THE ADVERTISER.

S. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

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GEO. S. SMITH ..... District Attorney
WILLIAM H. HOOVER ..... District Clerk.
O. A. CECIL ..... Deputy Clerk.

County Officers.

JOHN S. STULL ..... County Judge
WILSON E. MAJORS ..... Clerk and Recorder
A. H. GILMORE ..... Treasurer
R. V. BLAKE ..... Sheriff
C. B. PARKER ..... Coroner
JAMES M. HACKER ..... Surveyor
PHILIP CROTHER ..... School Superintendent
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I. L. HULBURD ..... Police Judge
J. H. DOCKER ..... Clerk
BEN. B. THOMPSON ..... Treasurer
GEO. H. LANNON ..... Marshal

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L. D. ROBINSON, JOSEPH BODY ..... 1st Ward
W. A. JUDKINS, J. J. MERKER ..... 2nd Ward
LEWIS HILL, C. NEIDHART ..... 3rd Ward

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

Churches.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. S. F. WILSON, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a. m. H. B. DYE, Pastor.

Christ's Church.—Services every Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Rev. MATTHEW BENNETT, Missionary in charge.

Mt. Pleasant Cumberland Presbyterian.—Church four miles south-west of Brownville. Services first Sabbath in each month. B. J. JOHNSON, Pastor.

Christian Church.—Services every third Sunday of each month, by Elder J. Conneron. Social meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings.

Catholic.—Services every 4th Sunday of each month, at 10 o'clock a. m. Father Cummisky, Priest.

Schools.

Brownville Union Graded Schools.—J. M. McKenzie, Principal; Miss Jessie E. Bain, Assistant High School; Miss Lou Tucker, Grammar Department; Miss Julia Hitt, 1st Intermediate; Miss Kate Cox, 2d Intermediate; Miss Emma Smith, 1st Primary; Mrs. Carrie Johnson, 2d Primary.

I. O. of O. F.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Cochran, Sec'y.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday. O. C. Cook, N. G. DAVID TOUNTZLOTT, Sec.

Knights of Pythias.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. B. McCABE, C. C. WM. KAUFFMAN, K. of R. S.

Masonic.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings Saturday on or before the full of each moon. Lodge room open every Saturday evening for lectures, instruction and social intercourse. J. C. McNaughton, W. M. R. F. Sander, Sec.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings second Thursday of each month. R. W. Furnas, M. E. H. P. A. R. Davison, Sec.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings second Thursday of each month. J. C. McNaughton, T. I. M. A. R. Davison, Rec.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month. W. T. Rogers, E. C.; A. W. Nickell, Rec.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the 27th Monday. H. W. Furnas, M. P. Sov.; R. T. Rainey, Secretary.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month. Mrs. E. C. Handley, W. M.

Societies.

County Fair Association.—R. A. Hawley, President; John Bath, Vice President; S. A. Osborn, Secretary; J. M. Trowbridge, Treasurer. Managers—H. O. Mingle, S. Cochran, F. E. Johnson, Thomas Bath, Geo. Crow, J. W. Gavin.

Choral Union.—J. C. McNaughton, Prest. J. B. Docker, Sec.

Blake Dramatic Association.—W. T. Rogers, Prest. J. B. Docker, Sec. and Treas.

Metropolitan Cornet Band.—G. T. Smith, Musical Director. E. Huddart, Treasurer and Business Manager.

Brownville Literary Society.—R. W. Furnas, President. A. O. Cecil, Sec.

I. O. of G. T.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

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E. W. METCALF, W. G. C. ..... Tecumseh.
MRS. L. F. MARKEL, W. G. V. T. ..... Riverton.
F. G. KEENS, W. G. Sec. ..... Kearney.
MISS EVA RANSOM, W. G. Treas ..... Falls City.
A. J. SKEEN, W. G. M. ..... Brownville.
W. F. WARREN, W. G. Chap ..... Nebraska City.
A. J. SKEEN ..... Dist. Dep. for Nemaha County.

Brownville Lodge No. 69, I. O. of G. T.—Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Nickell's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. Lucius B. Church, W. C. T. L. L. Hulburd, Sec. G. W. Fairbrother, Sr., L. D. D.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 109.—Meets every Monday evening. S. A. Huntington, W. C. T. J. B. Johnson, Sec. P. Crother, L. D.

Aspinwall Lodge No. 108.—Meets every Saturday evening. John S. Minick, W. C. T. T. J. Hitt, Sec.

Zion, No. 137.—Meets every Thursday evening, at the Kennedy School House, two miles north west of Brownville. H. O. Minick, L. D., Brownville.

Security, No. 135.—Meets every Saturday evening, at Fairview Church, six miles south west of Brownville. J. W. Hitchey, W. C. T. John Maxwell, W. S. Geo. Crow, L. D., Brownville.

Linden, No. 98.—Meets every Saturday evening, at Linden School House, six miles north west of Sheridan. H. F. Palmer, L. D., Sheridan.

Pleasant Prairie, No. 160.—Meet every Saturday evening, at Bratton School House, Benton precinct. R. H. Bailey, L. D., Bratton P. O.

Rifford, No. 160.—Meets every Friday evening at Coal Tar School House, four miles south west of Nemaha City. C. Tucker, L. D., Nemaha City.

Sheridan, No. 162.—Meets every Saturday evening. W. T. Reed, L. D.

(Other lodges in the county that desire a place in this directory will please inform us of name, number, when and where it meets, names of presiding officer and secretary, together with any other information they may wish to communicate.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
— OF —
BROWNVILLE.

Paid-up Capital, $50,000
Authorized " 500,000

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A

General Banking Business

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COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

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On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,

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JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
and dealer in
Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc.
Brownville, Nebraska.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Justice of the Peace. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

STULL & THOMAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, over Theodore Hill & Co.'s store, Brownville, Neb.

T. L. SCHICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over J. L. McGee & Bro's store, Brownville, Nebraska.

J. H. BROADY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. ROGERS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in the Roy building, Brownville, Neb.

A. S. HOLLADAY,
Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.
Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1857. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. Office, 41 Main street.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office, No. 81 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

J. W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER.
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

PAT. CLINE,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
CUSTOM WORK made to order, and fits always guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Shop, No. 27 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

A. D. MARSH.
TAILOR,
BROWNVILLE, - - NEBRASKA.
Cutting, or Cutting and Making, done to order on short notice and at reasonable prices. Has had long experience and can warrant satisfaction.
Shop in Alex. Robinson's old stand.

CHARLES HELMER,

FASHIONABLE
Boot and Shoe
MAKER.
Having bought the custom shop of A. Robison, I am prepared to do work of all kinds at
Reasonable Rates.
☞ Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Shop—No. 62 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.

WITCHERLY & HAWKINS,
Hair Cutting and Shaving
SALOON,
1st door west First National Bank,
Brownville, - Nebraska.

NEW RESTAURANT.
MEALS AND LUNCH
AT ALL HOURS.
CONFECTIONERY, CAKES, NUTS,
FRESH AND CHEAP.
MEALS ONLY 25 CTS.
Oysters Cooked to Order.
Rossels Old Stand.
Mrs. Sarah Rauschkolb.

OLD RELIABLE
Meat Market.

BODY & BRO.
BUTCHERS,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat
Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

T. A. BATH
is now proprietor of the
City Meat Market,
and is prepared to accomodate the public with
GOOD, FRESH, SWEET
MEAT.
Gentlemanly and accommodating clerks will at all times be in attendance. Your patronage solicited. Remember the place the old Pascoe shop, Main-st.,
Brownville, - Nebraska.

D. B. COLHAPP,
Manufacturer of
FINE CIGARS
59 Main Street,
Brownville, Nebraska.

Orders From Neighboring Towns Solicited.

Book-keepers, Reporters, Operators, School Teachers,
Penmen
At Great Mercantile College, Keokuk, Iowa.

VEGETINE
FOR
Chills, Shakes,
FEVER AND AGUE.
TAUNTON, N. C., 1878.
DR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir,—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, Vegetine, has done in my family. I wish to express my thanks by informing you of the wonderful cure of my son; also, to let you know that Vegetine is the best medicine I ever saw for *Chills, Shakes, Fever and Ague.* My son was sick with measles in 1875, which left him with *Hip-joint* disease. My son suffered a great deal of pain, all of the time; the pain was so great he did nothing but cry. The doctors did not help him a particle, he could not lift his foot from the floor, he could not move without crutches. I read your advertisement in the "Louisville Courier-Journal," that Vegetine was a great Blood Purifier and Blood Food. I tried one bottle, which was a great benefit. He kept on with the medicine, gradually gaining. He has taken eighteen bottles in all, and he is completely restored to health, walks without crutches or cane. He is twenty years of age. I have a youngest son, fifteen years of age, who is subject to *Chills.* Whenever he feels one coming on, he comes in, takes a dose of Vegetine, and that is the last of the *Chill.* Vegetine never has had effect upon the system like most of the medicines recommended for *Chills.* I cheerfully recommend Vegetine for such complaints. I think it is the greatest medicine in the world.
Respectfully, MRS. J. W. LLOYD.
VEGETINE.—When the blood becomes fileless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, the Vegetine will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE
FOR
Dyspepsia, Nervousness,
And General Debility.
BERNARDSTON, MASS., 1878.
We, the undersigned, having used Vegetine, take pleasure in recommending it to all those troubled with *Dyspepsia* or any kind, *Dyspeptic Nervousness, or General Debility,* it being the Great Blood Purifier. Sold by R. L. Crowell & Sons, whose8 more of it than all other patent medicines put together.
MRS. F. P. PERKINS,
MRS. H. W. SCOTT,
JOSEPHUS SLATE.
VEGETINE is the great health restorer—composed exclusively of barks, roots, and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

VEGETINE
FOR
NERVOUS HEADACHE,
And Rheumatism.
CINCINNATI, O., April 9, 1877.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:—
Dear Sir—I have used your Vegetine for *Nervous Headache,* and also for *Rheumatism,* and have found entire relief from both; and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all who may be likewise afflicted. FRED. A. GOOD,
108 Mill St., Cinn.
VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

VEGETINE.
DRUGGISTS' TESTIMONY.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—We have been selling your remedy, the Vegetine, for about three years, and take pleasure in recommending it to our customers, and in no instance where a blood purifier was needed, the case has it ever failed to effect the cure, to our knowledge. It certainly is the *ne plus ultra* of renovators.
Respectfully,
E. M. SHEPHERD & CO.,
Druggists, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
It is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.
Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
OLDEST
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
IN NEBRASKA.
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. Has a
Complete Abstract of Titles
to all Real Estate in Nemaha County.
ORGANIZED, 1870.

STATE BANK of NEBRASKA
AT BROWNVILLE.
CAPITAL, $100,000.
Transacts a general banking business, sells Drafts on all the principal cities of the
UNITED STATES AND EUROPE
☞ Special accommodations granted to depositors.
STATE, COUNTY & CITY
SECURITIES,
BOUGHT AND SOLD.
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W. W. HACKNEY, : Vice President.
H. E. GATES, : : : : : Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
L. HOADLEY, J. C. DEUSER,
WM. H. HOOVER, C. M. KAUFFMAN,
W. W. HACKNEY, H. C. LETT,
W. H. McCREERY.

HAVE YOU SEEN
THE ELEPHANT.
Having purchased the
"ELEPHANT"
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES
I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business.
Josh Rogers.

A Railroad Detective's Story.

'Yes, it was a mysterious affair,' said detective Rollins; 'but I had little trouble in working up the case, although I was some time in finding the chain to the broken link that I had discovered. It all came about in such a queer way that if I should live a thousand years I should not forget it.'

'Well, that's no way Dick,' cried Uncle Billy Franklin, the genial Master of transportation, after waiting a long time for Rollins to continue—'that's no way of getting over the road. But it's just like men in your business; stirring up one's dormant curiosity, and exciting one's expectations, so they settle themselves back for something good or not, as the case may be, only to be placed on nettles by long pauses, like that in which you are now indulging. Come, drop a little sand, pull her wide open, and take a run at the hill of your story.'

'Aye, aye, Dick!' exclaimed Jack Sprague, 'You're bulletined for that yarn, so pull out, my boy.'

'You should be the last man to hurry an engineer, Jack,' replied Rollins; 'either one of the 'company's kettles' or a story. In either case one is compelled—if he does not wish to run the risk of breaking down, or 'sticking' on some hard pull—to examine his machinery, dropping a little oil here and there, where there is danger of wear or rust, and after satisfying himself that his guides cross-heads and eccentrics are all O. K., pull ahead, as I now propose doing, with a clear track, a good fire plenty of water and fuel, and a good train behind.'

'On the morning of the 10th of December, 1870, I was sitting in the telegraph office at the depot in D——, congratulating myself on the dearth of business on my line, on account of the terrible weather we were then experiencing, and 'chinning' the operator, as we sat back in our comfortable arm chairs, testing the merits of some 'Lone Jack' in which I had been investing, when click, click, went the call over the line for head quarters office. Now, among other things, useful and otherwise, that I have picked up in many years service with the railroad, is the art—if such it may be called—of telegraphy. I cannot manipulate the lightning myself to any great extent, but I have no difficulty in undertanding the strange language, as spoken by the many mouths of the telegraph line. So when Rob and I heard the call for the headquarters office, we voluntarily suspended our talking and smoking, and listened for what was to follow.

'Headquarters answered, and then his message—as near as I can recollect—was sent flying over the wires:

''Agent Pancoast of this station (Attica) was found dead in his office at 6:30 this A. M. That he committed suicide, is evident from the fact that all the doors were securely locked, and it was necessary to force an entrance to his office. The body was lying in about the centre of the floor, and near by was a large pocket-knife—supposed to be his own—covered with blood. He stabbed himself in several places near the heart, and failing thus to reach the seat of life, cut his throat almost from ear to ear. Safe-key found on his person, and contents of safe supposed to be O. K.'

'In a minute after this message had been turned in, there came one from headquarters, calling on D——. Then followed:

''Is Rollins there? Answer quick!'

'Of course, Bob told them I was.

''Proceed to Attica on No. 2, and investigate death of Agent Pancoast,' was the order, and, as the train was due in five minutes, I had little time for preparation.

'I was ready, however, when No. 2 pulled out, and was soon driving along through snow and sleet, on my way to the tragic scene.

'I now had an opportunity to study over the sad affair, and the causes which must have led poor Pancoast to commit this rash act. As was my custom, I drove my thought from the present, and, as the saying is went to the root of the matter.'

'He had been agent at Attica for some five years; he was also agent for the U. S. Express Co., doing the railroad and express business in the same office. He was a single man, and slept in the depot office. He kept good company—in fact, was a consistent Christian, and there being so few of that class of Christians, one's attention is atracted when the true metal is found. As he did not drink, gamble, drive fast horses or speculate, and consequently was not in financial troubles, why did he commit suicde?

'But *did* he commit suicide?

'That question I mentally answered most decidedly in the negative, when in an hour later I stood in the office and viewed the body and its surroundings. It was still lying in the same position as when found, it not having been disturbed further than an unauthorized examination of the pockets, in which were found his watch, a small amount of money, and the key to the safe. I took the latter, and opening the safe examined its contents.

'I found but a few small express packages, of small value, according to the figures marked on them, with the receipt-book belonging to the agent. It showed no other entries than the packages mentioned, and if, as I supposed, he had received any valuable packages from the messenger on the express the night before, or for railroad freight, he had neglected to make an entry of them, or had been murdered ere he had the opportunity. You see by that last how my thoughts were drifting.

'But how account for the office being securely locked—as well as the outer door—and no possible signs of forcible entrance on the doors or windows?

'What was easier than for the murderer to slip into the freight room unperceived, after Pancoast had hurried out to the train, conceal himself behind the freight, and when the agent locked the outer door follow him to the inner office and perpetrated the deed?

'I procured a light, and went prowling around in the dark corners behind the freight, scanning everything carefully; and just as I was on the point of going elsewhere for a clue, my eye caught something deeeply imprinted on the top of a box, which upon examination, I found to be the impress of a boot-heel.

'Now you may say there was nothing strange in that; but when I tell you that a man standing on the top of this box could just see over the pile of freight and watch the inner office, you will know that I picked up a broken link—that impress was to me what the broken twig, or faint imprint of a foot, is to the scout on the trail.

'Here, then, the murderer had stood and watched, with baleful eyes, his victim. From this lookout he had planned the manner and time for attack. Then, stepping carefully down, he appoached the unconscious agent, with open knife in readiness for the fatal stroke, grasped him, drew him quickly backward, and with one lightning flash of the blade across the throat the deed was done.

'But to make sure of his work he had used the knife in giving several stabs in the region of the heart; and then arranging the body, and dropping the knife near to give the appearance of suicide, he had opened the safe abstracted only the valuable packages, locked the doors of the office and freight-room with duplicate keys, and fled, leaving, as he thought, no trace.

'But as I studied the heel-mark in the soft pine I knew that he *had* left a trace—a link that I determined should be fitted to a chain that should bind him hand an foot. As I have said the exact imprint of the heel was deeply impressed into the yielding pine. The maker of the boot to which that heel belonged must have had leisure, and a fanciful turn of mind, when engaged in its manufacture, for he had made in the centre a perfect star, and there it was, every nail distinct. It was useless to think of tracing his course without, for it had been snowing all night—and in fact all day—and of course every mark was long since obliterated.

'As I expected, the county coroner and jury returned a verdict of death by suicide. I immediately held a consultation with the railroad express officials, to whom I imparted my belief of murder, but cautioned them to let the impression go forth that they were satisfied with the verdict, and then the chances were that the murderer would not take alarm and fly. My idea was that he was no stranger to that section, and that he would, unless startled by the fact being made known that Pancoast had not committed suicide, remain for fear that his going away would create suspicion.

'I visited all the boot and shoe stores in that part of the country, ostensibly to buy a pair of boots, but I was hard to suit. I managed to discover, however, that none had made or sold a pair of boots or shoes with a star in the heel. I fell to inspecting every shodded foot, and the marks they might make, with indefatigable perseverance. It grew to be such a mania with me, that I greatly surprised Mrs. Rollins by mechanically raising her bootees, as she laid them aside to done her slippers one evening and examining the heels thereof; and she fell to expatiating on the beauty of the fit and the cheapness, fearing, the dear little woman, that I was growing parsimoniously inclined.

'I had boots and shoes, from number nothings to unheard of sizes, mixed up in my dreams; and when one night I missed the Express, and took the Fast Freight for D——, and threw myself down on a seat in the caboose and fell asleep, it was not surprising that I fell to dreaming of the perplexing solution to the mystery attached to the murder of Agent Pancoast.

'It seemed to be in an invisible shape, wandering arround from place to place in search of a pair of boots with a star worked in the heel with nails. At last I stepped into a store, next door to the headquarters in C——. Great 'broad-treads,' with strange devices worked in the heels with huge nails flitted before me, and ranged themselves on the long counter by the side of little shoes with no heels at all. Dainty ladies' shoes and gents' boots seemed of their own volition to leave the shelves and boxes, and come down for inspection.

At last came the pair I had looked for so long—a pair with a perfect star worked in the centre of the heel. I had already reached out my hand to take them up, when before me stepped a man I had known by sight as a sort of never-do-well, who had been braking on the road for a few weeks, who, taking possession of them with an air of ownership, stalked out.

'As he slammed the door I awoke, and, starting to my feet, with the exclamation: 'At last I have found him!' found myself face to face with the man of my dream. His slamming the door *coming in* had awakened me, and now, with pale face he stood before me and asked what I meant; and then, before I had recovered from my bewilderment, he laughed nervously, and with a remark that I was dreaming, picked up his lamp and stated out. But before he reached the door I was myself again, and in an instant I had my hand on his shoulder.

''Not so fast my friend,' said I. 'Sit down here and let me see your boot-heel.'

''What the deuce is that for?' he asked with much surprise.

''Do as I tell you,' I answered, pushing him into a seat.

'By this time the other brakeman and the conductor had crowded up, and stood lost in wonder at my proceeedings.

'I now raised his foot, and a thrill ran through me as I saw that I had found the chain. There it was, as plain as the nails could make it—a star in the centre of the heel.

''Who made you those boots?' I asked.

''Watson, next door to headquarters, in C——,' he replied.

'My dream to a dot! I was now sure of my man; and pulling out the knife with which the murder had been committed, and which I had carried for just such an occassion, I opened it, and holding it up before his eyes, demanded in an abrupt tone:

''John Peters, is not this your knife?'

'His bravado instantly deserted him, and, turning as pale as a corpse he stammered out that it was.

'You never saw a fellow weaken so quick, and when I put the 'bracelets' on him, he 'squealed' the whole thing.

'It was a sorry New Year to him, for it was on New Year's morning that I stepped from the train at Attica with my prisoner, and hurried him to jail. His trial came off in due course, and as he had confessed to the murder, no defense other than the insanity dodge was set up by his counsel.

'He had gone over from C—— on the train that reached Attica at 11:30. He had slipped into the freight-room while Agent Pancoast was at the train, and concealed himself behind the freight; and *had* stood on the box and looked over the pile of freight watching his chance to slip out. He *had* seized his victim from behind, cut his throat, and then, after stabbing him, arranged the body and knife to give the appearance of suicide. After possessing himself of two valuable packages in the safe, and taking a large roll of money from the wallet of the murdered man, he locked the doors with duplicate keys, walked to the next station, concealed himself in a box car on the Night Freight, and reached C—— without being seen by any one. He had been 'braking extras' on the road for some time, and the very next day was offered and accepted a permanent position, knowing that his doing so would keep suspicion from attaching to him.

'He deserved hanging if any murderer ever did, but he got off with imprisonment for life.'

According to the Omaha *Bee*, Secretary Evarts was met in Iowa by his old and intimate friend E. Rosewater and escorted into Nebraska. Doubtless, the meeting of these two distinguished statesmen was an affecting scene to the conductor, pea-nut boy, and brakesmen of the train. When Rosey told Evarts that Nebraska was with him and Hayes, the old veteran was moved almost to tears. He braced up, however, and said he always knew the people sustained the policy, but the wicked politicians and newspapers were raising a great rumpus. 'I will keep Nebraska all right Mr. Evarts,—I and Saunders.' 'Saunders!' thundered Evarts, 'what do you mean.' 'I and Schurz—I and Schurz I meant to say,' interrupted Rosey, and Evarts pensively smiled, and wondering what manner of man he was going to meet on the west side of the river, which this ludicrous specimen of humanity controlled with a nod and held as in the hollow of his hand up to the scratch for the 'policy.' 'Your congressional delegation is fornist us,' said Evarts, after his astonishment had somewhat abated, 'but if you stand firm'—and here he gazed wistfully across the big muddy, and wondered how it would seem to live in a country where such a *lusus naturæ* was permitted to edit a newspaper and own a senator and a Secretary of the Interior. He changed his mind and concluded not to stop off at Omaha. 'Not that I have any prejudice against the town, Rosey,' explained he, 'for once I thought and said it ought to be the initial terminus, but somehow I want to be going on,—going on. I see very well now why the court did, not consider Omaha a safe place for a railroad to stop, and I won't stop either, thank you.' —*State Journal.*

If a woman wants to faint in comparitive safety, Kentucky is the place to do it. A woman fainted in a car on a Kentucky railway and thirteen liquor flasks were promptly placed at her disposal. In this connection it may be incidentally stated that there were just thirteen men in the car.

THE BATHS OF ROME.

The following is an extract from a letter to Prof. J. M. McKenzie, written by G. E. Howard, who, in company with Prof. Church, brother to Judge Church of this city, is in Rome, studying the antiquities, and reading various works on the history, topography and archeology of the city:

ROME, February 24, 1878.

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There are many ruins left—far more than I ever imagined, though doubtless but insignificant vestiges of the primitive splendor of the "Eternal City." The Pantheon and the Colosseum, however worthy of admiration the former may be as a marvel of exquisite beauty and matchless art, and the latter for its stupendous proportions—filling one with awe even in its ruins—are not the only remnants of the grandeur of antique Rome which are worthy of attention. For my part, I am astonished that so few writers have thought it worth their while to describe the baths—particularly that mighty pile of crumbling walls known as the "Baths of Caracalla.' They have impressed me with an astonishment scarcely less than that produced by the first view of the Colosseum, or even of the famous St. Peter's. The thermae or public baths were the creation of the empire. The severe taste and simplicity of the republic did not admit of this species of luxury and extravagance. Agrippa, minister of Augustus, first introduced the public bath; his structures for this purpose were erected in the *Campus Martius*, and the Pantheon still remains to attest their original splendor, for he first built this structure as a therma, but afterwards added the wonderful portico of sixteen colossal columns of oriental granite, which has been the admiration of all subsequent ages. This senator was imitated and far outdone in this respect by the subsequent Emperors. Historians tell us, that Trajan, Constantine, Diocletian, Titus, and Caracalla constructed baths; vast remains of those of the two last named still exist, also some ruins of the baths of Titus.

The baths of Caracalla consisted of two parts or enclosures, an external and an internal. The external enclosure we will designate as a portico; it was surrounded by a superb peristyle of marble columns, supporting an entablature of exquisite beauty. It was rectangular in form, and more than a mile in circumference; yet the whole was adorned with statues, and a rare cornice, besides other sculpture. Just behind the peristyle was a series of rooms for a great variety of purposes, extending throughout the whole circuit. These were also elaborately adorned. The Roman bath had very little in common with the modern. Bathing was not only made an absolute necessity by the Romans, but was the scene of the ease and luxury of fashionable life. Here the patrician had his parlor, his dining room, his "club room," his ball and concert hall; the ladies would have had their sewing circles and tea parties here also had these modern schools of scandal been known to those luxurious pagans—and doubtless they did have some such indispensable institution. In the outer structure were also *exedrae* or porticos for the discussions of the philosophers; academies, where their lectures were held; *ambulacra*, or arcades for promenading; a *xystus* or arena for the exercises of the youth coming from the surrounding schools, which were observed by the parents and other spectators seated in the *theatridium* or tiers of seats in the form of a theater. The portion of this gigantic structure now under consideration has almost disappeared before the ravages of time, the shocks of earthquakes, and the still more inimical agency of human contention. Yet enough remains to show the extent and form, and to enable us to draw some inference as to its original magnificence. The black and falling walls are standing, in places, for several hundred feet in length.

The interior structure, or baths proper, are so well preserved that every one of the myriad of apartments can be distinctly traced. Into this portion no plebeian dare enter. Here was the *natatio* or *piscina*, called also *frigidarium*, for cold bathing. It is a vast hall, paved with mosaics, still preserved in their place, and surrounded by the subordinate rooms for the convenience of the bathers and attendants.

The great saloon, or *cella tepidaria*, so called because the *tepidaria*, or warm baths, were arranged around it, is a vast room, 300 feet long by 100 wide. This was the most magnificent of all, and was denominated the art gallery, because of the great number of statues, costly vases and rich hangings which adorned it. In the center was an arena for the athletes.

These *tepidaria* were also placed by the side of cold bath rooms, in order that the luxurious bather might step immediately from the warm to the cold water, and thus vary and heighten the agreeable sensations.

Adjoining the *cella tepidaria* was the *Calidaria mulietra*, or warm baths for women. Nothing was left unprovided which would add to the real or imagined pleasure of the participant. Rooms called *unctuaira* were provided where the *Aleptae* anointed the bathers with costly ointments, after which the *Unguentarii* perfumed them with sweet incense. There were *Elacotheria* and *Conuisteria*, where the wrestlers might retire to be rubbed with powder and sprinkled with oil. In the *Diaetae* and *Triclinae* refreshments were served. There were also *auditoria* or sweating rooms. In fact everything which a luxurious and pampered taste could desire, or wealth produce, was provided regardless of cost. Yet, according to Horace, one could bathe for the small st piece of coined money.

The Plebs, however, were compelled to content themselves with the water which had been used in refreshing the aristocratic skins of the Patricians, the water being drawn off into the outer vats for their use. Could anything be more humiliating?

What a scene of splendor must these walls have witnessed, after the imperial tyrant—that strange compound of the brute, fool and madman—had lavished the blood and riches of the empire in adorning them! In order to picture it, one must call up afresh in his mind the manner of every-day life among the Romans. Let us imagine ourselves in the great *Forum Romanum* in the early morning. All around is life and bustle. The merchants of every class are hawking their wares in the booths placed around the borders of the open space; others are gathered in groups under the magnificent arch of Titus or Constantine. Each one, as is peculiar to the Romans, both modern and ancient, is striving to outdo his neighbor in *noise*. The senator yonder is haranguing a gaping crowd around him; he has cast aside his toga that he may be freer in his gestures, for the Roman believes in action when he makes speeches. He is, doubtless, speaking in anticipation of some coming election before *Comitia*—perhaps he has an eye to the consulate or Praetor's judicial chair. The Romans were a speechmaking people—they knew how to electioneer and make stump speeches in the Forum, as well as any aspirant to office in our own republic. Yonder is another senator addressing the people from the portico of his own house—an accessory to the establishment of nearly every senator of Rome.

But here is a scene of a more revolting nature—*a slave auction*. There, where now are the ruins of the temple of *Romulus* and *Remus*, near the the elegant temple of *Antonius* and *Faustina*, and in full view of that matchless structure, the temple of *Venus and Rome*, on the present site of the church of *Maria in Connedian*, is the market for human chattels. This morning the vender has an unusually fine lot of ware on hand—beautiful girls from Greece, Circassia, or Numidia, and he is applying all his powers of eloquence and voice in recommending them to the crowd below. Thus the forenoon passed. But at noon the scene changes—work is over for the day. Patrician, plebian and slave, each throws aside his implements, or ceases his eloquence, and rushes to the bath and the siesta. All Rome throngs to the scene of refreshment and pastime.

But one must not be too hasty in giving the Roman credit for the practice of that remarkable virtue, cleanliness, said to be only second to godliness; for with all his scrubbing, he probably did not much exceed the demands of decency. The male of the lower classes usually wore his heavy woollen toga next to the skin, with no undergarment. Hence, what with the heat, the dust, and perspiration, the bath became absolutely indispensable. But this practice became at times not only an expensive and enervating luxury, but also a prolific source of vice. Antoninus found it necessary to forbid both sexes to bathe *together*, which it appears was a common practice. Commodus bathed seven times a day, and took his meals in the baths. Hadrian bathed in public, with the meanest of his subjects. Alexander Severus, the Virtuous, also bathed publicly, and then returned to his palace in his dressing gown. Gallienus bathed openly, with old men and women and little children.

To-day nothing remains of all this splendid edifice and the scene of voluptuous luxury, but the massive and crumbling walls of brick and stone. The inner building is about 800 feet long, and 500 broad; and the walls in many places 100 feet high, and from five to thirty feet in thickness. The majority of the rooms were covered with arches of brick. Imagine a hall 300x100 feet arches with brick! In many places parts of the arches exist, ragged, and perforated with vast rents, gnawed by the storms of twenty centuries.

Strange are the emotions that fill the soul as we tread the mosaic floors, now uneven and rolling like the waves of a lake—having settled unequally. All around are the vestiges of the past splendor. In the niches still stand mutilated statues; on the pedestals, headless and armless Venuses, Dianas and Jupiters stills stand like funereal monuments of the past. Here is a hand or arm, yonder a *torso* of some colossus. Yonder are gigantic Corinthian capitals, there are blocks of cornice weighing a score of tons, yet of Parian marble; here again are numerous fragments of fluted columns, and sculptured architraves. There is one room filled with these fragments—a ghastly and sad museum!

Such was the nature and plan of a Roman bath, and they were all built after essentially the same plan.

Always speak well of the dead, and once in a while say a good word for the living, if you have the time.