

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

Published Every Thursday Morning AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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District Officers: Judge, N. B. POIND; District Clerk, WILLIAM H. HOOVER. County Officers: County Judge JOHN S. STELL...

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches: Methodist E. Church, Services each Sabbath at 10 o'clock a.m. ... Christian Church, Services each Sabbath at 10 o'clock a.m. ...

Temples of Honor.

Brownville Lodge No. 1, I. O. O. F., Regular meetings every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. ...

Knights of Pythias.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P., Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. ...

Masonic.

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Associations.

County Fair Association, B. A. Howell, President. ...

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Hereby calls the attention of the people of Brownville and vicinity to the fact that he keeps a full line of the best FAMILY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, CONFECTIONS, etc.

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Where Meals at all Hours are furnished upon the most liberal terms. The country are invited to call and get a "square meal" for only 25 CENTS.

NEW RESTAURANT.

Palmer & Johnson. First Door West of the Old National Bank Building.

Try the New Restaurant

All Orders for an Express Left with Them will be Promptly attended to.

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CURED BY CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. We Mean Cured, Not Merely Relieved. There are no failures and no disappointments. If you are troubled with SICK HEADACHE, you can be easily and quickly cured, as hundreds have been already. We shall be pleased to mail a card of testimonials to any interested.

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Livery Stable in connection with the House. Stage Office for all points East, West, and South. Also connects with all railroads.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

And dealer in Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloth Vestings, Etc., Etc. Brownville, Nebraska.

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WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. This remarkable cure is a true one. It is the cheapest and the best. It cures all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all other forms of nerve pain. It is also a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant. It is sold by all druggists.

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Is the place to get Groceries, Provisions, Fine Cigars, Toilet Soap, Canned Goods, Fresh Butter, Etc., Etc., Etc.

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

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INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE. TUTT'S PILLS CURE SICK HEADACHE, TUTT'S PILLS CURE DYSPEPSIA, TUTT'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION, TUTT'S PILLS CURE BILIOUS COLIC, TUTT'S PILLS CURE FEVER AND AGUE, TUTT'S PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM, TUTT'S PILLS CURE NEURALGIA, TUTT'S PILLS CURE SCIATICA, TUTT'S PILLS CURE MIGRAINE, TUTT'S PILLS CURE BRUISES AND SWELLINGS, TUTT'S PILLS CURE ALL KINDS OF PAIN.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

B. Bell Andrews, M. D. Will give prompt attention to all night calls.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS

Neatly printed at this office.

A HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?" Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the Ledger, and looked toward the speaker. Clarence was a young man—no more than 25—and he was book-keeper to Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of 50, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated. And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger, with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it." "Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you." "Ah, Clarence!" "I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?" Clarence nodded assent. "And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy, and I've no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?" "The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a pause, he answered: "Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend." "Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quivering of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?" "Love her? Yes, passionately." "And do you think she loves you in return?" "I don't think anything about it—I know!"

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling in your heart?" "Of course not." "It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?" "A moment's hesitation, and then—'Yes, yes, I am heartily sorry.'"

RED PEDRO'S REVENGE.

A Birthmark Which Betrays the Paternity of a Child. An extraordinary and savage a romance of crime as ever recorded, comes from that section of the Spanish coast washed by the restless waters of the bay of Biscay. At a village called San Salvador, a handsome young priest took charge of the spiritual welfare of the fishermen who made up the settlement. He was highly popular among his rude flock as a jovial companion, a monk of the antique stripe, whose vocation did not make him averse to a good dinner, a deep wine-cup and a loud joke.

Among his female communicants was the daughter of the only wine-shop keeper in the village, a pretty girl of 17. Manuella Lebos was betrothed to a fisherman commonly known as "Red" Pedro, from the complexion of his beard. Their marriage was solemnized by the priest early last summer. Two months later the wife gave birth to a child. This quick work very naturally astounded her husband, and her explanation that it was a freak of nature was far from satisfying him.

The similar portion of his wife's child's anatomy bore a like mark. Red Pedro began to smell a rat, and before long had succeeded in hunting that wily rodent down. His wife, for months before their marriage, had sustained the pleasing relations of the bride to a churchman. If not of the church, and the miracle of the two months' baby was explained on very commonplace grounds.

By the time he found this out the christening of the child had been arranged. Ostensibly in honor of the priest, it was to receive his name. On the morning of the christening, however, it was found to have disappeared from its cradle, and all search for it was vain. The superstitious fishermen believed it had been spirited away by witchcraft. Manuella wept, and Pedro smoked cigar after cigar and said nothing.

This excellent had hardly died down when on Sunday morning the bell of the little church failed to toll as usual. Investigation led to the discovery in his hut, of the servant of Padre Hieronimo, who officiated as bell-ringer, bound hand and foot, and insensible. When he came to be declared that he had been secured by a band of demons, who had then swept on to the priest's house, dragged that holy victim from his bed, and disappeared with him in a cloud of fire. Diaphanous as this story was, another believed it in the absence of any other. The priest had certainly vanished, and that was as dramatic a way as any for that end to be achieved.

A few days later, however, the dogs of a charcoal burner, scented in the wild-infested pine forests back of the coast, the corpse of a human being and a few rags of what had evidently been a priestly robe. They were scattered about the base of a tree, around whose trunk a strong cord was wound. What was left of the skeleton of some small animal or other, was mingled with the larger human remains. The news of this discovery reached Pampeluna, and an official of the police was sent out to investigate it. He investigated into its verities some very curious facts. One was that since the translation of the priest, Red Pedro's wife had not been seen, having been so closely confined by her husband's house that no one but himself ever approached her. Another was that Padre Hieronimo's servant had, since he lost his place, been living at old Salvador Lebos' tavern like a prince, eating, drinking, and making merry without rendering any equivalent for his protracted revel. Putting this and that together, with certain facts which he learned as the premature infant and the missing priest's early attention to the mother, the official recommended the arrest of Red Pedro, and his wife and father-in-law.

Soldiers were sent from Pampeluna to perform that duty. Somehow or other the menaced parties had got wind of their peril and introduced themselves in Lebos' house. Red Pedro had removed his wife and set fire to his own domicile. A formal siege of the tavern followed. It was a stout stone and timber structure, and the garrison was well victualled and armed. For three days they held out. On the fourth, a squalid, who had a grudge against old Salvador Lebos, appeared on the scene, and offered for a consideration, to lead the besiegers into the beleaguered stronghold. His proposition was accepted. Old Lebos had, it seemed, been a receiver of contraband. There was a subterranean communication between the cellar and one of a number of cavernous caves in the low cliff upon which San Salvador was built. By this way the smuggler led the soldiers upon their prey, who after a fierce struggle, were secured, not, however,

before Red Pedro had succeeded in ridding his wife with safety. The wounds were mortal, but they restored the woman to a reason which had forsaken her some time before, and previous to her death she made a deposition which put an end to all the mystery of the child and lover's disappearance. It was her husband who, on the night of the christening day, had strangled her baby before her eyes and buried it in the tan-pit where he dyed the sails of his boats. It was he also who, assisted by her father and the priest's servant, who was his cousin, had fallen upon Padre Hieronimo, and seized and dragged him to the forest. There, after hideously mutilating him, they had left him bound to a tree at the mercy of a freshly killed bird. They had bound and left the servant as he was found, and his subsequent property had been his guardian for his assistance of their purpose. The woman who had been compelled to be an eye-witness of her lover's fate had become an imbecile, and for fear her gibbering would betray him, her husband had held her a close prisoner.

A FIGHTING TAR.

The American Sea Captain Who Cleaned out the Queen's "Navee." From the Boston Times. We have recently heard an interesting anecdote by which one can deduce a novel and adorn it into a tale of how second thought often prevents vast complications. There is a Yankee skipper from Maine, well known as a coal trader, Captain Pitcher. He is, like most Maine men, large proportioned and powerful. Some years ago he ran the Krauz from Washington to Boston, but has been abroad since, trading between this country and the continent. As the story goes a British troop-ship, commanded by an irritable impetuous old duffer of the Queen's "navy," was at anchor in a foreign port. Captain Pitcher's bark was being piloted in, and, through some mismanagement, failed the job-boat of the troop-ship, doing, however, little or no damage. The old officer, in a fury of rage, howled: "Come on board, sir!" The Yankee skipper, not exactly knowing what to do under the circumstances, pulled in his gig to the ladder of the troop-ship and mounted to the deck. He was somewhat startled when, as he stood upon it, the old officer called: "Sentry, arrest that man!" The skipper was astonished, but quickly answered: "I am an American citizen. I am unarmed, but no man shall arrest me!" "Arrest him, sentry. Don't you hear me?" roared the Captain. The sentry advanced to seize the skipper, but was met with a left-handed thud that would discount a pile-driver. Quickly the Yankee made for the gangway, striking down every man who interfered, leaping into his gig and pulled off to his bark. Straight to the American Consul he went, and put his case before him. The latter told him he would attend to the matter, and the next day the skipper called. The Consul sat at the center of the table, to his right was the English officer, no other than Vice Admiral Sir James Hope, K. C. B., in all the splendor of full uniform. "Admiral Hope, Captain Pitcher," introduced the Consul. "Captain, I am delighted to meet you," responded the Admiral. "And now let the war go on."

He spoke in the suavest manner and with the sweetest of smiles. The skipper bluntly said that he thought the English officer should apologize. "Not at all; not at all; no, dear friend. You came on board my ship, and whipped the entire Queen's navy, and escaped without a scratch. Is that not sufficient satisfaction? Don't let us have any Alabama claim business; please don't ask an apology; you are too good a fellow, I know, to force it."

"Well, Admiral," began the Captain, greatly mollified, "well, Admiral, I s'orter guess that perhaps it's all right." "Of course it is. We are diplomats and we have a splendid brandy in my cabin. These are excellent cigars; we will adjourn to our brandy and cigars, and our two nations will postpone the war. If all of your sailors are like you, I should prefer that the war be indefinitely postponed."

Nebraska Wheat.

"Let's see, they raise some wheat in Nebraska, don't they?" asked a Scholarly granger of a Bug-eater who was spending his vacation at Saratoga. "Raise wheat! Who raises wheat? No, sir; decidedly no, sir. It raises itself. Why if we undertook to cultivate wheat in that state, it would run out. There would not be a place to put our heads."

"But I have been told the grasshoppers take a good deal of it." "Of course they do. If they didn't I don't know what we would do. The cursed stuff would run all over the State, and drive us out, choke us up. The grasshoppers are a God-send, only there ain't half enough of 'em." "Is that wheat nice and plump?" "Plump! Why I don't know what you call plump wheat, but there are seventeen in our family, including ten servants, and when we want bread we just go out and fetch in a kernel of wheat and bake it."

Do you ever soak in water first?

"Oh, no; that wouldn't do. It would swell a little, and then we couldn't get it into our range oven." Rural Exchange.

When Kate and Joe were children small, And crept about the floor, One chair would scarcely hold them both, Nor was there room for more. Now Joe is twenty, Kate eighteen, Yet strange as it may seem, I saw the light of their eyes, Myself and 'twas no dream, For though they both had grown, Yet I will take my oath, That in the parlor on that night One chair was holding both.

The Rev. William McKay, after reading several notices from his pulpit in the Methodist Church, at Geneva, Ind., said there was another matter as to which he desired to inform his congregation. His wife had eloped with Mr. Hatton, a neighbor. A cord of wood contains 128 cubic feet. To ascertain how many cords there are in a pile of wood, multiply the length by the height and that by the width, and divide the product by 128.

THIRTY REASONS FOR THE PROHIBITION OF THE TRAFFIC OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR.

1. They deprive men of their reason for the time being. 2. They destroy men of the greatest intellectual strength. 3. They foster and encourage every species of immorality. 4. They bar the progress of civilization and religion. 5. They destroy the peace and happiness of tens of thousands of families. 6. They reduce many virtuous wives and children to beggary. 7. They cause many thousands of murders. 8. They prevent all reformation of character. 9. They render abortive the strongest resolutions. 10. The millions of property expended in them are lost. 11. They cause the majority of cases of insanity. 12. They destroy both the body and the soul. 13. They burden sober people with millions for the support of paupers. 14. They cause immense expenditures to prevent crime. 15. They cost sober people immense sums in charity. 16. They burden the country with enormous taxes. 17. Because moderate drinkers want the temptation removed. 18. Drunkards want the opportunity removed. 19. Sober people want the nuisance removed. 20. Tax-payers want the burden removed. 21. The prohibition would save thousands now falling. 22. The sale exposes our families to destruction. 23. The sale exposes our persons to insults. 24. The sale upholds the vicious and idle at the expense of the industrious and virtuous. 25. The sale subjects the sober to great oppression. 26. It takes the sober man's earnings to support the drunkard. 27. It subjects numberless wives to untold suffering. 28. It is contrary to the Bible. 29. It is contrary to common sense. 30. We have a right to rid ourselves of the burden.

I will send you a recipe for curing warts, which I have tried and know it to be a sure cure. Procure a piece of turf or a piece of wood, and place it off and rub the inside of it on the wart a few times, and in a short time the wart will be gone and will not leave any scar at all. If the wart is large and raw it will be a little sore.

"Female barbers," said Snodgrass, repeating a paragraph announcement he just read in the paper, "I don't believe in 'em." "Why not?" we asked. "Because I remember what trouble Sampson got into by letting a woman cut his hair."

Some one has asserted that knowledge is equivalent to force; but the aphorism will not hold good at night in a bedroom infested by mosquitoes. Milk soup is a very nice dish for children or sick persons.