

THE ADVERTISER
W. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. E. HACKER,
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AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Nebraska Advertiser

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1880. VOL. 24.—NO. 44. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
District Officers.
County Officers.
City Officers.

Nervous Sufferers—The Great European Remedy.
Fate of a Fast Young Man.
Written in the States Prison of Illinois.

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

General Banking Business
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

United States and Europe
MONEY LOANED
STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES

DEPOSITS
Complete Abstract of Titles
to all Real Estate in Nebraska County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
OLDEST REAL ESTATE AGENCY IN NEBRASKA.
William H. Hoover.

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., Etc.

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

SICK HEADACHE
CURED BY CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
We Mean Cured, Not Merely Relieved

GREEN MOUNTAIN COUGH
LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS

white house with the poplar trees in front of it. And it's her step-daughter that's come home from the third situation, all on account of her ribbons in her hat, and her pride in her own pretty face.

"And I am to speak to her, eh?" said the young pastor.
"Ye; you are to speak to her," said his mother.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," declared Mr. Cary, with some emphasis.
"By you must, Charles!" pleaded the old lady.

The minister's mistake.
The sunset was painting all the forest paths with gold; the mossy holes of the old trees glowed in the level light, as if they had been carved out of glittering bronze, and the scarlet vines along the stone wall caught new splendor from the last rays, while the silvery-white fringe of wild clematis swung from the dead thorn bushes, and here and there a bird, perched high up against the deep, vivid blue heavens, uttered its shrill, clear vesper note; and Mr. Cary, walking home through the Westbrook woods, thought what a beautiful world this was that God had made.

He knocked softly at the big front door of the Prune mansion. A shuffling, untidy girl of 14 or 15 opened it, hiding behind a shawl and a fringe of curl-papers.

"Is Miss Prune at home?" he said.
"Is Sarah at home?" he demanded, after a little.
"Miss Sarah?"

"Well, I suppose it can hardly be Mr. Sarah," said the young clergyman, half smiling. "Yes, Miss Sarah, of course."

"She's at home," said the girl, ungraciously opening the door a little wider. "Come this afternoon. Settin' in the parlor. Walk in."

SHE CURED HIM.
But He Got Very Mad at the Means She Employed.

There is a man up in the Seventh Ward that hasn't spoken to his wife in over a week. He is so mad that he will not go home for his meals, and the other day his wife went to his office to get \$6 for pay for some shoes, and he told the clerk to pay her off and let her go. He grates his teeth when he goes home nights, and comes out of the house every morning swearing. She came a joke on him, that was all. He has, for years been telling her that he was sure he had got heart disease, and that he should go off, suddenly, some time in the night. She had got sick of such talk, after hearing it thirteen years, when she knew he was as healthy as a yearling. Why, he did not even know where his heart was, and could not point out the location of any particular portion of his internal improvements.

"That's the Sarah?" said he.
"Who is she?" she demanded, turning to the slim, dark-eyed girl with the blue ribbon and agate brooch.

"That's my niece, Sally Fielding, as has been governess of a family up in Maine for three years," said Mrs. Prune. "And she's down here on a visit now—come this very afternoon. Hain't you been introduced yet? Mr. Cary, my niece, Sallie. Sallie, this 'ere—"

"I had been the victim of a misunderstanding," stammered he. "This young person told me that she was Sarah."

"I beg a thousand apologies," said Mr. Cary, feeling the cold sweat drip from every pore.
"Miss Fielding burst out laughing," said she. "No, don't go away, Mr. Cary," holding out her hand as he was turning to depart. "I have learned that you possess at least the virtue of frankness. Shall we not be friends?"

The family rudder.
A Nevada man who was having his hair cut gave the barber particular instructions not to remove a long lock that projected in a somewhat unsightly way from the front of his head.

A Good Story About Grant.
From the Chicago Inter Ocean.
McVicker tells a good story of Grant. On the Monday following the General's arrival here, it will be remembered that McVicker's theatre was beautifully decorated in honor of Grant's visit to the opera. The private box of the manager was set apart for the distinguished guest, and connecting therewith was a smoking room, where between the sets the General enjoyed his favorite cigar.

"General, how do you like the opera?"
Grant slowly took his cigar from his mouth and blew away a cloud of smoke. "Well," he replied, slowly, "if that fellow gets the girl and the \$2,000 it is all right."

Joe Parson's Adventure.
Philadelphia Times.

Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy and a little rough, but with a good hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Antietam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"
"Joe Parsons."

"What is the matter?"
"Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out."

"How did it happen?"
"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I could stand the pain, but could not see. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently heard a man groan near me.

"Hello!" says I.
"Hello, yourself," says he.
"Who be you?" says I.
"Who be you?" says he.
"Yankee," says I.
"Well, I'm a Reb," says he.
"What's the matter?" says I.
"My leg's smashed," says he.
"Can you walk?" says I.
"No," says he.
"Can you see?" says I.
"Ye, says he."

An Outraged Court.
It was in Tellico township, Arkansas Court day. Justice Scatterfield presided. He could neither read nor write. Had been elected out of pure fun, by a mischievous constituency. A case involving \$100 came up for trial. George W. Beasley for plaintiff, and Stephen W. Childress the defendant; both able lawyers. In the progress of the case, defendant proposed to introduce some evidence, to which plaintiff's counsel objected. To sustain his right to put it in counsel for defendant produced and read "Greenleaf on Evidence." This authority was directly in point. Beasley felt his case utterly hopeless, unless he could dodge the law.

Witness (Referring to his book).
Yes.
S.—What did he do on the 30th?
W.—He chopped wood.
S.—On the 31st?
W.—That was Sunday, and we went agone-hunting.
S.—What did he do on the 32nd?
W.—He thrashed wheat on that day.
S.—What did he do on the 33rd?
W.—It was raining and he shaved out some handles.
S.—What did he do on the 34th?
W.—He chopped wood.
S.—What did he do on the 35th?
W.—But before the question could be finished, the witness's wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness-box, yelling in his afflicted ear:—"You old fool, don't you know there are only thirty-one days in the month of November?"

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife!" said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop!"