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Nebraska Advertiser

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for duration and price.

VOL. IX.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1865.

NO. 30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES MEDFORD, CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER.

EATING HOUSE! BY FRED AUGUST.

CONFECTIONARIES. H. C. THURMAN.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. W. WHEELER, CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER.

RICHARD COLLINS, TRAVELLING DENTIST.

B. C. HARE'S SKY LIGHT GALLERY.

CHAS. G. DORSEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

J. F. MORRIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

J. A. HEWES, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Solicitor in Chancery.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

STRAY NOTICE.

CITY ELECTION NOTICE.

Poetry.

The "Dead Line" at Camp Satter, near Andersonville, Ga.

Eagerly the traitor watched them, as he walked along his line...

Select Story.

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

A Curious Incident.

The French army lay encamped only about a day's march from Berlin.

Pierre, he said, after the man had been posted, "you must keep your eyes open."

"Never fear," was Pierre's answer, "as he brought his firelock to his shoulder, and moved back a pace."

"The night was quite dark, huge masses of clouds floating overhead, and shutting out the stars."

"Here, here, Prince. Parbleu, don't you run off again!"

"Back—back! Here! Grand Dieu!"

"A dog!" cried the officer. "Prince, did you see?"

"He looked like Prince; but, diable, you should have seen him run off on his hind legs."

"Then come; show us where he was."

"Diable!" cried Pierre, "move any further, and I fire! What? Parbleu! Le Prince? Ho, ho, why, Prince?"

"Bravo, Prince," Pierre cried, reaching forth his hand and patting the head of the great shaggy beast.

"Pierre recognized the intruder now as a great dog, of the breed St. Bernard, which has been owned in the regiment for over a year, and which had been now missing for about a week."

For the want of food and shelter, while the rebels stole their clothes.

There were many very early left Camp Satter, and took flight.

Many who were often longing, they could leave the dreary pine.

And the angels had them welcome far outside of the dead line.

At midnight, Pierre Sarrasin was stationed at one of the outposts.

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