

From R. W. ...

THE ADVERTISER

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, \$0.50. No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers. J. R. POUND, Judge; W. L. WATSON, District Clerk; WILLIAM H. HOOPER, District Clerk.

County Officers. JOHN S. STEVENS, County Judge; R. M. BENTON, County Clerk; J. M. GIBSON, Treasurer; J. M. GIBSON, Sheriff; J. M. GIBSON, Coroner; J. M. GIBSON, School Superintendent; J. M. GIBSON, Assessor; J. M. GIBSON, Commissioner.

City Officers. W. L. WATSON, Mayor; J. R. POUND, Police Judge; J. M. GIBSON, Police Officer; J. M. GIBSON, Police Officer; J. M. GIBSON, Police Officer.

SOCIAL DIRECTORY. Methodist Church, Baptist Church, Lutheran Church, Presbyterian Church, Episcopal Church, Catholic Church, etc.

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Knights of Pythias. Brownville Chapter No. 1, K. P.; Brownville Chapter No. 2, K. P.; Brownville Chapter No. 3, K. P.; Brownville Chapter No. 4, K. P.; Brownville Chapter No. 5, K. P.

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Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OF PURE FISH LIVER OIL. WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD. AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

First National Bank. BROWNVILLE. Paid-up Capital, \$50,000. Authorized "500,000".

General Banking Business. BUY AND SELL COIN AND CURRENCY DRAFTS on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. MONEY LOANED.

JOSEPH BODY, Proprietor. Old Reliable MEAT MARKET. Give Him a Call And you will be well served with the best the Market affords.

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.

TUTT'S PILLS. INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

CHARLES HELMER, FASHIONABLE Boot and Shoe MAKER. Having bought the custom of a Robinson I am prepared to work on all kinds of shoes. Reasonable Rates.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS. Neatly printed at this office.

JEREMY GREEN. His Adventures in the City. Jeremy Green left the potato field just a quarter before 12 by the sun, and went in to dinner. Instead of resorting to the 'wined' as a salve for weariness, he devoted the spare time to the Weekly Navigator, the only newspaper he reads.

Jeremy did not stop to hear more, but took his hat and ran into the street, but at such a pace until he was out of sight of the house that a policeman in the corner had a great deal of trouble in catching up with him. He never heard what the professor of the great extractor thought of his conduct. Dear, good Jeremy; he felt his was too honest a fellow to peddle soap-suds at 50 cents a half-pint bottle.

He planted potatoes all the afternoon, keeping one or two rows ahead of his father, and mistaking the cows as usual that night, but the next morning before daylight he was on his way to the city. About noon of the same day he entered the village of Southville, just twenty-five miles from home, feeling tired, hungry and a little disturbed in conscience.

The remainder of his journey was passed in a kind of delightful trance, from which he did not thoroughly awake until he found himself in view of the city. Then his heart gave a great throb, for was he not about to know his destiny? He never had been to the city before, and the sights were so new and startling that he was in a tremor of excitement by the time he reached the locality indicated in the advertisement.

Jeremy concluded he had well earned his night's lodging. So he dressed himself, crept softly down the stairway, whisked out the door, and scampered down the street without stirring his bill.

About 10 o'clock, as he was sauntering up Arlington avenue, a pair of hands were thrust on his wrist, and a voice, loud enough to arouse the seven sleepers, exclaimed: "You are my prisoner!"

"Prisoners must be scarce," replied Jeremy, "since a simple country lad like me cannot walk the streets without being arrested." "Perhaps it is more of an offense than you think to leave a hot lunch without paying your bill," the officer replied, marching Jeremy along to the lock-up.

men, the affection those insects manifest for mankind is indeed marvelous, and I find in my case that their demonstrations are very exhausting to one's vitality." "Do you tell everybody that comes the same you have me?" asked Jeremy.

"No, I don't often get a chance," she replied; "you see, the old woman just went out, or I should not have got in here. I mean to get away from them pretty soon, as soon as I can get another place. They both drink and abuse me—fully."

Jeremy did not stop to hear more, but took his hat and ran into the street, but at such a pace until he was out of sight of the house that a policeman in the corner had a great deal of trouble in catching up with him. He never heard what the professor of the great extractor thought of his conduct.

Jeremy was reminded of the account given of the prodigal son, still was aware that he had not wasted much in riotous living. Nor was the fatted calf killed, although the joy of those parents' hearts was great at his return, for Jeremy had been a good, obedient boy, and was all their dependence.

Jeremy resumed his labor on the old farm, never leaving it again to secure an agency. After having brought home his bride, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Jeremy evidently held just about the religious opinions held by Jefferson and the leading French and American public men of the day, but he was an open-hearted, outspoken nature, and if he had views about kings, and queens, and liberty, and monarchy, and christianity, he must tell them to the world. He had no power of concealment. It stands true that he was just as eager to overthrow a king, that he would overthrow a religion as he was to overthrow a man.

THE PEACH BORE. Four years ago I heard that the winter onions or shallots get around the working on peach trees. I tried the experiment on fifty trees just set, and on many trees that had been set for some time, but I have never found a worm on one with onions growing around it. I set it out to twelve around each tree.—Prairie Farmer.

When you bury an old animal, never mind putting up a tombstone.

SWAIN AND DAN DE QUILLE. Exterminating Redskins with Rabbit Metal.—They Fire a Whole Printing Office From a Howitzer. It was nearly twenty years ago when Dan De Quille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mendocino county. They took the type and material of their recently defunct newspaper establishment in San Francisco, and loading the stuff on a big wagon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortunes.

They packed their type just as it stood in the forms, tied up the articles with stout cords, by a process well known to printers, and packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere which would be the leading exponent of politics and history for the Pacific Coast. Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place, it is quite evident that the same newspaper which they contemplated building would have been alive to-day.

They journeyed over the mountains was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's Station, a spot well known to old travelers on that route. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small mountain howitzer, which they had brought with them across the plains.

On the next night they camped in a mountain ravine fifteen miles from Simpson's, and after building the usual camp fire, fell asleep. About 11 o'clock the horses awakened them by prancing about, and the two journalists were led to the conclusion that nothing less than a party of Indians were making arrangements for a night attack. In the clear moonlight they could be distinguished about half a mile away at the foot of the ravine.

They were immediately loaded with a good big charge and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians, hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an uneventful retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position when about fifty of the redskins came charging up the ravine.

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A Very Quiet Game.

There are some people who think it awful wicked for husband and wife to sit down together of an evening and play cards, while others can't see where the harm comes in.

"Why," said the colonel a few days ago, when the subject of card-playing was under discussion, "does any one pretend that my wife and I can't play a few games of euchre without disputing and arguing and getting mad over it. Loafers can't, perhaps, but we could play for a thousand years and never have a word—yes, we could."

"The others shook their heads in a dubious way, and the nettled colonel walked straight to a stationer's and bought the nicest pack he could find. That evening, when his wife was ready to sit down to her fancy work, he produced the cards and said:

"May, I was told to-day that you and I couldn't play cards without disputing and getting into a row. Darling draw up here."

"Dearest we will not have a word of dispute—not one," she replied, as she put away her work.

"The colonel shuffled away and dealt and turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed, as she looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up anyhow," growled the colonel, as his chin fell, all his own cards being black.

"Play to that," she said as she put down the joker.

"Whoever heard of anybody leading out in trumps?" he exclaimed.

"Why don't you lead out with an ace?"

"O, I can play this hand."

"You can, eh? Well, I'll make it the sickest play ever saw! Ha! took all the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd encourage you a little. Give me the cards—It's my deal."

"You dealt before."

"No, I didn't."

"Why, yes, you did! We have only played one hand."

"Well, go ahead and deal all the time if you want to! I'll make two off your deal, anyhow. What's trumps?"

"She turned up a club. He had only the nine spot, but he scratched his head, puckered his mouth and seemed to want to order it up. The bluff didn't work, she took it up and he led an ace of hearts."

"No hearts, eh? Be shouted as she trumped it. Refusing still a regular loser's trick. I'll keep an eye on you. Yes, take it—and that—and that—and all of 'em! It's mighty queer where you got all those trumps. Stocked the cards on me, did you?"

"Now, dear, I played as fair as could be, and made two, and if I make one on your deal I'll skunk you."

"I'd like to see you make one on my deal!" he puffed. "I've been fooling along to encourage you, but now I'm going to beat you out of sight. Diamonds are trumps."

"She passed and he took it up on two small trumps. He took the first trick, his next two, he the fourth and she the last. He had a hand she had the joker."

"Skunked, skunked!" she exclaimed as she clasped her hands in glee.

"You didn't follow suit!"

"Oh, yes, I did."

"I know better! You refused spades!"

"But I hadn't any."

"You hadn't any? Why didn't you have any? I never saw a hand yet without at least one spade in it!"

"Why, husband, I know how to play cards!"

"And don't I? Wasn't I playing euchre when you were learning to walk! I say you stocked the cards on me!"

"No, I didn't, you are a poor player; you don't know how to lead."

"I—I—why, maybe I'm a fool, and maybe I don't know anything, and so you can play alone and have all trumps every time!"

"He pushed back, grabbed his paper, wheeled around to the gas, and it was nearly thirty-six hours before he smiled again. Nevertheless, no one else ever had a dispute over cards.—Detroit Free Press.

Eloquence.

Eloquence in a man is as difficult to define as fascination in a woman. It is an indescribable something which carries us away captive, we know not why or how. And it is almost infinite in variety. Burke was, and is, considered one of the greatest, if not the greatest of English orators; yet the House of Commons never adjourned after a speech of his to enable the members to regain their mental balance. The House of Commons did not do this for Sheridan. None will deny to Webster's brilliant oratorical ability, yet he could never sweep an audience with him as did Clay. Burke and Webster will live forever in print; Sheridan and Clay in that fond tradition which is quite as imperishable if not as satisfactory. Sargent's Prentiss was probably more eloquent than either Sheridan or Clay, yet he exists only as a dim and fading memory. It is doubtful whether the very highest order of eloquence can be preserved in any other way. The subtle spirit that pervades it and gives it its irresistible power, evaporates in type. The body is there, but the soul has fled. So the grandest eloquence may be said to die with the breath that carries it to the ear. Do not think me a cynic. We read them with delight, but what use do they have been to those who heard the words of Webster's brilliant oratorical ability, yet he could never sweep an audience with him as did Clay. Burke and Webster will live forever in print; Sheridan and Clay in that fond tradition which is quite as imperishable if not as satisfactory. Sargent's Prentiss was probably more eloquent than either Sheridan or Clay, yet he exists only as a dim and fading memory. It is doubtful whether the very highest order of eloquence can be preserved in any other way. The subtle spirit that pervades it and gives it its irresistible power, evaporates in type. The body is there, but the soul has fled. So the grandest eloquence may be said to die with the breath that carries it to the ear.