

G. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning at BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$2.00; One copy, six months, \$1.00; One copy, three months, .50.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1879.

VOL. 24.—NO. 9.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors.

ADVERTISING RATES: One inch, one year, \$10.00; Each succeeding inch, per year, \$8.00; One inch, one month, 1.00.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. S. B. POUND, District Attorney; W. M. WATSON, District Clerk; WILLIAM H. HOOVER, District Clerk.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches. Methodist Church, Services Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Baptist Church, Services Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

SCHOOLS.

Common School, Teachers: J. M. McKeon, Principal; Miss L. T. Tucker, Assistant.

TEMPLES OF HONOR.

Knights of Honor, Meetings every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

MASSONS.

Newman Valley Lodge No. 4, F. & A. M., Meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

SOCIETIES.

County Fair Association, Meetings every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, Physician and Surgeon; J. L. HULBURD, Attorney at Law; STULL & THOMAS, Attorneys at Law; T. L. SCHICK, Attorney at Law; S. A. OSBORN, Attorney at Law; J. H. BROADY, Attorney and Counselor at Law; W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law; J. W. GIBSON, Blacksmith and Horse Shaver; PAT. CLINE, Patent and Shoe Maker; B. M. BAILEY, Shipper and Dealer in Live Stock; CHARLES HELMER, Fashionable Boot and Shoe; JACOB MAROHN, Merchant Tailor.

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Authorized Capital, \$50,000. Authorized " 500,000. General Banking Business. COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS.

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OLDEST REAL ESTATE AGENCY IN NEBRASKA.

William H. Hoover. Does general Real Estate Business, Sells Lands on Commission, examines Titles, makes Leases, Mortgages, and all instruments pertaining to the transfer of Real Estate.

J. L. ROY, Undertaker

Keeps a full line of BURIAL CASES & CASKETS. Ornamented and Plain. Also Shrouds for men, ladies and infants.

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 every thing usually kept in a first class grocery store.

T. A. BATH, City Meat Market

is now proprietor of the City Meat Market, and is prepared to accommodate the public with GOOD, FRESH, SWEET MEAT.

Brownville, Nebraska. JE THOMAS

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. Pain medicine for rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, etc.

By and By.

There's a little mischief maker, Who is stealing half our time, Stealing pictures in a dreamland, That are never seen in this, Dangling from our lips the pleasures Of the present while we sigh; You may know this mischief maker By the name of By and By.

When the call of duty hurls us, And the present seems to be All this time that ever mortal Snatches from dark eternity; Then a fair hand seems putting Pictures on a distant sky; Oh, a cunning little maker Trust him not, this By and By.

WAS IT A VISION?

You don't believe in ghost stories, my friend; neither do I, as a general thing, but far arrive at the age of discretion without the occurrence of some peculiar event that cannot be explained away by any usual way of solving doubts. I tell you the simple tale that follows as it was told me. I only premise it by stating that it is strictly true, the names alone being fictitious.

On one of the principal streets of the city of Savannah stands a large, massive built house. It had been a palatial home in the days when the century was still in its youth; but gradually as the city expanded it grew beyond it, until commerce, with its noisy traffic, invaded its quiet precincts, rendering it unfit for a home.

The original owners, during its clustering memories, but when in due time they were gathered to their fathers, the young surviving members concluded to leave the old mansion and seek quieter quarters elsewhere.

There was an only daughter, a fair young girl, about to be married to a gentleman living in the northern part of the State. Our families were intimate, and the telegram announcing her death came while we were at dinner.

"What style of a woman was she?" asked the doctor. "I have not seen her very lately myself, but was recalling to-day her appearance on her wedding night, just ten years ago. She was tall and a perfect blonde with any quantity of waving, golden hair, always caught loosely back. Her eyes were of a deep blue, with long dark lashes shading them."

"Frank," said Mr. Mortimer, "you have unconsciously suggested to me some rude ideas of the supernatural. While I was alone this afternoon I had a lady visitor of the description you have just given. Unless Dr. John recognizes the likeness as some patient of his, I am afraid I was face to face with a disembodied spirit."

Spiritualism.

For every man interested in the question of immortality we have the profoundest sympathy. It is a question which has an intense, abiding interest for every thoughtful mind.

No reply. "No apparent consciousness of his presence, but with an uncertain step she turned toward the front door."

"Madam," he again said, "if you wish to see my brother he is absent; but let me light the gas in his office, it is almost dusk."

"Still no answer. No intimation that he had been heard. The lady continued her walk to the other room, and they entered together. Matches were always beneath the burner and in an instant every corner of the darkened room had been illumined by the gas.

Mr. Mortimer glanced around to see where the strange guest might have seated herself, when, to his consternation, she was gone. The outer door was locked; he saw that in his hasty survey. It was but a moment's time to rush through his own deserted office down on the stairs and out into the streets, where there were but few pedestrians, and those only men wrapped in overcoats.

Baffled and puzzled, he returned to his office to search once more every possible and impossible hiding-place, until finally he pushed aside his papers, stirred his fire into a blaze, and sat down to await his brother.

When Dr. Mortimer did return he brought back (no unusual thing) a young friend for a social gossiping hour's chat. Of course the curious visitor, who might turn out to be only an eccentric patient, was not attended to, and the talk drifted in various ways until the very room they were sitting in suggested the last item of news to the visitor.

"By the way, this old house will pass to other hands now, for the owner died to-day at her home in the northern part of the State. Our families were intimate, and the telegram announcing her death came while we were at dinner."

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JEFFERSON DAVIS FOR SENATOR.

The Sovereign State of Mississippi Will Elect Him to the Upper House and a Democratic Congress Will Seat Him.

Special Telegram to the Evening News. ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7.—Your correspondent has just seen a Mississippi member of Congress, who, with a party of friends from Vicksburg, is stopping at the Planters'. After a discussion of the danger from yellow fever, of the negro exodus, and of the crops, the conversation drifted into politics in general, and finally gathered about the next United States Senator to succeed Bruce.

"Is the coming man known?" asked your correspondent.

"Known? Of course he is," answered the member of Congress. "He is the best known man in the world at which he had been exceptionally deprived. Then the State of Mississippi, as with one voice, will demand his election as Senator."

"We are in dead earnest in this matter," said the Congressman. "You may think this nothing but talk. You'll find his business, you Northerners. We've the power to do this, and we're going to do it, sure."

The conversation showed that the people, whose sentiments may be regarded as typical for the State, were serious in their belief that Mr. Davis would be restored to citizenship, and that he would be made United States Senator immediately succeeding such restoration.

Spotted Tail and Schurz.

WASHINGTON, August 5.—The secretary of the interior department has a letter from Spotted Tail, who says both he and his people want to be like the whites. We have a good country and behave ourselves and work. The letter thus closes:

I want to tell you these last words. I have had enough of the military. I want my people to work. I want no more shooting, and have had my belly full. We want to freight and work ground. I never laughed but once; that was when the agent of the Low or Brules said I kept his people here. They visited us and I fed them and my people gave them 300 head of horses and sent them all home to their agent. Since we have been here my people have had no whisky. When ever the military is here there is always whisky, and that makes trouble. I want you to come here and stay a month and see how it is. My friend, this is all I have to tell you.

The Iron Trade.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 7.—The Post and Dispatch of this evening prints an article on the iron trade of this city, which shows there is a marked revival in iron manufactures and iron mining. Four large establishments are now running to their full capacity. The Vulcan Works, one of the largest in the country, expected to resume operations in the fall, and the St. Louis stamping company are putting up a rolling mill to produce sheet-iron for their own use, which they have heretofore been obliged to import. There are also four blast furnaces in full operation in South St. Louis, and the demand for Missouri iron exceeds production.

An Old Game Successfully Played.

TRSCOLA, ILL., August 7.—A wealthy farmer and stock dealer here, Mr. Ephraim Dressback, has just been freed by two sharp villains, agents of a windmill company in Indianapolis. He accepted an agency for this county, and signed an agreement and order for six mills, to be paid for when sold. This agreement was on very this paper, and underneath it he signed a note for \$500. This note the villains sold in Oakland, and fled. The note came on Mr. Dressback for payment. It is an old game, but it caught a sharp man.

Sorrowful Experience of a Good Old Man in a Sleeping Car.

It was in a Pullman "sleeper," between Albany and Buffalo. Among the passengers were a middle-aged couple, evidently on their first journey, and a sour-faced old maid, rather desolated in her general effect, who was traveling alone. The couple had an upper berth, and the "maiden" was stricken in years; the upper berth in adjoining an section. In the same car were a couple of frolicsome youths, ready for any sort of mischief. Bed time came, and all hands retired. But the husband could not sleep. Whether it was because of the motion of the cars, the noise, or the novelty of the situation, he could not tell, but try as he would, he could not sleep. At length it occurred to him that he was thirsty. The more he thought of it, the more thirsty he got. So he called the porter, who brought the ladder and helped him down. Now, while he was gone for the water, one of the "boys" stepped out of bed and shifted the ladder so that it rested against the berth in which the ancient maiden was sleeping, and then returned to his bed to note the result. In a moment or two the husband, anxious and crept quietly up the steps, anxious to make as little noise as possible so as not to awaken his wife. The occupant of the berth thus rudely intruded upon awoke with a start, and screamed. The husband, supposing it to be his easily frightened wife, tried to reassure her, and said:

"It is only me."

"Only you, you old scoundrel," said the venerable maiden, "I'll teach you a lesson," and with that she seized him by the hair of his head and screamed for help. Then he howled with pain. Then his wife, awakened by the noise, discovered where her husband was, and raised her voice in lamentation, heaping reproaches upon her faithless spouse. Then the passengers all got up and demanded an explanation of the commotion, and foremost among them was the wretched husband who had caused it all. Then the husband, covered with confusion, and utterly unable to account for what he had done, climbed down from his perch and slunk away to bed, where he was soundly lectured for his faithlessness. Altogether it was a most uncomfortable though ludicrous situation, and the glances of defiance that were exchanged between the wife and the old maid all through the next day were a study.

The Sun Cholera Medicine.

More than twenty years ago, when it was found that cholera was a contagious disease, a prescription drawn up by eminent doctors was published in the New York Star, and it took the name of the Sun cholera medicine.

Our contemporary never lent its name to a better article. We have seen it in constant use for nearly two score years, and found it to be the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised.

No one who has this by him, and takes it in time, will ever have the cholera.

We commend it to all our friends. Even when no cholera is anticipated, it is as excellent a remedy for ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, etc.

North and South.

A Southern mother, irritated beyond measure, calls to her exasperating boy: "Jeems K. Polk Buzzer! Yo' trifling little rascal! Cuss'hyar to me! I'll war' yo' out!"

Now listen to the gentle Northern mother, mildly chiding her thoughtless offspring: "Hearded Townsendsen Ponowell! Go round to the back of the heaons and drive that enow enow of them punkins! Start yourself, now, if you don't want to get a lickin'! [Aside.] 'I sawn, ther' ought to be a penoud far them 'ere enows.'"

AN INTERRUPTED STORY.

As Told by Old Bodkin in Part, but Never Finished. Madison Courtier. Old Bodkin likes a game of euhbre, but he is such an inveterate narrator of pious incidents that he often makes it unpleasant for others by trying to play and tall yarn at the same time. The other evening he began a story just as he and three others sat down to play a social game. He said: "It was in 1849 that a family by the name of Gobins emigrated from Greenbrier county, Virginia—out for deal—to the glorious west—shooks, I never could get anything bigger than a ten-spot. There were seven in the family: three girls and four boys. The girls were bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, I was—graceful gazelle, and two of the boys were big enough to handle their axes and rifles—'ye turn it down? I'll make it clubs—"

and could help their father a right the dog my picture if it would be a good joke if we could skunk 'em the first game. They thought it would be a good game to play, and the old man unhit his horses—well, well, what a foolish play was that of mine; it give 'em one on our deal—and one of the boys ran to the spring to get a drink—pass—it was one of the hot springs—play, Cap. don't be so undecided—and when he touched his lips to the water—that's our trick—he bounced up and yelled to the old man—whose axe is that? I'll salivate it with a trump—yelled to the old man, 'hitch up and drive on, dad! He'll not half a mile from here!'

How did you come by these points? Seems to me you're good counters if you can't play much. Well, sir, it had the effect to—diamonds? haven't any; pass—change the old man's opinion of Arkansas, and—what led? Spades. Have a little one—he started across the wilds for Oregon."

Thus old Bodkin continued the same narrative through thirteen games, and when the party arose from the table at 10 o'clock, Bodkin had the Gobins family away out beyond the alkali desert in the sage brush, with their horses stolen and two of the girls captured by Indians—the boys following the Plutes with their rifles, and the old woman a raving maniac. And yet the story was not more than half completed when the party walked off to the narrator.

A St. Louis drummer makes affidavit that the following is a literal copy of rules posted in a school house of the interior of the State: Each pupil is required to make a bow on entering the School-House of a morning and so leaving of Evening the School Room.

There shall be no profane language used in School or on the play ground nor there shall be no pin sticking, pinching, scratching nor taggin nor no thing nor no ussery whispering in school.

No Pupil shall leave the school House without the permission of the Teacher.

No ussery moving from seat to seat.

No flitting on the road from, or to school, nor on nixk naming. Every pupil over eight years is subject to these rules and the teacher is to make the allowance for all Pupil under eight years and enforce the rules accordingly. If any scholar breaks these rules the shall be punished by switchin.—St. Louis Times-Journal.

A SAFETY HALTER.

The habit of pulling at and breaking the halter is frequent with horses, both in the stable and when tied to a hitching post. It is not difficult to cure this habit by using a halter made expressly for this purpose. A description of such a halter is given by a correspondent as follows: It is made of stout harness leather, in the same manner as a common halter, excepting that it is provided with two chin straps, which are connected with a strong iron ring. The tie-strap is passed through this ring. When the horse is tied, the nose-band is tightened in proportion to the force with which the tie-strap is pulled, and the pressure over the nostrils stops the breathing, or interferes so much with it, that the horse is soon obliged to abandon his efforts to break the fastening.

"Bill Jones" said a bullying robin to another lad, "the next time you see me I'll dog you like anything."

"Well," replied Bill, "I ain't often mch alone; I cemmonly have my legs and fets with me."

The pain of parting is keenest to those who go, but it stays longer with those who are left behind.

"What kind of a conviction?" "It is a Republican Convention, my friend."

"I ndade, I thought so. I haven't seen a drukeen man today."

The Inter-Ocean says, "The tide of emigration to the West has begun for the season. Nebraska is the objective point in most cases."

Maj. Leland, the veteran hotel man of Saratoga, is dead.