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THE ADVERTISER

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PROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

No more can I a sinner be-Not from Christ as a sinner flee-But at his feet forever rest

No more can I a sinner be.
Asking blessings Lord of Thee,
As I see you on the tree
Suff'ring, bleeding, dying for me.

Gentle Savior, let me to In your cause be bold and true,

Now my task on earth is done, And the gates of Heaven won, And I see the rents so wide In my Savior's hands and side.

Brownville, Nov. 2, 1879.

HER CHOICE.

fashion, what on earth he is going to do with himself for the next month. If, he soliloquizes, he even knew any one in the country! Of course, they will all call, the Katkins espec Brownville Lodge, No. — meets every Monday evening in Old Fellow Hall. Visiting brotha bore. And dinners where French cooks are unknown-pah! He doesn't know a tenant on his estate, or a landlord in the district, except old Major Hyde, who, probably, would be considered unendurable in town

He wonders, vaguely, what Thistleton is doing now, and Dunmore, and 'A lady wishes to see you, sir,' saye

Hickson, speaking in a respectful un-

his most miserable air, and prepares for an ignominious defeat.

well bred monotone. some precipitancy, makes a deferential bow. There is extreme respect, Does a general Real Estate Business. Sells though a good deal of irrepressible

Lands on Commission, examines Titles, surprise, in his manner as his eyes makes Deeds, Mortgages, and all Instrumeets hers. She is young-about three-andtwenty-very slender, very excellently formed, of middle height, and extremely pretty. Her eyes are a clear. covered by a large hat, trimmed about a paltry few pounds a year, with indignation. dark gray; her light brown hair is

looks at her, repents him of the 'begferent motives.

nonth.'

the truth-'

er has it : but our lease has expired.'

know so little of my tenants or their wishes or concerns,' he says. 'I know, indeed, nothing of the neighborhood. My living so much abroad stand my own company. new lease-is that it?'

that stretch to the south of us, but,

home.'

ly upon the table near her. 'Have you spoken to Graham?' asks Dugdale, who, just at this mo- so sad, I suppose.' ment, could have soundly rated his

rew's eyes. They droop. but there is a faint weariness, a curi- never held up her head since. Fair- twittering drowsily a last good-night; 'It may, sir! What do you mean ous pain, discernable in her tone.

he is going to say, but hesitates. She thinking him. certainly looks like a woman who should have carriages at her disposal, could be guilty of such an act must be of the roses from her. but he remembers hearing from Gra- termed an unmitigated blackguard,' ham that Weston is but a small place, says Dugdale, calmly knocking the in a troubled tone.

and checks himself.

Miss Carew gives her hand to Dug- coin.'

watches her retreat until distance has, indeed, swallowed up all traces ing in the neighborhood again!' of her, and as he looks he muses.

their wishes, and see after their-

ry one of us should see you. When and just dropped down to get a look er is quick to mark. Strolling in the would have met him.' so soon it frightened us into action. night. Know how slow you must the warm, sweet, wooing July air, he not irreparable. I would rather see quick distress. 'I do not return to London for a find it vegetating in the wilderness. suddenly breaks the long silence by George and you when alone. But you 'It is only Dugdale,' says Haughto-morrow, or next day. Had I known about the lease, eh? You must give you?

it?-has been in the possession of our season, come now,' says the ancient ly. tains the freshness of nineteen. 'I face away from hers. lay you snything you like you

haven't seen a prettier girl this year.' 'Yes I have,' laughing, 'but few so Come in and dine with me, Hyde; it will be a charity, and may, perhaps, save me from suiciding; I can't

of Dugdale. 'That is it,' with a glance of sur- Asthey lounge through the gardens,

prise at his evident indifference to, or enjoying a cigar before dinner, the

you should raise our rent-we would Dugdale, smiling. 'George, as you

'Knocked himself to bits, last win- haggard, and he, leaning his arms been for Haughton; already her poor Dugdale, are the man.' So he reads unfortunately, just now we cannot. I ter, out bunting. Ribs, leg, head, upon it, continues always with his wounded heart has found comfort in it. The brother knowing well the thought, if I were to ask you, you all went to smash, and even now he eyes turned from hers. would perhaps reconsider your stew- is only slowly recovering. No doubt 'What if he is coming home be- Pahaw! why dwell upon the inevi- to give him gentle warning of what

ard's advice, and let us keep our he will pluck up in a hurry, now this cause the first and best love is still table, like a love-sick girl! He will is surely in store for him. That lease wory is at an end, but, at one strong within him? It may be that throw up the whole business, leave The sweet voice trembles ever such time, I confess, I thought he was he is coming to gain forgiveness.' delicately gloved hand taps nervous- was quite ill, between grief and nurs- not. That would be terrible. I hope

> 'Oh! That is what makes her look possible!' 'Well, no-not altogether,' mysteri-

came, and now -she pauses and again her. I suppose, because every man in have lasted to my dying day !"

'Let me see you to your'-carriage unworthy object, as I cannot help for them to return.

ashes off his cigar.

'Yes-I drove over,' she says, quiet- 'So I think. But the cream of the ly. And then be follows her to the joke is to follow. Mme. Violet hav- a touch of passion. 'I have so long wanting in pride,' says Dugdale. hall door step, and sees there waiting ing made her little game, and esjoled brooded over my unhappy story-so 'I don't know what you call it, but for her a tiny phaeton, a tiny pony, Haughton to the top of her bent, often told myself I shall never again 1, for one, wouldn't have believed it and a groom holding its head. All is coolly threw him over at the last mo- -. She muses abruptly. 'I want to of her,' says old Hyde, growing slightwell appointed, and, though small, ment, and married a city man with see him,' she says, after a slight hesi- ly incoherent. 'I shall speak to her, no birth to mention, but unlimited tation,

dale, any steps into the phaeton; the 'Served him right,' viciously. 'I his mistress the reins; she turns and fancied him; wesk, it seemed to me, the instant-I shall know.' bestows upon her landlord a smile, and self-opinionated. He has been

and all have disappeared down the coming home at the end of the Three days later, walking along the in both taste and feeling.'

'Accept him! Nonsense, sir, she they shake hands, and Haughton, ask her what she means." mean by creating such confusion, all with scorn ! says the Major, flushing As Dugdale comes up with her, Dugdale ventures to say mildly.

come down and see about his tenants is hardly to be wondered at, as scarce- brilliancy in her eyes; she is altogeth- me from my duty? Never!' says the every now and then, and consult ly a day passes without his coming to er a changed and even a loveller Clar- Major, proudly. Weston, avowedly coming to sit with issa than usual. 'Well, Dugdale, my boy, and how George, but in reality to see Clarissa. 'That was Sir Wilfred?' remarked membrance of it, colors slightly. So are you?' says a mellow voice behind One evening toward the close of this he, superfluously, regarding her curi- to Weston. The hall door, as usual, does his visitor, though from far dif him, and, turning, he beholds the month, Dugdale happens to be dining ously-jealously. at the lodge. He has dined there 'Yes,' still smiling. 'Ah, Hyde, I'm uncommonly glad often of late, young Carew having ta- 'Your very first meeting with him way to the study where young Carew to see you, exclaimed he, brightening ken an enormous fancy to him, being, has wrought a wonderful change in generally sits, he enters unannounand telling the honest truth. Even indeed, slmost low spirited when he your appearance. You are pleased? ced. Hyde, old-fashioned as he is, brings a is out of his sight. All through din- 'It was not our first meeting. Last At the doorway he stands motionwelcome with him, being, as it were, ner Clarissa has been singularly dis- evening he called to see us just after less a moment, seeing Carew in earntraite and meditative; there is a far- you had left. Had you remained to est conversation with Sir Wilfred Thank you. Heard of your arrival off look in her cleargray eyes her lov- dinner, as George and I wished, you Haughton. Hearing him, they both

you must indeed, you know, says the you?' she says with a smile and a see him!' rare, faint blush. 'No-yes-I con- 'Very!' emphatically. 'Why not? you the reason of my presence here hand. They are married now: "I fess it; I should not be disturbed, but After all, as I told you, he is an old to-day. I have come to ask Miss Ca- wonder how many telegraph poles it 'Glad of it-glad of it. The only I am-in that lies my self contempt. friend: I hardly remember the time rew's hand in marriage.' right thing to do. I might have It makes me angry with myself to I did not know him. known that she would get no refusal know that I am annoyed, but I can- 'And,' bending a little to look into from you. Beauty in distress, my not help it. I heard to-day Sir Wil- her eyes, which met his frankly, 'you outward symptoms of emotion. Then boy, is all powerful, eh? You have fred Haughton is coming home to- now-know?" nothing that can touch on her this morrow!' Her voice has fallen slight-

Of course you have heard all that old old story,' she says, quite calmly, but with another blush so vivid as to bring tears to her eyes. 'It seems very old now. Every one knows it; that thought was very bitter to me just at first, but now I scarcely seem to mind it, and you are so good a is my only excuse. But that my late 'I shall be delighted,' says the Ma- friend I can speak to you about it. It stewart, poor fellow, died, and that jor, who, next to having some one is very disheartening, is it not,' with the new man insisted on my presence to dine with him, likes best to dine a little constrained laugh, 'that, after here for a few weeks, I should not be with some one. He is fond of society all one's inward lectures, one should by. in this house now. Yes, you want a and young men, and is especially fond find one's self as far from indifference as ever ?'

Mistaking ber mesning altogether, he winces perceptibly. Does his coming distress you?"

'Yes,' slowly, 'it distresses me; and yet I cannot say whether it makes me glad or sorry. After all, he was an old friend before-before anything foolish occurred between us. I do not forget that.'

act of folly.'

'Oh, no, no!' shrinking. 'I hope in absence to forget. not. But,' with an effort, 'it is im- lingers. A faint hope-that is almost

'Anything more?' turning sharply; up his own agony. 'No man under

such an object.'

sooner or later, I shan't be breaking Then he turns to look at her, and their eyes meet. The tender silence Dugdale, because he has nothing else 'You know Sir Wilfred Haughton? of coming night is all around. The to say, and is too much the property about it : I promise you,' says Mr. Well, he was the man. They were faint, melodious lowing of the oxen in of melancholy to care to make conver-Dugdale, who is singularly pliable engaged to be married about three the far-off meadows alone breaks the sation.

where beauty pleads, 'you shall keep years ago; everything was arranged; stillness of the evening, that is dying love, as we thought, when suddenly a 'I cannot answer that question,' re- that Clarissa Carew is going to marry 'How shall I thank you?' exclaims cousin of Clarissa came on the scene. turns he, a little unsteadily ; 'I could that fellow Haughton?' she with greatful warmth, rising. A pretty girl, I am bound to say, but not picture myself in such a case.

Tears of emotion shine in her dark bad, sir, bad to the heart's core. Had I dared to love you, it would wincing. eyes. 'I hardly dared hope when I There was something fetching about have been with such a love as would a smile curves his lips-'I can go back the neighborhood (except myself) Silence again. She has grown very to be married immediately. My dear 'It makes yourself happy, too, I ass of himself about her. But she the huge bunch of crimson roses so to wipe his forehead, 'can't be true.' laid her plans cleverly, and never lately plucked, is trembling slightly. 'It may be true,' says Clive, gloomfrom his allegiance, and, I verily be- them through the cool deep grass; with his stick upon the dusty road, 'Thank you-yes,' she answered; lieve, broke Clarissa's heart. She has the birds, high over their heads, are and is feeling distinctly miserable.

ly crushed she was, and all for a most George's voice from the veranda calls byithat?' demands the Major, irasci-

You put it mildly. A man who says Dugdale, hurriedly, taking one throw herself away upon a worthless

'Clarissa! you still love him?' 'How shall I tell,' returns she, with And yet I do not think she

'Naturally,' with some bitterness.

groom springs in behind and hands knew him slightly, but can't say I him, slowly, because when I do-on 'Know what?' eagerly.

month, so I dare say he has got over quiet road that leads to Weston, 'I wish I could agree with you, say Clive Dugdale comes upon Clarissa poor Clive, sadly. "How will Miss Carew like his be- and a stranger, evidently in earnest 'As no one else will interfere, What a sad little face she had, but 'proud, you know, and that -she Haughton, and that he and Clarissa and I shan't stay by and see his girl in his own good fortune. how expressive! What sweetness in won't show what she really feels. are on friendly terms. It is plainly, make such a fatal mistake without the eyes! Yes; beyond doubt it all Perhaps his coming will cure her ef- however, a chance encounter, because uttering a word of warning. I must hands and asks, in a voice so changlay in her eyes. There wasn't much fectually, and settle matters forever.' Haughton's horse is standing beside now go home and scribble a letter or 'You mean she will probably accept him, and even as Dugdale, with a two for the post, and after that I

beating heart, marks all these facts, shall walk up straight to Weston and

averted her eyes, fails to see it. 'Very happy,' she answers, quietly. Happier than I have been for three day, bound on the same errand. full years. A long time, is it not?"

she asks, a little wistfully. 'Yes. I congratiuate you,' in a somewhat forced tone. They have reached the entrance to Weston; he now puts out his hand to say good-

'You will not come in ?'surprised. 'Not to-day, thank you.' 'Oh, do,' with open disappointment: 'George will be so grieved if

'George must excuse me to-day; I I shall inform my sister of the honor cannot go in now,' he says, almost you have both done her, and-andcurtly, and, raising his hat, walksde- you must abide by her decision. But

Is it, indeed, all over? Can his sweet his embarrassment, fixes his eyes on 'No doubt he has, long ere this, re- dreams and happy thoughts have met Dugdale. Clive groans inwardly; to pented his crowning-nay, his only with such a cruel death? Again he him it is a simple matter, the transacsees her lovely face as she turned to tion of that regretful look, the finish- bended and had his ears boxed. They have got down to the wicket greet him, flushing with content and ing of that broken sentence. 'One gate by this time, that leads into the gladness. Of course, the blush had of you must go to the wall-and you,

THE ADVERTISER

G.W. FAIRBROTHER. FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

sister's feelings, had thought kindly glance was an ill omen!' Well, well ! for London in the morning, and try he throws his head in angry defiance of cruel fate, and draws his breath a little hard.

At this moment a light and wellknown step crossing the hall outside makes itself heard. It comes nearer : fresh and sweet as the perfumed flowers in her hands, stands upon the threshold.

'Why, what a solemn conclave,' she says, jestingly. 'What long, long faces! But that the sllenge of the grave seems to reign, I should say you were all indulging in a battle royal. What is lt, George?' laying her hand upon his shoulder with a

soft, caressing touch. Taking down the hand, Carew holds it closely in his own and regards her with silent scrutiny for a

full minute. Then glancing at the two men, he says, as though decided : 'My sister is here-she shall speak for herself. Clarissa, Sir Wilfred Haughton and Clive Dugdale wish to tell you-that they-love you; they have come this afternoon to ask your hand in marriage. It is for you to

either refuse them both-or-make your choice between them.' He has spoken disjointedly, but to the purpose. Clariesa, growing white as the lilles in her trembling

letting her flowers fall, covers her face with her hands. 'Oh! why have you done this?' cries she; it is terrible-it is cruel-' 'No-it is the wisest .course,' whispers he, hurriedly. 'It will end at once all doubt and suspense. Believe me, it is better so-and kinder." Looking up, she glances first at Sir Wilfred, who is evidently anxious, but perhaps a little too assured-then timidly at Dugdale, who is rather in a back ground, with his head bent downward, and his arms crossed upon his breast. Feeling the intensity of her regard, he raises his head, and meets her gaze full. In his eyes there is a world of sorrowing, a pas-

sionate regret, a dumb agony, sad through its hopeless longing. 'Clarissa!' says Haughton, entreatingly, attempting to take her hand. 'No, no!' she exclaims, hastily waving him back, her heart beating painfully. Then, 'Clive, will you not speak to me?' she says, moving

a step or two in his direction. The effect is electric. At her words, Dugdale starts violently, the sadness disappears, and in its place a great gleam of joy rises and illumines his 'She is very game,' says the Major; he can see the stranger is Sir Wilfred Her father and I were old cronies. face. Yet even now he hardly believes

Going up to her, he imprisons her ed she scarcely knows it to be his:

'Am I your choice;?' 'Yes,' faintly. 'You love me, Clarisea?' almost ve-

'Yes,' returns sheagain. And then vercome by her emotion and the situation generally, she bursts into tears; whereupon Clive, unmindful of her brother's presence, or that of his disconcerted rival, catches her in his arms; and with a sob, she lays her head upon his breast!

The tenth anniversary of the marriage is called the tin wedding. The invitation cards should be made of tin, on which may be painted the bully-tins. The arrival of guests may be announced by the tin-tin-nabulations of the bell. If any one comes who is not invited, instruct your servant to say, "Not tin." The presents may consist of anything in the tin line, from a boy's whistle to a water spout according to the amount of "tin" you may have to expend upon

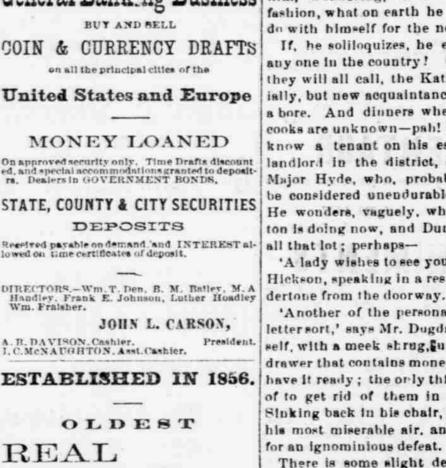
They were courting: "What makes the stars so dim to-night?" she said, and I have no desire to conceal from er." he whispered, pressing her little would take to reach from here to the stars," she remarked musingly. "One if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

BREAD PUDDING.-Unfermented brown bread two ounces; milk half a ounce. Cut the bread into slices and pour the milk over it, boiling hot; let it stand till well soaked and stir in the egg and sugar, well beaten, with a large grated nutmeg, and bake or love your sister, Carew, and would steam for one hour.

An advertisement in an exchange says: "Linen pants for one dollar." Now, why should Linen pant for one en one dollar would it stop panting? Does Linen pant for a trade dollar or a Bland dollar? And does it ever pant for more or less than a

Insert the stems of cut flowers in water in which twenty-five grains of sal-ammonise to the quart have been it grieves me to know that one of you dissolved, and then may be preserved from two to three weeks during the

said the bad boy when he was appre-



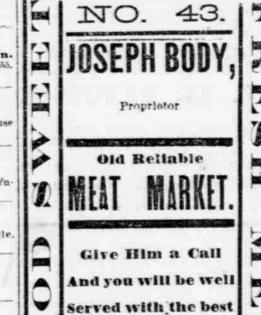
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WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE

A Paradise in Hell. JOHN C. THOMPSON,

alting to know the worst or best.

From that dark and seething wave.

It is growing dark. The fire in the library, although the time is early June, is burning briskly. A greybound, a very handsome specimen of its kind, lies sleeping on the hearthrug. There is a genuine air of comfort in all the surroundings, yet Mr. Dugdale-whose admiration for the countryfis not unrestrained, and who has come down to his neglected estate only because a long-neglected sense of duty and a new steward have called him-is sitting with his bands before

him, wondering, in a melancholy

'Another of the personal beggingletter sort,' says Mr. Dugdale to himself, with a meek shrug, Sunlocking a drawer that contains money. 'Better perfect. ESTABLISHED IN 1856. have it ready; the only thing I know of to get rid of them in a hurry.' Sinking back in his chair, he put on

> There is some slight delay; then the rustle of a woman's skirts, a word or two from the admirable Hickson, who then throws wide the door, and avenue. announces 'Miss Carew,' in his usual Dugdale, rising from his seat with

handsomely with feathers; a gray gown fits her rounded figure to perfection; her hands are encased in irreproachable gloves. Dugdale, as he

'I must ask your pardon for thisthis intrusion,' she says, in a low tone, though perfectly distinct, and full of dignity and sweetness. 'I would not have come myself, but my brother is quite an invalid, suffering a breath from the world of town. from an accident, and it was necessa-

'Pray sit down,' says Dugdale, courteously handing her a chair, 'and let kindly Major. me know what I can do for you.' 'I should have introduced myself.' brother, and I are your tenants. Mr. Dugdale, and have, I think, some slight claim on your forbearance. The place, Weston Lodge-you know family for years. First, my grandfather had it from your grandfather : then my father had it; now my broth-

'You make me feel ashamed that I

ignorance of, all that has been going Major grows communicative, and reon of late. 'The question is, shall we lates many things. Touching on the get it? The new man you speak of- Carews, he finds himself encouraged Graham-has, I think, advised you to by his host, and forthwith enlarges the contrary. He wishes to take our on the topic. farm, and incorporate it with the 'There is only she and George,' says fiel's that lie beyond it, and let it all he, 'and they are quite devoted; she out at a higher value. Of course, we thinks there is nobody like George, can retain the house, but without the and he thinks the same about Clarisland it is useless to us, as my brother sa, and I quite agree with him is fond of farming. We are willing 'You seem rather epris there,' says gladly take all those fields I speak of, | call him, is ill, is he not?'

a little, the gray eyes fall, the little, done for. That poor girl, Clarissa,

over zealous manager. 'No. We thought it better to see me it would not so much matter, she 'I may as well tell you about it,'

ery. We have been good tenants; I are sure to hear it from some quarter, dreamy tone. would ask you not to dispossess us.' 'I shall speak to Graham to-mor- confidence by telling you.' row. Pray do not disturb yourself

your home. Nobody shall dispossess never was there a fellow so much in with such lingering sweetness.

short, though exceedingly sweet, and abroad for some time.' in another minute pony, tiger, lady. 'Fit of the spleens. They say he is what sadly. He, left standing upon the gravel.

to speak of in the rest of her features. except her mouth, which was charm- him a second time?'

I came through the park, and just saying:

'I have given it.' says Dugdale. hero, with an alry laugh that still re- 'Yes, I know.' He has turned his isfaction.

-so-haunting. I like gray eyes.

despair, so closely does it border on it 'I think it is so utterly possible that |-holds him still in bondage, and I am almost sure of it,' says Dugdale, compels him to stay on, and witness the door is thrown open, and Clarissa. who takes a savage pleasure in piling the final scene in this small drama.

One afternoon, walking along the you, yourself. Will you think of it?" 'not a disappointment in love, surely! the circumstances would elect to road to Weston, he encounters the She raises her eyes again and regards it is an impertinence even to imagine come to the place again, unless with Major coming towards him from a sidewalk that branches toward the 'You frighten me,' she says; and west and leads to Uplands, where adds, gently, but my brother-his says old Hyde, who adores the sound then she sighes, and brushes back her dwell the Adairs. They shake hands, heart is in the place; he has been del- of his own voice, and is beginning to soft hair impatiently from her tem- but, even at the moment of meeting. icate of late, and all this anxiety enjoy himself intensely. 'All the ples. 'Would you act so in such a Dugdale becomes aware that there is preys upon him and retards his recov- world here knows the story, so as you case?' she asks, presently, in a slow, an unmistakable cloud upon the Major's usually urbane brow.

'You have been to Uplands?' says 'Yes,' absently, 'the old lady is ill

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the very nearness of the beloved.

But when the morning comes he

again. But tell me. Clive, is it true 'Have you heard it?' asks Dugdale

'Yes-the Adairs are full of it. They say it is all settled, and that they are to George and make him happy.' Dugdale, I am proud to say, made an pale, and the hand that trifles with boy,' says the Major, raising his hat fingers, shrinks away from him, and A little shadow falls into Miss'Ca- ceased till she had wield Haughton The cows are coming slowly toward ily. He is drawing simless strokes

> bly. 'I tell you it shan't! It is mon-'You are thinking of the past?' strous! What! a woman like that to fellow, and one who has treated her 'Yes, and of the future,' she replies, so infamously in the past! I tell you I won't bear of it. I thought Clarisea had more pride.'

> and if possible prevent it. If I were a young man like you, Dugdale, 'No, you mistake. I want to see should make love to her myself ; propose to her, and marry her under his very nose, rather than let such a sacrifice take place. But young men 'My own heart,' replies she, some- of the present day,' says the Major,

disgustedly, 'are abominably wanting conversation. Even from the distance shall. Nothing shall prevent me.

tion in her eyes. What did Graham will reject him, and that with scorn - mounting again, rides briskly away. I think I wouldn't if I were you, Clarissa turns gladly to meet bim, 'But I shall sir! Don't talk to me more or less? It was most officious of A month renders the Carews very with a bright smile. Her face is deli- Pouf! do you think the anger of the him. After all, a fellow ought to intimate with their landlord-which cately flushed; there is an unwonted prettiest woman in Europe could turn

> Dugdale half smiles as they part company, and he continues this way stands wide open during the glorious August weather, and, making his

look up, and Carew's expression we heard you were returning to town at you, and ask you to dine to-morrow garden with her, later on, through Should I? Thanks. The loss is changes from cold disapprobation to have not yet answered me; though, ton, with a curious gleam in his dark saw Miss Carew driving away. Mon- 'How quiet you are this evening. indeed, I scarcely need an answer eyes, and a certain maddening sense We were told you intended leaving strous pretty girl, I take it. Came Has anything vexed you-disturbed when I look at you. You are bright- of triumph in his slow, deliberate er, more radiant, than I have ever tones. 'No, do not go away. Dugher her own way there, Dugdale; 'Have I betrayed myself even to yet seen you. You were pleased to dale; you are a welcome friend here, softly, "Your eyes are so much bright-

> Dugdale pales visibly, and his brows contract-otherwise be suppresses all suddenly a wild determination to en-'Yes-now I 'know,' ' returns she, ter the lists himself; to declare aloud with a quiet, though very intense sat- his affection for her, if only to let her see how well, though silently, 'And you are quite happy?' There she has been beloved, takes possession pint; one egg; sugar quarter of an s a shade upon his face that grows of him. Almost without allowing deeper every second. She having time for reflection, he turns to Carew. and says, with forced composure : 'I, too, have come to Weston to-

> > ask her to marry me. Let her choose hetween us. George rises slowly. He is still weak, and finds a difficulty in sudden movements; a look of perplexity and dollar? And if we were to give Lindiscomfort pervades his handsome face; he trifles nervously with a pa-

per-knife that lies beneath his hand.

length, addressing both suitors. "I

hardly know what to say. Of course,

'You distress me,' he says at

His heart is filled to overflowing -must-' with bitterness and sad forebodings. He pauses, and unconsciously, in winter.

Charlty is the salt of riches.