THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

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Publishers and Proprietors.

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Schools.

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Brownville Lodge, No. —— meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellow Hall. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. Jno L. Carson, W. C. T.; Wm. H. Hoover W. Rec.; T. C. Hacker, L. D.

Juvenile Temple. meets every Saturday afternoon. Miss Grace Stewart, C. T.; Miss Mary Hacker, Sec; Mrs. I. S. Minick, Supt.

Red Ribbon Club

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I. O. of O. F.

Brownville Lodge No. 5. I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Cochran, Secy.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 46. I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday. Philip Crother, N. G. T. C. Kinsey, R. Sec.

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Excelsior Lodge No. 15. K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. E. Huddart, C. C. E. Lowman, K. of R. S.

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Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4. A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings "Saturday on or before the full of each moon." Lodge room open every Saturday evening for lectures, instruction and social intercourse. J. C. McNaughton, W. M. B. F. Souder, Sec.

Brownville Chapter No. 4. R. A. M.—Stated meetings second Tuesday of each month. A. R. Davison, M. E. H. P. R. T. Rainey, Sec.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3. K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month. R. W. Furnas, E. C.; A. W. Jackson, Sec.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63. R. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Monday. R. W. Furnas, M. P. Sov. R. T. Rainey, Secretary.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month. Mrs. E. C. Handley, W. M.

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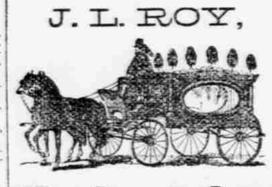
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DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR

Could I But Love Thee Less.

Could I but love thee less, my dear,
Could I but love the less,
My heart would never know a pang
Of longing or distress.
But while your hate, or while your love,
Has power to curse or bless,
I could not love thee less, my dear,
I could not love thee less.

I sometimes think, when other eyes
Are gazing in my own,
And other voices reach my ear
In love's sweet undertone,
I could not love another, love;
I love but thee alone!
Affection's flowers along thy path
Right royally are strewn.

I ask thee but to love me, dear—
To love me always, sweet,
Until the waves upon the sands
Of time shall cease to beat—
Until the shores eternal
Shall be trodden by our feet,
And human love and love devine
Shall make our lives complete.

THANKSGIVING BEGGARS.

Lor, your Thanksgiving beggars ain't nothing new! We used to rig ourselves up in old rags when I wus a gurl, and many's the good laugh we've hed when some of the neighbors was took in by us, and filled our baskets with Thanksgiving fare. Your spelling matches ain't nothing new neither. We used for to hev 'em out to Pike's Clearing, jest for recreation like; cold winter evenings they warmed you up a bit, and begot many a heart-burning, I'll warrant. In the summer time, you see, we could hev a figger in the barn, if Ren hed his violin mended; but winters there wa'n't nothing we could do but jest get together and cultivate our minds with the spelling-book, for we couldn't dance in the school-house on account of the seats. Seems to me I can see Sibyl Jones now waiting on the sittee for to be chose on one side or t'other; for, you see, Jack Rhett, Square Rhett's son, used to come and join us while he was studying with Parson Paul to keep with his class at Yale the year he was rusticated; and the way of it was, he always led one side of the spelling match and Matthew Morris, Farmer Morris' Matt, led the other; and there sat Sibyl as still as a mouse, only her hands working together under her shawl—for the school-house wa'n't always as warm as love—and her too soft eyes a-glittering, glittering; and p'r'aps it wouldn't be till there wasn't nobody else left to choose that young Rhett would say, saucy enough:

"Well, now, I'll take Miss Sibyl Jones."

"Last, but not least," Matt Morris would call out. For the truth was, Matt would hev chose her fust himself, but he knew that she wouldn't do anything a-spelling against Jack Rhett, and that she'd sooner be last with Jack than first with anybody else. That's what I call self-denial, or else I never come across the thing. But, you see, Jack was a-playing sort of fast and loose with Sibyl; he hankered after her pretty face and pretty manners, but he couldn't quite bring himself to overlook the distance between Squire Rhett's son and Farmer Jones' daughter, specially as Farmer Jones was a ne'er-do-well, and loved his own cider barrel better'n all the rest of mankind. Now with Matthew Morris it was different, as everybody knows. He loved Sibyl jest for herself, and it didn't make no odds to him who or what her father was, so long as she was nobody but herself. But then he was only a farmer's son himself, and p'r'aps he didn't know no better. Well, we kept up the spelling matches pretty much all winter, and sometimes Rhett would choose Sibyl the very fust, and then imagine he'd contrive not to choose her at all, and she'd be that cut up by it—for Sibyl never hed much proper spirit—that she'd be the furst to miss on words that a baby could spell, and Rhett would be sure to laugh and chaff her till the tears was just ready to gush out of her two dove eyes, for the rogue knew it was all his work. Heaven only knows why she cared a soumarkee for the young sauce-box. He wasn't so handsome as Matt Morris, but he had the Hall and the Square behind him, to be sure, and he wore store clothes, and such airs as wommen-folks take to. You see, he'd carry your shawl and hold your umberell and quote pretty verses to you if you was young and pretty yourself; and he hed a mustache that sort of drooped at the ends and gave him a sad look, which was quite contrary to his feelings. I've always noticed that gurls take to a mustache as a duck takes to water. He was full of mischief, too, and that's what gurls don't object to in the leastest; the kind that gets rusticated and expelled, and that proper sort of mothers don't countenance, is jest the kind the daughters mostly leses their hearts to. Not that Sibyl was one to like fast young men; she was so innocent herself that she didn't as much as suspect any thing about the wickedness of this wicked world, and she thought Rhett was all that fancy painted him, and maybe a good deal more. His fine airs was so many virtues, and she believed him if he said black was white. Sibyl was good and pretty enough for a duke's son, and she hed been sent to school by her great-aunt Gower to the seminary at Great Guns, and wa'n't no ways lacking in book-learning; she could pass any word in the language, and she didn't murder the King's English as I've heerd some do that's hed more chances; and she was a master-hand at reading, and could tell you all about furrin parts, and do the biggest sums in the arithmetic. Nobody needn't bin ashamed of Sibyl, she was that ladylike and fit for the kingdom of heaven. But the trouble was, she hed set her poor heart on Jack Rhett. When he neglected her, all the light in her world became darkness; when he was kind, the darkness divided, and it was day. Many's the time I've seen Rhett loitering in the bit of wood near the school-house waiting for Sibyl, who taught the district school that summer; and then, when the scholars 'd come trudging out, he'd seem to happen near all by accident, and raise his hat and kiss his hand approvingly along with her, and it did the weed spectacles to see that the longest way round was the shortest way home at such times. Well, when he went back to college, he'd used to correspond with Sibyl, and when he come home on vacations, he'd contrive to meet her either by the trout brook or the Witches' Pool—a pretty puddle enough, that didn't seem to lead nowhere, nor to come from anywhere, all overhung with trees that reached across and knit together and darkened the place with shadders. It was such a lonesome place that you couldn't hire a girl in all Pike's Clearing to go there alone, yet it was a favorite spot for young folks a-keeping company; such as ain't afeard of ghosts—it ain't anything but rivals as will make their hair stand on end. One time Jack come home and didn't go a-nigh Sibyl for several days, and she set in the porch in her best pink gown, with sweet-pease in her hair, and watched the road stretching out to Squire Rhett's and grew rosy and trembled when a team or a man hove in sight, and fidgeted in school hours, and didn't sleep o' nights, and got blue as a bank of clouds. On Sabbath-day there he was in the family pew as fine as silk, in kid gloves and patent-leather shoes, a-holding a hymn-book along of a strange gurl, who hed on a morey antique gown and a blue bonnet like a flower garding, and was all a-glitter with beads and bugels and things. She hed a plaguy ugly face, for all her good clothes, and she was a-singing off of Rhett's face instead of the hymn-book; and, when meeting was over, he give her his arm, and never looked at Sibyl no more'n she'd bin a post. We was at singing-school the following Sunday night, and somebody says:

"I reckon how that there'll be a wedding at Pike's Clearing afore a hundred years."

"I should hope so," says Lucy Ladd.

"And it won't be Lucy's nor Sibyl's," says Ben.

"Time enough for that," said Lucy.

"I joked Rhett about it myself o' Friday," put in Jim Piker. "I asked why he needed to be going abroad for a wife when there was so many pretty gurls to home going a-begging."

"I hope you're saucy enough," says I.

"Is he really sweet on the gurl to church with him?" asked our Jane. "I wonder what he sees in her?"

"Solid charms," says Ben. "I heerd him tell John Piker that it was proverbial that beauty'd fade, but money'd hold its own through fire and water!"

"I see him kiss Sibyl one day," spoke up little Tim Ladd, who was lame and petted; "I see him kiss her twice. If he don't marry Sibyl, I will." And then we all laughed; and "hush, Tim," says Lucy, for there was Sibyl at my elbow, jest taking off her shawl.

The next day Ben and me was down to the Witches' Pool—for father didn't want me to be keeping company with Ben, and him and me didn't agree on that subject—and while we was talking together there, hid away by the barberry bushes and the alders and sumacs, who should come loitering by but Sibyl and Jack Rhett! and they stopped close by while he threw a pebble into the pool, and it went down and down, and is going down now for all I know, for there ain't no bottom to the pool, folks think.

"There, Sibyl," I heerd him say, "my love for you is as deep as that pool. Aren't you satisfied? What does it signify if I *do* stay at home and amuse Bertha, if I'm thinking of you all the time and wishing I was here? You don't want me to be rude to a gurl who's visiting my mother, if she has got a mouth like a shark, and she a kind of cousin, too. I'm sure you needn't be jealous of her, Sibyl; she can't hold a candle to you!"

"I am jealous of your good name, Jack," says Sibyl. "It hurts me as if they hed run a knife through me when I hear folks talk of you as they do."

"What do they say about me?"

"They say you mean to marry her, and you don't love her. I could bear it, you know—at least I *would* bear it—if you loved *her* dearly; but it hurts me like a wound to hear them talk as if you hed no honor and no love for anything but money."

"I shall set it all right some day, sweetheart," said he. "The fact is, Sibyl, my father and mother fret me to death."

"They want you to marry Bertha?"

"That's it, and you and I must wait till their whim wears itself out. I have to humor them a little."

"Oh, then you deceive them, Jack?"

"And is that so terrible? I must either deceive them or you, sweetheart," said Jack, kissing her; but Sibyl only sighed, and then they passed on.

You see, I was forced to play at eaves-dropping, because I didn't want folks to know how I was disobeying father and going on with Ben.

Well, Bertha she went home, and pretty soon Jack went too, to study something or other at the same place, and folks left off talking about 'em, and Jack would send Sibyl a necklace or some trifle now and then to please her; and since Sibyl couldn't get the district school any longer, 'cause a woman did not know enough to teach in the fall, she went out sewing, for she hed to help herself in those days; and one day Jack's mother sent for her to make a gown at the Hall, and she liked that so well she hed her to make another; for Mrs. Rhett was a maker, hand for gowns. It was getting on into November; the trees had turned to flames and burned themselves away, and the barberries were ripe and red, and Mrs. Rhett hed Sibyl up there to make her a silk perlisse, and they got talking about Thanksgiving beggars, for Thanksgiving hed been appointed.

"I always give 'em something," said Mrs. Rhett, "whoever they are. A pie won't hurt anybody. Miss Henshaw always turns 'em away empty-handed, for you never can tell, says she, whether it's one of the neighbor's gurls or a needy creature; but I tell her the neighbors' gurls couldn't deceive me, nor any gurl that ever was born."

"Oh, Mrs. Rhett," laughed Sibyl, "I mean to send somebody here, and *see* if you find out who she is."

"So do," says Mrs. Rhett; "and if I *don't* find out, I'll give you as handsome a wedding gown as a gurl need to put on her back when you want one."

Though it was not particklar pleasant on Thanksgiving eve, but hed snowed, and threatened to snow more, and not a star was out, yet a parcel of us heair-brained gurls got together, and thought it rare sport to dress up in all the old duds we could raise, and go out begging, and some of us was first-rate at imposing on kindly spinsters, who hedn't nobody but a cat to care for. And then somebody said, "Let's go and get Sibyl."

It was some time afore we could persuade her to join us, for she wa'n't none of the fooling kind; but finally she got herself up so you'd died a-laughing. She blacked her eyebrows with burnt-cork, and clapped on a false front of inky curl her aunt Libby wore on Sundays, which she combed out in tag-locks, and covered her head with an old moth-eaten woolen hood, and put on a torn shawl over a linsey gown and a calico apron, and made a mole out of putty on one side of her nose, and altogether you'd never hev guessed it was Sibyl to your dying day. Her own ma didn't know her when she went into the kitchen, but slammed the door in her face.

"I mean to go up to Mrs. Rhett's," said Sibyl; for she'd got into the spirit of it by the time we was in the road. "I want to see if she'll know me. She thinks nobody can deceive her." So we separated; and this was what happened, though I never heerd the particklars till years after. You see she rung the bell at the Hall, and the man showed her into a room where the fire was burning low on the hearth; and while he went to call the mistress, Mrs. Rhett, she set there awaiting by the dim fire-light and watching the shadders, for the servant hedn't thought it worth while to light a lamp for a beggar-girl. And presently the door opened, and in strode Jack himself, a-whistling of "The girl I left behind me." He hedn't wrote Sibyl he was coming home for Thanksgiving; and jest as she was about to cry out for joy, forgetting all her rags, somebody in the next room rustled forward, all shining in silk and lace, and puts her two arms round his neck, and says "*Dear* Jack, I've been watching for you all day; why *didn't* you come earlier?" And the two didn't see nobody but each other there in the dim light, but Sibyl sees them both—sees Jack with with his arms about his cousin Bertha, sees him kiss the hand upon which he slips a shining ring, and hears him call her his own sweetheart, and swear that he loves her with all his heart. And Sibyl sits, stunned and bewildered like, a minute after the two lovers hev gone laughing and whispering up the stair-case, a-listening to the echo of their happiness, and, when Mrs. Rhett comes down to see the Thanksgiving beggar, the place is all dark and empty, and the fire has burnt down to red coal, and it is snowing fast outside. The way of it was, poor Sibyl dragged herself along without seeing the way she went, without feeling the snow in her face, and then she dropped down of a sudding on her poor face, and the snow kept falling, falling, and covered her as the robins cover the babes in the wood with leaves; and there'd been no Sibyl Jones by morning if it hedn't happened that Matt Morris hed been to market, and fairly stumbled over a beggar-woman, as he thought, lying at one side of the road, he having got out of his ox cart to warm his feet a-walking; and, never onst guessing it was Sibyl, he lifted her into his cart, and wrapped the robes about her, and hurried home for dear life.

"Here's a Thanksgiving beggar for you mother," says he; "where's your camphire bottle?"

"Why, it's Sibyl!" says Mrs. Morris, when they come to put her to bed. "Run for the doctor." But she was clean out of her head with a fever or somewhat, and the doctor wouldn't hear to her being moved home. And so, you see, what with Matt's goodness and Jack's cruelty, it came about that from being a Thanksgiving beggar she became a Thanksgiving bride—only that happened a matter of five year later.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A SURFEIT OF BEAUTY.

Seventeen Night-Blooming Cereus Flowers in Bloom Together.

Washington Post.

Embowered in a leafy nest of tropical plants, with the flaming scarlet and the glossy green, of whose blossoms and branches their pure white flowers offered most cool and grateful contrast, the night-blooming cereus plants at Mr. Thomas W. Fowler's residence, No. 997 Fifth street, Monday night, uplifted their pendant corollas in a glory of bloom and fragrance that has never been equalled in Washington. Seventeen pure white blossoms, each bearing in its heart a tiny boat of golden seeds, loaded the air with odor as heavy and sweet as ever perfumed the silent wastes of Sumatran flower forests. These cereus blossoms began to open about 8 o'clock Monday night, and at 9 the entire number flashed in the lamplight from their background of deep-hued frontage like white stars with golden hearts on an emerald sky. As each one slowly unclosed its glossy, fragrant petals, emitting at each pulse of motion a tremendous wave of voluptuous perfume, one might well think the flower was trembling with delight at its own beauty and odor. They spring out of a hook-like stem that hangs upon the very tip of a long narrow canoe-shaped leaf, and in the faintest breath of air writhe and sway like the forked-tongue heads of some curious Indian serpents, clinging to the boughs of strange, quaintly-shaped, lissome Sumatran trees. Their perfume is heavy and tropical and voluptuous in the extreme, fascinating the senses with its surfeiting sweets. By this morning they were all closed, not to open again. "Like most men's religion," said a bright-eyed girl who stood gazing with delight upon the unusual scene, "they last but a single day." Whereat, many there present thought that the sweetness excused the brevity, and that life was too short to be lived entirely amid the ravishing pleasure of such exquisite but such distracting fragrance. Major Fowler's house was visited Monday night by at least 1,000 persons, all anxious to behold so fair and so rare a sight.

Women Who Are Not Afraid of Mice.

Young man, beware of such women. It is dangerous to risk them. They are either too good or too bad for this world and its washings. A woman who can stand her ground unperturbed at the advance of a mouse, who can look upon the dun intruder without the exercise of a lip or a lid, without the flutter of a heart or a skirt, is not the woman for ordinary wear and tear. She belongs to one of two forbidden trees. If to the first, she is too near cold perfection, too much of a pulseless paragon "for human nature's daily food." Steer clear of her, young man; she will make your life a perpetual Sunday during which you will be doomed to the stocks of a stiff shirt and a climbing collar. You shall ever rest beneath the shadow of her sprouting wings, and your sigh shall not be one of regret if some day she plume them and float away like a whiff of steely smoke into a winter sky. If she belong to the other class, she is a woman formed of the dust of pulverized granite and iron filings, into which the breath of life was blown by a sirocco, and who was tempered by being set out on an iceberg and a volcano by turns. She it is who is fit for treason, spoils, diplomacy, murder, bloomers and boots, but not for you. If you would be scalped, go directly to the red man and have it done in good order, but keep thee away from WHITE-SQUAW-NOT-AFRAID-OF-A-MOUSE, for verily is she a "yard wide and all wool."

Temperance and Life's Duration.

Nelson, in his "Vital Statistics" says: In intemperate persons the mortality between 21 and 30 years of age is five times that of the temperate. It becomes gradually less. A temperate person's chance of living is, at 20, 44 years, at 30, 36, at 40, 28 years; at 50, 21 years; at 60, 14 years, but an intemperate person's chances of living is at 20 only 15 years; at 30, 13 years; at 40, 11 years; at 50, 10 years, and at 60 only 8 years.

All these deductions are drawn from the lives of 357 persons, a small number it is true, but the facts are well authenticated.

The average duration of life, after the commencement of habits of intemperance, is, among mechanics and laboring men, 18 years; among traders dealers and merchants, 17 years; among professional men and gentlemen, 15 years; among females, 14 years.

Those who are intemperate on spirits have a greater mortality than those who are intemperate on beer, and those who are intemperate in both have a greater mortality than those intemperate on only spirits or beer.

Union Battle Flags.

Look here, General Meily! The laws of Ohio provide that the regimental flags stored in the capitol shall, when duly applied for, be handed over to the regiments to which they belong, to be used at the reunions of such regiments, *and for no other purpose!* That is the law, General Meily. Now, how does it happen, respected sir, that, when the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, President Hayes' regiment, applied to you for the four flags which belonged to it, and which are under your custody in the capitol—how does it happen that only one of those four flags could be handed over, because the other three had been sent to Logan, O., to be used in a political procession gotten up in honor of Daniel W. Voorhees, one of the vilest copperheads and Confederate sympathizers that the North produced in the late war? General Meily, the Lincoln hirelings, as the Hon. Daniel Voorhees pleasantly referred to the Union soldiers—the Lincoln dogs, who should wear iron collars, to quote again from this same patriot, would like to have you rise and explain this matter at once. You have been written to by the secretary of the Twenty-third regiment, and you have failed to reply. Now it is proposed to have a little public conversation on the subject, and you are expected to be a conspicuous figure in the discussion.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Responsive Chord.

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music upon either bank of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the Northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the Southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an "old Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up in sweet and plaintive notes, which were wafted across the Rappahanock and caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home, Sweet Home!" At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river. Cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the grand acclaim. A chord had been struck, responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison, and on both sides of the river,

Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Novel Treatment of Croup.

According to Les Mondes, Dr. Durodie has successfully treated a case of croup, in a child 7 years old, by scraping the larynx. The method is to introduce rapidly the left index finger into the pharynx, so as more surely to reach the upper laryngeal opening; then, with the right hand, a piece of curved whalebone is introduced, having a small piece of sponge fixed at the end soaked in tepid water. After three or four movements up and down, the instrument was quickly withdrawn, this being done three different times at each seance. The sponge was covered each time with a debris of false membranes. The instrument has a reflex as well as a mechanical action, causing spasmodic movements, which provokes the ejection of the false membranes. The child rapidly recovered.

False Chocolate.

For each person brown a good spoonful of flour a light brown; let a cup of milk and one of water come to boil, whilst the browned flour is well mixed with milk so that it runs freely and has no lumps in it; pour it slowly into the boiling milk, stirring all the time; add sugar and powdered cinnamon to taste, and let it boil for ten minutes. Some add the yolk of one or more eggs. This is a healthy and nourishing soup.

Apples stimulate the appetite of a horse or a cow wonderfully. The ration should be made small at first. It produces a great flow of milk in cows in the fall of the year, when the grass begins to fail; and gives to the horse a fine glossy coat. Apples are excellent for fattening cattle, counteracting the tendency to feverish action engendered by corn-meal; and giving a fine flavor to the beef.

Henry Bessemer, the English inventor, has taken out 160 patents. One of them, his process for making steel, ranks as one of the most brilliant inventions of the century. It converts pig-iron into steel in a few minutes, and has reduced the price of steel rails per ton from $200 to $30. Ten times as much steel is used in the world now as was used prior to 1856.