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April 14th, 1864.

WALL PAPER WALL PAPER
Constantly on hand at Marshall's Tailor Shop, by
LOUIS WALTER,
Paper-hanging done in the most approved style, and
reasonable cash terms.
Brownville, Neb. June 2, 1864.

B. C. HARE'S
Sky-Light Gallery,
In the place to get your Pictures. He is prepared to
take all kinds of Pictures—large sized Photographs,
Manufactures, etc.
He keeps on hand a well-selected stock of Albums
and Photographic goods of all kinds.
The new Gallery is north side of main Street opposite
John A. Pugh's Store. Persons will do well to call
early, before getting work done elsewhere.
Particulars given taken with children, also in copying
of Pictures. Dark-red, black, green, or pinks are
good colors for children's dresses.

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE!
MILLINERY GOODS!
MRS. MARY HEWETT,
Announces to the ladies of Brownville and vicinity,
that she has just received from the
East a magnificent stock of
SEWING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS,
Consisting of
Ladies' and Misses' Bonnets and Hats,
Ribbons, Flowers, &c., &c.
To which she invites the attention of the ladies, feeling
assured they cannot better suited to their style,
than the goods she has on hand.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND!
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY!!
JOSEPH SHUTZ
Watch repairer and Jeweler done on the short-
est notice.

WORK WARRANTED
Warranted Garden Seeds
BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.,
[Late JOHN GARNETT & Co.]
No. 26 North Second Street, above Pine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

JACOB MAROHN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA
Calls the attention of Gentlemen desiring new, neat
and fashionable
Wearing Apparel,
to his
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED,
BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERS, VESTINGS, &c., &
OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES,
Which he will sell or make up, in order, at unprece-
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SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
he is able to do custom work at rates that defy competi-
tion.

PHILIP DEUSER,
Main Street bet. First and Second Sts.
Brownville, Neb.
Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of
TOBACCO
CHEWING AND SMOKING
SEGARS,
Candies, Plain and Fancy,
Oranges, Raisins, Lemons, Dates,
Figs, Nuts, Apples, &c., &c.
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Oysters.

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Cash Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS,
MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,
Pains, Oils and Dye Stuff,
Pure Liquors for Medical Purposes
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The best brands of Cheering and Smoking
TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
Inks of all Colors,
PERFUMERY AND TOILET GOODS,
He assures his patrons, and the public generally,
that he will keep on hand an extensive stock of the ar-
ticles mentioned, besides anything and everything
usually kept in a first class Drug Store, which he
is prepared to sell at low rates for Cash. Call and
examine for yourself!

Prescriptions and Orders
Carefully filled at all hours.
Main St. bet. 1st & 2d.

A WARDS OPINION ON MATTERS AND THINGS GENERALLY.
The student and connoisseur must have noticed and admired in various parts of the United States of America large yellow handbills, which not only air gems of art in themselves, but they truthfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show that I have observed, that contains many living wild animals; every one has got a beautiful Moral.

Then handbills is sculpt in New York, & I annually repair here to get some more on the public eye matters and things. Since last I meandered these streets I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I come back now, with my virtuous unimpaired, but I've got to get some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place even during my short absence, & some on my return I shall contemplate. The house in Vermont street, where I used to board, is been torn down. That house, which was rendered memorable by living into it, is "parisin' away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price one dollar each. Thus is changes goin' on continently. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin' & Dysentaries is drumblin'—These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane street, sculps my handbills, & he's an artist. He studied in Rome—States of New York. I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my handbills as fast as they're sculpted. You have to watch these printers pretty close, for they're jest as apt to spell a word wrong as anyhow.

But I have time to look around sum & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after an absence of ten months, and what States do I find the country in? Why, I don't know what States I find in. Suffice it to say that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find some things that is cheerin', particularly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin' furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's ice mountains, and tombezzen from Injy's coral stands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that superior woman has pecked off all her furrin clothes and jump into fabrics of domestic manufacture.

But, says some folks, if you stop important things, you stop the Revenue. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenue can. On the same principle young men should continue to get drunk on French brandy and to make their livers as dry as a corn cob with 'Cuby cigars because 4 south if they don't it hurt the Revenue. This talk 'bout the Revenue is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is to be certain—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is due the wimin of this patriotic move—and to tell the truth, the wimin generally know what they're 'bout. Of all the blessedness they're the southmost. If there'd never bin any wimin, where would my children be to-day?

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that ar just as much needed, one of which is a general and terret, curtalement of expenses all round. The fact is, we ar gettin' ter'ly extravagant, and unless we paws in our mad career, in less than two years the goddess of liberty will be seen doagin' into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in bundle, even if she don't 'have to Spout the stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold judily, and live and dress sensibly; like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do, if they want quite so honest! [Sattle goalketh.]

There air other cheerin' signs. We don't, for instans, lack great Generals, and we certainly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch Goddemly's footstoll all over with a ten-hous power mikri-scope, you would be able to find such another set of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentleman of the sent & of the House, you've set there and draw'd your pay and made summer complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, includin' the undersigned, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sombody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weest? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and every thing in the Emergency's ahead?

Congress, you want do. Go home, you able devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other day, I delib'ately voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essential to their happiness, should not delay about sendin' the money right on for one.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimen who air goin' to abandon furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family gossip.

My reputed capture by the North American savjies of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthy things, and was an angel playin' on a golden harp.—Hints no rival home was unexpected.

It was 11 in the evening when I reached my homestead and knocked a healthy one on the door thereof.

A night-gad thrust itself out of the front chamber window. (It was my Betsy's night-cap.) And a voice said: "Who is it?"

"It is a man!" I answered in a gruff voice.

"I don't b'leve it!" she said.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then, resum'ing my nat'ral vois, I said, "It is your own A. W. Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou?"

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it? I thought I smelt something."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin' a artist from Philadelphia, who was there paintin' some starlin' waterfalls and mountains, and I morin suspected he had a hankerin for my oldest daughter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, father," said my daughter.

"Glad to see you, sir," I replied in a hospitable vois; "glad to see you, sir."

"He is an artist, father," said my child.

"A whistler?"

"An artist—a painter.

"A glazer?" I askt. "Are you a painter and glazier, eh?"

My daughter and wife was mad but I couldn't help it, I felt in a comikal mood.

"It is a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considerin' what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

After breakfast I went to town to see my old friends. The editor of The Bugle greeted me cordially, and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes, through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of The Advertiser say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," said the Editor, "his him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicoolin' his sister, who's got a cork-eye."

A few days after my return, I was shown a young man who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin' on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsome object.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Watkins preach, and the good old man preaches good, too, tho' his prayer was rather lengthy. The editor of the Bugle, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares solid nonpareil.

I don't think of nothing more to write about. So, "B'leve me if all those ad-dearing young charms," &c., &c.

A. WARD.
I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember in one where I was counsel for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the perfect unconcern, seemin' to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, as the blood was gradually softened a piece of priestly paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ball. The other half had been found in the man's pocket.—The man was hung.

A DARING ADVENTURE.
The scene of our tale is the parlor, or large hall for the reception of travelers, in an old inn in Yorkshire. Around the large chimney-place is a goodly company assembled; and whilst the logs crackle on their earth, and the flames go blazing upward, farmer Hunt delivered himself of the following story:

"I am going to tell you an incident which happened in my grandfather's lifetime," commenced old Hunt; "and from my grandfather's lips I myself heard it, as I sat on his knees, when a child."

"One fair afternoon," said the venerable gentleman, "about the end of August puttin' on my hat and picking up my cane, I walked out of the house, and directed my steps toward 'The Unicorn,' to have a smoke and a confab, as was my wont, with Miles Totingham, who was the first proprietor of this inn. The air was delicious—not at all warm; and as the road from my farm to the inn ran through a wood, the foliage of whose trees overpaved the path. I had a most delightful walk. The little birds hopping from twig to twig in playful sport and singing merrily, seemed to enjoy the beautiful afternoon as much as I did.

I had not walked very far, when the clatter of horse's hoofs saluted my ears from behind; and turning round, I perceived a man, mounted on a little black mare, fast approaching. He was dressed in a very handsome blue velvet coat adorned with lace; and a little three-cornered hat, feathered on the edges was set jauntily upon his head. His cheeks were full, and covered with bushy red whiskers, and his complexion healthful and ruddy. As he rode up to me, touching his hat and drawing in his little mare, he said:

"Good evening to you, friend. Whither do you vend your way?"

"To The Unicorn inn," I answered.

"Will you not accompany me there?"

"Luckily, my course tends thither likewise," he said.

We then entered into a conversation upon various topics—among which was The Unicorn inn and its history.

"Who was the owner of the building when it was sold in Totingham?" my companion asked.

"A certain old fellow of the family of Munton, sir—Robert by name. He was a discontented, reserved, old gentleman, and in a fit of displeasure with one of his servants, concerning some repairs to the mansion, he sold out and left this part of the country. Miles Totingham was the purchaser."

We had by this time emerged from the wood, and were in sight of the little inn at the door of which we perceived some travelers dismounting from their horses and entering the house.

"We will have company," said my comrade.

"Yes, I perceive so," I answered.—"Whom do you take them for?"

So saying, Miles led the way, and the stranger and myself followed.

On entering, we perceived about six men in the room, (this apartment that we are now in,) sitting around a table.—They were smoking and talking. One of them, Miles Totingham told us, was Mr. Alpheus Redbrow—a constable of St. George's, and a very shrewd thief taker.

He was small in stature, with deep set little eyes, that seemed to look into your inmost thoughts. The five other men were under-constables. The landlord showed us to a table not very far from the officers, so that we could hear on what subject they were conversing.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mister Redbrow," said one of the men—whose name I afterwards learned was Redstone—"we've got to nab this prigger, or I'll be blowed if I goes back to Lunnon!"

"I'm confident of success," answered Redbrow. "He can't be such a smart fellow as to escape me. I've traps for him all over the country; and it'll be a great wonder if he escapes them. I was talking the other day with Dr. Costes, whom I saw at Sir Peter Rookwood's manor; and he is enraged about the scoundrel as I am."

"It is certainly a great misfortune that men like this Turpin should run wild over the country, setting the laws at defiance," I said to my new friend.

"It is so, Mr. Hunt; I agree with you; but Tyburn will see this rascal before long."

"I don't know about that; he's a pretty smart fellow," I answered.

"The landlord then brought us some ale, and the evening passed away very pleasantly. I found Mr. Baker—as he told me his name was—a very amusing man. He told me he was a London draper, on his way to Edinburg on business; and requested me, when I told him that I dwelt near, to allow him to rest for the night at my farm—alleging that he had not too large an amount of money with him, and he was afraid it might give out before he reached his destination. To this I readily consented—my wife and child being absent on a visit to some relations, so that I had plenty of room for him.

"At nine o'clock, picking up my hat, I told my friend, Mr. Baker, that I was going home, and asked him if he would accompany me or follow at his leisure. He answered that he would come after me in half an hour—at the same time inquiring where my farm was. I then left. The events which afterwards occurred at the inn, I relate from what the landlord told me subsequently.

Mr. Redbrow had been talking the whole evening with Rockstone and the rest—the only topic being Captain Dick Turpin, and how he could be entrapped. After I left, Mr. Baker went up to the table around which the constables were sitting, and said:

"Gentleman, you wish to capture Dick Turpin—do you not?"

"Ay, sir—we do. But what is that to you?" exclaimed Redbrow, scrutinizing Baker.

"This much, sir: I know where Turpin is at this moment," answered the latter.

On their hats and examined their pistols—which, as they found them all right, they returned to their pockets and holsters.

"The horses are ready, gentlemen," said Miles, opening the door, and putting in his head.

Redbrow and Rockstone, stepping up to the landlord, paid their reckoning, and then walked out. Lightly did Baker leap into his saddle—Redbrow doing the same. The moon, just then breaking forth from behind a cloud, threw a stream of light over the scene—so that every object in the landscape, however distant, was visible.

"Mr. Redbrow," cried Baker, aloud, "you wish to see Dick Turpin; I can help!"

So saying the highwayman stuck the spurs into his horse's flanks, and swiftly galloped away over the meadow. On he went over the lawn in front of the inn until he came to the fence, which the black mare cleared gracefully, and the horseman sped onward in his lightning course.

"Ha! shouted Redbrow, his face scarlet with rage and mortification.—"Why stand ye, dastards? Forward!"

The sudden flight of the highwayman, had taken the constables so by surprise, that they looked on in amazement, not knowing exactly what to do, until roused by Redbrow's shouting at them—which he said just as Turpin was clearing the fence—they gave their steeds the spurs, and dashed after him. On they rode, all very well until they came to the fence, which Redbrow's horse immediately leaped; but Mr. Rockstone's steed refused to go any farther, and stopped so suddenly as to throw that honorable gentleman over his head; and he alighted in a mud puddle on the opposite side. The other constables cleared the fence after Redbrow, and rode on at a rapid pace, notwithstanding the cries of the discomfited Mr. Rockstone—who was so wedged in, that it was impossible for him, without assistance, to extricate himself. Turpin, in the meantime, had disappeared amidst the trees of the neighboring forest.

To return to myself; I reached my farm house, entered the sitting room, and lighting a couple of candles, sat down at the table, with Shakespeare's tragedy of "Hamlet" before me.

I red on for about half an hour—being entranced by the production of the great Bard of Avon—when I was aroused from my occupation by a rap at the door, as if with a whip handle. I arose, and walking out to the hall, opened the door. On the threshold stood Mr. Baker; but I was surprised to see him in such a state as he was. He looked as if he had been riding for his life; and his little black mare smoked and puffed so, that I inquired:

"Why, Mr. Baker, what has happened to you?"

Laughing, and wiping his perspiring brow, he said:

"Nothing, only some of Betsy's fun sir. She started on a regular race from the inn, and persisted in it until we arrived here.

"Rather warm weather for such fast riding!" I said. "But come in, Mr. Baker—come in, sir, and let us see about supper."

"We entered the sitting room, and, telling my guest to seat himself, I went into the kitchen to prepare supper. In a few moments, I returned with the meal on a tray, which I set down on the table. My guest had taken the mare around to the stable in the meantime.

"You have a nice little farm here, Mr. Hunt."

Yes, sir; it is a homely but comfortable house," I returned.

"It seemed to me just then that there was a noise out side as of horsemen, but I did not hear it repeated, so thought no more about it. I entered into a conversation with Mr. Baker concerning the country, its products, etc., for about half an hour. When that time had elapsed, I heard a loud clattering of horses' hoofs and shouts of men outside.

"Blast them!" cried Baker, leaping to his feet. "they have scented me out?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I said, somewhat astonished.

But he had no time to reply for the front door was burst open, and Mr. Redbrow, followed by the other constables, (minus Mr. Rockstone), rushed into the apartment.

"Ha! ha!" cried Redbrow, so, Mr. Turpin, you are here!

At this I was astonished—amazed at the fellow's coolness and knavery. Mr. Redbrow then addressed me:

"Mr. Hunt, I am surprised at your harboring such a robber as Turpin under your roof."

I knew him, sir, only as Mr. Baker. Then he decided you?

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE]