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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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Vertical list of business cards including Charles Hellmer (Boot and Shoe Maker), Franz Helmer (Wagon Maker), Edward W. Thomas (Attorney at Law), Mrs. M. W. Bennett (Military & Fancy Goods), J. B. Johnson (Dentist), and Grant's (Groceries).

Advertisement for Louis Waldter, House-Sign & Ornamental Painter, located at 31st St.

Advertisement for Richard F. Barret, General Land Agent, located at 1030 Main St.

Advertisement for James Medford, Cabinet-Maker and Undertaker, located at 2nd and Main Streets.

Advertisement for William Rosell, Oyster Saloon, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Joseph Shutz, Jeweler, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Evan Worthing, Wholesale and Retail, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Union Saloon, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Clothing Store, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Grant's, Groceries of Every Kind, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Photograph Gallery, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for A. Robison, Boot and Shoe Maker, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Tipton & Hewett, Attorneys at Law, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Rare Chance for a Bargain, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Town Property, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Holladay & Co., Druggists, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Medicines, Paints, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Clothing House, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Cash Bargains, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Furniture, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Select Story, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for All is Well that Ends Well, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for Meeting of School Examiners, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for R. J. Whitney, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

Advertisement for R. F. Barret, located at 1st and 2nd Streets.

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There's 'uthin' losin' out of yer pocket bawled Taddy, as he was once more mounting the wagon.

Quick as lightning Ducklow clapped his hand to his breast. In doing so, he loosed his hold of the wagon-box and fell, raking his shin badly on the wheel.

'You rascal! how you scared me!' Seating himself in the wagon, Ducklow gently pulled up his trousers-leg to look at the bruised part.

'Go to the mare and don't leave her again until I come, or I'll marble ye in a way you won't like!'

'Understanding, by this somewhat equivocal form of expression, that flagellation was threatened, Taddy obeyed, still feeling his smarting and burning ear.'

Ducklow was in trouble. What should he do with the bonds? The floor was no place for them, after what had happened; and he remembered too well the experience of yesterday to think for a moment of carrying them about his person.

'Why an't she to home? These women are forever a gadding! I wish Reuben's trunk was in Jerico!'

Thinking of the trunk reminded him of one in the garret, filled with old papers, of all sorts.—newspapers, letters, bills of sale, children's writing-book,—accumulations of the past quarter of a century.

'He'll slip the bonds down into that wuthless heap o' rubbish, where no one would think of looking for them, and rest them.'

Having assured himself that Taddy was standing by the wagon, he paid a hasty visit to the garret, and concealed the envelope, still bound in its band of tape, among the papers. He then drove away, giving Taddy a final charge to beware of setting anything afire.

With which he had been drawing out brush, being in the yard near by, he ran to them, leaping to the seat, drove into the road, took Mrs. Ducklow aboard, and set out in vigorous pursuit of the slow two-wheeled vehicle.

'Stop, you, Sir! Stop, you, Sir!' shrieked Mrs. Ducklow, having recovered her breath by the time they came up with the chaise.

It stopped, and Mr. Grantley the minister put out his good-natured, surprised face.

'You've robbed my house! You've took!' Mrs. Ducklow was going on in wild, accusatory accents, when she recognized the benign countenance.

'What do you say? I have robbed you?' 'No, no! not you! you wouldn't do such a thing!' she stammered forth.

With Atkins, who had laughed himself weak at Mrs. Ducklow's plight earlier in the morning, now laughed himself a side-achie at Mrs. Ducklow's ludicrous mistake.

'Here I be, Ma Ducklow!' piped a small voice; and Taddy, who had then remained hidden, fearing punishment, peeped out of the chaise from behind the back of the minister.

'I pulled it up, huntin' for a marble,' said Taddy, as she paused, overmastered by her emotions.

'And the—the thing tied up in a brown wrapper?' 'Pa Ducklow took it.'

'Ye sure?' 'Yes I seen him!' 'Oh, dear!' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'I never was so beat! Mr. Grantley, I hope—excuse me—I did not know what I was about! Taddy, you nobby boy, what did you leave the house for? Be ye quite sure yer Pa Ducklow—'

'Bank Robbery!' 'No your bank? Not the bank where your bonds?'

'Of course not; but in the very next town! The safe blown upon with gun powder! Five thousand dollars in Government bonds stole!'

'How strange!' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'Now what did I tell ye?'

'I believe you're right,' cried Ducklow, starting to his feet. 'They'll be safer in my own house, or even in my own pocket!'

'If you was going to put 'em in any safe, why not put them in Joshua's?—He's got a safe ye know.'

'So he has! We might drive over and make a visit Monday, and ask him to lock up—we might tell him and Daurly all about it, and leave 'em in their charge.'

'So we might!' said Mrs. Ducklow. 'Laury was their daughter, and Joshua her husband, in whose honor and sagacity he placed unlimited confidence. The plan was resolved upon at once.'

'To-morrow is Sunday,' said Ducklow, pacing the floor. 'If we leave the bonds in the bank over night, they must stop there till Monday.'

'And Sunday is just the day for burglars to operate!' added Mrs. Ducklow. 'I've a good notion—let me see!' said Ducklow, looking at the close. 'Twenty minutes after twelve! Bank closes at two! An hour and a half,—I believe I could get there in an hour and a half.—I'll take a bite and drive right back.'

Which he accordingly did, and brought the tapo-tied envelope home with him again. That night he slept with it under his pillow. The next day was Sunday; and although Mr. Ducklow did not like to have the bonds on his mind during sermon-time, and Mrs. Ducklow 'dreaded gratefully,' as she said, 'as she said, to look the minister in the face,' they concluded that it was best, on the whole, to go to meeting, and carry the bonds. With the envelope once more in the breast-pocket, stitched in this time by Mrs. Ducklow's own hand, the farmer sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and started up at the good minister, but without hearing a word of the discourse, his mind was so engrossed by worldly cares, until the preacher exclaimed vehemently, looking straight at Ducklow's pew,—

[To be continued.]