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Nebraska Advertiser.

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

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One square (ten lines or less) one insertion	\$1 00
Each additional insertion	50 cts
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One-fourth column three months	1 50
One eighth column three months	75 cts
Announcing candidates for office	5 00
All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.	
Yearly advertising contracts for advertising.	
All kinds of Job, Book and Card printing done to the best style on short notice and reasonable terms.	

VOL. X. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL, 26, 1866 NO 31.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES HELLMER,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
Main St. Between 1st & 2nd Streets, BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes and the best material and ability for doing.
CUSTOM WORK
Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.
Terms Cash.

FRANZ HELLMER,
Wagon Maker,
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, &c., Repaired and put in low rates, and warranted to give satisfaction.
C. F. STEWART, MD. A. S. HOLLADAY, MD.
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
OFFICE
South East corner of Main and First Streets BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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

Mrs. M. W. Hemett,
Millinery & Fancy Goods
Main Street corner west of the Post Office BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
A superior stock of Fall and Winter Goods just received. Everything in the Millinery line kept constantly on hand. Dress-Making, Bonnet Making and Trimming done to order.
October 25 1865.

G. M. HENDERSON,
GENERAL DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS
BOOTS & SHOES
GROCERIES
Main Street between First and Second, BROWNVILLE, Neb.

J. B. JOHNSON,
DENTIST,
OFFICE WITH L. HOADLEY,
Corner Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

MARSH & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO MARSH & ZOOK.
General News Agents and Stationers,
Post Office Building, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Have on hand and are constantly receiving from the publishers of the best and most useful of Books, Periodicals, Stationery, Photograph Albums, School Books, also Confectionery, Cigars, Toys, &c., and a choice selection of Fancy Groceries generally, to which they invite the attention of the citizens of Nebraska county, and they hope by strict attention to business, and fair dealing to merit a share of the public patronage.
A. D. MARSH, J. W. BLISS.

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 in the very best and style. Particular attention given to Contracts.

BROWNVILLE HOUSE,
COR. MAIN AND 2ND STS.,
Brownville, Nebraska.
H. W. PEDICORD, Proprietor.
This House has been refurnished and newly fitted up and refurnished under its present enterprise. The Proprietor, who guarantees satisfaction to all who may patronize his House.

GRANT'S
CHEAP CASH STORE.
Main Street between First and Second,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Have in store a large and well selected stock of
Boots and Shoes,
Finest Quality of Spring Stock,
WHICH HE OFFERS FOR SALE
CHEAP FOR CASH
Groceries of Every Kind,
Sugar,
Tea,
Allspice,
Candles,
Pepper,
Tobacco,
Starch,
&c., &c., &c.

LOUIS WALDTER,
House-Sign and Ornamental
PAINTER,
Glazier, Gilder, Grainer,
PAPER HANGING
Etc.
All work done in a workman-like manner, and on strictly
CASH
TERMS.
ONE DOOR WEST OF BROWNVILLE HOUSE

RICHARD F. BARRET,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
AND DEALER IN
LAND WARRANTS & LAND SCRIPT.
Personal attention given to making Locations.
Office in J. L. Carson's Banking House.
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

JAMES MEDFORD,
CABINET-MAKER
AND
Undertaker.
Corner 2nd and Main Streets,
BROWNVILLE, N. T.
Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms.

RESTAURANT
AND
OYSTER SALOON.
WILLIAM ROSSELL
takes this method of informing the public that he has just opened, on Main Street, between 1st and 2d, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
A Restaurant and Oyster Saloon.
Also, Confectioneries, Canned Fruit, Dried Fruit, Spices, of all kinds, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Tobacco, Pipes, and all other goods and everything usually kept in a retail grocery store.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
FRESH OYSTERS.

CLOCK & WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY!!
JOSEPH SHUTZ
Has just received and will constantly keep on hand a large and well selected stock of genuine articles in his line.
One Door west of Grant's Store, Brownville, Nebraska.
Repairing
Of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on the shortest notice.
WORK WARRANTED.
Brownville, Neb., March 15th, 1866.

A. ROBISON,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Main Street between 1st & 2d Streets
Brownville Nebraska
Takes this method of informing the public that he has on hand a splendid assortment of Boots and Ladies' Misses' and Children's
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. Repairing done on short notice.

TIPTON & HEWETT,
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, 66.
Meeting of School Examiners.
Notice is hereby given that the Board of School Examiners of Nebraska County, Nebraska, will hold meetings for the Examination of Teachers for said County, at the office of E. W. Thomas, in Brownville, on the 1st Saturday in every month, between the hours of one and 3 P. M. Applicants for certificates are required to be present at one o'clock, precisely, or they will not be examined. No person need apply at any other time.
By Order of the Board,
E. W. THOMAS, Clerk.

RARE CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN
IN
Town Property!!
THE undersigned is desirous of selling his Block of Buildings on Main Street in Brownville, N. T.
known as "Whitney's Block" containing 2 Store Rooms, respectively 15x20 and 18x20. One Saloon 24x30. One Tenpin Alley 12x30. Four large Rooms and Four Box-rooms on the second floor. Also, one good Dwelling and Ice House on the Premises.
Terms to suit purchasers. Enquire of
R. J. WHITNEY, or
R. F. BARRET.

HOLLADAY & CO.,
[Successors to J. F. Morris.]
Would respectfully announce to the Citizens of Brownville and vicinity, that they have purchased a large and well-assorted stock of
DRUGS
AND
Medicines, Paints,
And the entire stock formerly kept by F. Morris. And they will keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a

FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE.
are determined not to be undersold for cash. DR. HOLLADAY will give his personal and undivided attention to the business.
Prescriptions and orders carefully filled at all hours.
WHITNEY'S BLOCK, MAIN STREET
BROWNVILLE NEBRASKA.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Evan Worthing,
OF THE
Union Saloon
BROWNVILLE,
Has just received the largest and best stock of Liquors and Oysters ever offered in this market, and will sell them as low as any House in the Territory.

WHITNEY'S BLOCK,
Main Street, Brownville
NEW
Clothing Store.
The undersigned keeps on hand a large assortment of
SATTINET & CASSIMERE SUITS
For Men and Boy's wear. Also, a large stock of
HATS AND CAPS
LINEN & WOOLLEN SHIRTS
BOOTS AND SHOES
Rubber Gots, Leggings and Blankets.
Trunks and Valises.
UMBRELLAS AND CARPET BAGS,
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
Or all kinds which we will sell
CHEAP FOR CASH.
We purchased our goods since the decline in the Markets and will sell at low figures.
ATKINSON & CO.
April 13th, 1866.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Select Story.
From the Atlantic Monthly.
COUPON BONDS.
An Interesting Farmer's Story.

ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
PART I.
Continued.
'You wouldn't? Then why did ye?' She dictated to you as much as she did to me; and you scarce opened your head; you didn't dare to say yer soul was your own?'
'Yes, I did, I —'
'You ventur'd to speak once, and she shet ye up quicker'n a lightning! Now tell about you wouldn't have sot and been dictated to like a tame wood' e, as I did!'
'I didn't say tams noodle.'
'Yes, ye did: I might have answered lack sharpe enough, but I was expectin' you to speak. Men don't like to dispute with women.'
'That's your git-off,' said Mrs. Ducklow, 'trembling with vexation. 'You was just as much afraid of her as I was. I never see ye so cowed in all my life.'
'Cowed! I wasn't cowed, neither. — How reasonable, now, for ye to cast all the blame on me!' and Mr. Ducklow, his features contracted into a black scowl, took his boots from the corner.
'Ye ha'n't got to go out, have ye?' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'I shouldn't think ye'd put on your boots jest to step to the barn and see to the hoss.'
'I'm goin' over to Reuben's.'
'To Reuben's! Not to-night, father!'
'Yes, I think I better. He and Sophrony 'il know we heard of his gitting home, and they're enough enclined already to feel we neglect 'em. Have n't ye got something ye can send?'
'I don't know,'—curly. 'I've scarce ever been over to Sophrony's, but I've carried her a pie or something; and mighty little thanks I got for it, as it turns out.'
'Why did not ye say that to Miss Beswick, when she was rummin' us so hard about our never doin' anything for 'em.'
'I would n't have done no good; I knew jest what she'd say. 'What's a pie or a cake now and then?—that's jest the reply she'd have made.—Dear me! what have I been doing?'
Mrs. Ducklow, raising, had but just discovered that she had stitched the patch and the trousers to her apron.
'So much for Miss Beswick!' she exclaimed, untying the apron strings, and flinging the united garments spitefully down upon a chair. 'I do wish such folks would mind their own business and stay at home!'
'You've got the bonds safe?' said Mr. Ducklow, putting on his waistcoat.
'Yes; But I won't engage to keep 'em safe. They make me as nervous as can be. I'm afraid to be left alone in the house with 'em. Here you take 'em.'
'Don't be foolish. What harm can possibly happen to them or you while I'm away?'
You didn't s'pose I want to lug them around with me wherever I go, do ye?'
'I'm sure it's no great lug. I s'pose ye're afraid to go across the fields alone with 'em in yer pocket. What in the world we're goin' to do with 'em I don't see. If ye go out, we can't take 'em with us, for fear of losin' 'em, or of being robbed; and we shan't dare to leave 'em to home, fear the house 'il burn up or get broken into!'
'We can hide 'em where no burglar can find 'em,' said Mrs. Ducklow.
'Yes, and where nobody else can find 'em, neither, provided the house burns and neighbors come in to save things.— I don't know but it will be about as Miss Beswick said: we shan't take no comfort with property we ought to make over to Reuben.'
'Do you think it ought to be made over to Reuben? If you do, it's new to me.'
'No, I don't!' replied Mrs. Ducklow, decidedly. 'I guess we better put 'em in the clock case for to-night, hadn't we?'
'Jest where they'd be discovered, if the house is robbed! No, I've an idee. Slip 'em under the settin'-room carpet. Let me take 'em; I can fix a place here by the side of the door.'
With great care and secrecy the bonds were deposited between the carpet and the floor, and a chair set over them.
'What noise was that?' said the farmer, starting.

ROBBER GOODS. BLANKETS, TRUNKS, VALISES, Caps, Boots, Overcoats of all Descriptions, Fine Dress Suits, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, &c., &c.
We manufacture our Goods, and all such goods which are kept in a well-conducted store. We sell them cheaper than any House West of New York. We would be pleased to have you call and examine our stock.
SEEMAN & EHRICH.

WHITNEY'S BLOCK,
Main Street, Brownville
NEW
Clothing Store.

CASH BARGAINS!!!
MYERS & JONES,
Dealers in
FURNITURE
MATTRESSES, STOVES,
Queensware & Glassware,
207 Market bet. 8th & 9th Streets,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
"CALL AND SEE US." & "STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE"

LOUIS WALDTER,
Just his post yet, ready to perform all work pertaining to his business.
House and sign painting, glazing, and paper hanging, etc., at short notice, and the most approved style. Terms cash. Give him a call.
Shop on Main Street, east of Atkinson's Clothing Store.
He is prepared to do all

White Washing
AND
WALL COLORING
In the most and cheapest style for cash
Brownville, April 7, 1866.

Thaddeus,' cried Mrs. Ducklow, 'is that you?'
It was Thaddeus, indeed, who, awaking from a real dream of the drum this time, and hearing conversation in the room below, had once more descended the stairs to listen. What were the old people hiding under the carpet? It must be those curious things in the envelope. — And what were those things, about which so much mystery seemed necessary? — Taddy was peeping and considering, when he heard his name called. He would have glided back to bed again, but Mrs. Ducklow, who sprang to the stairway-door, was too quick for him.
'What do you want now?' she demanded.
'—I want you to scratch my back,' said Taddy.
As he had often come to her with this innocent request, after undressing for bed, he did not see why the excuse would not pass as readily as the previous one of somnambulism. But Mrs. Ducklow was in no mood to be trifled with.
'I'll scratch your back for ye!' And seizing her rattan, she laid it smartly on the troublesome part, to the terror and pain of poor Taddy, who concluded that too much of a good thing was decidedly worse than nothing. 'There, you, Sir, that's a scratching that'll last ye for one while!'
And giving him two or three parting cuts not confined to the region of the back, but falling upon the lower latitude which they marked like so many geographical parallels, she dismissed him with a sharp injunction not to let himself be seen or heard again that night.
Taddy obeyed, and, crying himself to sleep, dreamed that he was himself a drum, and that Mrs. Ducklow beat him.

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He made no reply, but presently came gliding softly back again.
'I can't find nothing. But I never in my life heard the floors crack so. I could have sworn there was somebody walking over 'em.'
'I guess you're a little excited, ain't ye?'
'No; I got over that; but I did hear noise.'
Mr. Ducklow, returning to his pillow, dismissed his fears and once more composed his mind for slumber. But the burden of which he had temporarily relieved his wife now returned with redoubled force to the bosom of the virtuous lady. It seemed as if there was only a certain amount of available sleep in the house; and that, when one had it, the other must go without; while at the same time a swarm of fears perpetually buzzed in and out of the mind, whose windows wakefulness left open.
'Father!' said Mrs. Ducklow, giving him a violet shake.
'He? what?'—arousing from his first sound sleep.
'Don't you smell something burning?' Ducklow sniffed. Mrs. Ducklow sniffed; they sat up in bed, and sniffed vivaciously in concert.
'No,—I can't say I do. Did you?'
'Jest as plain as ever I smell anything in my life! But I don't so'—snuff, snuff—not quite so distinct now.'
'Seems to me I do smell something,' said Mr. Ducklow, imagination coming to his aid: 'It can't be the matches, can it?'
'I thought of the matches, but I certainly couldn't smell 'em up tight.'
They sniffed again—first one, then the other—now a series of quick, short snuffs then one long, deep snuff, then a snuff by both together, as if by uniting their energies, like two persons pulling at a rope, they might accomplish what neither was equal to singly.
'Good heavens!' exclaimed Mr. Ducklow.
'Why, what, father?'
'It's Thaddeus! He's been walkin' in his sleep. That's what we heard. And now he's got the matches and set the house afire!'
He bounded out of bed; he went stumbling over the chairs in the kitchen, and clattering among the tins in the pantry, and rushing blindly and wildly up the kitchen stairs, only to find the matches all right, Taddy fast asleep, and no indications anywhere, ether to eye or nostril, of anything burning.
'It was all your imagination, mother!'
'My imagination. You was jest as frightened as I was. I'm sure I can't tell what it was I smelt; I can't smell it now. Did you feel for the—you know what?'
Mrs. Ducklow seemed to think there were evil ones listening, and it was dangerous to mention by name what was uppermost in the minds of both.
'I wish you would just put your hand and see if they're all right; for I've thought several times I heard somebody talking on 'em out.'
Mr. Ducklow had been troubled by similar fancies; so, getting down on his knees, he felt in the dark room for the bonds.
'Good gracious!' he ejaculated.
'What now?' cried Mrs. Ducklow.—
'They ain't gone, be they? You don't say they're gone?'
'Sure's the world?—No, here they be! I don't feel in the right place.'
'How you did frighten me! My heart almost hopped out of my mouth!'
Indeed the shock was sufficient to keep the good woman awake the rest of the night.
Daylight the next morning dissipated their doubts, and made both feel that they had been the victims of unnecessary and foolish alarms.
'I hope ye won't git so worked up another night,' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'It's no use. We might live in the house a hundred years, and never hear of a robber or a fire. Ye only excite yerself, and keep me afraid.'
'I should like to know if you didn't git excited, and rob me of my sleep jest as much as I did you?' retorted the indignant housewife.
'You began it; you fust put it into my head, But never mind. It can't be helped now. Let us have breakfast as soon as ye can, then I'll run over to Reuben's.'
'Why not harness up, and let me ride over with ye?'
'Very well; maby that'll be the best way. Come, Taddy! Ye must wake up! Fly round! You'll have lots of

chores to do this morning!'—
'What's the matter with my breeches?' snarled Taddy. 'Some plaguy thing's stuck to 'em.'
It was Mrs. Ducklow's apron, trailing behind him at half-mast—at sight of which, and of Taddy turning round and round to look at it, like a kitten in pursuit of her own tail, Ducklow burst into a loud laugh.
'Wal, wally mother! you've done it! You've dressed for a fine day now, Taddy!'
'I do declare!' said Mrs. Ducklow, mortified. 'I can't, for the life of me, see what there is so funny about it!— And she fastened to cut short Taddy's tail and her husband's laughter with a pair of scissors.
After breakfast the Ducklows set off in the one-horse wagon, leaving Taddy to take care of the house during their absence. That each felt secretly uneasy about the coupon bonds cannot be denied; but after the experiences of the night and the reprimands of the morning, they were unwilling to acknowledge their fears even to themselves, and much less to each other; so the precious papers were left hidden under the carpet.
'Safe enough, in all conscience,' said Mr. Ducklow.
'Taddy! Taddy! now mind!' Mrs. Ducklow repeated for the twentieth time. 'Don't you leave the house, and don't you touch the matches nor the fire, and don't go to ransack'ng the rooms neither. You won't will ye?'
'No'm,' answered Taddy, also for the twentieth time—scarcely resolved, all the while, to take advantage of their absence, and discover, if possible, what Mr. Ducklow brought home last night in his boot-peg.
The Ducklows had intended to show their zeal and affection by making Reuben an early visit. They were somewhat chagrined, therefore, to find several neighbors already arrived to pay their respects to the returned soldier. The fact that Miss Beswick was among the number did not serve to heighten their spirits.
'I've as good a notion to turn round and go straight home again as ever I had to eat!' muttered Mrs. Ducklow.
'It's too late now,' said her husband, advancing with a show of confidence and cordiality he did not feel. 'Wal, Reuben! glad to see ye! glad to see ye! This is a joyful day! I scarce ever expected to see it! Why, you don't look so sick as I thought ye would! Does he, mother?'
'Dear me!' said Mrs. Ducklow, her woman's nature, and perhaps her old motherly feelings for their adopted son, deeply moved by the sight of his changed and wasted aspect. 'I'd no idee he could be so very, so very pale and thin! Had you, Sophrony?'
'I don't know what I thought,' said the young wife, standing by, watching her returned valiant with features surcharged with emotion—deep soothing and sympathy, suffused and lighted up by love and joy. 'I only know I have him now! He has come home! He shall never leave me again—never.'
'But wasn't it terrible to see him brought home so?' whispered Mrs. Ducklow.
'Yes, it was! But, oh, I was so thankful. I felt the worst was over! and I had him again! I can nurse him now. He is no longer hundreds of miles away, among strangers, where I cannot go to him—though I should have gone long ago, as you know, if I could have raised the means, and if it hadn't been for the children.'
'I—I—Mr. Ducklow would have tried to help you to the means, and would have taken the children, if we had thought it best for you to go,' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'But you see now it wasn't best, don't you?'
'Whether it was or not, I don't complain. I am too happy to-day to complain of anything. To see him home again! But I have dreamt so often that he came home, and awoke to find it was only a dream, I'm half afraid now to be as happy as I ought to be.'
'Be as happy as you please, Sophrony!' spoke up Reuben, who had seemed to be listening to Mr. Ducklow's apologies for not coming over the night before, while he was in reality straining his ear to catch every word his wife was saying.— He was dressed in his uniform and lying on a lounge, supported by pillows.—
[To be continued.]

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