful success of the patent medicine man, and was upon the eve of striking out for himself. He had made up about a barrel of syrup from his aunt's recipe; had had bottles and phials manufactured to order, and was ready for "making a spread with printer's ink."

He had read up thoroughly on the subject of colors, and had consulted the old family physician, likewise. Said he, after all this had been vouchsafed:

"Now, see, 'quire: Common colds—jest such as we're havin' every day—is the way a good many folks get consumption. Wal—then, don't you see it stands to reason 'at what'll cure colds'll cure consumption, tew; or at any rate, it'll stop it, and that's jest the same thing. So, as there's yew'r born, this ere stuff 'at I've made from Aunt Nab's prescription can't be beat for jest that kind o' work. I tell you, I'm a join' to be a—"

"Why," he said, "smiling in spite of my effort to appear serious, 'I should say you would be a benefactor of your kind if—"

"Ah—ho!—that's jest it—jest the idee! I was after. Yes, sir—I'll be a Benefactor! And now look."

And thereupon he took from a breast pocket a package of papers which he proceeded to spread upon my desk. First, he presented a sheet of foolscap, at the head of which, in an enormous hand, was set down the name he had chosen for his Wonderful Discovery:

"MARVEL'S MARVEL. THE MARVEL OF THE AGE!"

And then followed, as a finishing up of the label:

"No more colds! No more coughs! No more weak lungs! No more consumption forever! Marvel's Syrup is a never-failing specific for every possible affection of the lungs and bronchial regions!"

The second sheet contained a story of the way in which the wonderful ingredients of the marvelous syrup had been found, and how the panacea had been prepared, and was now offered to the suffering world; and that, too, at a price which would leave no mortal with an excuse for being consumptive.

Papers three and four were transcripts of affidavits, and letters, and personal narratives of people who had aforetime received benefit from Aunt Nabby Marvel's Cough-Syrup, otherwise, "Marvel's Marvel," etc.—and they had been framed skillfully. I could see Ichabod's hand in them all, and he had certainly improved upon the same sort of issues made by his predecessors in the trade.

And all this material Ichabod wanted me to put into shape for him. For a time I hesitated, not only because I thought the work nonsensical of itself, but because I sincerely believed it would be a waste of time and labor on his part; but he finally prevailed upon me—on an honest, involuntary tear upon his cheek did—and I went at the work. I was two full days in getting everything ready for the printer—O! "The Printer" was Ichabod's anchor and ark—his hope and his stay—and when he left me, it was with the promise that he would report his success.

Two days later Ichabod came to me in a state of glowing jubilation; he placed in my hand a paper, and asked me if it was in proper form, and I read it, and was—

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blummer, "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George! I believe you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next."

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card-party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. Blummer, with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eyes took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed.

It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optics of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt-button, and that the next one was a brass army-overcoat button with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxidized-silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came a suspender-button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker-chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier rattle. There is, after all, a fineness of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there wouldn't be any button-money grudged in that household hereafter.

Spring in the Country.

Fitznobbler, who had got tired of clerking in a notion store in the city, came out on the first of April to spend a month among his cousins on a farm, and, having promised an editorial friend some farm items, sends the following:

FARM NOTES FOR APRIL. The blowing of cattle; The neighing of horses; The bleating of sheep; The squealing of pigs; The gabbling of geese; The cackling of hens; The crowing of roosters; The whack of the ax; The "whoa-haw" of the plow boy; The creaking of the grind-stone; The breaking of the horn; And the old farmer blowing everybody up from 4 o'clock in the morning till bed time.

Ice for Diphtheria.

O. E. Miles, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, says he cured his wife of diphtheria, after kerosene and sulphur had been tried in vain, by the use of ice, having her hold pieces in her throat, where the white fungus was formed, and applying it in cloths on the outside. The applications were renewed as fast as they disappeared, and soon the patient was out of danger. Mr. Miles' theory is that the low temperature caused by the ice kills the deadly fungus.

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC MAN.

Interesting Incidents, Which Show How Easy it Might Have Been for a Crazy Mob to Commit an Irreparable Crime Upon an Innocent Man.

Troy (Kas.) Chief.

John Thomas died at his home in Iowa Township, on Saturday last, and was buried at Highland, Sunday afternoon. His age was about 63 years.

Mr. Thomas was the man whom the Atchison Patriot, last week, reported as having been beaten and robbed by his hired man. The incidents of this affair are instructive, as showing how often the mob spirit is aroused to the commission of atrocities, by excited imaginations, vague rumors, or by making strong circumstantial evidence out of trivial matters.

In this case, had not the facts been revealed in time, an innocent young man might have suffered wrong, if not death.

Mr. Thomas was a bachelor, living on his farm, between Iowa Point and Highland. The only person living with him was a young hired man, named Price. Some days ago, Thomas was paid a debt of \$964 by Charles Jackson, placing the money in his pocket book, and carrying it with him. That day or the next, he had occasion to go with his wagon to the saw-mill near the mouth of Wolf River, for some lumber. While there, he saw a large cat-fish which some fishermen had for sale. He purchased a piece of this fish, and was about taking out his pocket book to pay for it, when he remembered the large amount of money he had in it, which he did not wish to expose to the view of strangers and stragglers about the mill. He therefore remarked to the proprietor of the mill that he had no change with him, asking him if he would not pay for the fish, and charge it to his account, which the other did. Thomas then returned home with the lumber, and having eaten dinner, partly composed of the cat fish, he had his hired man shave him, as was his custom. After performing this operation, the young man went to Highland, on business. Upon his return, he found Mr. Thomas lying on his face upon the floor, his head and face bloody and much bruised, and he apparently lifeless. He ran for some of the neighbors, who quickly came to the scene. As they lifted Thomas from the floor and placed him on the bed, they noticed Price standing outside, looking in at the window, with a terrified look. This was a circumstance that was construed into a feeling of guilt. Mr. Thomas's pockets were examined, and some \$50 or \$60 were found in his pocket book, which convinced them that he had not been assaulted for the purpose of robbery. Thomas was at length brought to consciousness, but had no recollection of what had happened to him. He was shown the money which had been upon him, to convince him that he had not been robbed. He at once demanded to know where the other \$964 was, that he had in his pocket. Right here occurs a remarkable mixture of keen recollection and forgetfulness of things occurring near together, and of imagination of things that had never occurred. When he was told that no other money was found, he exclaimed that he had been robbed. He stated the exact amount of money that he had received from Mr. Jackson, describing minutely the bills, large and small, that he had received, even to the two \$2 bills that went to complete the sum of \$964. He also recollected that he had written a receipt for Mr. Jackson which he had forgotten to sign before delivering to him—which turned out to be the fact. This large sum of money, he declared, he had in his pocket when he returned home. Then it flashed upon his recollection, that while his hired man was shaving him, he had taken a club and struck him on the head. He remembered that, all afterward was dark.

The hired man saw, from the signs and movements, that he was looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. He remarked that there was \$39 due from Mr. Thomas for wages, and that if they would pay him off, he would go away. Here was another sign of guilt. He wanted an excuse to get away with his booty. One of those extra wise individuals who can be found in any community, was armed with a revolver, and set as a detective to watch young Price, to fasten the guilt upon him, and discover where he had hid the money. It was even contemplated to hang him by the neck until he was almost dead, to force him to a confession. But before this was fully determined upon, some one recollected some expression that Thomas had made relative to business with an individual living some distance away. A messenger was sent to that place, to enquire if he knew anything of the \$964. He replied that he knew nothing of it; adding that Price was the man who knew where it was, and they had better bring him up at once. About this time, Mr. Daniel Boatman, a farmer in the neighborhood, having got wind of what was transpiring, appeared upon the scene. He brought the \$964, in bills precisely as described by Mr. Thomas. He said that Thomas had passed his house, on his way home from the saw mill, and entering the house, had handed the package of money to Mrs. Boatman, telling her to keep it for him, till he called for it. She did not

know what to make of it, and disliked to have so large a sum of money in the house. Thomas had formerly boarded with them, and doubtless feeling unsafe carrying the money alone over those solitary roads, it had probably occurred to him that he could safely trust it with Mrs. Boatman. But this transaction had entirely escaped his memory, while he recollected distinctly that his hired man, while shaving him, had felled him with a club. But this relieved Price from the surveillance of the amateur detective, and from the hands of a mob that was already thirsting for his blood.

An examination of Thomas's wounds and his condition left no doubt that he had fallen in an epileptic fit, having bruised his head and face in the fall, and no doubt in his subsequent struggles. It was afterward ascertained that Mr. Thomas had been seen out of doors, carrying in a load of wood, after he was shaved, and after the hired man had departed for Highland.

Mr. Thomas was from Nicholas Co., Ky., and went to Iowa Point in the Spring of 1857. For a time he clerked in the store of X. K. Stout. He was an unusual man in appearance, and eccentric in character. He was a bachelor, living sometimes alone, and sometimes with a hired man. His house was hardly fit for a stable. He was considered miserly, but was a kind-hearted man nevertheless. He loaned considerable money, but would never receive more than 10 per cent interest. He would seldom vote, and for some years managed to avoid assessment for taxes, saying that he did not want to be made pay for public extravagances. But of late years he had concluded to pay his share of taxes, and honestly gave in his property. He was worth, in money and land about \$20,000 or \$25,000. He has several brothers in Missouri, who are also wealthy.

In addition to the epileptic fit, Mr. Thomas had something like hemorrhage of the bowels, doubtless hastened his death. A few days before his death, he remarked that he had often thought of being baptized, and determined to have the rite performed then, by a Campbellite minister, even if it hastened his death. He was taken to the small creek near his house, and immersed. His brother then observed to him, that all his brothers and sisters had as much money as they needed; that he had been living in that neighborhood for more than twenty years, and ought to give something to aid the Campbellite church of that vicinity. He replied that he would leave it \$2000 in his will; before he could carry his intention into effect, he became incapable of willing and died. But no doubt his brother will see that the idea of his own suggestion is carried out.

An Innocent Man Saved.

Newspaper readers will remember the savage, growling "I'll-at-ya-you-ye" face of England's Criminal Phenomenon, Charles Peace, who figured so much on type and tongue a few months ago. Just before his execution, this notorious outlaw made it known that he had murdered Cook, the Manchester policeman, for which crime William Habron, a young Irishman, was soon to be hung. A clever dodge on the part of Peace the public thought, to provoke investigation and thus gain respite. So Peace was hung. Shortly afterward the Cook murder was again looked into in accordance with the suggestion of Peace. It was found that the bullet which killed the policeman fitted the executed man's revolver, and that it did not fit young Habron's weapon. Other points were revived, and Habron was released from the Portland prison. He was not informed of the pardon, but supposed that he was soon to be hung. His neck had been measured a few days before. At last it dawned upon him gradually that he was not to die. The relief affected his nervous system, but, under good treatment, he rallied, and is now a happy man. Thus, after an imprisonment of three years and within a step of the gallows, an innocent man is saved from martyrdom to law.

The Extermination of Borers.

Mrs. Arthur Galpin, of Waterville, Kas., tells how she exterminated borers in her box-elder trees:

"The borer commenced operations about two feet from the ground, and gradually worked up the trunk in a semi circle. Now, I was determined he should not kill my tree, so I dosed him liberally with coal oil, but it didn't seem to hurt his digestion a particle. I was in a dilemma what to do next. I could not get him out with a knitting needle, and I thought if the tree must die, I would experiment on it anyway, so I took strong spirits of ammonia (hartshorn), and poured it into all the wounds. I then took bar soap and made a salve of it and plastered over all those old wounds on the tree. To my great relief I found that I had at last headed the borer, and now the trees are as well and hearty as the rest that were not troubled. They had only bored two trees when I succeeded in exterminating them."—Kansas Farmer.

Some men are so everlasting lazy that not even the "spur of the moment" is penetrating enough to set them in motion.

President Hayes is a stalwart among stalwarts.

JEFFERSON'S SON.

An old Mulatto and His Strange Story.

A few days ago, a reporter of the Journal ascertained that a colored man in the employ of Dr. W. C. Thompson, was possessed of a history at once strange and interesting, and, with a view of ascertaining the facts connected with this person, sought the doctor out.

"Yes," said he in response to the reporter's question, "I have in my employ an aged colored man, whom I have no doubt is the son of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. He has frequently told me of his reasons for believing himself such, and I make no doubt whatever of the truth of his statements. I have known him for a number of years, and believing the word of Robert Jefferson as readily as I would the oath of any man. He lives at 185 Minerva street, and will be pleased to see you. Give him a call and hear what he has got to say."

Shortly after the hour of noon, yesterday, the reporter found himself on the corner of North and Minerva streets, and turning to his left, southward, looked for the number to which he had been directed. The second house south of North street proved to be the one for which he sought. Large evergreen trees cast their shadows on the front of the house, a two-story frame, simple in architecture and neat in appearance. He knocked at the door, and after a moment's pause the summons was answered by a colored man, rather below the medium height, apparently sixty years of age, a dark mulatto in color, and with hair straight and black.

"Does Mr. Jefferson reside here?" "He does."

"And is this he?" "It is. Won't you come in?" and the reporter entered.

The door opened into a parlor, on the floor of which was a carpet of modest design, and which was well furnished. Everything presenting a scrupulously neat and clean appearance, from the different articles of furniture to the central objection of attraction, their quaint-looking proprietor, Mr. Jefferson himself. The reporter made known his errand as he seated himself on the sofa, and watched the effect of his announcement on the old gentleman. He at first appeared surprised and, answered, after some hesitation, "Yes, I believe I am the son of Thomas Jefferson. I have every reason to believe him to be my father, and no reason to think contrary."

After some persuasion on the part of the interviewer, the old gentleman continued:

"It is a short story, and easily told. My mother was a slave girl, a tall and handsome woman belonging to Mr. Christian, of Charleston, Va. Thomas Jefferson and my mother's master were warm personal friends, and frequently exchanged visits. Mr. Jefferson passing a good deal of his time in Charleston, and in Mr. Christian's house. My mother was one of the householders during the time he passed at her master