

Nebraska Advertiser

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

VOL. 24.—NO. 18.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. Judge, S. R. PETERSON; District Attorney, J. W. WATSON; County Clerk, WILLIAM M. HOOVER.

County Officers. County Judge, JOHN S. STULL; Clerk and Recorder, WILLIAM M. HOOVER; Treasurer, H. W. BLANK.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches. Methodist Ch. Church, - Services each Sabbath at 10 a. m., and 7 p. m., Sunday School at 9 a. m., Pastor, W. W. WATSON.

Schools. Brownville Union Graded School, - H. M. WATSON, Principal; High School, - Miss Lou Tucker, Grammar School, - Miss Lou Tucker.

Business Cards. S. HOLLADAY, Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician, graduated in 1857; J. L. HULBURD, Attorney at Law.

Business Cards. J. W. GIBSON, Blacksmith and Horse Shoer; PAT. CLINE, Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker.

Business Cards. B. M. BAILEY, Live Stock; W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

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Advertisement for Joseph Body's Fresh Meat Market, No. 43, featuring 'Old Reliable Meat Market' and 'Give Him a Call'.

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Advertisement for First National Bank, Brownville, Nebraska, with 'Paid-up Capital, \$50,000' and 'Authorized 500,000'.

Advertisement for General Banking Business, including 'United States and Europe' and 'Money Loans'.

Advertisement for T. L. Jones' Grocery and Provision Store, featuring 'Groceries, Provisions, Fine Cigars, Toilet Soap, Canned Goods, Fresh Butter, Etc., Etc., Etc.'

Advertisement for TUTT'S PILLS, 'The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age', for various ailments.

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Advertisement for JACOB MAROHN, Merchant Tailor, 'Dresser and dealer in Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloth, Vestings, Etc., Etc., Brownville, Nebraska.'

The Mormon Endowment House. Graphic Exposure of the Treasonable Institution, Where Polygamous Marriages are Solemnized.

By an Eye Witness. Salt Lake Daily Tribune, Sept. 28th, 1879. The Mormon endowment House is a plain adobe building, two stories high, built like a small dwelling house.

On a certain day, not necessary to mention, I went to the Endowment House at eight o'clock in the morning, taking with me my endowment clothes, (consisting of garments, robe cap, apron and moccasins.)

On going up to the desk I presented my recommendation to the bishop in whose ward I was staying, and Geo. Reynolds, who was then acting as clerk, asked me my name, those of my parents, when and where I was born, and when I was baptized into the Mormon Church.

That over, he told me to go to my hat, cloak and shoes in that room; and taking up my bundle, I went into the room, where I was waiting till it came my turn to be washed.

THE WASHING. One of the women, an officiating high priestess, told me to come behind a curtain, where I could hear a great deal of splashing and subdued conversation. I went, and after I was undressed, I had to step into a long bath, about half full of water, when another woman proceeded to wash me.

Another woman was standing beside her with a large wooden spoon and some green olive oil in a cow's horn. This woman poured the oil out of the spoon into Bathsheba's hand, who immediately put it on my head, ears, eyes, mouth, and every part of my body.

She then turned me over to the woman who had washed me, and who whispered my new and celestial name in my ear. I believe I am to be called up in the morning of the resurrection by it. It was 'Sarah.' I felt disappointed. I thought I should have received a more distinguished name.

gentleman, dressed in a plain black morning suit, with a little apron on, a most demure expression on his face and joyfully rubbing his hands. This gentleman was supposed to be 'the Devil.' Certainly his appearance made the supposition quite easy.

THE WEAK-KNEED CAN BACK OUT. Joseph F. Smith then came to where we were all waiting, and told us that if 'we wanted to back out, now was our time,' because we should not be able to get through.

Adam consented, and immediately after he said, 'Oh, what have I done and how foolish I was to listen to you.' He said that he could see himself, and that he had no clothes on, and they must see some fig leaves together.

They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consisted in putting the thumb on the knuckle of the index finger, and clasping the hands round.

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POLYGAMY ENJOINED. Peter then gave the second grip of the Aaronic or Lesser Priesthood, which consisted of putting the thumb and second fingers and clasping the hands round.

After he had sealed ourselves, Jehovah told Adam and Eve that they could eat of every tree in the garden except of this particular apple tree, for on the day that they ate of it they should surely die.

very full on the shoulder and round the waist. There was also a long narrow piece of cloth tied around the waist called 'the ash.' It was placed on the right shoulder to receive this grip.

They then proceeded to give us the first grip of the Melchizedek or Higher Priesthood, which is said to be the same as that Christ held. The thumb is placed on the knuckle of the index finger, and the index finger is placed straight along the palm of the hand.

And now the highest or grand grip of the Melchizedek priesthood was given. We clasped each other round the hand with the point of the index finger resting on the wrist, and little fingers firmly linked together.

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stood by to instruct the women told them to repeat after her a most disgusting formula or oath. I cannot remember it all thoroughly, but what I do consist of 'the heart and the liver, the belly and the thighs, the marrow and the bones.'

They then released their hold of each other, and the priestess taking the woman to the opening, knocked the same as they did at the men's entrance, and the gatekeeper having asked 'Who is there?' and the priestess having replied, 'Eve, having been faithful in all things, desires to enter.'

MORMON THEOLOGY EXPLAINED. Before I go farther, I must tell you what they believe the entrance into heaven is to be gained on the morning of the resurrection.

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About Indian Dogs. Let me give you a recipe for making an Indian dog, such as we found along Grand Traverse Bay: Take an old-fashioned wash-bench from five to eight feet long; saw the legs off to within six or eight inches of the bench; drive a couple of pegs in slanted forwards for ears, another slanted at forty-five degrees for a tail, and you have just such an Indian canine as you see around Torch Lake and New Mission.

When we were in Elk Rapids three days we were joined by Deacon Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati Gazette, a clergyman from Chicago, a doctor from Louisville and a Judge from Ohio. They were tired of fishing and wanted a change, and we hired a sailboat and went up the bay to New Mission. Here Indian dogs prevailed till you couldn't rest. Deacon Smith began laughing while yet a half mile from shore, and the clergyman from Chicago declared that he'd never go to another managerie which didn't include a 'wash-bench' (dog) among its natural curiosities.

Several Indians came down to meet us and exhibit the sand-cracks in their heels and beg for money and tobacco, and one solemn old veteran with a broken nose soon discovered that we were tickled to death with the odd-shaped dogs. Sending a boy to a hut for a rope, the old man caught a particularly lively 'wash-bench' and tied him to a stake on the beach. We were all thinking he meant to kill the canine with a club, when he came forward and explained that 'we might throw stones at the dog as long as we wanted to for a cent a throw. It was the oldest thing yet encountered, and it drew a full house.'

'Count me in for fifty throws!' shouted the Judge, as he heaved his coat and grabbed for pebbles. 'If I can't knock his blasted head off in ten shots, I'll make the Gazette a midnight paper!' chuckled Deacon Smith as he hung his coat on a limb. All of us were eminently satisfied with the low rates and fun ahead except the Chicago preacher. He declared that it was a sin of the biggest sort, and that he wouldn't stay and see old 'wash-bench' keeled over. He withdrew behind the pines, and that was the end of the dog and began business. It wasn't more than 200 feet to the dog, and each one of us felt certain that we could plump him at every shot. Alas! these Indian dogs are a set of base deceivers! You might as well try to hit a flash of lightning. Heat there on the sand as cool as ice until we had wasted fifteen cents apiece and got 'hunger. Then he got down to business. Such twisting and dodging no man ever saw before. It made no difference to him whether we threw singly or all four at once—he dodged every stone.

'Fifty more throws, and two to one that I feel him over!' shouted the Judge, as he tossed the odd red skin a second half-dollar. 'I accept the amendment and demand a fair show,' added the Deacon, as he finished up a dollar bill from his vest pocket. 'Gentlemen,' said the Chicago preacher, from his retreat in the pines, 'I protest against this in the name of humanity! Some of you will hit that dog yet!'

'Blowed if we don't!' muttered Deacon Smith, and we got to work again. I believe we cheated that dried-up, smoked-faced old Indian out of more than 300 extra shots. We plowed the beach all up behind and under the dog; we threw over him, and under him and alongside of him, but we never touched a hair. At last, when the four of us had thrown away about six dollars, the Deacon picked up a club and started for the stake, saying: 'No darned wash-bench of a dog can put up a job on me and live to behold my sorrow!'

I think he might possibly have hit the dog with his club, but before he got to the stake the brute slipped the rope and made for the pines. The Chicago preacher was gathering wintregreens up there, and the dog got between us by running over him, biting him in the leg, and rolling him down a sand-buff twenty feet high. We dropped down on the sand to laugh, and the good man must have been offended at our sinfulness. It was one of thirty-six hours before he spoke to us of us again.—M. Peard, in Detroit Free Press.

SQUASH PIE.—Stew the squash as usual with a little salt; rub it through a colander, and have it perfectly smooth; mix the squash with sweet milk; if you have cream it will be all the better; make it about as thick as batter, adding the yelks of two eggs; sweeten with pulverized sugar to taste; flavor with rose-water, or with nutmeg; line a pie-dish; fill with squash, and bake for half an hour; if you do not want a pie make fritters, and fry brown, with good butter; when about to serve, sprinkle a little sugar on them. Squash does not require much sweetening.

The difference between a hen and a mouse-trap is that the mouse-trap can't set itself.—Stillwater Lumberman.

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