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

VOL. X. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1866. NO. 32.

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for duration and cost.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES HELLMER, Boot and Shoe MAKER, Main St., 2 doors below Brownville House, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

FRANZ HELLMER, Wagon Maker, OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. F. STEWART, M. D., 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. Bennett, Millinery & Fancy Goods STORE, Main Street one door west of the Post Office BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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. HODDLEY, Corner Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

MARSH & CO., [SUCCESSORS TO MARSH & ZOOK.] General News Agents and Stationers, Post Office Building, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

C. W. WHEELER, CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER, Having opened up permanently on Main Street, One door above the Baltimore Clothing Store, in the 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 the present proprietorship. Proprietor, who guarantees satisfaction to all who patronize his House.

G. RANT'S CHEAP CASH STORE, Main Street between First and Second, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

WE have in store a large and well selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Finest Quality of Spring Stock, WHICH WE OFFER FOR SALE CHEAP FOR CASH Groceries of Every Kind, Sugar, Tea, Allspice, Candles, Matches, Starch, Coffee, Soda, Pepper, Tobacco, &c., &c., &c. All of which we offer at the lowest prices, determined not to be undersold. GRANT, 12-28, 6m, 7, 90

LOUIS WALDTER, House-Sign & Ornamental PAINTER, Gilder, Grainer, Paper ANGER etc. All work done in a workman-like manner, and on strictly CASH TERMS.

RICHARD F. BARRET, GENERAL LAND AGENT, AND DEALER IN LAND WARRANTS & LAND SCRIPT, Personal attention given to making Locations. Office in J. L. Carron'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 2nd, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, a Restaurant and Oyster Saloon.

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.

CHOICE LIQUORS, Wholesale and Retail, Evan Worthing, OF THE Union Saloon, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WHITNEY'S BLOCK, Main Street, Brownville, Feb. 4, '64, N. E. W. Clothing Store.

The undersigned keep on hand a large assortment of SATINET & CASSIMERE SUITS For Men and Boy's wear. Also, a large stock of HATS AND CAPS, LINEN & WOOLLEN SHIRTS, BOOTS AND SHOES, Rubber Cots, Leggins & Blankets, Trunks and Valises, UMBRELLAS and CARPET BAGS, Gent's Furnishing Goods.

ATKINSON & CO., April 13th, 1865, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A. ROBISON, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, Main Between 1st & 2d Street, Brownville Nebraska. Takes this method of informing the public that he has on hand a splendid assortment of Gent's and Ladies' Shoes and Children's Boots and Shoes.

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 Nemaha 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.

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ATKINSON & CO., April 13th, 1865, 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.

'I'm just where I want to be, of all places in this world,—or the next world either. I may say; for I can't conceive of any greater heaven than I'm in now. I'm going to get well, too, spite the doctors. Coming home is the best medicine for a fellow in my condition. Not bad to take either! Stand here, Ruby, my boy, and let daddy look at 's again! To think that's my Ruby, Pa' Ducklow! Why, he was a mere baby when I went away!'

'Reuben! Reuben!' exclaimed the young wife, leaning over him, 'you are talking too much. You promised me you wouldn't, you know!'

'Well, well, I won't! But when a fellow's heart is chuck'ed, it's hard to shut down on it sometimes. Don't look so, friends, as if 'y's pitted me! I ain't to be pitted, I'll bet there isn't one of 'y's half as happy as I am at this minute!'

'Here's Miss Beswick. Mother Ducklow,' said Sophronia, 'Haven't you noticed her?'

'Oh! how do you do, Miss Beswick?' said Mrs. Ducklow, appearing surprised.

'Try'n to keep out of the way, and make myself useful,' replied Miss Beswick, stiffly.

'I don't know what I should do will-out her,' said Sophronia, as the tall spinster disappeared. 'She took right hold and helped me last night; then she came in again the first thing this morning. Go to your husband, says she to me; don't leave him a minute. I know he don't want 'y' out of his sight,—and you don't want to be out of his sight, either; so you tend right to him, and I'll do the work. There'll be enough folks comin' in to hinder, but I've come in to help,' says she. And here she's been ever since, hard at work; for when Miss Beswick says a thing, there's no u' opposing her,—that you know, Mother Ducklow.'

'Yes, she likes to have her own way,' said Mrs. Ducklow, with a peculiar pucker.

'It seems she called at the door last night to tell you Reuben had come.'

'Called at the door! Didn't she tell you she came in and made us a visit?'

'No, indeed! Did she?'

'Mrs. Ducklow concluded, that if nothing had been said on that subject, she might as well remain silent; so she merely remarked:

'Oh, yes, a visit,—for her. She ain't no great hand to make long stops, ye know!'

'Only when she's needed,' said Sophronia; 'then she never thinks of going as long as she sees anything to do.—Reuben! you musn't talk, Reuben!'

'I was saying,' remarked Neighbor Jephworth, 'it'll be too bad now, if you have to give up this place; but he—'

'Sophronia, unseen by her husband, made anxious signs to the speaker to avoid so distressing a topic in the invalid's presence.

'We are not going to worry about that,' she hastened to say. 'After we have been favored by providence so far, and in such extraordinary ways, we think we can afford to trust still further. We have all we can think of and attend to to-day; and the future will take care of itself.'

'That's right; that's the way to talk!' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'Providence will take care of 'y, you may be sure!'

'I should think you might get Ditson to renew the mortgage,' observed Neighbor Ferring. 'He can't be hard on you under such circumstances. And he can't be so foolish as to want the money. There's no security like real estate.—If I had money to invest, I wouldn't put it into anything else.'

'Nor I,' said Mr. Ducklow; 'nothin' like real estate!—with an expression of profound conviction.

'What do you think of Government bonds?' asked Neighbor Jephworth.

'I don't know.' Mr. Ducklow scratched his cheek and wrinkled his brow with an expression of thoughtfulness and candor. 'I haven't given much attention to the subject. It may be patriotic duty to lend to Government, if one has the funds to spare.'

'Yes,' said Jephworth, 'when we consider that every dollar we lend to Government goes to carry on the war, and put down this cursed rebellion.'

'And to pay off the soldiers,' put in Reuben, raising himself on his elbows. 'Nobody knows the suffering of soldiers and soldiers' families on account of Government's inability to pay them off. If that subject was felt and understood as some I know feel and understand it, I'm sure every right-minded man, with fifty dollars to spare, would make haste to lend it to Uncle Sam. I tell you, I got a little excited on this subject, coming in in the cars. I heard a gentleman complaining of the Government for not paying off its creditors; he didn't say so much about the soldiers, but he thought contractors ought to have their claims settled at once. At the same time he said he had had twenty thousand lying idle for two months, not knowing what to do with it, but had finally concluded to invest it in railroad stock. Hays 'y any Government stock?' said his friend.

'Not a dollar's worth,' said he; 'I'm afraid of it.' Sick as I was, I couldn't lie and hear that. And 'do you know the reason,' said I, 'why Government cannot pay off its creditors? I'll tell 'y,' said I. 'It is because it hasn't the money. And it hasn't because such men as you, who have your thousands lying idle refuse to lend to your country, because you are afraid. That's the extent of your patriotism; you are afraid! What do you think of us who have gone into the war, and been willing to risk everything,—not only our business and our property, but life and limb? I have ruined myself personally,' said I, 'lost my property and my health, to be of service to my country. I don't regret it,—though I should never recover, I shall not regret it. I'm a tolerably patient, philosophical sort of fellow, but I haven't patience nor philosophy enough to hear such men as you abuse the Government for not doing what it's your business to assist in doing.'

'Good for you, Reuben!' exclaimed Mr. Ducklow, who really felt obliged to the young soldier for placing the previous day's investment in such a strong patriotic light. (I've only done my duty to Government, let Miss Beswick say what she will, 'though he.) 'You would him up, I guess. Fact, you state the case so well, Reuben, I believe, if I had any funds to spare, I shouldn't hesitate a minute, but go right off and invest in Government bonds.'

'That might be well enough, if you did it from a sense of duty,' said Neighbor Ferring, who was something of a croaker, and not much of a patriot. 'But as an investment, it would be the worst ye could make.'

'Ye think so?' said Mr. Ducklow, with quick alarm.

'Certainly,' said Ferring. 'Government will repudiate. It will have to repudiate. The enormous debt never can be paid. Your interest in gold is a temptation just now; but that won't be paid much longer, and then your bonds won't be worth any more'n so much brown paper.'

'I don't think so,' said Mr. Ducklow, who nevertheless, turned pale,—Ferring gave his opinion in such a positive, oracular way. 'I don't believe I should be frightened, even if I had Government securities in my hands! Don't you, Jephworth?'

'They're mighty risky things to have in the house, that's one objection to 'em, replied Jephworth, thus adding breath to Ducklow's already kindled alarm.

'That's so!' said Ferring, emphatically. 'I read in the papers almost every day about somebody's having coupon bonds staid.'

'I should be more afraid of fires,' observed Jephworth.

'But they're this to be considered in favor of fires,' said Reuben: 'if the bonds burn up, they won't have to be paid.—So what is, your loss is the country's gain.'

'But isn't there any—isn't there any remedy?' inquired Ducklow, scarce able to sit in his chair.

'There's no risk at all, if a man subscribes for registered bonds,' said Reuben. 'They're like railroad stock. But if you have the coupons, you must look out for them.'

'Why didn't I buy registered bonds?' said Ducklow to himself. His chair was becoming like a keg of gunpowder with a lighted fuse inserted. The familiar style of expression 'Your bonds,' 'you must look out'—used by Ferring and Reuben, was not calculated to relieve

his embarrassment. He fancied that he was suspected of owing Government securities, and that these careless phrases were based upon that surmise. He could keep his seat no more.

'Wall, Reuben! I must be drivin' home, I s'pose. Left everything at loose ends. I was in such a hurry to see 'y, and find out if there's anything I can do for 'y.'

'As for that,' said Reuben, 'I've got a trunk over in town which couldn't be brought last night. If you will have that sent for I'll be obliged to 'y.'

'Sartin' sartin!' And Mr. Ducklow drove away, greatly to the relief of Mrs. Ducklow, who, listening to the alarming conversation and remembering the matches in the pantry, and Taddy's propensity to mischief, felt herself (as she afterwards confessed) 'jest ready to fly.'

PART II. Mr. Ducklow had scarcely turned the corner of the street, when, looking anxiously in the direction of his homestead, he saw a column of smoke. It was directly over the spot where he knew his house to be situated. He guessed at a glance what had happened. The frightful catastrophe foreboded had befallen. Taddy had set the house afire.

'Them bonds! them bonds!' he exclaimed, distractedly. He did not think so much of the house: house and furniture were insured; if they were burned the inconvenience would be great indeed, and at any other time the thought of such an event would have been a sufficient cause for trepidation.—but now his chief, his only anxiety was the bonds.—They were not insured. They would be a dead loss. And what added sharpness to his pangs, they would be a loss which he must keep a secret, as he had kept their existence a secret,—a loss which he could not confess, and of which he could not complain. Had he not just given his neighbors to understand that he had no such property? And his wife,—was she not at that very moment, if not serving up a lie on the subject, at last paring the truth very thin indeed?

'A man would think,' observed Ferring, 'that Ducklow had some o' them bonds on his hands, and got scared he took such a sudden start. He has, has n't he, Mrs. Ducklow?'

'Has what?' said Mrs. Ducklow, pretending ignorance.

'Some o' them coupon bonds. I rather guess he's got some.'

'You mean Government bonds?' Ducklow some? 'That ain't at all likely he'd speculate in them, without saying something to me about it! No, he could n't have any without my knowing, it, I'm sure!'

How demure, how innocent she looked, plying her knitting needles, and stooping to take up a stitch! How little at that moment she knew of Ducklow's trouble, and his terrible cause!

Ducklow's first impulse was to drive on and endeavor at all hazards to snatch the bonds from the flames. His next was, to return and alarm his neighbors, and obtain their assistance. But a minute's delay might be fatal; so he drove on, screaming 'Fire! fire! at the top of his voice.

But the old mare was a slow-footed animal; and Ducklow had no whip.—He reached forward and struck her with the reins.

'Git up! git up!—Fire! Fire!' screamed Ducklow. 'Oh, them bonds! them bonds! Why didn't I give the money to Reuben? Fire! fire!'

But dint of screaming and slapping urged her from a trot into a gallop, which was scarcely an improvement as to speed, and certainly not as to grace. It was like the gallop of an old cow.—'Why do n't 'y go along!' he cried despairingly.

'Slap, slap! He knocked his own hat off with the loose end of the reins. It fell under the wheels. He cast one look behind, to satisfy himself that it had been very thoroughly run over and crushed into the dirt, and left it to its fate.

'Slap, slap! Fire! fire!' Canter, canter! Neighbors looked out of their windows, and, recognizing Ducklow's wagon and old mare in such an astonishing plight, and Ducklow without his hat, rising from his seat, and reaching forward in wild attitudes, brandishing the reins, at the same time rending the azure with pells, thought he must be insane.

He drove to the top of the hill, and looking beyond in expectation of seeing

his house wrapped in flames, discovered that the smoke proceeded from a brush-heap which his neighbor Atkins was burning in the field near by.

The revulsion of feeling that ensued was almost too much for the excitable Ducklow. His strength went out of him. For a little while there, seemed to be nothing left of him but tremor and cold sweat. Difficult as it had been to get the old mare in motion, it was now even more difficult to stop her.

'Why! what has got into Ducklow's old mare? She's running away with him! Who ever heard of such a thing! And Atkins, watching the ludicrous spectacle from his field became as weak as Ducklow was from the effects of fear.

At length Ducklow succeeded in stopping the old mare's speed and in turning her about. It was necessary to drive back for his hat. By this time he could hear a chorus of shouts. 'Fire! fire! over the hill! He had aroused all the neighbors as he passed, and now they were flocking to extinguish the flames.

'A false alarm!' said Ducklow, looking marvelously sheepish, as he met them. 'Nothing but Atkins's brush-heap! Seems to me you ought to have found out about before you raised all that confusion with your yells!' said one hyperbolical fellow. 'You looked like the flying Dutchman! This your hat? I thought it was a dead cat in the road. No fire, no fire!'—turning back to his comrades, only one of Ducklow's jokes.

Nevertheless, two or three boys were there who would not be convinced, but continued to leap up, swing their caps and scream 'Fire! fire!' against all remonstrance. Ducklow did not wait to enter into explanation, but, turning the old mare about again, drove home amid the laughter of the bystanders and the screams of the misguided youngsters.—As he approached the house, he met Taddy rushing wildly up the street.

'Thaddeus! where 'y goin'! Thaddeus?'

'Goin' to the fire!' cried Taddy.

'There is n't any fire, boy!'

'Yes, there is! Did n't 'y hear 'em! They've been yellin' like fury.'

'It's nothin' but Atkins's brush-heap!'

'That all?' And Taddy appeared very much disappointed. 'I thought there was goin' to be such fun. I wonder who was to be a fool as to yell just for a darned old brush-heap!'

Ducklow did not inform him.

'I've got to drive over to town and git Reuben's trunk. You stand by the mare, while I step in and brush my hat. Instead of applying himself at once to the restoration of his beaver, he hastened to the sitting room, to see that the bonds were safe.

'Heavens and earth!' said Ducklow. The chair which had been carefully planted in the spot where they were concealed, had been removed. Three or four tacks had been taken out and the pushed from the wall. There was straw scattered about. Evidently Taddy had been interrupted, in the middle of the ransacking, by the alarm of fire. Indeed he was even now creeping into the house to see what notice Ducklow would take to these evidences of his mischief.

In great trepidation the farmer thrust in his hand here and there, and groped, until he found the envelope precisely where it had been placed the night before, with the tape tied around it, which his wife had put on to prevent its contents. Great was the joy of Ducklow.—Great also was the wrath of him, when he turned and discovered Taddy.

'Did n't I tell you to stand by the old mare?'

'She won't stir,' said Taddy, shrinking away again.

'Come here!' And Ducklow grasped him by the collar.

'It wasn't me!'—beginning to whisper, and ram his fists into his eyes.

'Don't tell me it was 'at you!' Ducklow shook him until his teeth chattered. 'What was you pullin' up the carpet for!'

'Lost a marble!' snivelled Taddy.

'Lost a marble! Ye did n't lose it under the carpet, did 'y?' shaking him again.

'Didn't know but it might a got under the carpet, marbels roll so,' explained Taddy, as marbels as he could get his breath.

'Well, sir!' Ducklow administered a resounding box on his ear. 'Don't you do such a thing again, if you lose a million marbels!'

'Han't got a million?' Taddy wept, rubbing his cheek. 'Han't got but four! Won't 'y buy me some to-day?'

[To be continued.]