

Published every Thursday by GEO. W. HILL & CO., Advertiser Block, Main St. Between 1st & 2d, Brownville, N. T.

TERMS: One year, in advance, \$2.00; Six months, \$1.50; Three months, \$1.00; Single copies, 5 cents.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for advertising rates and terms.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville in 1855. PHYSICIAN SURGEON AND OBSTETRICIAN.

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

FRANZ HELMER, Wagon Maker. Opposite Deuser's Tin Shop, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

AMERICAN HOUSE. A Good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with the House.

L. D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR. Freight Street, between Main and Water, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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

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

MARSH & CO., General News Agents and Stationers. Post Office Building, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

A. ROBINSON, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. Main Between 1st & 2d Street, Brownville Nebraska.

GATES & BOUSFIELD, BRICKLAYERS AND PLASTERERS.

JAMES MEDFORD, CABINET-MAKER AND Undertaker.

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

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

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAYLOR. MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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

CLOCK & WATCHES, AND JEWELRY!! JOSEPH SHUTZ.

Q. F. STEWART, M. D. OFFICE. South East corner of Main and First Streets, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

CHARLES G. DORSEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Next Door to Carson's Bank, MAIN STREET, Brownville Nebraska.

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

RESTAURANT AND OYSTER SALOON. WILLIAM ROSSELL. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Select Story. THE STORY OF A HERO.

By G. MAXVILLE FERN. And I don't think I ever shall get to take it as a matter of course, sir - taking it coolly 'out of the question. Here we are living about as excited a life as a man can lead - always on duty, and ready at a moment to have a set-to with the worst fire that ever broke out. No; I shall never get to take it as a matter of course; for it's all dark, rush and excitement; and I love it, sir. Flash comes the news to us by telegraph, most likely; out comes the horses; there's a light put to the ready trimmed fire; and then, with a train of sparks flying out behind us, as the fire roars, and the steams getting up away gallop the horses. Ay, it's "Hi! ho! hello!" and they clear the road for us, and away we go full gallop down the streets, with the horse's hoofs striking fire, the crowd shouting, and the running mob increasing at every step.

Now, there was only last week, sitting as I was waiting for a call - there it was at last, late in the night, when the streets were clear; and away we tore at something like a pace. Oxford street, Holborn, down the Hill, up Skinner street and Newgate street - whoop! and away full gallop, with the horses enjoying it, blessing you, and lashing out till it's hard to say whether they didn't make more sparks than the fire under the boiler. - We wanted no more instructions, for there was the red glow on ahead; and as we got nearer we could almost see the sparks; and at last we did see them come pouring and rolling along with the smoke, and being a heavy, hot night, hanging like a thick starspangled cloud just over our heads.

Two engines were there, and as it happened so late there was not so many people as might have been expected; but as soon as I got there I saw as something particular was the matter, and this is what it was. The fire was in quite a narrow court, where they couldn't get the escapes, and there was people burning to death; while above the shouting of the mob and clanking of the engine hard at work you could hear their awful cries for help.

Now, don't you suppose that I'm proud of all this I'm going to tell you, because I'm not. Now, if you were to dash in and save any one's life, why, no doubt it would be brave and gallant, because you would have done it out of true compassion for a suffering fellow creature; but then with me it's quite different. I'm paid so much a week to save life and property from fire; consequently, I only do what's my duty to do.

I runs up to the court axe in hand, and soon sees the state of affairs. One house was in a blaze from top to bottom, and the flames had worked through into the next, and were attacking the one opposite, while, with their escape regularly cut off, there was about a half a dozen people at the upper windows of the second house, and no way of getting to them. There was no back door to the place, being in one of those crowded city places; while the door in front and stair case were now fast getting into state of a glow, off which the water squirted and steamed without making any impression.

There was no time for ladder or anything else but the sheets, and then we got stretched for the people to jump into, but, poor things, they dared not, and what to do I could not tell. There was the fire blazing up higher and higher, and lighting up two of their old city churches that you see lost down those old courts, and looking as if they'd been put there out of the way because people didn't have any use for them now. There they were lit up and glowing, and the pigeons that lived up there sared and flying round and round the fire; there was the rush and roar of the wind along the court as it set towards the fire; and there were the flames leaping up, the clouds of sparks rising, the clouds of smoke rolling away, and the crackling spatter of the slates as they flew with the heat, and then slid rattling into the court beneath, smash upon the pavement. Every now and then came a louder roar and a crash as a rafter or beam fell in, and sent the sparks up in a whirlwind.

And there all that time were those poor creatures uttering the widest piercing shrieks for help you ever heard. Now, I've heard so much of that sort of thing that you'd expect I shouldn't mind it; but I do though; and as I said about fires, I don't think I ever shall get to take it as a matter of course; for there is something very awful in seeing a fellow creature strong and hearty, and yet dying before your eyes, and you not able to save them.

But I wasn't idle all this time - not a bit of it, for every minute's worth something at a fire, and if you give it much time it will beat you. Under the circumstances the first thing was to save life, and whilst there as had the branches did their best to keep the fire back from them at the third floor window, I got hold of a rope, and in at the house opposite, and made my way up stairs to the third floor, which, like the rest of the place, was used as a sort of a warehouse and cramed full of packages.

Being a strange house it wasn't easy to find your way, but I got up at last, and opposite to the room where the poor things were all now huddled together at one window, for the fire was gaining on them so that unless they were soon helped they wouldn't wait it.

"Crash! crash!" Didn't I let my little axe play round the sashes of that window, and soon have a clearance, for it was nailed up, and then when the poor things heard me, and saw the light shining on my helmet, how they did shriek for help.

Just then I looked down at the depth; and I caught sight of a fellow standing below with a sort ladder in his hand, which might have been of use if the poor things had been in the first floor; and then I made ready to throw my rope across, when just as I was going to let go, and then going to try and catch it, a thought struck me, and I let the coil of the rope fall down into the court, all but one end as I kept hold of, and then when the poor thing saw it let down they shrieked again, and one of them fell back from the window.

"Tie on that ladder," I shouted, "and so come you come up;" and one of my mates soon tied the rope to one of the rounds, and then with two or three more run into the house, while I hauled away until I got hold of the bottom of the ladder, for they sent the heaviest end up first, and then dragged it in at the window, and balancing the other end up continued to push it across and into the window of the other house across the court, and so make a sort of bridge, only it was all askew for the houses were not quite opposite to one another.

Just as I'd done this in comes my mate with two more men, and I sets them to work to hold the ladder while I took hold of the rope, and then made ready to crawl across on the thin bridge I'd rigged up. It was for life and death, or I wouldn't have ventured on the slight, bending wood; for though a ladder set nearly upright may be strong enough, it makes it a deal weaker to lay it down level and then go and crawl along it. I know how it would be, though, so I tied the rope around my body, and made a mate hitch the other end round a big hook in the wall, used for a pulley, so that in the event of a fall, if the rope held good, I shouldn't have gone all the way. They tied one end of the ladder, too, for to keep it steady, and then there I was scrambling across with the ladder bending and quivering, and the crowd underneath hurrying and clapping their hands just as if I was doing a bit of Blondin to please them.

How that ladder did bend; so that I thought it must give way, and me go crash into the court; but it didn't; and the next moment I was in the window of the burning house with the trembling women clinging to me. "Now then," I says to one man, "you can creep across," and I pointed to the ladder. "I can't leave my wife," he says holding a half fainting woman against the window, where the smoke wasn't quite so dense. "You're a trump, you are," I thinks; and then I hauled more of the rope over, and makes it fast round the poor woman's waist; and then we laid her on the ladder, and the three on the other side hauled, and we held on to the rope this end, and so we got her half across, when she slipped off the ladder, and hung right over the court, while there arose a regular shriek of horror. But there was people you see at each end of the rope, and we loosened as the others hauled,

so so they soon had her in at the other window, though the rope was so tight that it must have hurt the poor thing terrible. Then they loosened the rope again, and we sent another woman over, and she was insensible with fear, and we got her over all right, though she, too, slipped off the ladder. Then there were two little girls, one after the other; and it was sad to see how they trembled and shook - too much frightened to cry, as well they might be, for the heat was awful; and I knew that another quarter of an hour would find the room we were in red hot.

We got another over - a young man - and he was dragged over too, for he dare not try to crawl across, and I suppose to a man as ain't used to such things to creep over a place like that, all those feet over the pavement, and when you've been frightened to death nearly by waking out of your sleep to find the next place on fire, is rather trying; and now there was only that chap whose wife was sent over first, and who had worked all he could to help me and another cowardly chap, whom I had quite a set to with to keep back; so as to save the women and children first.

And now this chap as I've just spoke about made a rush to get to the ladder, and he was in such a horrid fright that I don't believe he'd got over safe, and besides I knew there was time for us all to get away if things were done quietly; so, considering as it wasn't his turn, I held him back for the married man to go first to his wife, when the other one almost shrieked out with rage and fear.

"Let him go first," says the married man. "I'll wait." "Tain't his turn," I says, rather obstinate like. "Over you go!" and at such a time one can't be interfered with, and having made my plans so far I didn't want them altered so, "Over you go!" I says.

"I think I can crawl," he says, and he got out on the ladder; but instead of crawling he sat astride of it and worked himself along, with the crowd hurrying and cheering him tremendous.

And up came the flame and smoke, and the roar and crackle and falling in of timber was getting terrible. Every place was light as day, while as to the heat, I declare it seemed to scorch fearfully. "The sooner you'll be across and me with you the better I shall like it," I says, and then I took a look round to see how matters were, when there came a crash and a puff, and in a moment the flames came wreathing and twirling up from underneath where I stood, and just as the last clap had his leg on the window sill and I was going to tie the rope around him, gave a yell and fell back or rather I pulled him back into the smoky room, and he fainted dead away.

He must have gone down crash into the court if I hadn't dragged at him; but there was no time to loose. I made the rope fast and got him on to the ladder with the flames darting by through the rounds and burning his hair; and then I shouted to them to haul, and haul they did, with me trying to steady him with my end of the rope, but before he was quite across something went snap, and I staggered back into the room, holding on by the piece of burnt through rope, and with my heart sinking as I felt my own salvation was partly gone.

Just then the flames was wafted on one side, and I saw that they were dragging in the last of the seven, and I felt now as if I'd done a good night's work, and it was now time to save myself. I'm not ashamed to own it, I did feel frightened as I threw down that piece of rope, and it must have been something like a cry of horror I gave when I got hold of the ladder and felt it burn my hands, and then as I tried to bear upon it, felt it crumble away, and that I was without a way to escape.

Far above the noise of the fire and water came the shriek of the crowd as the burnt ladder fell away and hung blazing by one end against the opposite house, while there came up such a rush of flame past the window that I could not look out, but directly after I heard the fierce rush of the water and could see that four branches were deluging the window, and all beneath, for my mates knew what a danger I was in.

there came a "dull flash" through the smoke, and I could see that the back of the house was all on fire, while from the way the flames rushed up again in front and filled the court, I knew that there was no help to be had from opposite, for they must be beaten from the window.

I'd been in some danger in my time; but till now there has always seemed a road out, and as I tore furiously around the place with the sweat dripping off me and the horrible fear of death so close at hand, I seemed to be regularly unnerved and fell to shrieking and crying out that my mates had deserted me; when they were on the roof and had let down a rope to me, but I could not see it; and then at last one of them was let down and tried to get in at the window, but the flames beat him back; and a groan came from the people as they saw all that had been done.

As I told you, I seemed quite to lose my nerve, and ran about shrieking for a few minutes, and then I fell down on my face upon the floor; but directly after my mind seemed to come to again, and I felt that if I must die I should have done my duty, and I had saved seven poor creatures; and as I thought that, I rose to my knees, and some words came to my lips - words that came to my heart as I thought of those who were once saved from the heat of the burning, fiery furnace; and I prayed that I too might be saved.

And ah! it was hard to pray there - to keep your thoughts in the midst of that fierce, suffocating heat of smoke and steam from the water pouring into the room. And how everything else but the words of prayer came into one's mind; and it was as if devils - despairing, blaspheming devils were hissing in my ears to curse and shriek oaths. They, too, came the thought of those at home, and the little golden curls that I should play with no more; and how I could now understand the dread my wife always had of what she called my frightful business. Yes, I had saved seven that night; but it was hard to die - hard to give up life at eight and twenty, and suffer the death from which I had saved so many.

I couldn't help it just then, for a grim smile came over my face as I thought it was my old enemy the fire being revenged upon me; but directly after I tried to pray once more, and then in the midst of the smoke I gave a wild cry, dashed off my helmet, dragged my belt unfastened, and kicked off my heavy boots, half suffocated, and had off my thick coat, too; and then, with my heart beating with hope, I thanked God for the thought, and the next moment I was over the gate bars and in the big chimney of the old house.

It was full of smoke and I could hardly breathe; but it was a sure way of escape to the roof; and though I could feel that I was tearing the skin from my elbows and knees, I managed to climb higher and higher, slowly and painfully, but soon I could feel a current of sweet, refreshing air setting down to me, and every breath gave me fresh strength till I reached the top, when my heart sank, as I found it would be impossible to get any farther on account of the chimney pot.

To shout was useless, and for a while I was in despair, but at last I got my hands well above me, and tried to move the pot. I tried again, and then to force myself through, till I was so wedged in that I had loosened the pot, and at last completely forced it off, and raised myself to a sitting position on the chimney-stack but afraid to move, for my head was wedged in the pot, which was fixed down upon my shoulders.

I knew that I could not stay where I was for long, and tried once more to get rid of my awkward helmet; and now, having both hands at liberty, I loosened it, and it fell with a crash into a court beneath.

Just then there rose a cheer, for some one had made me out from below; and sick and faint as I was I managed to wave my hand, and try to cheer; but it stuck in my throat and I could not get down without help. And I suppose English people must be fond of cheering, for how they did cheer, for how they did shout when I got down through another hose and were amongst them; and after all it was only one's duty. - London Morning Star.

I ran to the window, and was beaten back by the water, while the smoke that came up was quite blinding. Then I tried through the hot vapor in the room to see if I could get out of the door and reach the roof, but just at that moment

A Modest Man in a Predicament.

Mr. Tom Loughrin is noted all over the city for his modesty. He stands six feet two in his stockings, and at least six feet of him is made up of modesty. At an early hour yesterday morning Mr. L. was making his toilet at his residence on Pratt Avenue and Walnut street; he was standing in front of his mirror with only one garment on - and that a rather short one - and had lathered his face preparatory to removing his beard, when he was startled by a shrill scream from Biddy, his servant girl, and his wife called to him that Bridget was on fire. Mr. L. with an admirable presence of mind, seized a quilt from the bed, and reached the bottom of the stairs at two jumps, soon enveloped the flaming damsel in the folds of the quilt before she was seriously injured. While Mr. L. was thus engaged, some dozen ladies from adjoining houses, hearing the screams of the girl, rushed in to see what was the matter. They arrived in time to see the tall form of Mr. L. bending over the girl and instead of retreating when they noticed his Georgian costume, they stood looking at him with admiring eyes. Tom looked around and saw the ladies and remembering that he had not finished his toilet, went up stairs a little faster than he had come down. The ladies uttered, and at every utter he increased his speed and when he reached his room he was covered with a profuse perspiration. He says it was the most embarrassing position he was ever placed in, and hopes never to be caught in such a predicament again. - St. Louis Democrat.

In a letter from Smith's Fork of Green River, dated 24th ult., to the Vidette, we learn that a terrible explosion occurred in the train of Mr. Joseph Fayre, of this city, nine miles from the junction of the Bridger and Ham's Fork road, on Rock Creek, between the two summits. The train was loaded with powder, and one wagon containing 5,000 pounds blew up at 1:15 o'clock, on the 12th of September, a hub was the largest piece of wood found, and every piece of iron, and in fact every part of the wagon was broken into fragments and blown hundreds of yards. The wagon was drawn by five yokes of oxen, three of which were thrown into the air, also one yoke of the team in the rear, and two other yokes were badly burned. All that could be found of the driver was a piece of one of his feet, joint of a finger and a small piece of his skull. The estimated loss of property is \$9,000. - Leavenworth Times.

Death of John Van Buren.

New York, October 15. The steamer Scotia brings 17 Queensland dates to the 17th. Hon. John Van Buren died on board on the 14th instant, two days before the steamer arrived at this port. The Commercial says of the death of Mr. Van Buren: He had returned from a tour in Scotland, whether he had gone for the benefit of his health, which for some time past had been visibly declining. During his tour he caught a severe cold, which caused inflammation of the kidneys, and when he came on board the Scotia he was very ill. He at once retired to his state room, where he remained until his decease, when he got up and walked about the deck contrary to the advice of his medical advisers. Returning to his stateroom, Mr. Van Buren was seized with a cute inflammation of the kidneys, and his suffering was intense. During this time he talked incessantly but incoherently, chiefly on political affairs.

On Sunday morning he commenced to sink visibly, and his daughter and niece with Capt. Wilkins of the Scotia were summoned to his stateroom; they with Drs. Price and Crane remained with him through the whole day, and about 11 o'clock P. M., when the vessel was off Cape Race Mr. Van Buren expired. A coffin was at once made for the body, and it was placed in one of the ship's boats, where it now remains, food buried.

The proposition made to send from California a section of the "Original big Tree," to the World's Fair at Paris, is said by Dr. Macgowan to be impracticable, for want of a saw long enough to cut it. The cutting will require a saw forty feet long.

Does the razor take hold well? Inquired a barber who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go with a cent!"