

GEO. W. HILL & CO. BROWNVILLE, N. B.

Subscription rates and terms.

Nebraska Advertiser

LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE NOW AND FOREVER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHAS. G. DORSEY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office corner of Main and First streets.

J. A. HEWES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office corner of Main and First streets.

Solicitor in Chancery.

LAND AND COLLECTING AGENT.

BROWNVILLE N. T.

March 16th, 1865.

H. C. THURMAN,

Physician & Surgeon

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Office on 2nd street.

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Office at his residence.

July 24th, 1864.

AMERICAN HOUSE

L. D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR.

Front Street, between Main and Water.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

March 17th, 1865.

JAMES MEDFORD,

CABINET-MAKER

Under taker.

Corn 2nd and Main Streets.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms.

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

Having opened up permanently on Main Street.

One door above the Baltimore Clothing Store, is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms.

Contracts.

EATING HOUSE

BY FRED. AUGUST.

Main, Bet First and Second Streets.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Offers, Cakes, Pies, Cakes, Ginger Bread, etc.

Also a large assortment of

Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts, Candies, Canned Fruit, Oysters, Sopp, Croquettes, Raisins, Currants, and a supply of

CONFECTIONARIES.

Mrs. M. W. Hamett,

Millinery & Fancy Goods

ST. RE.

Main Street one door west of the Post Office

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

A superior stock of Spring and Summer Goods just received. Everything in the Millinery line kept constantly on hand. Dress-making, Bonnet-making and Trimming done to order.

March, 1865.

C. H. WALKER,

Photographic Artist

(Successor to W. M. O. PERKINS)

One door west of the Brownville House.

BROWNVILLE, N. T.

Mr. W. Walker's attention to his Grand Art of Photography, and his beautiful Ivory-like Ambrons, which are universally admitted to be equal to any produced in this, or any other country. He will give his entire attention to the business, and he trusts to merit a share of public patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

35-44.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND!

CLOCKS, WATCHES

AND

JEWELRY!!

JOSEPH SHUTZ

World-renowned Jeweler, and old customer, that he has been named Jeweler Shop in his old stand on Main Street, with the sign, "Back to the Old Stand!" He keeps on hand a splendid assortment of everything in his line of business, which he will sell at the lowest terms for Cash.

Repairing

of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done up to the point of perfection.

WORK WARRANTED.

Brownville, Neb., May 16th, 1864.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Poetry.

ADRIAN LINCOLN.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,

You, who with unobscured brow to trace,

Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,

His length of shambuling limb, his furrowed face,

His giant, guarded hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,

His garb unshorn, his bearing ill at ease,

His look of all we prize is desecrate,

Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, who smart pen tucked up the pencil's laugh,

Judging each step, as though the way were plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,

Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Bleeds this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet

The stars and stripes he lived to rear above,

Between the mourners at his head and feet,

Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,

To lame my pencil, and to confute my pen—

To make me own this kind of printer's peer,

This rail-splitter true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,

Noting now to me the man's great worth,

How his quaint wit made honest truth seem more true

How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;

How in good fortune and in ill the same;

Not bitter in success, nor boastful in loss,

Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few

Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand—

As one who knows where there's a task to do;

Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,

That God makes instruments to work his will,

If but that will we can arrive to know,

Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side

That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,

As in his present beyond he had piled

His warfare with rude nature's thwarting night.

The uncolored forest, the unbroken soil,

The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,

The rapid that o'erleaps the boatman's oar,

The prairie hiding the named wanderer's tracks

The embowered Indian, and the prowling bear—

Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:

Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,

If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,

And lived to do it: four long-suffering years,

Ill fate, ill-felling, ill-report, lived through,

And then he heard the hives change to others.

The thought to tribute, the abuse to praise,

And took both with the same unwavering mood;

Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,

As seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A fellow had, between the goal and him,

Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—

And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,

Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to rest!

Those words of woe were upon his lips,

Expurgance in his heart, and on his pen,

When the vile murderer brought a swift eclipse,

To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,

Uttered the voice of sympathy and shame;

And he, who had no other aim, at last best high;

Said life, out short as just its triumph came.

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before

By the assassin's hand, whose men doubt

If more of horror or disgrace they bore;

But they felt crime, like Cain's, stand darkly out.

London Punch.

Select Story.

FORTUNE'S CASTLE.

Two men—one industrious, the other

lazy—went one morning together into

the country. Suddenly they saw before

them a splendid castle, built on the side

of a mountain a long way off; it glistened

in the sun, so that it was a pleasure

to look at it.

"Let us go there," the industrious one

said.

"I wish we were there already," the

lazy one remarked.

"You can do so this day," a clear

voice was heard saying behind them,

"for you are a couple of active young fel-

lows.

On looking round, to see whence the

voice came, they perceived a handsome

man, standing on a globe, which rolled

rapidly past them in the direction of the

castle.

"She is well off," said Lazy; "she

does not need to stir a step, and yet

moves onward" and with these words

he sat down on the grass. Industrious,

however, lost no time in reflection; he

went after the lady, caught hold of the

edge of her wide mantle, and said:

"Who art thou?"

"I am Fortune," the lady replied,

"and that castle is mine. Follow me,

and if you arrive there before midnight,

I will receive you kindly; but if you ar-

rive only a second after midnight, my

house will be closed against you."

With these words the drowler creaked

like a saddle. He was just going to

mount a cold, clammy animal. He

counted; it was eleven. It was high

time to be off; he could reach the castle

in an hour so he leaped into the saddle.

It was not at all a bad seat, for it was

very soft, and at the back was a tall sup-

port. The new animal also moved very

surely; though even and slower than the

last. But for all that he drew gradually

nearer the castle, and was enabled to

count the illuminated windows, when

the moon emerged from the clouds and

shone down brightly upon him.

Oh, wonder! what did he see then?

The animal on which he was riding was

neither horse nor donkey, but a gigantic

snail, as large as a calf, and its shell had

served as a support to his back. It was

only natural that it could not get on more

rapidly. An icy shudder came over him

but it was of no use, after all; he was

only too glad to reach his journey's end

in any way. At this moment the distant

clock struck the first stroke of twelve,

which announced with long intervals the

midnight hour. At the same moment

the snail emerged from the forest, and

the splendid palace of Fortune was be-

fore him.

Hitherto, Lazy had not moved a limb;

but now he pressed his heel into the soft,

clammy sides of his steed. Not being

used to such treatment it drew back into

its shell, and let its rider slide down on

the ground.

The clock sounded the second stroke!

Had Lazy have but trusted to his feet,

he might have reached his destination

ere the last stroke died away. But no;

he stood there and exclaimed in a pit-

iful voice:

"An animal—an animal, no matter

of what sort, to carry me to the castle!"

In the meanwhile, nearly all the lights

in the castle had been put out; the moon

was once more hidden behind the clouds

and all was dark.

The clock sounded the third stroke;

then he heard something rustling by his

side, which looked in the obscurity like

a horse arrayed in armor, and it stood by

his side. "That must be my horse,"

Lazy shouted; "it has been sent me at

the right moment." As quickly as he

could he sprang on the animal's back;

he had only a small "hill" yet to surmount

he could see the castle gates still open,

and in the gateway stood his comrade,

waving his hat to him in triumph.

Just as the fourth stroke sounded, the

beast on which he was mounted began

to move; at the fifth, it went forwards;

at the sixth it stood still; at the seventh

it began going backwards! In vain he

attempted to throw himself off. In a

transient ray of moonlight, his caparisoned

steed seemed to him a frightful

monster with ten legs, while on either

side a tremendous pair of pincers held

him arm and shoulder. He shrieked for help

in vain: every minute the castle reced-

ed—every minute the decisive mo-

ment drew nearer. The clock struck for

the last time; he heard the gates banged

to; he was eternally shut out of the

Castle of Fortune; and on regarding

more closely the monster which ever

bore him backwards, lo! it was an enor-

mous crab.

I cannot say what place he reached on

this steed; nobody paid any farther at-

tention to him; his comrade, however,

was most kindly welcomed by the lady

of the castle, and magnificently enter-

tained; she was also of service to him

through life, and enabled him to do good

to his fellow-men, and aid support those

who were in want.—American Miscellany.

All at once he stumbled on something

like a saddle. He was just going to

mount a cold, clammy animal. He

counted; it was eleven. It was high

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