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Nebraska Advertiser.

LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE NOW AND FOREVER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Table with 2 columns: Rate description and Price. Includes rates for one-year, six-month, and three-month advertisements.

BUSINESS CARDS.

G. M. HENDERSON, GENERAL DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, GROCERIES.

ATTORNEY AT LAW BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. April 18th, 1864.

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

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

H. C. THURMAN, Physician and Surgeon, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Omaha, City, N. T.

AMERICAN HOUSE, L. D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR, Front Street, between Main and Water, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

JAMES MEDFORD, Cabinet-Maker and Undertaker, Corner 2d and Main Streets, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

C. W. WHEELER, CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER, Having moved on permanently to the new store, in the building formerly occupied by the late J. M. Stewart.

C. F. STEWART, M. D., A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, OFFICE, South East corner of Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Mrs. M. W. Bennett, Millinery & Fancy Goods STORE, Main Street one door west of the Post Office, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. H. WALKER, Photographic Artist, (Successor to W. M. C. PERKINS) ONE DOOR WEST OF THE BROWNVILLE HOUSE, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

BACK TO THE OLD STAND! CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ, Would respectfully inform his old customers that he has again opened his jewelry shop.

WORK WARRANTED, Brownville, Neb., May 18th, 1864.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, A small, and very youthful in appearance, with brown eyes, and a face whose beauty consisted in its ever changing expression.

Poetry.

HOMEWARD BOUND. Thanking the brave soldier who won the laurel wreath of glory...

Shoulder to shoulder they have stood, On many a field of war and blood; Together fought on battle plain...

The drums shall muster them no more, Nor cannon send its deadly roar; The bugle call they will not hear...

End at last, this cruel war! Oh! mother, sister weep no more! Let all your fears and sorrows cease...

No more to tread the picket line, No more in hospital to pine, No more to long for words from home...

What is the pittance that he shares? For all the soldier braves and dares, For who his life leaves home and friends...

When the red tide of battle lowered, Or when defeated, overpowered, Still firm the mighty phalanx stood...

They come to us all battle worn, They bring our flag with bullets torn, Yet with its stains of battle gore...

For liberty is born anew, Beneath the dear old, white, and blue, Then hail the flag with victory crown'd!

But there are hundred thousand slain, Who sleep upon the battle plain; And there are thousand hearts that yearn...

Let us provide for those that mourn! And comfort those whose hearts are torn; Who sigh with brighter glory crown'd!

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time, and gradually the smile changed into sadness, and a weary expression stole over her face.

When Annie lay down that night, it was not to sleep; a vague fear came over her, and she lay thinking of her father's words.

Some one to help her, Annie's spirits rose again, and together they worked, the officer only pausing to look at the bright eyes and flushed face of the brave and now beautiful girl.

"Tell me your name, noble girl; I must go now, but you shall see me again." "My name is Annie Brown," she answered.

"I was a Rebel, sweet girl, who you shall see again; he has saved your life and honor to." "Annie could see his tall figure but a moment, for it was lost in the black smoke that covered everything.

"The store is gone, dear father, but our house is safe, she said cheerfully." "And you saved it my child, God bless you!"

"Why, Annie, child, what are you doing?" he asked, vainly trying to conceal his alarm.

"Preparing for the rebels' father," she answered smilingly, for no matter what sad and anxious thoughts Annie Brown might have, her father always saw a smiling face.

"But there are hundred thousand slain, Who sleep upon the battle plain; And there are thousand hearts that yearn for those who never will return."

"Let us provide for those that mourn! And comfort those whose hearts are torn; Who sigh with brighter glory crown'd!"

Select Story.

A STORY OF THE BORDER.

"The Rebels are coming again, and this time they will do us more harm, I am afraid!" These words were spoken by an old man, in a low, troubled voice.

"I am not afraid, father. I enjoyed looking at their brown faces and dirty uniforms last time they were here. A motley crew they were, but there was some handsome faces among them."

"You will never learn to look at life seriously, Annie. Can my daughter trust those who have been faithless to the best Government this world ever knew?"

"I despise these traitors, and tremble when they enter our State. They will watch us yet that we should, for our own honor, have kept them out. God grant, my child, that they may spare us the little we have; it is not long I shall want it."

"Trouble comes soon enough, father; don't us borrow it. You look tired and anxious. Go to sleep and forget these Rebels; I don't believe they are coming, and if they do, they will pass our store; there is too little in it to waste their time upon."

The old man kissed his daughter, but left the room with a sad, troubled face. Annie Brown leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed absorbed in thought.

voice of authority, and a tall officer entered the door. "You deserve your home, brave girl," and seizing bucket after bucket, he threw the water on the flames that were rapidly gaining headway.

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ger knew this, for he could read woman's heart, and he could whisper words that would soothe and win.

Hour after hour flew by, and still Annie listened to his glowing description and low, loving words. It was past midnight, and the officer's voice sank lower as he whispered:

"Annie will you go with me, trust me, and all I have told you shall be yours." "Where shall I go?" she asked.

"To the sunny South, and be my little bride." He drew a glittering ring from his finger and put it upon her.

"I cannot go, God bless you, soldier, for what you have done; but I cannot go with you."

"Soldier, you have been kind; for this I thank you, but I blush that I have listened so long to a traitor—that I have trusted even for an hour who believes neither in faith or in honor. Go back to your comrades, and remember that weak woman, alone, and in the dead of night, dared to say she loved you."

He drew a pistol from his breast and fired. Annie saw his design and moved quickly, but the shot passed through her arm.

The noise roused the house, and they hurried to the door. Annie was alone. The traitor and coward was gone.

The testimony proving the complicity of Jefferson Davis is very full and ample, but cannot yet be given to the public with any completeness of detail.

The prayer was scarcely offered, when she heard a little, quick step; and looking up, she saw a tall form beside her.

He put his finger to his lips and whispered: "I am alone, Annie, and have risked everything to see you again."

"You have saved my life! and all that I have I owe to you; but," she added "that is very little, and God only knows what we are to do. It would have been kind soldier, to have taken life, too, when all else were gone. We are leggers, and you have made us so."

He did not seem to notice Annie's bitter words, but drew her to him. At first she resisted, but his strong arm was around her, and there was something in his manner that soothed the weary girl.

He told her of his hope—of his beautiful, its wealth, its luxury, he said he had come to offer it to her. He told her of his love; that she would be to him more than all else; that he would shelter and comfort her, and she should never know sorrow, or trouble, or weariness.

Annie listened to the strange, sweet words. Her life had been given to others. She had borne her burdens alone and uncomplainingly, but life seemed of ten weary and full of care. The stranger knew this, for he could read woman's heart, and he could whisper words that would soothe and win.

Sam Slick says he knew a man down East whose feet were so big that he had to pull his pantaloons over his head.

SPEAKING HIS MIND.

Old Deacon Hobhouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk it over with himself before his peace of mind could be restored.

And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down from the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the Deacon landed on the floor.

"How'd ye do, Deacon?" cried Stevens. "I want to borrow your half-bushel an hour or two."

"O, sartin, sartin," said the Deacon. The measure was put into neighbor's hands, and he departed.

It was a peaceful community, the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love for finery; and Deacon Hobhouse was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society.

"Heaven knows! It's false as false can be!" exclaimed the Deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extravagance; and I am now free to say I do think she has set our wives and daughters a running after new bonnets and shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had, though, I've kept 'em to myself; I never mentioned 'em to a living soul, never!"

The good man's earnestness quite convinced the minister that he had been falsely reported. It was therefore necessary to dig to the root of the scandal—Mrs. Brown, who told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say, that Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobhouse said so; and Mr. Adams, being applied to stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said that he heard the Deacon say so.

"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the Deacon. "You know, Stevens, I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man."

"I heard you say," remarked Stevens, coolly, "that the minister's wife set a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath of it."

"When?" Where?" demanded the excited Deacon. "In your barn," replied Stevens. "When I went to borrow your half-bushel."

"There never was such a lie, Stevens Stevens," said the quivering Deacon—"you know—"

"Wait till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn floor, you were up on the scaffold, pitching hay talking to yourself. I thought it too good to keep; so, just for the joke, I told what I heard you say."

The Deacon scratched his head, looked humbled, and admitted that he might in that way have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologize to the minister's wife.

"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself; and when I talk to myself, I am apt to speak my mind very freely."

Cure For the toothache.—Some people have the toothache; to them it may be interesting to know without a five-dollar fee that between the tip of the left-hand thumb and the nose there is a great connection; the nerves of the nose are connected with the mouth, and toothache may therefore be cured by the application of a mustard poultice to the tip of the left-hand thumb.

A musical festival of German singers is to take place at Dresden in the course of the summer. No fewer than sixteen thousand six hundred vocalists are already announced, of whom eight thousand will come from Saxony and three thousand five hundred from Prussia. It is thought that twenty-four thousand in all will attend.

In my last I briefly mentioned the barbarous flagging, or rather "sticking," of the Arab prisoners sent in a couple of days before from the camps. In the hurry of catching the steamer I had hardly time to report the punishment, and to say that it had produced a very bad general effect. It had begun the day before the arrival of Prince Arthur, and in compliance to him the barbarous operation was suspended during his brief stay, to be resumed, as soon as the Eochanraist left, with greater vigor and cruelty than ever.

One of the victims was Sheikh Hadji Moubatik, a man of great influence among the Arabs, and who more than any one else contributed to the late revolt. This unhappy man, though sixty-seven years of age, was ordered by the Bey to receive two thousand blows, and of these every one was inflicted. I witnessed the first part of this punishment, but was unable to see it out, the cruelty was so revolting. The wretched prisoner was thrown on his face on a piece of matting, with his feet tied together, and his head and shoulders held down by a soldier. The blows were laid on across the hips and small of the back with a thick aspen stick, as heavily as a strong man could deliver them, and as one tired another took his place, while a third counted the blows, and shouted "strike harder, strike harder!" When the victim had received three hundred blows, he called out imploring them to kill him right off, but the only result was that the stick was wielded with more brutal vigor than before. The whole two thousand blows inflicted, and at their conclusion the victim was taken up—dead. Seven others sticks received each fifteen hundred blows; of these also two died under the infliction, and the other five within half an hour afterwards. Of those who received five hundred blows, I am told, five died after being thrown into prison. Nearly the whole of these victims were old men, many of them above seventy years of age. I hear it remarked that no fewer than 132,500 blows have been given to this one batch of prisoners, and at the camps. I am assured punishment of similar barbarity is dealt out daily. For the honor of humanity, it is to be regretted that none of the Congress have interfered to prevent this brutal cruelty. Here was a matter in which all might have joined in a remonstrance which the Bey would not have dared to disregard, and yet thus far not one of the whole body has uttered a word of protest against brutality which one might suppose to be impossible within the range of English or French influence in this nineteenth century. Among the Arabs themselves it is said that the act has decided them to emigrate wholesale to Algeria, where the French offer them free settlements and many other tempting advantages. Under French authority they will at least be secure against cruelty which makes the blood curdle, and which is a disgrace to even this semi-barbarous despotism of Tunis.

In the trotting match, gilt heats, three in five, at Union course to-day, Kentucky mare, Lady Thorne, owned by Sam. Mos Laughlin, beat Panic and Stonewall Jackson in the extraordinary time of 2:24 3/4.

The only everlasting people on earth are the shoemakers.

The flag of the Union waves in the rebellion waves.

The more idle a rumor is, the busier it generally is.

Those who have seen a pit-fall, will please inform us how it fell.

A Spiritual Inquiry.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

Little boys should be seen and not heard, as the chap said when he couldn't say his lesson.

Why is the Star Spangled Banner, like the Atlantic Ocean? Because it will never cease to wave.

When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

A couple of clog dancers East are announced as "Dieterichsborsendodegnists." Why?