

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$3.00 One copy, six months, 1.50 One copy, three months, .50 No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. Judge, C. W. WATSON. District Attorney, WILLIAM H. HOOVER. County Officers. O. H. STULL, County Judge...

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Methodist Episcopal Church, First Sabbath at 10 o'clock, Rev. J. M. McKeon, Pastor.

TEMPLES OF HONOR.

Methodist Episcopal Church, First Sabbath at 10 o'clock, Rev. J. M. McKeon, Pastor.

ROD RIBBON CLUB.

Methodist Episcopal Church, First Sabbath at 10 o'clock, Rev. J. M. McKeon, Pastor.

WOMANIC.

Methodist Episcopal Church, First Sabbath at 10 o'clock, Rev. J. M. McKeon, Pastor.

BUSSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, Physician and Surgeon. L. L. HULBURD, Attorney at Law. STULL & THOMAS, Attorneys at Law.

First National Bank. AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT. BROWNVILLE. Paid-up Capital, \$50,000. Authorized "500,000".

General Banking Business. BUY AND SELL GOLD AND CURRENCY DRAFTS on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe.

MONEY LOANED. On approved security only. Time Drafts discount, and special accommodations granted to depositors.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY IN NEBRASKA. William H. Hoover. Does a general Real Estate Business.

J. L. ROY, Undertaker. Keeps a full line of BURIAL CASES & CASKETS.

At The GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE OF T. L. JONES. In the place to get Groceries, Provisions, Confections, Fine Cigars, Toilet Soap, Canned Goods, Fresh Butter, Etc., Etc.

FEED STORE. We also keep all the best brands of flour, and everything usually kept in a first class grocery store.

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.

TONSORIAL WORK. THE BEST DYES made are always in preparation.

Chemistry of Character. John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul, God in His wisdom created them all.

Then she stopped, and a blush flashed over the unfaded beauty of her countenance. "Agnes!" cried the man, who had once been her lover.

She had never been false to him except in leaving him untried, and he, in his softened mood, spoke to her as a lover speaks to the one woman of his life-long worship.

But the second day, when he awoke, and he felt his strength coming back, his fantasies vanished. "I must request my ministering angel to send me home," he thought.

He looked at the little chamber, but she was not there. "Dr. Willetts tells me that only your gentle nursing has saved his life," a man's low whisper was saying.

"You are not old, Reggy," she observed tenderly, "and most desirable women admire you. Why should you not marry again and rear up a family of heirs and heiresses of your own?"

"I loved her," he said. "Impossible! You could not have truly loved a variety actress." "And why?" he demanded, with energy.

"Yes," responded his sister, pursuing her vantage with vigor, "he would have married her had not I threatened him with expulsion from his home and utter and eternal dishonor."

"But you see if you make him your heir he will be independent of my riches," said Mrs. Guino, appealingly. "He shall never have a dollar of mine except on conditions that will make it impossible for him to take a wife from a class beneath him," answered the wealthy man.

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"No matter what rank vegetables may attain, the cabbage will always be a head."

Rose raised her voice a key higher. "Let him hear, then! Perhaps you had better sit and watch that he does not faint and fall."

She swept haughtily into the house, leaving Bell with her cheeks flushing and a compassion born of the sweet womanly sympathy glowing in her deep blue eyes as she watched the man walk slowly, and painfully along, and finally halt at the gate, as if in utter discouragement at the long stretch of road between him and the next house, where he might find what Rose had rudely denied—the magnificent country seat of Lionel Granville, from whose doors no beggar was ever turned away hungry.

"Here, please. It isn't much, but it's all I have to spare. Take it, then at the money."

"You are very kind, but you are mistaken. I only want—"

"Never mind, please. I think I can see you are proud; but please take it. There!"

"Well, Bell, of course we'll go. I'll take some money I can spare and get some suisses, and wear natural flowers with it; and I know you have a sovereign laid away for an emergency."

"Give a sovereign to a tramp—a beggar! Well, if it doesn't pass my comprehension!"

"You foolish child. I can tell you our faces and our handsome dresses—if we had them—would take us where our family name would not. And I can tell you something else, Bell, the little gate at the roadside opened at that instant, and the sound of lagging footsteps coming toward the house interrupted Rose's remark, and then a dusty, travel-stained man paused at the foot of the steps, and touched his dingy hat-rim to the girls."

"The man turned away slowly, as if to move with an effort, and Bell sprung up in an impulse of remonstrative protest.

Chemistry of Character.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul, God in His wisdom created them all. John was a statesman, and Peter a slave, Robert a preacher, and Paul—a knave.

John was the head and the heart of his State. He was trusted and honored, was noble and great. Peter was made "neath life's burdens to groan, and never once dreamed that his soul was his own."

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Summer in Texas.

Did you ever hear of a drought—regular Texas stew? No! then I'll invoke my painting tins and And issue a verso or two.

Thermometer at ninety at 9. One hundred degrees at 4. And ninety again at 4 p. m. For a full month or more.

Not a drop of dew by night. Not a drop of rain by day. The wells and cisterns getting dry. And the creeks have run away.

A LUCKY SOVEREIGN. They made a strikingly contrasting picture standing in the warm June twilight, and the fragrant odor of the roses and the budding grape vines lingered around them as if the tender scents were diting tributes to them.

Two fair young girls, the same age to an hour, and unlike as sisters could be, and each a perfect type of her own style of loveliness—both of them peeresses in their royal vesture of beauty.

Rose stood leaning against the railing of the veranda, her haughty eyes, that could melt from the cool, brilliant gray they now looked into such liquid darkness when occasion required—splendid, calm, cool eyes—were gleaming away out into the gathering dusk that was falling in the purple-gate veil of tissue over wood and lawn.

She turned her face toward her companion. Here eyes suddenly called in their wandering, listless glances, and showing a half-veiled, half-amused expression.

"Bell, how much longer are we going to stay here?—at least how much longer do you want to stop? I am sure I shall die of ennui if I have much more of it."

"Oh, don't think of going back to town yet, Rose. I wish we might never have to go."