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NO. 43.

VOL. IX,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1865.

BUSINESS CARDS H. C. THURMAN.

Physician & Surgeon

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. vol9-az-Ly-pd C. F. STEWART, MD. A. S. HOLLADAY, MD.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. South East corner of Main and Piret Strents BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Berice Houss-7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 61/4 to Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1865-No 34, 1y.

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEN Nemaha, City, N. T OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE. n47-v8-pdly

J. B. JOHNSON,

OFFICE WITH L. HOADLY,

Corner Main and First Streets.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. v\$-41-pt-54 EDWARD W. THOMAS

ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Office corner of Main and First Streets. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. A. HEWES. ATTORNEY AT LAW

Solicitor in Chancery. LAND AND COLLECTING AGENT. BROWNVILLE N. T.

Attorneys at Law

OWNERCIAL COLLECTORS Office S. E. corner Main and First Streets, ROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA Will give prompt attention to all business enand North Missouri; when, to the Collection of Bounty Money, Back Pay, and Pensions; and to the Payment of Taxes. 9-40-yly

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STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS BOOTS & SHOES GROCERIES

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C. H. WALKER.

Successor to W. M. C. PERKINS) ONE DOOR WEST OF THE BROWNVILLE HOUSE, BROWNVILLE, N J invites attention to his Card or Album

raphi, also his beautiful Ivory-like Amoroes, which are universally admitted to be equal produced in this, or any other country. will give his undivided attention to the buri-Satisfaction guaranteed. 36-4t.

Mrs. M. W. Gemett,

STORE.

th Street one door west of the Post Office BROWNVILLE, WEBRASHA. nived. Everything in the Millinery line stantly on hand. Dross daking, Bennet ag and Trimming done to order.

₽9-p-28-Iy A "STITCH IN TIME SAYES NINES"? LOUIS WALDTER,

limes and sign painting, glazing, and paper hang-asis, at short notice, and the most approved in Termscash. Give him s gall. Shep an Main Street, east of Atkinson's Cloth-

He is prepared to do all Vhite Washius AND WALL COLORING he neatest and cheaness sayle for each, ville, April 7, 13.

Poetry.

They are Coming from the Wars

RY SUGRES H. MONDY. They are coming from the wars, They are bringing home their sears,

They are bringing back the old fiam too, in glory They have battled long and well; And let after ages tell How they won the proudest name in song or atory They have broken up their camps;

They are laughing o'er teir tramps; They are joking with the girls-who flook aroun They have left the scanty fare, They have left the fetid air,

They have dashed to earth the prison-walls that bound them. And they're coming from the wars, They are bringing home their scars,

They are bringing back the old flug, tog, in glory They have battled long and well, And let after ages tell How they won the proudest pame in spag or story!

We are eager with our thanks, We are pressing on their ranks, We are grasping hands that held the States or Yet we sadly think of those

And our trembling tongues give welcome sadly spoken. But the long delay is past, They have brought us peace at last, And how proudly through our veins the blood

bounding, As we bless our honored dead, While the stendy martial tread Of returning vet rans in our ears is sounding !

Yes, they're coming from the wars, Th ey are bringing home their scars, They are bringing back the old flag, too, in glory They have battled long and well, And let after ages tell How they won the proudest name in song or story

The League of Anti-Beefers.

BY MILES O'REILLY. Pass the word along the line, Let the butchers come to grief ! When we breakfast, sup or dine, Let us shun the sight of beef! Let it be as flesh of swine Unto Israel's strict believers,

And, till present rates decline, Let us all be anti-pesfers ! Lovely maid and tender wife, Soon our butcher-foes we'll humble; Join our league and share our strife, Till the beefy idel tumble ! Raise your glistening hands to heaven,

And swear-however fashion differs-That, till meat is cheaper given, You join the League of Anti-Beefers.

Nor with hunger need we pine, While the trees their fruitage render; Fish are juicy, fresh and fine, Salads, too, are crisp and tender. Join the banner that we raise ; Already see ! the butcher quivers ! And victory's wreath, ere many days, Shall crown the brows of ani-beefers!

MY WIFE'S NEW BONNET. A MINISTER'S STORY.

From the American Miscellany.

Being worn out in mind and body by a long winter of unremitting labor in my ministerial duties, I longed to go into some quiet country place to spend the summer, and to renew my exhausted en-

Having made my wishes known to my friends, they proposed that I should supply the desk of a brother divine, who was obliged to leave the country on busness, and who had labored in an out-ofthe-way place among the mountains.

I repared thither and preached one Sabbath on trial. At moon, Deacon Peabody, a white-headed old gentleman, came to me and said : "Mister, yer sarmon was fust rate; the way I can tell, ye see, is, I didn't have any nap this mornin' as I allus du, and it must be a fust rate preacher that can keep me awake."

The old deacon was the church critic, and therefore I was judged capable of filling the pulpit of Mr. Graves during his absence. I returned to the city, sent up my furniture and followed it, leaving my wife with her friends to complete her

spring purchase and other little matters. A month passed and I become acquainted with, and I flattered myself, quite a favorite with my parishioners, when I received a letter from my wife announcing that she was ready to come to Rockville. I went to the city for her and we returned late on Saturday evening.

I heared a buzz the moment we entered church the next morning, and when rising to read the hymn, I found eyes of all the congregation fixed, where I thought they ought to be, on the pulpit, but alas! I was mistaken they were look-

others followed her worthy example.

tom, to be presented to my wife. I walk- overcome ed tome wondering what the reason could

prised to find that only about a dozen perhaps they might enlighten me." persons were at church, and I went home

her Charles could do no wrong.

read the following letter of dismission: "ROCEVILLE, June 5, 18-.

house. we likes ye wall enuf but my body." woman, and the gal that bruther Reabody is goin to take to be his woman. and some others thinks that yer wife aint the proper kind of a pusson tu set a good example before the yuthful feemale members that belongs to this ere church. i remain ever ver true friend. Deacon Jeremiah Merriman."

planation; he refused to give any, and I immediately called a church meeting to as big as a little tin pail kiner." be held on that evening to find out if possible, the reason of my dismission.

I returned home and spent the time very impatiently until the hour for the appointed meeting.

As I sat watching Amy's trim figure flitting here and there in the performance of her household duties, I grew more indignant, to think that any one would speak ill of my darling.

sat together in the vine-wreathed porch, what is the matter with you? you do not seem any like yourself, the country air does not agee with you, does it ?" How innocent and lovely she was ?could make no answer, but changed the

subject of conversation to some more agreeable topic. the church, where I found quite a goodly | med with big white buttons, just, for all number assembled.

"Brethren and sisteren, we have met here to-night at the request of our late

speaks of my wife in a manner that is wholly inexplicable to me, and I have called this meeting to ascertain the reason of my dismission, and the occasion of the scandalous remarks with regard to my wife, about whom you know noth-

"Wall," said Deacon Merriman, "my her head ?" wife, and sister Jones and Aunt Nabby Wilkins and Aunt Judy Brown, and sum others in the church, think she aint proper kind of a person for a minister's

I now demand , "Why ?" "Wall," said Deacon Merriman

'Deacon Peabody will tell you." Deacon Peabody arose and said. "Arabel-Miss Simpkins thinks she sets a bad example before her and the other young ladies of the church."

Deacon Merriman now said, "My woman says that she has been a member of this church for twenty years, and I've been deacon, goin' on twenty-five years, and it's never been disgraced till now.' I now arose highly indignant and re-

wife had disgraced their church. Mrs. Merriman said, "Bruther Cros- day." As I finished reading. Miss Arabella by, I've allers liked you ever so much. and the affianced of Deacon Peabody, here that you would enamost fill brusher

arose with a toss of her head and Graveses place, and I'm real sorry any old sinner, what du you mean by steal- grades of wool pay the least duty. The brush and harness as to be unable to extriswept disdainfully out of the house. A thing has happened. Ver sarmons was in' the affections of my darter Polly ?- lowest grades is taxed at 3 cents per cate himself. He was found trembling general whispering ensued, then some so good, and so much Rible doctrine in You have courted my darter Polly, and pound, the next 6 cents per pound, the with fear in this condition. The gentle-At noon I was surprised to find that plainly what they air comin' too, and oh! a decent kind of a man, but I see now cents per pound and 10 per cent. ad sapling, and, as it was, he was blown none of the deacons or any one else came to think it should come to this," she that nobody but an old roscal that you valorum. If the farmer brings his wool straight into the air, and for a moment to shake hands with me as was their cus- groaned and sunk into her seat wholly are, would be a courtin to gals ter once. to market nicely washed and in the best hung only by his hands.

the subject," emarked, "I should bke In the afternoon I was still more sur- to hear from some of the other sisters,

Hereupon, Aunt Wabby Wilkins got dedly troubled, and wondering if I had up and said, "My dear Aunt Miriar.that failed in any of my duties towards my married Jim Holt, says, that she don't to interrupt the meeting, to say that I think that we shall ever git anybody here accept your letter of dismission." Amy noticed the thinly sattled church again that we shall like as well as we and asked me the reason, but I could did sister Graves. She was a drefful dispose of Deacon Peabody's affections exceedingly cunning, are exceedingly Patgive none, and she, dear little woman, good woman sister Graves was; she as best they might. consoled me with the sweet asyrance that used to go round among the sick, ever On the next Tuesday, the matter was up like sum folks. Why, one day she from the pastorship of Rockville church, decided, for on that day was ushered in- come over to our house, and I was ma- solely to the fact of my wife's having a to my study, Deacon Peabody and Dea- kin' soap and Aan Mariar was dippin new bonnet. con Merriman, who handed me a folded candles, and Betsey Jane was spinnin' paper, and then bowed themselves pre- two, and the children were all to home cipitately out. I opened the paper and from school, and everything was all up in a heap; we don't allers look so as we did that day, but sister Graves she nev-Bruther Crosby :- it is my paneful er minded it a bit, she brought ber knitdewty tu tell yu that yer sarvise aint tin'-work and sot right down with us wanted enny more in this ere meetin'- jest as though we was as good as any-

Sister Jones, another worthy member gets up and says, "I don't know as I can add anything so what has already been said, but I can testify to the truth of what sister Wilkins has said. Sister Graves, she come over to my house last fell, that day we was killin' hogs, we had everything round but as sister Wilk-For a long time I sat pondering over ins says, she warm a bit proud, but sot the contents of this letter. What could right down and seemed as happy as the matter be with my little wife, I could | though she had been in Squire Green's not imagine. My darling little Amy, parlor, setting with Mrs. Green in her every one that knew her loved her. To best black silk dress and best cap. Sishave my wife, whom I thought to be the ter Graves allers dressed well, but kinembodiment of every virtue, spoken of in der plain, the way a minister's wife orthis manner, was more than I could bear. ter. She didn't wear a mess of rib-I went out and sought a prominent mem- bons and furbelows, as sum folks I know ber of the church and demanded an ex- of do, and she carried a big ambrill, not a liule, small mite of a parasol, about

> Here was a discovery. Could it be that they had taken offense at my wife's dress! Amy always dressed fashionably and her taste was perfect, but I could not tell, puzzle my brains as I might, what she wore on Sunday. But I was not quite satisfied as to this being the rea-

"I do not think that I understand you, but your remarks seem to tend to the "Why, Charlie," she said to me as we fact that the way my wife dresses does not suit your taste !'I'

"You do not understand me, do you said Miss Simpkins, lottily, "didn't your wife come to meetin' on Sunday with a lettle bit of a thing on her head, it was so small it couldn't be called a bonnet, and with her hair tied up behind and put into a bag hangin' half way down At last the hour came. I repaired to her back, and a little sack coat on, trimthe world like a man's. I think it is a Seeing me enter, Deacon Peabody shame and disgrace to any woman to arose and opeded the meeting by saying. dress so, especially a minister's wife."

"Yes," chimed in Deacon Peabody, you have hit the nail right on the head pastor and we will now he ar his busi- Miss Simpkins, that thing she had on her head looked just like a slapjack cut I arose and said, "Deacon Peabody, in two and wound round a pole."

the letter that I received this morning Aunt Judy Brown now arose and said, "I want ter add my testermony ter what Deacon Peabody and sister Simpkins has sed. Bruther Crosby, jest take the case right home tu yerself. 'Spose you had a dartar that was goin' ter marry a deacon of the church, should you wanter tu git sich sinful notions about dress intu

> Here Aunt Judy was interrupted by a series of half-audible groans proceeding from the spinster quarter, and by Miss Simpkins saving:

> "Aunt Judy Brown, do you dare to insinuate that your darter is goin' to marry Deacon Peabody ?"

> "Why, yes, to be sure I do, he has courted my darter Polly ever since day poor Mrs. Peabody died." Miss Simpkins, highly exasperated,

said, "Aunt Judy Brown, how dare you! take back every word you have said, for it's a lie, every word of it." "I won't," said Aunt Judy, "for I declare its every word true."

'em, and you set before the wicked so you can't deny it. I allers thought you next 10 cents per pound, the next 12 man saved himself by clinging to the Git up here, you old villain, and let us order, he has the protection of the high-"I do not seem to gain any light upon see what you have got to say for your- est duty. On the contrary, if he pre-

in the face, and said, hurriedly: "Bruthren and sisteran"-

I interrupted him and said, "Allow me

I then took my hat and left them

The next week saw me on my way so much, she warnt a bit proud and stuck back to the city, owing my dismission

Frauds Upon Wool Dealers.

The New York Tribune gives some good odvice to farmers upon their duty and interest in preparing wool for sale. The thriftless, careless, and frequently dishonest practices, to which many woul growers resort, instead of being to their benefit, depreciates the character of American wool generally, and prevents them from getting for fleeces honestly prepared as much as they should obtain for them. The consequences of the practices resorted to by many unscrupulous farmers, tells with severity against the entire agricultural interest, and occasions the loss of a large sum of money per annum. The farmer who in this matter is too sharp, only over reaches himself. He may by an occasional trickery, realize something extra upon the swindle of a single transaction, but when the injury done to the business by the discovery of such frauds is taken into consideration, and the account balanced, it will be found that in the long run "honesty is the best policy."

The principal of these frauds and injurious practices may be described under the following divisions

1 Sending wool to market in unmerchantable condition, either unwashed or half washed, thereby compelling the buver to purchase dirt at the price of good clean wool.

2. Putting up the fleece of the back and sides of the sheep, well washed, and in such manner as to conceal the dirty unwashed wool of the belly, which is therefore, sold at the price of washed wool.

3. By allowing sheep that are well washed, to run, before shearing, a considerable time, the wool is filled with yolk, which subjects the manufacturer to a considerable loss. 4. By an unnecessary use of strings in

tying up feeces, adding to the weight, and in a large lot increasing the loss to the buyer, who pays a good price for wool, and gets therefore useless hemp. 5. Stuffing the inside of fine looking fleeces with unwashed wool pulled from dead sheep. This fraud can easily be

a rate approaching the low price of pul-

6. Feeding sheep, shortly after shearing, with oil cake and food which produces oil and gum, and fills up the weight of the fleeces with a substance which has to be got rid of in manufacturing, and which reduces the actual wool immensely, so that what would seem to be a large lot is found, upon working it, to be very small. This is a fraud which is highly injurous to hopest sheep growers, as it hurts the whole business, and causes the wool buyer to look upon the class of sellers of wool as sharpers. It is said by wool dealers that this policy "does not pay," the oil cake and extra food costing more than what is gained by the additional weight which goes into the wool.

which are complained of-but the foregoing embody those which are of the most importance. They not only hurt in it. The forces of the tornado is illus pletely the whole phenomena of the case the individuals who practice them more trated by the following: A gentleman than any other. This supposition, says "I tell you it's every word a lie," said than they are benefitted thereby, but they riding in a buggy saw its approach, in- the London Spectator, somehow gives Miss Simpkins, "for he's promised to also operate against the farmers interest stinctively sprang out, and seizing a larger idea of the opulence of the unimarry me. and haven't I set up with in other ways. The competition of for- young sapling lay flat upon the ground. verse in worlds than any other knows. up, and state plainly in what way my him every other night since sister Pea- eign wool is complained of by the pro- No sooner had he done so, than his horse fact. To have such a multitude of little body died, six weeks ago next Thurs- duscer, and yet by fraudulent practices and buggy were literally carried away. worlds strung close together round one he eucourages that petition against him- The buggy was torn into splinters, and planet produces (illogically enough) a "Deacon Peabody," said Mrs. Brown, self. By presenting his wool in a dirty the horse was carried forty rods, by ac more vivid impression on the mind, than Simpleins, a maided lady of uncertain age, I told Jeremiah when you fust come shaking her fist in the direction of Dea- condition he injures himself, because un- tual measurement, and lodged in the tops many times the number of fixed stars con Peabody's head, "you white headed der the United States tariff the dirty of some small trees, so entangled in the distributed over the infinitude of space.

sents it greasy and foul, he reduces it to neighborhood of the Dutch Cap Canal, As Deacon Peabody agose, very red the value of low-priced foreign wools- Gen. Butler received information that some of which can pay the duty and cost of transportation and then undersell him. These are matters of actual intrest, and ravine. Upon the departure of his inthey should be attended to by all. It can formant, he ordered an Irishman to go be shown that in wool dealing as well as and skin him. to in many other matters, those who are

> Rufus Choate, in an important marine assaults-and-battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship Challenge, on the stand, and hadgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries

At the beginning of his testimony Dick had said that the night was "dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells. !!

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him : "Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir." "Ah, yes! A moon-

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it ?" "Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a "Nautical almanac said so, and I'll be-

"What was the principal luminary that | der of S. B."

night, sir ?" "Binnacle lamp on board the Chal-

"Ah-you are gowing sharp, Mr. Bar-

"What in biazes have you been grindng me this hour for-to make me dull ? "Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the

equator in ?" "Sho, you're joking." "No. sir! I'am in earnest, and I de-

ire you to answer me." "I shan't."

"Ah-you refuse, do you ?" "Yes- I can't." "Indeed! You are chief mate of

simple a question !" "Yes' 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why. I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no lat-

tude on the equator." That shot Goored Rufus Choate

The editor of the Savannah Heral publishes the following letter, which may or may not be true, although it would seem to indicate that the arch-rebel was prepared for the collapse of his stupend ous treason:

"Now that everything regarding the movements of Jeff. Davis has a peculiar interest, I have thought it well to give to discovered by the wool dealer from the the public, through the columns of your greater weight of the fleece. He take, valuable paper, a fact which came to my his satisfaction out of the farmer by personal knowledge bearing upon the absting his offer, so that the latter sells subject. When I was in Liverpool, Enghis fine washed wool very frequently at land, now about a year ago, there had just been completed a splendid brick mansion, which was generally known and talked of as having been erected from the proceeds of the Confederate loan, and as being intended for the future residence of Jefferson Davis, in the event of circumstances forcing him to leave the country. During my stay in Liverpool the windows of the house remained painted white, which, according to the custom in that city, indicated that the house had been engaged, and was waiting for its occupant-a circumstance which gave plausibility to the town-talk of its being the sometime residence the fugitive President of the Southern Confederacy.

"SAVANNAH, May 14, 1865."

About six months ago, while in his favorite horse, "Almond Eye," had been accidentally killed by falling into a

'What ! is Almond Eye dead ?' asked 'What's that to you? Do as I bid you and ask no questions.'

Pat went about his busines, and in an hour or two returned. Well, Pat, where have you been all this time ?

Skinning the horse, yer honor. Does it take nearly two hours to perorm such an operation? 'No, yer honor; but then you see tuck bout half an hour to catch him."

'Catch him! fire and furies! was he 'Yes, Yer honor,; and you know could not skin him alive.

Skin him alive! did you kill him !

'To be sure I did ! you know I must obey orders without asking any ques-General Butler eyed his servant with such a malicious look that Pat thought

he meditated skipning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse. The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial makes the follieve that sooner'n any lawyer in this lowing expose of the new secret politi-

cal organization denominated the "Or-

"There has been considerable mentiof the existence of a secret political organization, called the 'Order of the S B " or Spartan Band; but we do not remember to have met any former exposure of it. The purpose of the order is set forth in a circular, issued to the several jurisdictions, by the National Convention of the order, which, it seems met in this city on the 14th day of June. It appears that the S. B. believe in cooperation with Government officials, where it is possible, without a sacrifice of principals. They hold to fighting neutrals, because they are not friends .-They indorse the Monroe doctrine, and something over. They squint at negro suffrage with State legislative qualifications, and they announce, emphatically, that a cardinal purpose of the order is to cause the Government to reward meritorious, energetic and faithful comrades. The circular bears on its seal the words; Register at office S. B., encircled by an endles chain, each link of which

bears the name of a State. The actual captor of Jeff. Davis was private in the 4th Michigan cavalry, named James H. Lynch. A member of that regiment writes

"Davis would have undoubtedly escaped had time been given him to mount his horse, as it was considered the fastest in the Confederacy. Any attempt to do so was rendered entirely abortive by the daring intrepidity and presence of mind evinced by Jas. H. Lynch, member of Company C. This gallant soldier dashed ahead of our entire party, by the center of their camp, and instantly see cured Jeff's horse, as well as his arms, The horse was well known to Lynch, as, he had seen him frequently in Richmond Jeff. was thus rendered powerless to escape, and virtually a prisoner to this gallant fellow, who turned him over to a strong guard as soon as our men came

A new English astronomer, Mr. R. Proctor, of St. John's College Canibridge, who has just published an eleborate book on the planet Saturn, believes Saturn's rings to be not continuous bodies, either solid or fluid, but a multitude of loose planets, grouped like a bead necklace round his equatorial regions, A violent tornado passed over Red just as if we were furnished not with one There are many other small frauds Wing, Minnesota, a few days ago. It moon, but as many moons as would span picked up a house and demolished it, the whole earth. Mr. Proctor asserts killing an old man, who had taken refuge that this hypothesis explains more com-