

Nebraska Advertiser

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

VOL. X. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY, 10, 1866 NO 33.

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for duration and cost.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES HELLMER, Boot and Shoe MAKER, 2 doors below Brownville House.

FRANZ HELMER, Wagon Maker, OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP.

C. F. STEWART, M. D., OFFICE, South East corner of Main and First Streets.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Mrs. M. W. Bennett, Millinery & Fancy Goods STORE.

G. M. HENDERSON, GENERAL DEALER IN STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

J. B. JOHNSON, DENTIST, OFFICE WITH L. ROADLEY.

MARSH & CO., General News Agents and Stationers.

C. W. WHEELER, CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER.

BROWNVILLE HOUSE, COR. MAIN AND 2ND STS., Brownville, Nebraska.

E. W. PEDICORD, Proprietor, This House has been re-furnished and newly fitted up.

GRANT'S CASH STORE, Main Street between First and Second.

GRANT'S CASH STORE, Boots and Shoes, Groceries of Every Kind.

LOUIS WALDTR, House-Sign & Ornamental PAINTER, Glazier, Gilder, Grainer.

RICHARD F. BARRET, GENERAL LAND AGENT, AND DEALER IN LAND WARRANTS & LAND SCRIPT.

JAMES MEDFORD, CABINET-MAKER AND Undertaker.

RESTAURANT AND OYSTER SALOON, WILLIAM ROSSELL.

CLOCK & WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ.

CHOICE LIQUORS, Wholesale and Retail, Evan Worthing.

Union Saloon, BROWNVILLE, Has Just Received the largest and best stock of Liquors.

NEW Clothing Store, The undersigned keep on hand a large assortment of SATTINET & CASSIMERE SUITS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, CHEAP FOR CASH, We purchased our goods since the decline in the Markets.

Photograph Gallery, For good pictures, Photographs or Ambrotypes, call at A. & M. Stafford's Rooms above the Post-Office.

A. ROBISON, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, Main between 1st & 2d Street.

TIPTON & HEWETT, Attorneys at Law, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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.

RARE CHANCE FOR A BARGAIN, THE undersigned is desirous of selling his block of Buildings on Main Street in Brownville, N. T.

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-selected stock of DRUGS.

Medicines, Paints, AND FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE, DR. HOLLADAY will give his personal and undivided attention to the business.

OPENED AT THE NEW CLOTHING HOUSE, ONE OF THE LARGEST STOCKS OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, CONSISTING OF: Cassimere Suits, Linen Suits, Merceries, Pants and Vests, Fine Dress Suits, of all descriptions.

CASH BARGAINS!!! MYERS & JONES, Dealers in FURNITURE, MATRESSES, STOVES, Queensware & Glassware.

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

ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL, PART II, Continued.

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.

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.

He had driven about half a mile when he met a pedler. There was nothing unusual of alarming in such a circumstance, surely; but as Ducklow kept on it troubled him.

"He'll stop to the house now, most likely, and want to trade. Findin' no body but Taddy, there's no knowing what he'll be tempted to do. But I ain't a going to worry. I'll defy anybody to find them bonds. Besides, she might be home by this time. I guess she will hear the fire alarm, and hurry home; it will be just like her. She'll be there, and—trade with the pedler!" thought Ducklow, uneasily.

"Did that pedler stop here?" "I ha'n't seen any pedler." "And ha'n't yer Ma Ducklow been home, neither?" "No."

And with a guilty look, Taddy put the kite-frame behind him. Ducklow considered. The pedler had turned up a cross-street; he would probably turn down again and stop at the house, after all; Mrs. Ducklow might by that time be at home; then the sale of old papers would be very likely to take place.

'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.

Instead of repairing the mischief he had done in the sitting-room, Taddy devoted his time and talents to the more interesting occupation of constructing his knife-frame. He worked at that until Mr. Granley, the minister, driving by, stopped to inquire how the folks were.

She reached the brow of the hill just in time to see a chaise drive away from her own door. 'Who can that be? I wonder if Taddy's there to guard the house! If anything should happen to them bonds!'

'Thaddeus!' she called. 'No Taddy answered. She went in.—The house was deserted. And lo! the carpet torn up, and the bonds abstracted!'

'The man in the chaise!' she exclaimed, or rather made an effort to exclaim, succeeding only in bringing forth a hoarse gasping sound. Fear dried up articulation. Vox faucibus haesit.

'Murder! Murder! Stop thief! stop thief!' She waved her hands aloft in the air frantically. If she had trudged before, now she trotted; now she cantered; but if the cantering of the old mare was fitly likened to that of a cow, to what thing, to what manner of motion under the sun shall we liken the cantering of Mrs. Ducklow? It was original; it was prodigious. Now with her frantically waving hands, and all her undulating and flapping skirts, she seemed a species of huge, unwieldy bird attempting to fly.—Then she sank down into a heavy, dragging walk,—breath and strength all gone—no voice left even to scream murder.

'Come here!' cried Atkins, following the dog. 'What's the matter? What's to pay Mrs. Ducklow?' Attempting to speak, the good woman could only pant and wheeze. 'Robbed? she at last managed to whisper, amid the yelpings of the cur that refused to be silenced. 'Robbed! How? Who?' 'The chaise. Ketch it!' Her gestures expressed more than her words, and Atkins's horse and wagon,

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.

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

'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.'

Taddy repeated that he was quite sure as he climbed from the chaise into Atkins's wagon. The minister smilingly remarked that he hoped she would find no robbery had been committed and went his way.

At noon Mr. Ducklow returned. 'Did ye take the bonds?' was his wife's first question. 'Of course I did! Ye don't suppose that I'd go away and leave 'em in the house, not knowing when ye'd be coming home?'

'I did try to, but they told me to the bank it could'n't be did. Then I asked them if they would keep 'em for me, and they said they would not object to locking 'em up in their safe; but they would not give me no receipt, nor hold themselves responsible for 'em. I did not know what else to do, so I handed 'em the bonds to keep.'

Mrs. Ducklow was placing the dinner on the table, with a look which seemed to say: 'I would not have left the bonds in the bank, my judgement would have been better than all that. If they are lost, I shan't be to blame!' when Ducklow started and uttered a cry of consternation over his newspaper.

'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 tape-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,—

'What said Paul? I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.' 'Except these bonds!' he repeated, striking the Bible. 'Can you, my hearers—can you say, with Paul, 'Would that all were as I am, except these bonds?'

A point which seemed for a moment so personal to himself that Ducklow was filled with confusion, and could certainly have stammered out some foolish answer, had not the preacher passed on to other themes. As it was, Ducklow contented himself with glancing around to see if the congregation was looking at him, and carelessly passing his left hand across his breast-pocket to see if the bonds were still safe. Early next morning, the old mare was harnessed, and Taddy's adopted parents set out to visit their daughter.—Mrs. Ducklow having postponed her washing for the occasion. It was after noon when they arrived at their daughter's end. Laury received them joyfully, but Joshua was not expect; he'd come out evening. Mr. Ducklow put the old mare in the barn, then fed her, and then went into dinner, feeling comfortable and content. 'Josh has got a nice place here.—That's about as slick a little barn as I ever see. Always does me good to come over here, and see you a gitting along so nicely, Laury.'

[To be continued.]