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

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RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for ad type and duration.

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C. H. WALKER, Photographic Artist

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WEARING APPAREL TO HIS NEW STOCK OF GOODS

CHOICE LIQUORS, Wholesale and Retail

Evan Worthing, OF THE Union Saloon

GRANT'S CHEAP CASH STORE

Poetry

VANITAS. I've set my heart upon Nothing you see!

And so the world goes well with me, Hurrah!

And who has a mind to be follow of mine, Why let him take hold and help me drain

I set my heart at first upon wealth!

And bartered away my peace and health;

The slippery change went about like air;

I set my heart upon woman next;

For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;

The false one looked for a daintier lot-

Now I set my heart upon Nothing, you see!

And the whole world belongs to me;

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;

But at the old oak we'll have a good bout;

Now I set my heart upon Nothing, you see!

And the whole world belongs to me;

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;

But at the old oak we'll have a good bout;

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Select Story

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

Some years ago I was appointed agent for an extensive firm in the city of New York,

and was obliged by the duties of my office to travel frequently in the Western States.

In those days the means of communication between different parts of the country were much less extended than at present, and in consequence I very often performed long journeys on horseback,

concealing commonly large sums of money about my person.

For the better security of life and property, which were not seldom endangered in the less populous districts, I invariably made it my practice to be guarded, and being naturally of a fearless turn,

rather enjoyed than otherwise the sense of danger from which I was never wholly free.

One of my adventures—and I met many worth relating—involved circumstances which at the time seemed to border on the supernatural, and which, although subsequently explained in part, have always been in a great measure mysteriously inexplicable.

The occasion of my business in the year 1839 rendered it necessary for me to traverse alone the western part of the State of Ohio, and I made the journey, as usual, on horseback.

This State, now one of the most lustrous stars in the Federal constellation, was at that time eclipsed in glory by a more sinister luminary which has since grown dim beside it.

The greater part of my route lay through a thinly peopled region, in which the houses were "like angel's visits few and far between," and in which I was frequently obliged to put up with accommodations of the very plainest description.

One wet, windy day in October I had ridden further than common on a wretched road, which had greatly tasked the powers of my willing horse, and as the afternoon wore away, and still no signs of a house appeared, I began to feel anxious to less on his account than on my own.

Just before evening closed in, however, I was overjoyed by the distant prospect of a house, rudely built, indeed, but as welcome to my eyes as the low-lying shores of Guanahani to the strained vision of Columbus and his comrades.

Patting the neck of my jaded steed, and speaking encouraging words to him, I pushed on to the haven which promised us rest after the toil and weariness of the day's exertions.

Through the uncurtained windows of the lower story streamed out into the increasing darkness a cheerful light, whose waning brightness indicated an open fire-place.

As I drew near the house I could partially discern through the gloom the shapes of irregular sheds and out-buildings attached to the main structure;

but I only cursorily glanced at these, being more intent on reaching the inside than scrutinizing the outside of the edifice.

The sound of my horse's hoofs attracted the attention of the inmates, and a man issued from one of the out-buildings, bearing a dark lantern which entirely concealed his own figure, while it plainly revealed mine.

"Can you take care of my horse, and give me food and lodging for the night?" I inquired. "We are both exhausted, and can hardly go further before to-morrow."

"Yes," was the laconic answer. I dismounted and followed the man as he led my horse into the barn, and having seen him well provided for, we went without an additional syllable into the house.

My companion all the while, whether accidentally or designly, kept the bright side of the lantern constantly turned toward me, and it was not until we entered the apartment containing the fire that I could fairly obtain a sight of him.

I involuntarily turned my gaze upon him before even glancing at the room into which I now entered, impelled by an irresistible curiosity for which I was at a loss to account.

He was a man of rather more than the average stature, with a breadth across the shoulders I have never but once seen equaled; indeed, so athletic was his appearance that I saw instantly I was but a baby in comparison of physical strength, although at least two inches his superior in stature.

His features were not ill-shaped, if it had not been for a low forehead he might have been called almost good-looking; his complexion, however, was dark, and a profusion of bushy beard rendered the expression of his mouth hardly visible.

I was just turning my eyes from his face to observe the aspect of my new quarters, when for a second his glance met mine; it was instantaneous, averted, but a thrill of horror, loathing and dismay shot through my frame like an agonizing electrical shock.

It was a rather small, black eye (the other being sightless and nearly shut) which had thus powerfully affected me; in its horrible glitter seemed to lurk the concentrated quintessence of devilish malignity.

No words can describe the convulsive recoil with which I shrank from that glimpse into the depths of his soul.

With an immense effort of will, however, I shook off the influence of the man, and directed my attention to the objects that surrounded me.

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

The wild meanings of the wind kept me listening while to their gusty music, enhanced the feeling of awe which I strove in vain to banish from my breast.

After an hour or two, however, as everything seemed perfectly still, the fatigue of my journey gained the mastery of all anxiety, and I fell into a state akin to sleep, but distinguished from it by my retaining a consciousness of where I was and how I was circumstanced.

I was powerless to move or act, but I seemed gifted with an almost supernatural acuteness of mental activity, by which I took cognizance of the least noise or disturbance.

In this abnormal condition I appeared to remain tranquil for a long time, seeing and hearing altogether independently of physical organs of sense, when I became aware in my dream—for it was only an unusual kind of dream—of a scratching noise just outside my chamber window, which was near the head of the bed.

This grew louder and louder, until, bursting the spell of inaction which had hitherto bound me hand and foot, I appeared to leap up and rush to the window.

All without was hidden in inky blackness, and the candle I had left burning on the table was flickering in its socket, evidently about to expire.

With a great effort I flung up the casement and peered eagerly into the gloom; but I could discern nothing, and as I was on the point closing the window again, for the wind was high and sent a shiver all over my frame, a large object brushed against my hands, and leaped into the room.

I started back, and giving a hurried glance round the chamber, saw, by the latest flicker of the dying candle, the form of the strange-looking dog I had seen down stairs, sitting on the bed, both upright, and staring at me.

The next instant I was in utter darkness.

For some moments, I hardly knew how long, I stood motionless, while a crowd of conflicting emotions swept across my mind;

but soon recovering myself, I lockily remembered there was plenty of matches in my cigar case; I toiled my coat pocket, therefore, I groped my way, and securing them, struck one of them.

What was my joy to see, standing on the wooden mantelpiece, a second candle, half burned, but still able to give light for a couple of hours at least! This was speedily kindled, and then, turning toward the dog, I approached the bed.

The animal seemed to have no ill-natured designs, but as I drew nearer, turned his nose upward, and gave a low growl, and finding I did not heed his pantomime, but stretched out my hand to seize him, he repeated the action, and took every possible means to direct my attention to the ceiling.

Without understanding his desires at the time, I involuntarily glanced upward, and conceive my horror at seeing directly over the head of my bed, the faint but distinct outlines of a large trap-door.

My frozen blood had hardly begun to tingle along my veins once more, when my eyes firmly riveted on this object, plainly perceived it tremble, and commenced slowly to open.

The dog observed this likewise, and uttering a loud howl, sprang from the bed and out of the still open window.

The door, nevertheless, ascended gradually, and just as a furious gust of wind swept by, and with one of its eddies extinguished the candle, a large heavy something fell with a crash upon the bed.

With a gasp and a cry of suffocation, I started, and opened my eyes, discovered I had been dreaming; and the sense of bewilderment accompanying my waking did not prevent a feeling of intense relief.

At first I could not recollect where I was, and fancied I must be at home; but a few seconds sufficed to dispel the illusion.

Casting my eyes round in an effort to identify myself and ascertain my position, I saw the candle on the table flaring up every now and then in a desperate struggle for existence.

Hastily glancing at the mantel, I saw another candle, half burned, which I had noticed when I went to bed.

I was now thoroughly aroused, and with foreboding apprehension, looked up at the ceiling, and thence, Heaven! in the dimness of the light I saw the regular figure of a rectangle traced upon the plaster directly above me.

Every muscle of my whole body was paralyzed by this discovery, and a weight seemed to lie with crushing force upon my chest; with a spirit now completely overcome by superstitious terror, I lay attempting to summon sufficient resolution arise and examine the chamber closely, when—hark, could it be!—yes—no—yes way unmistakably a faint sound outside my window, resembling the noise of a dog's claws against the wall.

It grew more and more distinct, accompanied at intervals with a low whining, and an occasional short, sharp yelp. No sooner had I become convinced that it was really the case, than myself-possession returned; I got up, put on my clothes, took one pistol in my hand, leaving the other under my pillow and walked resolutely towards the window.

My candle had become extinguished by this time, and as I looked out into the black abyss of the night, I saw that the clouds, dashed here and there with spots of silver, were breaking up, and that before long the moon would appear.

I threw open the window, and at once, as if borne by the gust of wind which rushed into the apartment, in leaped the black dog which seemed so mysteriously connected with this singular adventure of mine.

I was now completely my own master; by vigorous effort of the will I quelled the shadowy fears which besieged my heart, and looked out with straining eyes to discern, if possible, the means by which the dog could thus make his appearance outside a second story window.

A transient moonbeam showed me one of the numerous out-buildings before mentioned, at right angles with the wall of the house, and from the eaves of this all along the side of the house extended a narrow plank, about five inches wide.

THE UNWELCOME MONITOR.

A thick cloud obscuring the room again, precluded further observation, and I turned from the window.

I felt confident that my cigar-case was empty of matches, but, to test the accuracy of my dream, I felt for it, opened it, and discovered at least twenty.

I struck a light, and, as I expected, there was the dog upon the bed in the very attitude of the vision.

All doubt now vanished from my mind that I had been mysteriously warned of intended foul play of some nature, and I stood a moment revolving in my mind the best course of action.

This I speedily decided on.—Going up to the dog, I caressed him, and was on the point of carrying him to the window, when—to make my dream more exact a prophecy—he turned his nose towards the ceiling and commenced whining very low.

I instantly seized him and hurried him out of the window with some little compunctions at this treating my only friend in the accursed house, but I could make no delay.

Laying some cloths on the bed in the form of a man, as nearly as possible, and extinguishing the candle, I retired to the farthest corner of the room and, sitting down in one of the chairs I had placed against the door, with my revolver in my hand determined to await the issue of events.

For half an hour I sat perfectly still, listening to every whistle and sign of the wind, which blew intermittently through the window I had left open, and straining my eyes whenever there was a gleam of light to discern whether there was any movement in the trap-door.

At last, when a momentary ray shone in, I saw it partly open, and now I anxiously awaited in silence and darkness for the next development of this awful mystery.

Presently I heard a low creaking, as of ropes, then a tremendous crash, the report of a pistol, the sound of heavy feet overhead, and the fall of some dull yielding body outside the window.

The pause which followed these almost simultaneous noises was broken by low groans of pain from the ground beneath my window and the general murmur of a great disturbance in the lower part of the house.

I hastily re-lit the candle, and going to the bed found a vast stone had been dropped upon the pillow where my head had previously lain.

Suddenly remembering the pistol I had left beneath the pillow, with the exertion of my utmost strength I rolled off the massive stone and found the pistol discharged.

Instantly the truth flashed across my mind: I rushed to the window, and looking down saw the woman and the man I had noticed in the barroom the night before bending with torches in their hands over the prostrate body of my man, who was evidently in the agonies of death.

The ruffian had been waiting on the outside of the window until the accomplice had performed his hellish work, in order to rob my mangled corpse of the money he knew I had in my possession; and the pistol being accidentally discharged by the fall of the stone, the ball had pierced his brain, entering through the eye's which had given me such a thrill of horror.

At the discovery of this hideous plot and its awful retribution, my senses threatened to desert me; but, reflecting that in such a house I could hardly be safe, no sooner had they carried the dying man within than I chambered down outside, took my horse from the stable and mounted him unobserved.

As I passed the house, however, and looked back at the room I had so recently occupied and which had so nearly been the scene of a far different tragedy, I saw lights in the window.

The sound of my horse's hoofs drew the attention of the man within, who had ascended to see what had become of me and to ascertain the cause of his comrade's death; and instantly levelling a rifle at me, he fired.

As I was looking at him at the very moment, I anticipated his action by clapping spurs to my horse, thereby somewhat disconcerting his aim and in all probability saving my own life; for the ball grazed my shoulder, causing a scar which remains to this day.

Ten long miles which my poor horse to gallop before I reached the nearest justice of the peace, and returning as speedily as possible we found our birds flown and the horse half burned to the ground.

No information in regard to them could be obtained, except that they had lived in this habitation about two years, and had been shunned and feared by the settlers of the neighborhood.

The configuration of the house was arrested, but nothing was discovered throwing any light on the matter.

The body of the feiled murderer was taken, cleared and scarcely recognizable, from the ashes of his dwelling, where he had apparently been flung by his associates as the quickest mode of burying him.

Having ascertained the futility of further investigation, at least for the present, we rode away, and passing through an adjacent wood, the dog which had played so strange a part in this most dramatic episode his appearance suddenly on our left and followed our horses to the village of R.

In gratitude for his efforts to preserve me from destruction, I henceforward shared my own horse with the unwelcome monitor.