

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER. PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY GEO. W. HILL & CO., Advertiser Block, Main St. Between 1st & 2d, Brownville, N. T.

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VOL. XI.

# Nebraska Advertiser.

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

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1866.

One square (100 lines or less) for the first week	\$1 00
Each additional week	50 cts
Business cards, six lines or less, per year	10 00
One column, one year	20 00
One half column, one year	10 00
One fourth column, one year	5 00
One eighth column, one year	2 50
One column six months	15 00
One half column six months	7 50
One fourth column six months	4 00
One eighth column six months	2 00
One column three months	10 00
One half column three months	5 00
One fourth column three months	2 50
One eighth column three months	1 25
One column one month	3 00
One half column one month	1 50
One fourth column one month	75 cts
One eighth column one month	37 cts
Stray notices (each line)	5 cts
Stray notices charged on transient advertisements	

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. Terms, advertisements payable in Advance. All kinds of Job, Book and Card printing, done in the best style on short notice and reasonable terms.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
**A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D.**  
 Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville in 1855.  
**PHYSICIAN SURGEON**  
 AND  
**OBSTETRICIAN**  
 Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputation, Trephining and Obstetrical Instruments.  
 Office: Holladay & Co's Drug Store Two Doors East of Post Office.  
 P. S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of women and children. x-44-ly

**CHARLES HELLMER,**  
**Boot and Shoe**  
**MAKER.**  
 Main St. 2 doors below Brownville House, 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. x-44-ly

**FRANZ HELMER,**  
**Wagon Maker,**  
 OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
 WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS CULTIVATORS, &c. Repaired on short notice, at low rates, and warranted to give satisfaction. x-13-ly

**AMERICAN HOUSE.**  
 A Good Feed and Livery Stable  
 In connection with the House.  
**D. ROBINSON, PROPRIETOR.**  
 Front Street, between Main and Water, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
 May, 30th 1866. 10-36 ly

**EDWARD W. THOMAS,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
 SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,  
 Office corner of 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  
 all kinds of Books, Periodicals, Stationery,  
 Photograph Albums, School Books; also Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, and a choice selection of  
 every article 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. x-13-ly J. W. BLISS.

**A. ROBINSON,**  
**BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,**  
 Main Street 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.**  
 Custom work done with neatness and dispatch,  
 repairing done on short notice. 10-30-ly

**GATES & BOUSFIELD,**  
**BRICKLAYERS**  
 AND  
**PLASTERERS.**  
 Brownville, Nebraska.  
 Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering,  
 Laying Cisterns, and do anything in their line  
 in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.  
 Aug. 29, 1866. x-47-ly

**Mrs. M. W. Hemett,**  
**Millinery & Fancy Goods**  
**STORE.**  
 Main Street one door west of the Post Office  
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
 A superior stock of Fall and Winter Goods  
 are received. Everything in the Millinery line  
 kept constantly on hand. Dress-Making, Bonnet  
 Making and Trimming done to order.  
 October 23, 1866. x-47-ly

**JAMES MEDFORD,**  
**CABINET-MAKER**  
 AND  
**Undertaker.**  
 Corner 2nd and Main Streets, BROWNVILLE, N. T.  
 Prepared to do all kinds of work in his line on  
 short notice and reasonable terms. 1-5m

**BROWNVILLE HOUSE,**  
 COR. MAIN AND 2ND STS.,  
 Brownville, Nebraska,  
**W. PEDICORD, Proprietor.**  
 This House has been refurbished and newly fitted  
 and refurnished under its present enterprising  
 proprietor who guarantees satisfaction to all who  
 patronize his House. x-5-ly

**LOUIS WALDBER,**  
 House-Sign & Ornamental  
**PAINTER**  
 Glazier, Gilder, Grainer,  
**PAPERHANGER** etc.  
 All work done in a workman-  
 like manner, and on strictly  
**CASH**  
**TERMS.**  
 ONE DOOR WEST OF BROWNVILLE HOUSE

**JACOB MAROHN,**  
**MERCHANT**  
**TAYLOR,**  
 MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA  
 Agent for  
  
**SEWING**  
 Aug. 23rd 66

**RICHARD F. BARRET,**  
**GENERAL LAND AGENT,**  
 AND DEALER IN  
**LAND WARRANTS & LAND SCRIPT,**  
 Personal attention given to making Locations.  
 OFFICE IN THE COURSE DEKING HOUSE,  
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
 x-14 ly 11-11

**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, Brown-  
 ville, Nebraska.  
 Repairing  
 Of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on the short-  
 est notice.

**WORK WARRANTED.**  
 Brownville, Neb., March 15th, 1866. 10-25 ly

**C. F. STEWRT. M. D.**  
**OFFICE**  
 South East corner of Main and First Streets  
**BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.**  
 Office Hours—7 to 9 A. M., and 1 to 2 and 6 1/2 to  
 7 1/2 P. M.  
 Brownville, Nebraska, May 5th, 1865—No 34. ly.

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

**TIPTON & HEWETT,**  
**Attorneys at Law,**  
 BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.  
 March 1st, '66. 1y.

**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,  
 a superior stock of Fall and Winter Goods  
 are received. Everything in the Millinery line  
 kept constantly on hand. Dress-Making, Bonnet  
 Making and Trimming done to order.  
 October 23, 1866. x-47-ly

**BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.**  
 A Restaurant and Oyster Saloon.

Also, Confectionaries, Canned Fruits, Dried  
 Fruits, Spices of all kinds, Tea, Coffee, Sugar,  
 Tobacco, Potatoes, sweet Potatoes and everything  
 usually kept in a retail grocery store.  
**FRESH MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.**  
 x-15-ly

**Evan Worthing,**  
 Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Choice  
**Liquors, Wines, Ale, Beer.**

**ALSO AGENT FOR,**  
**FITTS BUFFALO THRASHING**  
**MACHINE, NEW YORK SELF-RAK-**  
**ING REAPER, QUAKER MOW-**  
**ER and BUCK EYE CULTI-**  
**TOR.**  
**WHITNEY'S BLOCK,**  
 Main Street, Brownville  
 May, 17th 1866 10-24 ly 11-11

## Select Story.

### The Wild Duck Shooter.

BY JEAN INGELVOW.

The charity of the rich is much to be commended, but how beautiful is the charity of the poor!

Call to mind the coldest day you ever experienced. Think of the bitter wind and driving snow; think how you shook and shivered—how the sharp, white particles were driving against your face—how, within doors, the carpets were lifted like billows along the floors, the wind howled and moaned in the chimneys, windows cracked, doors rattled and every now and then heavy lumps of snow came thundering down with a dull weight from the roof.

Now hear my story.

In one of the broad, open plains of Lincolnshire, there is a long, reedy sheet of water, a favorite resort of wild ducks. At the northern extremity stands two mud cottages, old, and out of repair.

One bitter, bitter night, when the snow lay three feet deep on the ground and a cutting east wind was driving it about, and whistling in the dry frozen reeds at the water's edge, and swinging the bare willow trees till their branches swept in the ice, an old woman sat spinning in one of these cottages before a moderately cheerful fire. Her kettle was singing on the coals; she had a reed candle of home-made rushlight on her table, but the full moon shone in, and was the brighter light of the two—These two cottages were far from the road or any other habitation; the old woman was therefore surprised, as she sat drawing out her thread, crooning an old north country song, to her a sudden knock at the door.

It was loud and impatient, not like the knock of their neighbors from the other cottages; but the door was bolted, and the old woman rose, looked out, and saw a shivering figure, apparently that of a youth.

"Trampers," said the old woman sententiously, "tramping folks be not wanted here."

So saying she went back to the fire without deigning to answer the door.

The youth, upon this, tried the door and called to her to beg admittance. She heard him rap the snow from his shoes against her lintel, and again knocked, as if he thought she was deaf, and should surely gain admittance if he could only make her hear.

The old woman, surprised at this audacity, went to the casement, and with all her pride of passion, opened it, as inquired his business.

"Good women," the stranger began, "I only want a seat at your fire."

"Nay," said the old woman, giving effect to her words by her uncouth dialect, "thou'll get no shelter here, I've naught to give to beggars—a dirty, wet critter!" she continued wrathfully, slamming the door.

"It's a wonder where he found any water, too, seeing it freezes so hard a-body can get none for the matter, saving what is broken up with a hatchet."

On this the beggar turned hastily away. And at this point in his narrative, the person who told it to me stopped and said: "Do you think the old woman was very much to blame?"

"She might have acted more kindly," I replied. "But why do you ask?"

"Because," he said, "I have heard her conduct so much reflected on by those who would have thought nothing of it if it had not been for the consequence."

"She might have turned him away less roughly," I observed.

"That is true," he continued, "but in any case, I think, though we might give them food or money, we should hardly invite beggars in to sit by the fire."

"Certainly not," I replied, "and this woman could not tell that the beggar was honest."

"No," said he. "But I must go on with my narrative."

The stranger turned very hastily away from the door, and waded through the deep snow toward the other cottage. The bitter wind helped to drive him towards it. It no less poor than the first; and when he had tried the door, found it bolted, and knocked twice without attracting attention, his heart sank within him. His hand was so numb with cold that he made scarcely any noise; he tried again.

A rush candle was burning within, and a matronly looking woman sat beside the fire. She held an infant in her arms, and had dropped asleep; but this third knock roused her, and wrapping her apron around her child, she opened the

door a little way and demanded what he wanted.

"Good woman," the youth began, "I have had the misfortune to fall in the water this bitter night, and I am so numbed I can hardly walk."

The woman gave him a sudden, earnest look, and then sighed.

"Come in," said she, "thou art so nigh the size of my Jem, I thought at first it was him come home from sea."

The youth stepped across the threshold, trembling with cold and wet; and no wonder, for his clothes were completely increased with wet and mud, and the water dripped from them with every step he took on the sanded floor.

"Thou art in a sorry plight," said the woman, "and it is two miles to the night-house, thy teeth chatter so pitifully, I can scarce bear to hear them."

She looked at him more attentively, and saw that he was a mere boy, not more than sixteen years of age. Her motherly heart was touched for him. "Art hungry?" she asked, turning to the table; thou art wet to the skin.—What has thou been doing?"

"Shooting wild ducks," said the boy. "Oh," said the hostess, "thou art one of the keeper's boys, then, I reckon?"

He followed the direction of her eyes, and saw two portions of bread set upon the table, with a small piece of bacon on each.

"My master is very late," she observed, for charity did not make her use elegant language, and by her master she meant her husband; "but thou art welcome to my bit and sup, for I was waiting for him; may be it will put a little warmth in the to eat and drink," so saying she took up a mug of beer from the hearth and pushed it toward him, with her share of the supper.

"Thank you," said the boy, "but I am obliged to sit them up, she said: 'Ah! lad, lad, I doubt thy head has been under water; thy mother would have been sorely frightened if she could have seen thee a while ago.'"

"Yes," said the boy, and in imagination the cottage dame saw this said mother—a care-worn, hard-working creature like herself; while the youthful guest saw in imagination a beautiful and courtly lady; and both saw the same love, the same anxiety, the same terror at sight of a lovely body struggling in the moonlight through breaking ice, with no one to help him, catching at the frozen reeds, and then creeping up shivering and benumbed to a cottage door.

But even as she stooped the woman forgot her imagination, for she had taken a waistcoat into her hands, such as had never passed between them before, and a gold pencil-case dropped from the pocket, and on the floor, among a heap of mud that covered the outer garments, lay a white shirt sleeve, so white, indeed, and fine, that she thought it could hardly be worn by a squire.

She glanced from the clothes to the owner. He had thrown down his cap, and his fair curly hair and broad forehead convinced her that he was of a gentle birth; but while she hesitated to sit down, he sat a chair for her, and said with boyish frankness: "I say, what a lonely place this is; if you had not let me in, the water would have all frozen on me before I reached home. 'Catch me a duck shooting again by myself!'"

"It's very cold sport that, sir," said the woman.

The young gentleman assented most readily, and asked if he might stir the fire.

"And welcome, sir," said the woman. She felt a curiosity to know who he was, and he partly satisfied her by remark-

ing that he was staying at Dean Hall, a house about five miles off, adding that in the morning he had broken a hole in the ice very near the decoy, but it had iced over so fast, that in the dusk he had missed it and fallen in, for it would not bear him.—He had made some landmarks and taken every precaution, but he supposed the sport had excited him so much that, in the moonlight, he had passed them by.

He then told her of his attempt to get shelter in the other cottage.

"Sir," said the woman, "if you had said you were a gentleman—"

The boy laughed: "I don't think I knew it, my good woman," he replied, "my senses were so benumbed; for I was some time struggling at the water's edge among the broken ice, and then I believe I was nearly an hour creeping up to your cottage door. I remember it all rather indistinctly, but as soon as I felt the fire and drank the warm beer, I was a different creature."

While they still talked the husband came in, and while he was eating his supper, they agreed that he would walk to Dean Hall, and let its inmates know of the gentleman's safety; and when he was gone they made up the fire with all the coal that remained to that door household, and the woman crept up to bed and left her guest to lie down and rest before it.

In the grey dawn the laborer returned with a servant leading a horse, and bringing a fresh suit of clothes.

The young gentleman took his leave with many thanks, slipping three half-crowns into the woman's hand; probably all the money he had about him.—And I must not forget to mention that he kissed the baby for, when she tells the story, the mother always adverts to that circumstance with great pride, adding that her child, being as "clean as wax, was quite fit to be kissed by anybody."

"Missus," said her husband, as they stood in doorway looking after their guest, "who dost think that be?"

"I don't know," answered the missus. "Then I'll just tell thee. That be young Lord W., so thou mayest be a proud woman, thou sits and talks with the lords, and ask them to supper, ha, ha!" So saying the master shouldered his spade and went his way, leaving her clinking the three half-crowns in her hand, and considering what she should do with them.—Her neighbor from the other cottage presently stepped in, and when she heard the table and saw the money, her heart was ready to break with envy and jealousy.

"Oh, to think that good luck should have come to her door, and she have been so foolish as to turn it away.—Seven shillings and six-pence for a morsel of food and a night's shelter, it is nearly a week's wages!"

So there, as they both supposed, the matter ended, and the next week the frost was sharper than ever. Sheep were frozen in the lenny fields, and poultry on their perches, but the good woman had walked to the nearest town and bought a blanket. It was a welcome addition to their bed covering, and it was many a long year since they had been so comfortable.

But it chanced one day at noon that, looking out at her casement, she spied three young gentlemen skating along the ice toward her cottage.—They sprang on the bank, took off their skates, and made for her door. The young nobleman informed her that he had had such a severe cold he could not come to see her before.

"He spoke as pleasantly," she observed, in telling the story, "as if I had been a lady, and no less! And then he brought a parcel out of his pocket, and I've been over to B, he says, and bought you a book for a keep-sake, and I hope you will except it; and then all talked as pleasantly as could be for a matter of ten minutes, and went away. So I waited till my master came home, and we opened the parcel, and there was a fine Bible inside, all over gold and red morocco, and my name was written inside, and, bless him! a ten pound note doubled down over the names. I'm sure when I thought he was a poor, forlorn creature, he was welcome. So my master paid out part of the money in tools, and we rented a garden, and he goes over on market days to sell what we grow. So now thank God, we want for nothing."

This is how she generally concludes the little history, never failing to add that the young lord kissed her baby.

"But," said my friend, "I have not told you what I thought the best part of

the anecdote. When this poor Christian woman was asked what had induced her to take in a perfect stranger, and trust him with the best clothing her husband afforded, she answered simply: "Well, I saw him shivering and shivering, so I thought, thou shalt come in for the sake of Him that had not where to lay his head."

The old woman in the other cottage may open her door every night of her future life to some forlorn beggar, but it is all but certain that she will never open it to a nobleman in disguise!

Let us do good, not to receive more in return, but as an evidence of gratitude for what has already been bestowed. In a few words, let it be "all for the love and nothing for the reward."

Good Health is paramount to wealth, if the system is in bad order purge it out the vile humors and distempers with Roback's Blood Pills, and get the internal organs performing their regular functions and once in order, keep them so with Roback's Stomach Bitters.

**Surprising.**—It is actually surprising how soon our people have learned to prize that invaluable article known as Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. It certainly acts like magic, for it will cure the very worst case of dyspepsia and enable the patient, who has lived for years upon Graham bread and the plainest food, to eat anything he chooses without fear of distress. It is considered the most valuable medicine known for all diseases of the stomach and bowels.

Judge C., a well known, highly respectable Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, widower with five children—full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke, to give or take—was bantered the other evening by a mis of five-and-twenty, for not taking a wife, she argued that he was hale and hearty, and deserved a matrimonial mess-mate. The Judge acknowledged the fact, admitted that he was convinced by the eloquence of his fair friend that he had thus far been remiss, expressed contrition for the fault, confessed, and ended with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him after pointing out his heinous offence. The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but there was one—to her—serious obstacle.

"Well," said the Judge, "name it. My profession is in surmount such obstacles."

"Ah! Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have vowed if I ever married a widower, he must have ten children."

"Ten children! O, that's nothing," says the Judge. "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in yearly installments for the balance."

The object of the new secret order in the South, the "Knights of Arabia," is supposed to be the conquest of Cuba, and it is reported that expeditions will sail from New York, New Orleans and Mobile this month, comprising in all 20,000 men.

A Cultivator was espied by a party of Nashville negroes, when one said: "A man can just sit on dat ting, an' ride while he's plowing."

"Golly," said another, "de rascals was too sharp to think o' dat fore de niggers was too free."

The Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker recently contained the following: A young gentleman, a member of our college, was expelled for the crime of drawing young ladies up to his room by means of a basket from his window. Of course a great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two ladies: "Jane do you believe that students draw girls up to their rooms?"

"Certainly my dear; more than that I know they do!"

"How!"

"Well I was going to the college one morning—it was just before light—and I heard a noise in the direction of the college building. I looked that way, and as I see you now I saw a girl in a basket about half way from a third story window to the ground, and just then the rope broke, and down I came!"

On a certain occasion the counsel took some exception to the ruling of the court on some point, and a dispute arose.

"If the court please," said the counsel,

"I wish to refer to this book for a moment," and at the same time pick up a volume.

"There is no use referring to any book," exclaimed the court angrily, "I have decided the point."

"But your honor," protested the attorney.

"Now, I don't want to hear anything on the subject," yell the court; "I tell you again that I have decided the point."

"I know that," was the rejoinder, "I am satisfied of that; but this is a volume of Blackstone; I am certain he differs with your honor, and I only want to show what a blasted old fool Blackstone was."

"Ah! indeed!" exclaimed the court, smiling all over, "now you begin to talk."

Sam—, a colored man, residing somewhere in Berkshire County, Mass by good luck received a fine start in the world, and soon acquired a handsome property.—When he had reached middle life, a friend asked him one day, why he did not marry, as a man in his circumstances was abundantly able to support a wife, "Oh! I consider myself too good to marry a nigger-wench," returned Sam, with a feint to turn up his lip, nose, "Marry a white woman, then," continued his friend; "the laws of Massachusetts allow it, I think." "I'll be hanged if I would have a white woman that was mean enough to marry a nigger," replied Sam with a huge yawn.

For the current year, 1866, the aggregate gold and silver product of the United States is estimated from \$22,000,000 to \$106,000,000. The details of the largest estimates are, that California will produce \$25,000,000, Montana \$18,000,000, Nevada, \$16,000,000, Idaho, \$17,000,000, Oregon, \$8,000,000, Colorado, \$17,000,000, and various other sources \$5,000,000; total, \$106,000,000.

**Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.**

The monthly report of Isaac Newton Commissioner of Agriculture, says: Returns of the local correspondents up to the 1st of October verify in all essential particulars the statement respecting the crops, contained in previous monthly exhibitions. The condition of corn has suffered some deterioration from early frost and excessive rains, but crops are larger than the largest ever previously obtained in the country. In the production of wheat, next to corn, one of the most important cereals, our agriculture population has been unfortunate for the present year, now nearly completed.—The yield will not vary much from 143,000,000 bushels, showing a small percentage of decrease, which is fully compensated by the comparatively superior quality of the grain. There is 1,000,000 bushels more than the crop of 1859, and is within 5,000,000 of a product in proportion to the increased population. The diminution in the South is more apparent. The estimates point to less than 37,000,000 bushels in the eleven States heretofore unrepresented, a fraction less than five-tenths of the crops of 1859. It is worthy of remark, in connection with the diminution of the past three seasons, that the wheat crop of England has been likewise deficient since 1855.

The California wheat crop of which little note has been published in connection with the present crop, is excessive. In 1860, the product of this young State was nearly 6,000,000 bushels. Now it is claimed by leading California agriculturists that the surplus for export will nearly double that quantity.

It is evident that the entire wheat crop will exceed, by several millions, that of 1859, when the yield was reported as 173,101,924 bushels. There was then five and a half bushels to each inhabitant. There is no ground then for apprehensions of scarcity, and little excuse in the amount of the crop for starvation prices.

The yield of oats is extraordinary and the quantity excellent. The indications point to an increase from 171,492,073 bushels in 1856, to 271,912,695 in 1866. It is the only crop in the South that maintains an equality with its last season's exhibit.

Hay is less in quantity than in the previous year, by from one to two tenths; but it is better in quality.

An analysis of the Southern returns up to October 1, does not warrant a reduction of the former cotton estimate much below 1,750,000 bales, though it is too early for the usual estimates.

The West Virginia election, show, radical Gov. Ewell has probably seven thousand majority. Three radical Congressmen, and radical Judges are elected.