

THE ADVERTISER  
Published Every Thursday Morning  
at BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

# Nebraska Advertiser

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County Officers.  
City Officers.

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Schools.

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**KNIGHTS OF PITHIAS.**  
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**THOMAS BURES,** NOTARY PUBLIC  
GLEN ROCK, NEBRASKA.  
Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, and other instruments in writing carefully drawn and acknowledged before me.

**THE LOVER'S PERIL.**  
BY JAMES T. FIELDS.  
Have I been ever wrecked at sea, And right to being drowned? More than that, I have been wrecked on the rocks of a woman's love.

**THE SEVERED HAND.**  
About the end of January, a little more than twenty years since, Dr. Liefrauc, a celebrated surgeon of Paris, was returning to his house at eleven o'clock at night.

The doctor then crossed his arms, and, looking earnestly at his interlocutor, replied: "Sir, there has been violence used in bringing me here; if it be true, however, that some one stands in need of my services—unmindful of the way I have been brought here—I shall willingly do my duty as a surgeon. But if you have meditated crime, you may have obliged me to follow you, but you cannot force me to be your accomplice."

"You seem to be acquainted with my person," replied the doctor. "Take, then, my purse and watch—trouble me no longer, but get you gone to more honest work."  
"Sir," said the man haughtily, "we are no robbers, but only come to ask of you a favor."

"You have chosen a strange way and an unusual hour for such a purpose," said the doctor mistrustfully. "Every hour is good for so clever a surgeon as yourself to perform an operation."  
"Eh?" said the doctor, who, a little reassured, stood examining his three clients more closely, and perceived that they were dressed more like gentlemen going to a ball than like highway robbers.

"We have reached our destination, doctor, remove your bandage."  
The doctor, whose terror had changed in an uneasy curiosity and a vague apprehension, obeyed the stranger's voice, and found himself in a small room, luxuriously furnished, and but half lighted by an alabaster lamp which hung in the middle of the room. The window curtains were closely shut, as well as those of the alcove, which occupied the further end of the apartment. In this room the doctor found himself alone with one of the three individuals who had made him an unwilling captive.

"Where is the patient?" inquired Liefrauc. Saying which, he turned toward the alcove, and moved a step forward. The curtains waved gently, and a soft light was heard coming from that direction.  
"Prepare for the operation, sir," said the stranger, convulsively.  
"But," said the doctor, "it is important that I should see the patient."  
"You can see only the hand which you are required to cut off."

It may easily be conceived what excitement and consternation this scene produced. The next day was appointed for a meeting, and the company soon after dispersed in confusion.  
The young Matilda de— (the names are too illustrious, and too well known for us to point them out, except by initials) was the daughter of one of the most famous soldiers of the empire. Her father had acquired an elevated rank, great glory, and a high station in the army, but he was one of the few generals whom the Emperor had not enriched. Matilda de— had, therefore, no fortune to bestow upon one who should call her his.

Napoleon de— was the grandson of the noble Duchess de—, the Duchess had a great name, and empty title, but no fortune.  
Notwithstanding this, the Duchess and the General, bound together by the ties of long friendship, had mutually agreed to unite their two children in marriage.

Of this determination, however, they soon repented. While Matilda and Napoleon gave themselves up to the sweet charms of their mutual affections, the Duchess and the General, alarmed for the interest of their children, and a little also for their own, played a scene of high comedy.  
"If my daughter," said the General, "marries that poor devil, Napoleon, adieu to luxury and pleasure."  
"If my son," soliloquized the Duchess, "should wed a girl and not a fortune, how could we ever restore the luster of the noble house of—?"

The General, therefore, sought to win Matilda from her lover and the Duchess exerted herself to divert Napoleon from thinking of Matilda. But neither could succeed. Napoleon and Matilda loved too sincerely, too devotedly, to fall an easy prey to the snare spread out to entrap their youth and inexperience.  
Unable to disunite them, the General and the Duchess insisted upon the departure of Napoleon, and on his absenting himself for a while from Paris. They told him that the smallest of their fortune required it. It was indispensable for him to acquire a position in the world. The minister had just offered to provide him a place as secretary to some foreign embassy. Should he refuse to go he would shut out from himself a brilliant career. He must accomplish this sacrifice, were it but for Matilda's sake; as her future welfare depended on it, and he was to become responsible for her happiness. Napoleon at length unwillingly consented.

He saw Matilda for a last time; he told her of his departure. A cry of agony burst from the young girl's lips. In vain did Napoleon acquaint her with his projects, and try to comfort her by pointing out, in a speedy return, a whole life of love, happiness and wealth. Matilda still remained inconsolable. A dark foreboding prevented her from believing the false promises of an uncertain future. What could she gain in exchange for happiness that was theirs, and which they were about to sacrifice to their duty? She felt that her golden dream was over—that it was fading away from her sight.  
Napoleon took her hand in his and covered it with kisses. "Remember," said he, "that thou art my betrothed, and that this hand is mine, forever mine," saying which he put a ruby ring on her finger.

"It is my mother's," murmured he. Matilda could only answer by pressure of the ring to her lips and then fell fainting and desolate upon a couch.  
Napoleon departed, and his absence facilitated the projects of the parents. The General then made an appeal to Matilda's devoted heart; he exaggerated his poverty, he invented a tale about debts and engagements which he would not be able to meet; he pointed out to her the horrors which would surround his miserable old age, beggared and dishonored; he even hinted to her that it would be better to cut short his troubled life. She alone had power to save him—she must forget Napoleon and wed the Count de—, whose handsome, manly face, whose noble soul, she well knew how to appreciate.

A little selfishness and Matilda would have been saved; but it is the weakness of elevated minds not to shrink from sacrifice. Matilda in despair threw herself in her father's arms and promised all. He blessed and thanked her for her devotion.  
He was yet speaking when Matilda had left the room, unable longer to control her overcharged feelings. Pale, exhausted with the struggle, she hastened to her apartment, and, sinking on a seat, gave way to a flood of bitter tears.  
Flow, flow, cruel tears! Weep, thou noble creature, for thy short-lived dream! Happiness was never made for souls like thine!  
The bands were published, and on the 10th of January, 18—, in the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Matilda was wedded to the Count de—. Her father's face was radiant with happiness.  
At the moment of the nuptial blessing, when the bridegroom puts on the finger of the bride the ring, symbolic link of the chain that unites them, instead of giving her left hand, as is the custom, Matilda suddenly passed to the Count's right and gave him her right hand. The Count was about to make an observation and take her left hand, but Matilda drew it back and again extended to him her right hand, lowering her eyes, but with that air of determined firmness not to be mistaken. The Count saw it, but, fearing a scene, he did not insist, but put the ring on the hand which Matilda still held out.

The Count was of a jealous nature, jealous as Othello. A fatal suspicion had taken possession of his mind. The ring which Matilda wore on her left hand gave him much uneasiness. He told her that he looked upon it with aversion, and begged her not to wear it. Matilda replied that she would never be separated from it, giving her answer with much sweetness, but with the same determined air which she had shown at her wedding.

From that time, that which had previously been only a suspicion in the Count's mind became a certainty. He determined he would be revenged, but hid his feelings and purposes. A system of surveillance was organized around Matilda. Soon there came a letter from Napoleon. The poor youth, ignorant of Matilda's sacrifice and the ruin of his dearest hope, spoke of his love, of his future happiness, and of their speedy marriage. He reminded Matilda that her hand belonged to him, and requested her to look upon the ruby of his mother's ring while her thoughts were with him. He concluded by announcing happy tidings. He was charged by the ambassador to be the bearer of important dispatches to Paris. Before a month was over he would again see her.

This letter was put into the Count's hand. He saw through all. He went to Matilda with the open letter in his hand, and giving it to her, said, coolly:  
"I can imagine your scruples, but why did you not speak before? You have sworn that your hand will be long only to him. Very well! as soon as he arrives I shall take it upon myself to make that promise good," added he, with a trifling smile.  
Matilda did not even shudder—she seemed to have nothing more to fear upon earth.  
In a short time Napoleon returned to Paris, but he was very much altered. Grief and despair had preyed upon his heart, for he had heard of his misfortune.

The day after his arrival a small ebony box was presented to him, which had been brought by a servant in livery. He opened it. His horror and pain might be easier imagined than described. The casket contained a bloody hand—Matilda's. On a paper stained with blood, he read these words: "So does the Countess—keep her word." Wild with rage and despair, he took his pistol and flew to the Count's house.  
The Count and Matilda had disappeared the night before, a few hours after the bloody deed, and no one knew whither they had gone.  
On the night Napoleon had recognized his mother's ring on the doctor's chain, he had gone to the hall, because a secret prearrangement had been made with him.

The next day Dr. Liefrauc and his antagonist met. The doctor received a severe wound below the arm-pit. He lay long in danger, but hopes were entertained for his recovery. Before leaving his enemy, the doctor related to him the incidents of that cruel night on which he had been compelled to commit a crime for the sake of humanity.  
"However," added he, "Matilda could not have suffered much; a sublime exaltation sustained her courage, and I am sure she was happy in her sufferings, in the thought that her hand, at least, would be returned to you. And when it was over, I heard a low voice murmuring from behind the curtain that hid her from my sight, 'Tell him, I beseech you, my heart will go toward him, even as my hand.' Had it not been for the ring, I could not have fulfilled her wish."

**The Lord's Will vs. Poisonous Matter.**  
A very pious old lady in the upper part of the city, when she read the newspaper account of the many deaths that had occurred from the ravages of scarlet fever and diphtheria, piously ejaculated that the Lord, no doubt, had done it in order to chasten his people, and it was very wicked for anything else when it was the Lord's will. The way the people generally deal with these diseases and the perfect unconcern with which a mother of several children will walk to a house where a funeral is progressing from a death of scarlet fever, and carefully examine the dead body, and even kiss the face of the corpse, and return home to the bosom of her family, and recount all the details of the affair, showing the seeds of the disease, one could suppose it was extremely gratifying to have them take the disease and be lopped off in order to be assured the Lord was trying to chasten them.—*Kingston Freeman.*

**A Rochester Physician's Experience.**  
R. Caulton, M. D., of Rochester, N. Y., certifies Oct. 8th, 1879, that he has used the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in his practice for diseases of the kidneys and liver, and the result has been satisfactory in the extreme. He says: "I would now prescribe the same remedy to all similarly afflicted, and you are at liberty to so state in your testimonials."  
S. 1880

**A TOUCHING ROMANCE.**  
During the reign of King Edward III., Anna d'Arlet, the handsome and wealthy heiress of a noble French family in England, fell violently in love with a young man of low birth, though rather well off in point of personal and landed attainments.

They exchanged mutual vows upon a crucifix that each would marry the other and none else.  
The relatives of Anna not only forbade Robert Machan to marry her, but made arrangements to marry Anna without delay to a Bristol merchant, and, by force, forced her to consent. Robert Machan, not being the man to submit tamely to such proceedings, quietly converted his property into money, and notified his faithful Anna to secure her jewels and prepare to elope to France with him; but before the elopement could be carried out the wedding took place, and Anna was the bride of another.

This unexpected disaster only strengthened Robert in his determination to carry off the object of his affections; but he found it necessary to enlist one of his friends in the enterprise, who aided him in the plan which, however, necessitated his entering the service of Anna's husband as a groom.  
Anna was in the habit of taking a daily ride on horseback in the environs of Bristol, and the pretended stable-boy made use of this circumstance to carry out his wild project.  
Robert had chartered a small yacht, and kept her ready provisioned, so as to be able at any moment to sail.  
One day, when the wind invited flight, a lady was seen riding at a furious gallop toward the sea, pursued by a band of horsemen.  
The mettlesome steed carried his rider into the midst of the waves, far from the beach, where the pursuers halted, and toward a yacht from which a small boat had put out as soon as the lady had appeared in sight. It came closer and closer, till the fair Anna—for she it was—stepped from her stirrup into the boat, and off she went to the yacht.

It seems that a very cruel trick had been played upon the horse to make him run into the sea. For three days previous, the new stable boy had left his mistress's favorite horse a prey to thirst; so that, as soon as Anna mounted the saddle to ride with her husband, the horse ran away with her toward the sea, whose waves could be heard from her husband's villa.  
By a misunderstanding between Robert and his confederate, the major portion of the crew, comprising all who were posted in navigation, were on shore lounging.  
No time could be lost. The pursuers had hastened to the city to obtain a boat to give chase. It was absolutely necessary to set sail at once, if they would escape. No one thought of the least delay. The mainsail was hoisted, and away to the southward sailed the yacht.  
By daybreak they were far away from England, but the shores of France were not in sight; around them nothing could be seen but a waste of waters. The wind was rising, and noise on board the yacht knew whither they were sailing.  
Several days passed. Still to the south the white-winged yacht flew, before the north wind, still all unspoke of his misgivings, still all well on board; but the suspense was becoming terrible to bear.

At last on the 13th day out, just as the day was dawning, they saw in front of them a long line in the midst of the world of moving waters. It was land at last. As they drew nearer, and nearer, the perfumes of strange flowers saluted them, giving life to air, and making the new land seem a paradise.  
The sails are lowered, the anchor rattles down with a splash and a hollow plunge, and the motion of the yacht arrested. Anna is on the deck, and the weary travelers immediately set up an altar, on which Anna's crucifix was placed, and gave thanks to God for their deliverance.  
Supported by Robert, she walked toward the interior of the island, till they found a huge tree hollowed by time, the interior of which was dry, free from insects, and carpeted with moss. Near by a straight timbered ray on its way to the hill to join the ocean, adding another charm to the scene. Here Anna determined to rest, and, having rested, found no wish to go further.

Three days were employed in landing luggage and stores of all kinds from the yacht, when a new disaster occurred. As a matter of precaution, Machan had ordered that half of the company at a time should spend the night on the vessel, and on the morning of the fourth day a violent north-wind tore the yacht from her fastenings, and the terrified people on shore saw her drifting away toward the coast of Africa without being able to assist them. Anna conceiving that all these misadventures showed God's wrath in her exploit, became very much depressed in spirit, spending much of each day on her knees before the crucifix, and weeping bitterly all the night through.

Robert Machan found himself unable to console her, and gradually became the victim of despair, so that, when Anna died, only three days after the disappearance of the yacht, he did not survive her loss more than five days. His last wish was strictly carried out; he was interred in the same grave with Anna d'Arlet, with a wooden cross at the head. He left a Latin account of his adventures.  
The island thus romantically discovered by Robert resolved to quit the place at once, in the yawl belonging to the yacht, which had been safely fastened to the shore when the large vessel had been blown away by the violence of the storm. They laid in a supply of smoked birds and water, but, two days out, were captured by the Moors and sent as prisoners to Algiers, where they found their former companions.  
After a long imprisonment they were all ransomed by the Spaniards, and Juan de Morales, a Spanish sailor, who had learned their story, gave his Government information of the lurid island.

**RESUSCITATION.**  
Experiments with the Bodies of the Two Murderers Hanged at Murfreesboro.

A reporter describing the attempt to resuscitate the negroes hanged at Murfreesboro, on Friday last, says: "After they had been suspended for seventeen minutes they were cut down, and Dr. Slegler, of Nashville, and Drs. Byrne and Murfee, of this city, attended the experiment in resuscitation which was propped some days ago. They did not begin until thirty minutes after the men had been taken off. A number of physicians were present to witness the experiment. After the clothing had been taken off, their bodies were wrapped in hot blankets, applications were made to their necks to reduce swelling, and an artificial respiration brought about by the means usually applied in cases of persons who have been in the water for a long time. All this was preliminary to the application of electricity. Batteries were placed in juxtaposition to the spinal cord and different portions of the brain. The effects of the application were soon apparent. First came nervous muscular twitchings in those parts of the body with which the batteries were placed in contact. The temperature was gradually increased until it reached over 1,000 degrees. The effect was immediate. The muscular contractions increased. The limbs twitched and shook like men asleep, and struggling under the spell of a horrid nightmare. The regular drawing and expulsion of air, produced by the appliances referred to, were horribly real and life like. The respiration came with an effort, however, and sounded like the gasps of men struggling for breath. Dr. Slegler put his hand to their wrists. 'The pulse is beating,' he said. 'You can feel it, but faintly.' Their eyes next opened, under the effect of the electric current, and turned about the room in a vacant gaze. There was no sound but the labored gasping at his stirrups, after the yell: 'I am a prisoner with steel thorns on my side; I was raised on meagre beans boiled in musty blood and my first shirt was rawhide. My father was born on a sandbar and sucked a cow's udder and my mother was a Navajo squaw; I can out-ride a monkey, out-swim a fish, out-jump a kangaroo, out-curse a bee-bitten parson and I can shoot out the eye of a baby flea.' Having finished the foreword, the cow boy dug spurs into his pony's flanks and disappeared in the direction of the railway depot.

**The South.**  
"The Atlanta (Ga.) Republican says: 'The papers inform us that 120 negroes have been fined \$100 each in Morgan county, Georgia, for enticing colored men to emigrate to Mississippi. It must be a queer law under which such proceedings are had, especially in a State which has passed a law to encourage immigration and has appointed an 'immigration commissioner.'"  
If such a fine was imposed by a Georgia court on such a charge and not for obtaining money under false pretenses, the knowledge of the people at the North a good deal more reasons to feel that the federal government ought to protect "commerce between the States," which includes emigration by the express decision of a Southern Chief Justice, than do a score of ordinary "steward" outrage.

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