

Published every Thursday by FISHER & COLHAPP, Advertising Block, Main St. Between 1st & 2d, Brownville, N. T.

TERMS: One year, in advance, \$2.00. Single copies, 5 cents. Advertising rates on application.

Business Cards. EDWARD W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. F. STEWART, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, OFFICE, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

THOMAS DAVIS, ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, TABLE ROCK, NEBRASKA.

JOSEPH L. ROY, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSOR, Main St., opposite P. O. Building, bet. 1st and 2d.

LOUIS WALTER, FAIRBANK'S STANDARD SCALES, Also, Warehouse Trucks, Locomotives, etc.

FAIRBANK'S GREENE, LEAF & CO., BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

REITMEYER & ROBISON, MANUFACTURERS OF RUBBERS AND SHOES, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

MOLINE PLOWS, 500, On hand and to arrive at D. A. CONSTABLE'S Iron and Steel Warehouse, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

ST. JOSEPH, MO. New Remedies for SPERMATORRHOEA. HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

MILLINERY & Dress-making, MISS E. L. HARRIS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

B. C. HARE, AMBROTYPE, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Berkley & Neely, Wagon Makers, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA GROWTH, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Nebraska Advertiser

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER."

VOL. VIII.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 1, 1864.

NO. 52.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square per line or less one insertion, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Business Cards, per line per year, \$2.00.

CHAS. G. DORSEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. WALL PAPER WALL PAPER, Constantly on hand at Marcho's Tailor Shop, by LOUIS WALTER.

B. C. HARE'S Sky-Light Gallery, Is the place to get your Pictures. He is prepared to take all kinds of Pictures—large sized Photographs, Miniatures, &c.

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE! MILLINERY GOODS! MRS. MARY HEWETT, Announces to the ladies of Brownville and vicinity, that she has just received from Paris a magnificent stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER MILLINERY GOODS, Ladies' and Misses' Bonnets and Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, &c.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND! CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ, Jeweler, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WORK WARRANTED, Warranted Garden Seeds, BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO., (Late JOHN GARNETT & Co.) No. 36 North Second Street, above Pine, ST. LOUIS, MO.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Making and repairing of all kinds of Tailor's Work.

NEW STOCK OF GOODS, JUS RECEIVED, BROAD CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, &c., & OF THE VERY LATEST STYLES.

PHILLIP DEUSER, Main Street bet. First and Second Sts., BROWNVILLE, NEB. Keeps constantly on hand the best quality of TOBACCO CHEWING AND SMOKING, SEGARS, Confectioneries

Candies, Plain and Fancy, Oranges, Raisins, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Nuts, Apples, &c., &c. All kinds of Toys, Canned Fruit, and Oysters.

WM. H. McCREERY, Cash Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils and Dye Stuff, Pure Liquors for Medical Purposes

All kinds of Patent Medicines, DENTAL AND FANCY GOODS, Blank Books and Stationery, The best brands of Chewing and Smoking TOBACCO AND SEGARS, Tinks of all Colors, PERFUMERY AND TOILET GOODS.

Prescriptions and Orders, Carefully filled at all hours. March 31st, '64. n30-5-62

Poetry. LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

O, God! our way through darkness lead, But thine is living light; Teach us to feel that Day succeeds To each slow wearing night; Make us to know, though pain and Woo Beset our mortal lives, That ill at last in death lies low, And only Good survives.

Too long the oppressor's iron heel The stony knee has pressed; Too oft the tyrant's sword 'round us lies Pierced the guileless breast; Yet in our souls the seed shall lie, Till Time shall bid it thrive, Or steadfast faith that Wrong shall die, And only Right survive.

Wrath clouds our sky; War lifts on high His flag of crimson stain; Each monstrous birth 'spreeds the earth In battle's gory train; Yet still, we trust in God the Just, Still keep our faith alive, That 'neath Thine eye all Fate shall die, And only Love survive.

Select Tale. THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Deacon Banchoft, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Centerville, was rumored to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp look out for the main chance, a peculiarity from which deacons are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was well to do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the deacon, who was fully able to do so, would have found a helpmate to share his house and name. But the deacon was wary. Matrimony was to him, in some measure, a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity. Unhappily the little village of Centerville and the town in the immediate vicinity, contained few who were qualified in this important particular, and of these there were probably none with whom the deacon's suit would have prospered.

So it happened that years passed away until Deacon Banchoft was in the prime of life—forty-five or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and in all probability likely to remain so. But in all human calculations of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out.

Deacon Banchoft's nearest neighbor was a widow. The widow Wells, who had passed through a matrimonial experience, was three or four years younger than Deacon Banchoft. She was a buxom, comely woman, as widows are apt to be. Unfortunately, the late Mr. Wells had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was the small old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money, which was insufficient to support her, and a little son of seven, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be classed as "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take three or four boarders, to eke out her scanty income, which of course, imposed upon her, considerable labor and anxiety. It is not surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then bethink herself of a second marriage to better her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if in her reflection on this point she should have cast her eyes on her next neighbor, Deacon Banchoft? The deacon, as we already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort, and being one of the chief personages in the village, could afford her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression on the female heart—this was true—but he was good dispositioned, kind-hearted, and would no doubt make a good sort of husband. Widows are, I take it, if they do me the honor to read this story, I trust they will forgive the remark) less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second marriage than a first, and so, in a widow's point of view, Deacon Banchoft was a desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered, in the present case it was exceedingly doubtful whether the worthy deacon, even if he had known the favorable opinion of his next neighbor, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Banchoft, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a superb chance for finesing, wherein widows are said as a general thing to be expert.

One evening after a day of fatiguing labor, the widow Wells sat at the fire in the sitting room with her feet resting on the fender. "If I am ever so situated as not to have to work so hard, I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I as only as well off as deacon Banchoft—"

Still the widow kept up her thinking, by and by her face brightened up. She had an idea which she was resolved to put into execution at the very earliest moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel. "Henry," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at Deacon Banchoft's as you go to school, and ask him if he will call and see me in the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Deacon Banchoft was a little surprised at this summons. However about eleven o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner, and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarrassed. "Henry told me you would like to see me," he commenced. "Yes, deacon, I do. But I am very much afraid you will think strange—at least of what I have to say to you."

The deacon very politely promised not to be surprised though at the same time his curiosity was very much excited. "Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes, "and I was only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?"

The request was readily accorded. Arriving at the village, Mrs. Wells requested to be set down at the bank. "Hal! hal!" thought the deacon, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank. The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant. "Can you give me small bills for a five dollar gold piece?" she inquired. "With pleasure," was the reply. "By the way," said she, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition is it not?"

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response. "You receive deposits, do you not?" "Yes, madame, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as—five thousand dollars?" "No," said the cashier with some surprise; "or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. One thousand dollars is our limit. Do you know of any one who—"

"It is of no consequence," said the widow hurriedly. "I only ask for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you would allow on deposits that come within your lines?" "Five per cent, madam."

"Thank you; I only ask for curiosity—What a beautiful morning it is!" And the widow tripped lightly out. Shortly afterwards the deacon entered. "How's business Mr. Cashier?" was his first inquiry. "About as usual."

"Many deposits lately?" "None of any magnitude." "I brought over a lady this morning who seemed to leave business with you. The widow Wells?" "Yes."

"Do you know," asked the cashier, "whether she has had any money left her lately?" "None that I know of," said the deacon, pricking up his ears. "Why, did she deposit any?" "No, but she inquired whether we receive deposits as high as five thousand dollars."

"Indeed," ejaculated the deacon. "Was that all she came for?" he inquired a moment afterwards. "No; she exchanged a gold piece for small bills."

"Hat!" pondered the deacon reflectively. "Did she give any reason for the inquiries?" "No; she said she only asked for curiosity."

The deacon left the bank in deep thought. He came to the conclusion that his curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances, seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least five thousand dollars. The gold piece she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm the story.

"I rather think," said the deacon, complacently, "I can see into a millstone about as far as most people"—a statement the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, although as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a small millstone at all, doubts have now and then intruded themselves upon my mind.

Next Sunday the widow Wells appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these: "How much vanity some people have, to be sure."

"How a woman who has kept boarders for a living, can afford to dash out with such a bonnet on, is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better."

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempt to catch a husband hitherto had proved unavailing. "I suppose she is trying to catch a second husband with her finery. Before I'd descend with such means, I'd drown myself," continued the lady.

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwittingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Deacon Banchoft, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon the hidden wealth.

The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the desired effect. On Monday afternoon the deacon found an errand that called him over to the widow's. It chanced to be just about the time. He was importuned to stay at

tea, and somewhat to his own surprise he did. The polite widow, who knew the deacon's weak point, brought out one of her best mince pies, a slice of which her guest partook of with zest. "You'll take another piece, I know," said she, persuasively.

"Really I am ashamed," said the deacon, but he passed his plate. "The fact," said he, apologetically, "your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop."

"Do you call them nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I call them common—I can make nice pies when I set out, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't wish any better," said the deacon emphatically. "Then I hope that if you like them you will drop into tea often. We ought to be more neighborly, Deacon Banchoft."

Deacon Banchoft assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the deacon began to think that the widow was a very charming woman. She was very homely and then she was such an excellent cook. Besides he had no doubt in his mind that she had a considerable sum of money. What objections would there be to her becoming Mrs. Banchoft? He brought this question to her one evening. The widow blushed; professed to be greatly surprised—in fact, she never thought of such a thing in her life—but on the whole she had always thought highly of the deacon, and to cut the matter short, she accepted him.

A month after she was installed as mistress of the deacon's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over. Some weeks after the ceremony, the deacon ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar. "Pot of gold!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I know of none."

"But," said the deacon, disconcerted "you asked me about whether the law could claim it?" "Certainly. What else could it be!"

The deacon went out to the barn, and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of this time, he ejaculated as a closing consideration. "After all, she makes good mince pies!"

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the deacon and the widow proved a happy one, although to the end of his life he never could quite make up his mind about the "pot of gold."

If he was disappointed in getting the "pot of gold," he was not disappointed, in getting the good "mince pies" she was able to make them.

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN. "Sir, excuse me but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a den of thieves and murders."

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously, and addressed me in this singular manner. I had that day chanced to fall in with an elderly gentleman, (Mr. Leslie by name) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of nearly eighteen, and as our routes lay in the same direction, we were naturally agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at the roadside inn. Our accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible from the external appearance of the dwelling and much to our satisfaction we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber, at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed, with heavy green curtains, a light stand, and a couple of chairs. Early thing was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the door greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked hastily. He gave me a solid piece of paper, on which were rudely inscribed these words: "Jim saw three travelers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at our house pretty soon after dark, and you must manage to keep them to night. Don't try to settle them until I come which will be about midnight."

WE engaged in a short conversation as to the course we had better pursue, and then without arriving at any conclusion, I left the father and daughter alone for a few moments while I cautiously descended the stairs. Having gained the all below, I stole through a long narrow

passage I had not before observed, and at last came to the door of an apartment, in which I knew the family of our host together with our would-be murders, were assembled.

"Well, Tom, how do you propose to settle our guests above?" "I'll have you disposed of them."

"Why I gave the old man and the girl the two rooms on the left, and that young fellow took the one at the right."

"The room you made so convenient last week?" "Yes."

"Well if that is the case, I don't think we shall find hard work at all. The very instant you hear the report of my pistol, you and Jim must be at hand to enter the old man's room and take care of him."

"But when will all this come off?" "At twelve, they will be sleeping most soundly then."

It wanted just thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened my steps up stairs. I visited my own room first, where I found that the convenient fixture I had heard spoken of below was nearly square hole in the wall, just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large enough to insert the barrel of a moderate sized pistol—a very easy way to relieve a man of his life.

Having made this discovery, I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter. "I was about to propose," I said, "that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we met them together while Seyton has his loaded pistol at hand, one of us will sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner waste Seyton's shot and throw him off his guard. I am very sure I could gain the mastery in a hand to hand struggle in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly, and luckily for your scheme I wear a wig, which may be of considerable benefit to you in making the counterfeit or which you have spoken. Take it; it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fill the wig sufficiently with the bed clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position upon the pillow, in front of the little opening. Having done this, I glanced at my watch in the moon-beams. It wanted five minutes of twelve!

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtain move aside a little. There was a moment's silence, and then a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low despairing moan as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Seyton came running in, with his pistol stiff in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion he approached the bed, but meanwhile I had grasped a long, heavy bar of hard wood, which I presume, by the merest chance, happened to be standing against the wall, near by, and when he had arrived within a convenient distance, I sprung upon him, and with a single well directed blow I laid him sprawling, and I judged insensible upon the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and was scarcely completed when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. Without stopping to assure myself further of the effect of the rather severe knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companion. He was engaged in a hand to hand struggle with Jim, while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent it. He was brave and resolute, but I could see his strength was failing rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow Jim with cords, and left Mr. Leslie in the charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Seyton.

He was just recovering the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had supposed had rendered him insensible for a time, and was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us still further.

Now all that remained for me to do to render our situation quite secure, was to take from our hostess the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started below for this purpose.

I had afterwards learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment until she could venture forth, and stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried in his hand, by some mistake our host and Jim did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Seyton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. When they did present themselves he had fired at the one in advance, who happened to be the host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the old inn, the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.