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ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1856.

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Does a general Real Estate Business. Sells Lands on Commission, examines Titles, makes Deeds, Mortgages, and all instruments pertaining to the transfer of Real Estate.

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

TONSORIAL. The old Barber shop, No. 47 is now owned and run by

J. R. Hawkins. It is the best fitted shop in the city, and the place is generally patronized by the people.

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30,000 Feet COTTONWOOD Lumber For Sale. Apply to J. C. Bausfield.

DR. A. G. OLIN. Private Hospital, 201st Street, Brownville, Neb. A new work, price 25 cents by mail. Brownville, Neb. 1879.

MARRIAGE GUIDE. A new work, price 25 cents by mail. Brownville, Neb. 1879.

RYKES' BEARD ELIXIR. A new work, price 25 cents by mail. Brownville, Neb. 1879.

The Little Cavalier.

He walks beside his mother, And looks up in her face; He wears a glow of childish pride With such a royal grace.

To see no trace of sorrow Upon her loving cheek; To gain her sweet approving smile, To hear her softly speak.

Look for him in the future Among the good, the true; All blessings on the upward way His little feet pursue.

THE LAWS OF NATURE. A Sermon by Prof. David Swing of Chicago.

Text—In His law he meditates day and night.—Psalms 1, 2.

It is one of the painful facts of our world that the Creator of man should be so invisible. To us, viewing the situation with an imperfect sense, it seems a misfortune that we must labor hard to prove that there is a God, and must then fail fully to convince others or ourselves, and that this argument must be made over and over by and for each generation.

The reaction in favor of law is in these days becoming very great. The kings which once studied the flight of birds, or listened for the first thunder on the right or left, are now studying the laws of industry and commerce and force and liberty, and feel that they must adjust their empire to these dictates of reason.

The people once thought that the same Jehovah which had made for them such a strange heaven, and yet more strange hell, had made also kings for them who could do no wrong; but all these entities have been affected by a deeper study of universal principles; and by as much as both rulers and subjects cast themselves upon the statutes of the great universe, so much do they all find more of success and happiness. It has been perfectly demonstrated that the more the people have to do with the laws of education and labor, the more they call to their aid the truths of science and of soil, and of machinery and honest barter, and the honest dicta of reciprocal right, the greater and happier they become.

Under this head of law I would place Christianity itself, and make it a leader, not so much by its inherent authority as by its rational qualities. If in the absence of God from sense we are to follow the laws, then we must bring all things to the law, for, should we not, then we have no trustworthy standard by which to interpret the commands of Christianity. It was once thought a most shocking sentiment of the late Albert Barnes that if his New Testament taught the right of slavery he should declare that some error had crept into the Testament, and not into the law of human conditions; but it is not to be doubted that the most of Christians will now make the same affirmation, and should their Testament seem to justify slavery or intemperance, they would defend liberty and sobriety, under the feeling that the unwritten laws of God are greater than all the manuscripts of antiquity. An error might find its way into a Greek epistle the more easily than into the human soul in its long study of right and wrong.

The God who is assumed to have made the Christianity is assumed also to have made the morals which surround us. The evidence that God gave us the Bible is no greater than the evidence that He passed the laws which seem to envelop us; and therefore, it is that we may often ask the latter fact to help us interpret the Hebrew or Greek text. Just as there are courts of equity to which cases may be referred, in which the written law might work a hardship to one party, so in the moral world there is a high equity, to which bar even the dignified form of Christianity may be called, that it be prevented from working ill to anyone, slave or subject, or pagan or infant. The most holy word of Christianity—"faith"—should itself have been interpreted in the large volume of nature, and have been saved from association with great crimes. It was hurried away from its import by fanaticism, and was emptied of all its deep friendship for Christ or God, and was made to mean an espousal of words and tenets. Luther's definition of faith and his delineation of its pow-

ers are the curiosities and the shame of religion. The number of men and women and children tortured and slain for not having the right kind of faith, whereas could the Christian term have been adjudicated in the courts of reason, it would have implied only a friendship for Christ, and would have bound into one brotherhood millions rent by discord. But faith was defined by superstition—not by nature.

Greatly as our age has been reformed by permitting Christianity to be interpreted by natural law, there are yet traces of the injury which can be and has been wrought when natural law has been set aside. Now and then comes some one who supersedes industry by prayer, and teaches men to pray for that which they should work or cease to wish. At times there comes along some one who will cure disease by a magic water, or by a mumbling of petitions, which would have shamed old India; but these phenomena have almost wholly disappeared in the comparison of our times with the past. Then superstition was everything and natural law nothing.

That most sickening tragedy of Poncelet, when the father and mother of a beautiful and tenderly-loved child felt called upon to offer their little daughter to God in sacrifice, may well remind the Christian world what sad work Christianity may perform when it cuts loose from natural law and acts upon some theory of voices heard in the night, or upon the order of some special revelation, or upon some incident in a miraculous history. This father and mother had been fed upon some form of Christianity, out of which God's daily rules of action have all been stricken—a Christianity which had made the universe all real to them, and to which they had given their lives.

The recent letter of the guilty mother is one of the most pitiful pages in all terrible volumes made up by modern events. She says that her husband daily felt that he must make some great trial of his own faith, and step by step he reached the conclusion that he must offer up his daughter to Jehovah. He went onward with the terrible preparation, not fortifying himself by any study of the laws of human life and right, the rights of children, the rights of society, the tender duty of parents, but by a study of the Bible, and by a study of the story of a patriarch who lived 4,000 years ago. The mother says: "My dear husband thought that before the knife should reach the child's heart God would be satisfied, and would stay the outstretched hand, but when this was not done, and the child lay dead in the house, we then faithfully believed that God would raise up our dead daughter, and through her resurrection preach with power the gospel of salvation." But this restoration did not come, and the lovely child sleeps in the cemetery. But if the resurrection of the little girl did not come to make effective the gospel, its decay and dust do come to render powerless the union between gospel and natural law, and to teach us anew and afresh that Jehovah loves His child-life and child-preservation as much as He loves the story of Abraham and Isaac. Had the child been in any way spared or recalled to life there is no infant in the Second Advent Church whose tender life would have been safe on its mother's bosom. We should have had mothers feeding poison to their children that they might see for themselves the intervention of God, and have seen each home seek its own miracle.

It will not be a sufficient explanation of this distressing murder to state that the parents were insane. Indeed their reasoning was unsound, and to that degree they were insane. But we need a better solution of the crime, and that solution is simply that when Christian teachers fill the minds of the common people with the idea that natural law is for atheists and infidels, and that Christians are partners of God, and enjoying miraculous advantages, then those teachers become the fountain of all such child-murders. In England recently the civil law was compelled to interfere to break up the delusion of some Christians who were treating their sick by means of prayer. They denied cleanliness and bath, and nutriment, and medicines, and were going to God in prayer. The law was compelled to intercede and set up against such a religion the natural laws of man. At Poncelet, in our own land, the same tendency of a miraculous religion has repeated itself in a way horrible enough to arouse the continent. Insanity! Of course it was, but of such a quality that in different degrees it holds in its sleazy spell tens of thousands of Christians.

It is rumored that we have clergy-men in this city who have discarded natural law and have cast themselves upon the same kind of miraculous Christianity which has just borne its bitter fruits in that little grave. I shall not mention any name lest the rumor might be false, and from hope that it may be false. But it is certainly reported that some preachers in our city deny all study and literature, and all this naturalism, and are enjoying the direct help of God in their meditation and their preaching. It is true or not in our latitude, it is true out of it, and tells us that there are extant among us causes which will spring into awful life from time to time to make wider than ever the distance between the church and the best manhood and womanhood.

In a book upon the interposition of God in favor of praying Christians a story is told of a widow who, in her morning prayer for food and other essentials, had omitted to ask for coal, but by a subsequent postscript to her prayer she soon brought to her cottage a good cart load. Now the difficulty with this story is just this: You and I know of good praying women in the depths of poverty who, after sewing all day and all night nearly, and whose prayers are sincere and mingled with many a tear, must yet go forth and buy ten cents' worth of coke or a bushel of coal at a time, and have done this often all through winter and storm. And if in this same city there are poor women who by prayer can get a whole load of coal at a time, then such a load of coal destroys the justice and goodness of God, and makes a Christian woman who sews long and prays fervently a subject of utter contempt in the kingdom of God. In a world where there is such respect of person with God you and I would want to be counted along with the praying women who buy ten cents' worth of coal at a time. Such books enhance prayer, but destroy God.

All this divorce of religion from sense or from rationalism is making religion work an injury to mankind. Prayer and all service and all natural law are inseparably blended. All these are God's and He loves the natural law as much as He loves prayer. It was my good fortune once to fall into conversation with a mechanic who had quit regular toil and was just entering upon what he called a life of trust. He was attending meetings each night and was conversing with a few lost men each day, and was about to trust God for the welfare of his wife and children and self. It was my task for an hour to combat his new philosophy. I could not tell him that God hated simple, abstract prayer. He was amazed. If you pray for God to bless your industry and your economy, your early rising and faithful work in your trade, then you will get help and answer all along, but if you pray for God to bless your prayer, God will mock at the petition.

Infinite wisdom will not reward prayer as a simple intellectual or spiritual act; but it will reward a prayer that asks help upon one's industry and economy. God is not so fond of compliments that He will like an old Oriental King deal out free viands and free raiment to those countries who will most flatter Him. It is the prayer of a laborer who rises early and lives temperately that God loves. He wants no compliments.

A Christianity well regulated by the unbending laws of the universe is what we all need in these times. Christ Himself indeed came personally, by a miracle, into the world, but we ask reason to interpret Him most perfectly to our intelligence. The turning of the other cheek to the striker, the hating father and mother for His sake, the forsaking all to follow Him, the leaving the dead to bury the dead, the life of faith, are all handed over to the great laws of the universe to be interpreted; and thus Jesus, having fallen into the world, at once mingles with its elements and becomes a part of the noble earth. And in the presence of such a religion that little girl in our East would not have been bound by a father's hand and killed by misguided faith, but she would to-day have been seeing the New England hills in their leafy green, and have heard the birds in the forest chanting the harmony between the God of the hills and the God of the Testament.

A religion left to the guidance of individual impulse—that is, to the dictates of men who hear voices from the sky—will always be the parent of vice and cruelty, or of abject indolence. The laws of nature, which regulate labor and property and rights and happiness, are the laws which must regulate Christianity as well. If God be absent from eye and ear and touch, then these laws are the instructions left us until the day of his coming. Not knowing that any one may repeat the act of Abraham and if so hand and see him leap aboard the breaking stage coach as if jolted by an hour later, Mr. Wilton sprang from his high perch beside the driver, and hurried up the narrow steps leading to the First National Bank of Sea Bend.

"I should like to have this check cashed at your earliest convenience," said our hero, thrusting the check through the teller's window. The teller looked at the check and at Mr. Wilton, then at the check again.

"Certainly—of course. Three hundred dollars to order of bearer, signed Sylvester Stephens."

"Eh? What's that?" and straightway upon the scene trotted the bearer of that imposing title.

"A check signed by you in favor of bearer for \$300."

"Who's the bearer?" eekled Mr. Sylvester Stephens, growing purple to the chin.

"The gentleman at your side."

Mr. Stephens adjusted his gold-bowed spectacles and took a moment's inventory of Mr. Wilton.

"Yes, yes, I know you—the fellow that's been hanging on to the heels of my family for the last half year, ostensibly to make a fool of himself by aspiring to my daughter's hand. I know you, sir—you insignificant six-foot cur! I know you! I know—"

And with a sudden gasp Mr. Sylvester Stephens suddenly subsided, and for a brief moment contented himself with glaring at our luckless hero from over the gold rim of his glasses.

"What's to be done sir?" broke in the teller.

"Done!" echoed Mr. Sylvester Stephens. "A pretty question for a man of your knowledge and years! Done! Why, arrest this forger at once!"

"But listen a moment!" blurted out Mr. Wilton. "I'll explain—no I won't either!" he added vainly, a moment later.

And so it happened that Gains Wilton dined on bread and water, and rested in the narrow enclosure of the Sea Bend jail room that day.

"A pretty piece of business!" gurgled Mr. Stephens, toddling into his wife's presence two hours after.

"What?" queried Mrs. Stephens in blissful serenity.

"That villainous scamp, Wilton!"

"What new enormity have you found in him?"

"Enormity? It wasn't an enormity, Sophia, but a check for \$300 with my name forged to it!"

Down went Mrs. Sylvester Stephens' hand with a sudden quick movement. Down went Mrs. Sylvester Stephens herself into the nearest chair.

"A forged check, Sylvester?" with a gasp.

"Yes, my dear, think of it! A veritable disgrace to us as well as the perpetrator! To think of his asking for our daughter only a week ago, and to-day testing the softness of a wooden bed and the strength of an iron cell!"

"He—he isn't arrested, is he Sylvester?"

"Arrested? Yes, madam! Gad me! I believe the woman's sorry for him!"

"Sylvester, you're a goose," said Mrs. Sylvester Stephens.

"I am not angling for compliments just now," emphasized that gentleman.

"You deserve them, nevertheless. Sylvester, that check was no forgery. I tore it from your draft-book, where there were a dozen like it all signed and ready to be filled in."

"Eh? How? What?" gurgled Mr. Sylvester Stephens. "What did you say, Sophia?"

"She says she is the wrong-doer, not Gains Wilton," said Mrs. Stephens, who had entered unnoticed.

What? What a wretched predicament we are in!" groaned Mr. Stephens.

"You have yourself to blame," sobbed his wife.

"It is uncertain which of you the prisoner will blame," said Verna, "and it seems to me you are wasting a vast amount of time in fault finding and tears. If either of you places the last value upon your honor, you had better go to Sea Bend immediately."

"And—and—conciliate him?" breathed Mrs. Stephens from behind her handkerchief.

"What can he do, anyhow?" queried Mr. Stephens, waxing brave and defiant.

"Do? Tell that you are a miser, and mother a forger and thief!" said Verna.

"Heavens!" and Mrs. Stephens rose hastily. Sylvester—"

"Yes, my dear."

And they went to Sea Bend by the afternoon stage, and from her window Verna watched them, her face over-spread with dimples prophetic of coming smiles.

"A lady and gentleman to see you sir," said the keeper, through the bars of Mr. Wilton's impromptu residence.

"My poor boy!" wailed Mrs. Stephens.

"A most unfortunate occurrence," said Mr. Stephens. "Sophia, do be quiet. You see it was all a sort of—a misunderstanding, with something of a scandal attached to it. We hope—"

"I have entered a suit already," said Mr. Wilton, deliberately folding his arms upon his breast and glaring as savagely as possible at the two miscreants beyond the bars.

"Suit?" shrieked Stephens.

"Suit?" echoed the lady.

"That is precisely what I said. The suit was entered some six months ago for the possession of your daughter's hand. If you do not relinquish all right thereto, I shall edify Sea Bend with a recital of Mr. Stephens' pecuniary meanness and Mrs. Stephens' forgery."

"What day's say?" stammered Mr. Stephens.

"He wants our consent to his marriage with our daughter."

"The scoundrel! Sophia, is it all your fault! I declare, I'm going out of my wits!" And Mr. Stephens' vocabulary was exhausted—as is my space.

The upshot of it all was a quiet wedding a month after. And that was how the gulf between two hearts was bridged by a strip of paper.—Waverley.

A Big Job.

That is what Lincoln would have called a 'big job,' and Chandler used the right word when he said to the confederate majority: 'What is the job you have undertaken? You are going to undo all that the republican party has done?'

Where do you begin? Do you begin at Appomattox, or before?

It is very important to know where you commence, and then to know where you propose to stop.

You have undertaken a very large job for a party of your size, and with the people who sit in judgment on your acts. But you will deny that you have undertaken the job?'

The willow is fast becoming a rival to the eucalyptus for its anti-malarial properties. In the region of Asia Minor about Ephesus, the prevalence of malaria has steadily diminished as the tree has been introduced.

Through the efforts of Mr. Van Leeuwen, Swedish Consul at Smyrna, the willow is now extensively grown in districts which were treeless twenty years ago.

before them in his chariot, cannot hear Him deliver a battle charge on the eve of these mighty conflicts with the ranks of sin, regret that they cannot see that Right Hand part the clouds and show them where the path of Christian heroism shall end in victory and peace, but, unable to behold Him upon whom is written King of kings, they can only look into the book of the laws and find there the marchings of the day and hour; find there the music of the perpetual adoration. The act of an Abraham was that of an hour and of one man; no Christian dares imitate it; the Elijah who received his food from the wild ravens was the incident of a strange day; no Christian will dare ask the ravens for bread; but the laws of nature are from everlasting to everlasting, the basis of all action and faith and hope. The doctrines of Christianity must mingle with these—kindred drops in the great cup of life.

A DAY'S EPISODE.

BY WILLIS ORIBBLE.

"If it wouldn't be asking too much, now—" said Mrs. Sylvester Stephens, looking down at her filligree fan. She was sipping iced lemonade out on the veranda of the Bay View House, Fla. coast, she and Mr. Gains Wilton.

"Too much!" echoed Mr. Wilton, in mild disdain. "My dear Mrs. Stephens, as if such a thing could be!" Mrs. Sylvester Stephens laughed—a tiny, delicious ripple of harmony.

"There, there, Mr. Wilton, don't rush into the vortex of avowals again! Have some pity upon my nerves, and remember that women of forty odd—"

"What possible trouble could it be?" queried Mr. Wilton.

Mrs. Sylvester Stephens sipped the last draught of lemonade, from her glass before she answered his counter query.

"To be truthful, I thought you might not care to go out of your way to serve me, after—the event of last week."

"Oh! about my proposal to Verna, and your refusal to let me have her?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Stephens. For you must know that Mr. Gains Wilton had followed Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Stephens to Florida for but one purpose—namely to make love to pretty Verna Stephens under the sweet scented magnolia trees; and he had carried out his purpose most effectually, so for as the love-making went; beyond that, it was a complete failure.

"Verna shan't marry any one," said Mr. Sylvester Stephens. "And of course you are too honorable to think of an elopement," said Mrs. Stephens.

And that is how matters stood on this warm October morning, when Mrs. Stephens and Mr. Wilton were sipping iced lemonade on the veranda of the Bay View House.

"I'll go out once for the check," said the lady suddenly. "And do be careful of it, Mr. Wilton, and tell no one of your mission; remember that, above all things." And she walked past him into the house, carrying with her a strong breath of wood violets and a heavy rustle of trailing velvet.

Five minutes later she returned, just in time to slip a neatly folded block of paper into Mr. Wilton's hand and see him leap aboard the breaking stage coach as if jolted by an hour later, Mr. Wilton sprang from his high perch beside the driver, and hurried up the narrow steps leading to the First National Bank of Sea Bend.

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