

THE ADVERTISER

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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WANTED

A competent business man to occupy the position of "book-keeper" in our office.

LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS

Neatly printed at this office.

The Shepherd and the Lambs.

Unto the margin of the flowing river the Eastern shepherd leads his timid sheep.

He calls them on, but they stand still and shiver. To them the stream seems wide and swift and deep.

He calls them on, but they in fear are standing. They can not follow, and behold, down they fall.

They heed not now the voice of his commanding. They only heed the river's fearful flow.

Then from the side of one protesting mother a lamb the shepherd takes unto his breast.

And then he gently bends and takes another. And in his arms the two lambs lie at rest.

They lie at rest, and as he close enfolds them He hears them softly o'er the river wide.

The little lambs know well the arm that holds them. They nestle warmly and are satisfied.

Then the fond mother, with maternal longing, Look on beyond that river's fearful flow.

They can not follow, and behold, down they fall. Their feeble comrades are left hasty to go.

Drawn by a love stronger than any shrinking. The lambs they follow o'er the flowing tide.

They heed not now the swimming or the sinking. They brave the stream and reach the further side.

And while their tender shepherd kindly feeds them, They think no longer upon what hath befallen.

He gives them back their lambs, and then he leads them. By the still waters, through the pastures green.

So shall it be with you O weeping mother, Whose lamb the Lord has taken from your sight.

'Tis He hath done it, He said not another: Your lamb lies in His arms clasped close and tight.

Across the stream your little one is taken. But that with steadfast heart and faith unshaken, You may be ready after it to go.

This is the tender Shepherd's loving pleasure. To bless at once the little lamb and you: He knows that when with Him is your best treasure, There is forever with your heart to be, too.

-J. A. Noble, in Sunday at Home.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

How a Cree Indian Made His Escape from the Blackfeet.

A Month's Hard Training Places the Savage in a Condition to Out-strip His Would-be Butchers.

At the time of which I write Fort Benton was an Indian trading post, much resorted to by the Blackfeet.

Between whom and the more northern tribes of Cree there was a constant war.

The Cree, roaming the north-western territory, seldom ventured south of the line since established as the boundary, Old Bow Fort, on the Saskatchewan, being usually their extreme southern limit.

One day, toward the latter part of winter, an adventurous brave presented himself on foot at the gate of the Benton stockade, and asked to come in.

The sentry admitted him, and his gun—a curious old flint-lock, such as were sold to Indians by the Hudson Bay Company half a century ago—being taken from him, he was told by Mr. Wolfe, the trader then in charge of the post, to state his business.

It was found that he did not know a word of Sioux, and was, in fact, what Mr. Wolfe had suspected, from his dress and head gear—a Cree!

When questioned, both then and afterward—by aid of signs and such words of the Cree dialect as were known at the fort—his name, certain motive in his leaving his people and exposing himself to almost certain death, he said that his name was Stenaw, that he had tired of his tribe, and wanted to go to the far south, where the traders told him there was no snow and no winter. In stature he was tall, slenderly made, and was judged to be not over twenty years of age. His eyes were of lighter color than of most Indians; otherwise, he seemed not to differ from the ordinary red-skin.

STENAW had not been at the post many hours when a party of Blackfeet were seen riding to the fort. Scarcely a day passed at this season without some of the tribe coming to trade. Mr. Wolfe hastily opened the door of a back room to his house, and bade the Cree go in there, advising him with most forcible gestures, and the few words he understood, to keep quiet, as he valued his life, and not let so much as his top-knot be seen by the Blackfeet.

While the trading was going on, numbers of young warriors, scarcely more than boys, were peeping about inside the inclosure, and peering into store-houses. Suddenly the traders were startled by the report of a gun, followed by wild whoops and a horrible uproar.

On running out, half a dozen Blackfeet were seen besieging one of the back windows of one of Mr. Wolfe's houses. The foolish Stenaw had so far allowed his curiosity to get the better of his prudence as to peep out at the window for a look at his enemies. One of them had seen him, and instantly recognizing a Cree by his head-dress, fired at him through the window with a gun which, contrary to the rules, he had brought into the fort. This small, high window was broken, and the Blackfeet, yelling like blood-hounds, were trying to get in, while the Cree, with an axe he had picked up in the room, was making good his position with vigorous blows through the aperture.

The few armed men at the post were instantly mustered at the drum-

best, and pressed back the young Blackfeet, and the Blackfoot chief, Mackamoze, shouting like an old Stenter, called off his braves.

Having learned the cause of the outbreak, the chief turned indignantly to Mr. Wolfe. The stern face and lofty bearing of the old warrior were very striking.

"Why has my brother Mahuyan a Nord-Cree bidden to his lodge?" was his question. (Mahuyan was the Indian word which signified the same as Mr. Wolfe's name.)

A CHANCE FOR HIS LIFE. The trader hastily explained that the man was a refugee, had come to the fort of his own accord, and that he was merely a harmless wanderer.

"Mamnetegis weeah!" (a cursed spy) exclaimed Mackamoze. Mr. Wolfe told the chief that he did not believe the Cree was a spy, but that he appeared to be only a foolish boy on a roving tour.

"My brother Mahuyan does not know the Cree," said the old Blackfoot, with a smile; then, suddenly shaking his tomahawk above his head, he exclaimed, "There is bad blood between tue Blackfeet and the Nord-Crees. Mahuyan must give him up."

"But the poor boy has done no harm," urged Wolfe.

"He has come into the country of the Blackfeet," said the chief, sternly. "He must die."

Mr. Wolfe was at his wit's end. He did not want to give up Stenaw to be tortured and burned. But the good will of the Blackfeet, if forfeited, would not only ruin the trade of the post, but put all the lives in jeopardy.

The Indians were numerous and well armed, and the force at the Fort was but a handful. In this dilemma, Mr. Wolfe had recourse to deception.

"My brother speaks well," said he to Mackamoze. "But with the white man's Manton tie is the moon of peace, when no blood must be shed. When next the moon is at its full come to me and I will give up to you the Cree—but on one condition."

"And what is that?" demanded the Blackfoot, who had been steadily gazing at the trader in a way that boded no good should his request be denied.

"I will give up to you the Cree," said Mr. Wolfe, "but among the white men it is held cowardly for many braves to fall upon one who is alone and unarmed. The Cree must have one chance for his life. Your warriors are fleet of foot, Mackamoze, I will set the Cree 100 paces in front of them, and then let him run for his life."

To this the chief assented far more readily than the trader had expected he would, for the Blackfeet are famous runners, surpassing all other tribes of the Northwest. Mr. Wolfe had hit exactly the right chord. The Indians left the post, intimating that they should be promptly on hand at the appointed time.

After such a compromise and pledge Mr. Wolfe did not dare even to connive at the Cree's escape. But he PUT HIM AT ONCE IN HARD TRAINING. He turned him out at 5 o'clock every morning, and after a bath in cold water had him run three times round the inside of the stockade, a distance of 50 rods. He was then fed on fresh buffalo meat, a full breakfast, and given three hours leisure to digest it. Then for an hour he was made to run at full speed around the stockade.

After a rest of two hours he was given another full meal of meat, and late in the afternoon was put at running again for a second heat of an hour. A light supper was given him upon which he went to his bunk and slept like a top. This system of training was kept up for a month, except Sundays, when the boy's allowance of meat was reduced about one-third, and he was given a day of rest.

The result was very marked. The Indian came to be in splendid condition. The muscles on his legs stood out hard and firm, though at the outset his legs had been so slim. He soon ran easy as a dog. Nor was he much winded at the end of his hour heats. At the first, however, he would lie down completely spent and out of breath. While running he was, as a rule, ALWAYS KEPT AT FULL SPEED, and doing his best. The second day of his training he ran around the stockade 54 times in one hour. On the 24th day he made 89 rounds in an hour, and one or two of the last days over 90 rounds. This great increase of speed was the result of hard training and nourishing food. It was a pleasure now to see him run. He would bound away like a deer.

Punctually on the morning after the full moon in April, Mackamoze and his party came riding to the fort; and not only they, but more than 3,000 warriors of the tribe.

"Mohlarnatubulne Cree!" (Fetch out the Cree!) was the cry.

But Mr. Wolfe was determined to secure fair play for his protégé. The drums beat for a parley.

The trader then addressed Mackamoze and told him he was ready to produce the Cree according to promise, but the Indians' horses and guns must first be brought inside the stockade and left there, and that as the Cree was to run wholly unarmed, the Blackfeet must only carry their knives. After discussion this was agreed to, and the party dismounted inside the gate and stacked their guns. A long rope was then stretch-

ed, breast high, out on the plain in front of the fort, and behind this the crowd of Blackfeet took their places.

The trader then stepped off a hundred paces, when two of the soldiers brought out of the Cree by way of a little postern gate on the other side, and placed him by Mr. Wolfe. At sight of him the Blackfeet raised a shout, but Mackamoze compelled them to wait the signal.

"Now, Stenaw," said Wolfe, "you must run for your life. Don't be scared for your fellow was trembling in his moans." You can outrun them. Get to your tribe, and never be seen in these parts again. With this parting injunction the trader raised his hand, which was THE SIGNAL AGREED ON.

The rope dropped. With a yell, enough to appall the stoutest hearts, the Blackfeet sprang toward Stenaw. Instead of bounding away, as the men expected he would, the boy seemed paralyzed with fright. He faced around for an instant, and then ran zigzag, and made no progress.

In less than half a minute the Blackfeet were upon him—almost grasping him. "He is lost," we thought, and gave him up for caught. But when their hands were almost on him, the Cree suddenly rallied his strength, and shook himself together for steady work. He dodged his pursuers and leaped away. At first, from where the soldiers stood watching on the stockade, he seemed mixed with the Blackfeet; but he soon got clear, and opened a broad space between himself and them. The traders now took breath, and their hearts rose a little, though three or four of the leading Blackfeet were trailing him vigorously. But by the time they had run a mile and a half Stenaw was at least a hundred rods in advance of them all. He was now seen to turn and shake his fist at his pursuers, then, wheeling away again, he went skimming to the prairie like a coyote. In fifteen minutes he was out of sight, and that was the last the whites ever saw of him.

By 10 o'clock more than half the Blackfeet had returned to the post. Some wanted their horses, but Wolfe would let no horses pass the gate until evening. Before night they had all come in, but were not much disposed to talk of the Cree, nor did the traders care to taunt them. Afterwards, some of the Blackfeet said to the fort that "Mahuyan make strong medicine for Cree," and so he had—the best and strongest medicine for health and vigor—good, hard, sharp training.—Helen (M. T.) Herald.

A woman in a Kansas Pacific railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted, "I beg your pardon, Madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left eye. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, Madam, my eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, Madam, only a glass eye. I hope you will excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and the compliment combined put the woman into a good humor.

A Virginia letter to the National Republican states that the Republicans all over the State are organizing, and are sanguine of electing four representatives, instead of one. The Sherman men have dropped the open fight, and are on the "still hunt," but have been foiled at every point. A prominent Democrat says, "that the people had declared that Grant should be the next president; that the gods had decreed it; that the fates approved it, and that the power of mortal was unable to prevent it."

"Thank God for a free Gospel," said an old church member, suddenly carried away by the eloquence of the preacher. Five-and-twenty years have I been a church, and it has not cost me that many coppers." "May the Lord forgive your stung soul!" said the preacher.

A Tallahassee minister who had held numerous religious meetings in order to arouse religious enthusiasm, and the work progressing slowly, bewailed the return of his labors in only converting half a dozen souls, thus: "I tell you, my hearers, it don't pay for the gas."

It is strange and sad to think that those twelve Indians don't come forward to be hanged. What are they thinking about? Where is the boasted kind-heartedness of the red man?—New York Graphic.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him."

If all were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own houses as they are in the company of their neighbors they would have the happiest homes in the world.

In the Welsh language, it is said, there is not an infidel book published.

How the Photograph Revealed the Sweet Experiences of Mr. Smiffkins and Miss Scroggins.

San Francisco News-Letter. Young Smiffkins was somewhat surprised, but highly elated, when he received a polite invitation from old Scroggins to come up and take a crust—which meant dinner—and that, too, when he had spent the very evening before in the sweet society of Miss Matilda Jane Scroggins. He need not say he was promptly on hand. "Matilda Jane," said the old gentleman, when dinner was over, "did you ever hear the photograph in active operation?" "No, pa, but I should like to," answered the maiden, who wished to humor her parent's scientific weakness. "Well, my dear, you shall. I bought one the day before yesterday. You will find it under the sofa in the front parlor. I forgot to take it up stairs last night, when I left you and Smiffkins conversing on church festivals." Matilda brought the machine, and the old man wound it up, remarking that he had set before going to bed. The family circle and one or two of Scroggins's cronies, who happened to be present, listened with a great deal of interest as it slowly revolved. "Thank God! the old devil's gone at last!" exclaimed the photographer, in tones that sounded amazingly like those of Smiffkins. "I thought the hateful old thing would sit up all night," continued the wonderful invention, in tones that were certainly Scroggins's. "Well my own darling, we'll make up for lost time. Yum-yum!" ejaculated the revolving cylinder, with a pronounced Smiffkins accent. "O, don't, darling! you mustn't! Yum-yum!" it proceeded in tones of Matilda Jane. After that the instrument grew incoherent and mixed up, as it were, a subdued oscillatory sound mingled with deep drawn sighs and occasional whooped protests in Matilda Jane's voice were all that could be distinguished, till it suddenly blurted out: "Well, I suppose old Scrog will come down stairs with a club unless you clear out." Another silence broken by yum-yums, and then in a softer voice the inexorable cylinder concluded: "There you must go now. Good-night—yum-yum-yum. I'll make the old beat ask you to dinner to-morrow—yum-yum!" By this time Matilda Jane had fainted, and Smiffkins' face looked like green cheese, but old Scroggins gazed upon them grimly, after the fashion of a graven image, and the rest of the company seemed to be rather amused than otherwise. Smiffkins bought a mountain hawtizer next day and went east to look for Edison.

Senator Hill's Dilemma.

Washington special, March 23. The new disclosures in the case of Senator Hill are attracting much attention, and causing unrestricted talk among his senatorial associates. In view of Hill's attempt to drag Senator Kellogg into his scandal, the opinion is quite freely expressed that the Senate will be forced to take some notice of the allegations brought against him, in order to protect its good name. The letter addressed to Senator Hill by Mrs. Belya A. Lookwood, the female lawyer, inviting him to prosecute her, saying that if he will do so and afford her an opportunity, she "will establish the fact that he is not a Joseph in morality and that more than one Washington family mourn and refuse to be comforted in consequence of his action in congressional circles, and public opinion is becoming quite general that Hill is seriously involved in a scandal which will ruin him both socially and politically.

The Utterances of a Patriot.

The mighty power of a republic of fifty millions of people—with a continent for their possession—can only be wielded permanently by being wielded honestly. In a fair and generous struggle for partisan power let us not forget those issues and those ends which are above party. Organized wrong will ultimately be met by organized resistance. The sensitive and the dangerous point is the casting and counting of free ballots. Impairing the integrity of our theory. It must become our practice. Any party of American citizens can bear to be defeated. No party of American citizens will bear to be defrauded. The men who are interested in dishonest outwares millions. I wish to speak for the millions of all political parties, and in their name to declare that the republic must be strong enough, and shall be strong enough to protect the weakest of citizens in all their rights.—J. G. Blaine.

A Rochester Physician's Experience.

R. Caulkins, 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." Bimoo

Ex-United States General Spinner resides permanently in Jacksonville, Fla., and has not been out of the State for fifteen months.

I will never purchase lottery tickets so long as I can hire a man to rob me at reasonable wages.

A HUMAN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

Strange Story from a Canadian Village—A Girl Charged With Electricity.

(From the Boston (Ont.) Advertiser.) We have been favored with the details of one of the strangest cases of which we ever heard, and one which is sure to excite a good deal of interest among medical men. The particulars of the case are as given below:

It seems that about two years since a daughter of Mr. Richard Clare, Caroline by name, and then 17 years of age, living on lot No. 25, on the second concession could not be correctly diagnosed, and had many peculiar features. Her appetite fell off, and she lost flesh, till from a strapping girl of 130 pounds weight, she barely weighed 87 pounds. There did not seem to be any organic complaint, the bodily functions were not impaired, and, although she ate less than formerly, the falling off in this respect was not such as in itself would alarm her friends. After the lapse of a few months, she took to her bed. Then it was that a change occurred in her mental condition. Formerly she was noted rather for lack of conversational powers, but now fits or spasms would come over her, on the passing away of which her eyes would become set and glazed, her body almost rigid, and while in that state she would discourse eloquently, and give vivid descriptions of far-off scenes, far exceeding in their beauty anything which she had ever seen of presumably ever read of. On the passing away of a spasm, she exhibited a great degree of lassitude and indisposition to move, and was taciturn and surlily in reply to any questions. This continued till about a month since, when an extraordinary change occurred. The girl, although still not gaining flesh, appeared to rally. She became light-hearted and gay, and her friends anticipated an early release for her from the room to which she had been confined for so long. Their expectations were ill vain, for she is now about the house, apparently as well bodily as ever. But a most remarkable development has taken place. She is constantly giving off electrical discharges, and seems to be a perfect battery. A person, unless possessed of the very strongest nerves, cannot shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hands in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands she can send a sharp shock through fifteen or twenty people in a room, and she possesses all the attraction of a magic. If she attempts to pick up a knife, the blades will jump into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. So strongly developed is this electrical power that she cannot release from her touch any article of steel which she may have taken up. The only method yet found is for a second party to take hold of the article and pull, while the girl strokes her own arm vigorously from wrist upward. On her entering a room, a perceptible influence seizes hold of all others, and while some are affected to sleepiness, others are ill and drowsy till they leave, and even for a considerable time afterward. A sleeping babe will wake up with a start at her approach, but with a stroke of her hand she can at once coax it to slumber again. Animals also are subject to her influence, and a pet dog of the household will lie for hours at her feet, as motionless as death. A curious feature of the phenomenon is the fact that the electricity can be imparted by her to any article with which she habitually comes in contact. The other day a younger sister, while doing the housework, took up a pair of corners belonging to Caroline, and on her hand touching the steel, she was compelled to drop them with a loud cry, and an exclamation to the effect that she had run a needle into her finger.

Wooden spoons have had to be made for her, as she cannot touch metal. Altogether the case is a most remarkable one, and attracts scores of visitors to the house of Mr. Clare. Medical men are especially interesting themselves, and it has been stated that Dr. Tye, of Thameville, will read a paper on the subject at the meeting of the Provincial Medical Association, which is to be held in London in the course of this summer.

Mr. Clare is the father of a family of seven children, none of whom, except Caroline, show any abnormal qualities.

Naby concluded a recent letter as follows: "We may ex well make up our minds to the election of another radical in 1880. We her no capacity to go on. The winter wheat looks as tho' they was going to be another good crop, and ther it a good market for awl that kin be raised. The price or manufactured goods is up so that proprietors and men are both well paid, and ther ain't goin to be no more riots or disturbances uv any kind. The farmers are all satisfied, the mechanics are ditto, and they are goin on clinikin their chains happily. What kin the democracy do wen ther ain't no distress? Ther iz no hope for democracy, and I mite ez well git my assenash robes red."

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