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NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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Advertiser Block, Main St., between 1st & 2d

Brownville, Neb.

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VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1867. NO. 6

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CITY DRUG STORE,
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South East corner of 6th and Main Sts.,
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TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, '66. 1y.

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Will take contracts for Bricklaying, Plastering building Cisterns, and do anything in their line in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.
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The undersigned having rented the Brownville
FLOURING MILLS,
Takes this method of informing the public that he intends doing
CUSTOM WORK
for the accommodation of farmers and others the coming season. The mill is now in operation and who have wheat to grind are respectfully invited to give me a trial, as I am confident of giving general satisfaction.
The highest cash price given for wheat.
26tf F. W. MORRIS.

Natural Leaf, Fine Cut, Grape Juice and Nay Tobacco, at SWAN & BRO'S.

Poetry.

Love in November.

On a terrace a moment we linger,
The woodlands are hid in the mist.
And nurtured is my lady love's finger,
Her lips are too iced to be kissed.
Scarce love from that portal can flutter
Which sweetest has marked in his chart;
Yet, though plants of the weather lips utter,
Sweet eyes are as warm as sweet heart.
Still she says, "O my darling, remember,
If dreary and chill I appear,
I told you that I thought November
Was the very worst month in the year."

"'Tis so, ah, my own! yet 'tis not so;
November with visions is rife
Of the Summer we shall have forgot so—
Of Spring that shall wake us to life.
Look back to the thrush and starling,
Those rose petals reddening the grass;
Look on to the violets, my darling,
Soon sweetening the lanes as we pass,
And kiss me—kiss close—and remember,
My beauty, my sweet-heart, my dove,
That even in chilly November
There's Summer on lips that can love.
—[Mortimer Collins in Belgravia.

The Mile Stone.

Along a road two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while, with laugh and shout,
In lively strain were talking.

About the fair, about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met
Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And as they strode for many a mile
They grew in time quite frisky,
And now and then, from lip to lip,
They passed the darling whisky.

At length, before them in the hedge,
The roadside view commanding.
They saw, its white side lettered o'er,
A mile stone lonely standing.

They read and quickly doffed their hats,
With sorrow in their faces;
Then turning with reverential awe
They stepped back several paces.

"Speak low, we're near the dead," said one
"His grave we'll not be troublin;
An old man sure! 100, and
His name is Miles from Dublin!"

Select Story.

The Phantom Bride;
OR
THE TEST OF LOVE.

'Will you love me, even beyond the tomb?'

The question came from the vermillion lips of a young girl at a fancy ball in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV. She was a brilliant brunett, with abundant raven hair, and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla, which she had assumed for the occasion, with all the grace of a daughter of Andelusia. Her companion, a noble Scotch Earl of some two or three and twenty, arrayed as a warrior of Mary Stuart's, in Scotch plaid and highland bonnet and feather, had been pursuing the fair unknown all the evening with protestions of love and eternal fidelity. His answer was prompt and unhesitating.

'Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of you in the sepulcher, and a thrill of joy will welcome you if your foot but press the grass over my head.'

'If I should die?' enquired the young girl, in a sad tone.

'If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as living, if you should be permitted to visit me, I will kiss your cold hand with as much love as at this moment,' and he pressed to his lips the little white hand of the beautiful Spaniard.

'Ah, well, I permit you then to love me. We shall see if you will be contented. Farewell, we shall meet again.'

'But where?—when?' demanded the Earl, anxiously.

'I cannot tell. Perhaps here—perhaps elsewhere But you will see me.'

And, with a gesture which forbade him to follow her, she disappeared in the crowd.

Two years passed away, during which Earl Ralph Morton sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles, in every place of public resort, for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and like many of his countrymen, had entered the service of the king of France. But a court life did not compare very well with his slender fortune, and he became, ere long deeply involved in debt.

'You must find some rich heiress,' and sympathizing friends. It was the usual resource of embarrassed gentlemen of that day. But the Earl had not forgotten the bewitching Andalusian, and he was in no mood for the search. He was spared the trouble however His uncle, who was Archbishop of an Assyrian city destroyed by the Romans, informed him one day that it was time for him to marry, and that he had found a wife for him.

'Is she rich?' inquired Ralph, 'I do not ask if she is pretty, it is all the same to me.'

'Very rich and very pretty.'

The Earl thought of his unknown and sighed; then thought of his creditors and consented. The uncle arranged everything, and when all was settled he gave the nephew his benediction and two hundred pistoles, and sent him off to Burgundy, to pay his respects to Mademoiselle de Roche Noire, whom he was to marry in a fortnight.

A gloomy journey of several days' duration brought him at length to the ancient feudal manor-house of Roche Noire, situated in the heart of a forest, on a lofty rock, from which it derived its name. He was expected. The ground door of the mansion was open, and an aged servant met him at the threshold, and conducted him to a large hall, at the extremity of which sat an old man and young girl. The former, whom he divined at once to be the Baron of Roche Moire, rose at his entrance, and, saluted him in the somewhat formal manner of the day, presented him to his daughter Herminne. The latter had the voluptuous beauty of the flower which had unfolded under a southern sun. She was pale, with fair hair, and eyes of the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure was rich but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped, and transparent as alabaster. So much the Earl saw as he bent before his betrothed, and in spite of his professed indifference, he inwardly congratulated himself on his good fortune.

The Earl and the Baron exchanged the usual reciprocal compliments and enquires. Ralph was accustomed to society, and understood the art of making himself agreeable; the Baron, spite of his seventy winters, had not forgotten to be a courtier, and Herminne had the simple grace and dignity, the modesty without prudery, of a young girl of her birth, religiously educated, but without rigidity. The conversation soon became animated and sparkling, while Ralph watched Herminne, and now and then whispered to himself, 'She is charming! Blessings on my uncle for finding me a wife at once so pretty and so rich.'

When supper was announced he offered his hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the Baron led the way to the dining room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV, and upon the walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's eye glanced over these it were attracted by one whose freshness formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvass devoted to the defunct Barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling, but foreign beauty, such as is only found under Southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the *baleza* in the perfumed gardens of the Alhambra. The eyes of Ralph were fixed immovably on the canvass; the first glance told him that it was his long-lost unknown at the fancy ball.

'Come, my dear Earl,' said the Baron, 'let us be seated.'

Ralph started and obeyed, turning his eyes from the portrait to Herminne. In contrast with that glowing beauty she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark about the picture. The Baron did not reply, but a cloud passed over his face, and Herminne turned pale and sat silent, with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over those three persons, just now talking so joyously. Brief remarks were made occasionally, in a constrained voice, and the supper ended almost in silence. At its close the Earl made the fatigue of his journey an excuse for retiring early. As the servant was conducting him to his apartment, they passed again through the dining hall.

'Whose portrait is this?' he asked, pointing to the portrait of the lady.

The servant hesitated.

'Speak!' said the Earl imperiously.

'It is the portrait of Mademoiselle Fulmen,' said the old man, trembling.

'And who is she?'

'The elder sister of Mademoiselle Herminne.'

'But she is dressed in Spanish costume.'

'Yes; her mother was a Spanish lady.'

'And Fulmen, where is she?'

'She is dead,' said the old man, solemnly; 'she lies at the left of the altar in the chapel of the castle.'

* * * * * *

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and buried his head under the blankets; the image of Fulmen still pursued him. Now, it was Fulmen radiant with beauty, as she was represented in the picture, and as he had seen her at the fancy ball; again it was Fulmen pale and cold, extended in her coffin, under the pavement of the chapel. Then he remembered his oath to love her as well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment a light at the opposite extremity of the apartment attracted his attention, a door whose existence he had not expected, turned noiselessly on its hinges; the candles relighted themselves spontaneously, and a figure, draped in a winding sheet, entered the room and approached his bed. It advanced slowly; no sound of footsteps. Brave as he was, the Earl trembled at the apparition When the figure was within a few feet of the bed, the winding sheet was thrown back, and revealed a young girl dressed in Spanish costume.

'Fulmen,' he murmured; 'the picture has descended from its frame.'

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that the lips were pale, the eyes mournful, the whole expression unspeakably sad.

'Fulmen!' repeated the Earl, with a tone of terror, in which was mingled a sort of feverish joy.

'It is I,' she said; 'do you remember your oath? They have told you that I am dead.'

The teeth of Ralph chattered, but the voice was so pure, so melodious, that it aided him to shake off the torpor that was creeping over him.

'No, you are not dead,' he exclaimed with an effort.

'I have been dead a year,' replied Fulmen, sadly. 'They buried me in the chapel. You can read my epitaph on the marble slab, the third from the high altar.'

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular creature, whose marvelous beauty counteracted in some degree the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.

'Alas!' resumed the spectre, drawing the shroud about her form with all the coquetry with which a living belle might wrap an opera cloak around her, 'I am dead, really dead at seventeen—when life was full of light, and perfume, and music; when tears, even, were so sweet that they resembled smiles; when the present was so happy that the future was quite forgotten; and then I loved you, I trusted in your oath; but you did not care for me. You have come here to marry my sister.

'Fulmen!' murmured Ralph, who felt a pang of remorse at his heart, 'I have loved you—love you still."

She shook her head.

'The dead are never loved,' she said, sadly.

Ralph trembled. He felt his blood curdle in his veins. He remembered his oath. Yet Fulmen did not complain. She did not overwhelm him with reproaches. She seemed resigned. He saw her lean her head on her hand, a tear shone in her eye, and a shiver passed through her frame.

'I am cold,' she said, and, rising from the chair in which she had seated herself, she approached the fireplace, and bent as if to warm herself by the half extinguished brands. 'The dead are always cold,' she murmured.

'Heavens!' exclaimed Ralph, 'you are not dead; but, dead or living, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any living woman and I love as on the day I first saw you.'

'The dead are never loved,' she repeated, mournfully.

'But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are rigid; the flesh corrupt; they cannot walk, they cannot speak; you are not dead—it is impossible.'

'I am dead,' repeated Fulmen, in a tone of authority which admitted of no question; 'dead, and yet I suffer.'

'You suffer?' the Earl exclaimed.

'Yes. Because I die with a guilty thought in my heart. I remember the ball where I met you. It was earthly love, not penitence, that engrossed my last hours. Yet if you who are alive can love me still, God will perhaps pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer.'

'I do love you,' cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl so beautiful in her sadness. Yet a secret voice said within: 'Ah! if she were only alive.'

A pale smile passed over the phantom. It rose and advanced toward him. Ralph involuntarily shrunk back at its approach.

'You see,' she said mournfully, 'it is always so, the living fear the dead.'

'No, no!' said he eagerly, ashamed of the momentary terror, 'no Fulmen, my beloved, come.'

She extended her hand and took that of the young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand was pressed by the cold, clammy fingers of a corpse. She let his hand fall.

'No,' she repeated, in a half-suffocated voice, 'you see it cannot be; I shall suffer always.'

And she fled, while Ralph was so overpowered that he had no power to speak or move. The candles went out suddenly; silence reigned again in the chamber, the phantom had vanished.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire, who did not appear to notice the palor and abstraction of the guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the open air, and if the Earl thought of the occurrences of the last night, they seemed to him only as a bewildered dream. But with the return of darkness, and especially at the sight of the picture, the apparition again seemed a reality, and he determined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache, he retired to his room, and extinguishing the candles, he called softly: 'Fulmen! Fulmen!' There was no answer.

Again he called, 'Fulmen, I love you, though dead.'

Immediately the candles were relighted, and Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her winding sheet, and seated herself in a chair by his side. Her face had the cadaverous paleness of the tomb; her eyes were sad; her steps slow and painful; yet her exquisite beauty exerted the same fascination over him as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

'Fulmen, I love you!' he repeated, gazing at her with admiration.

'Yet if my hand should touch yours,' she replied, with a sad smile, 'you would utter a cry as you did last night; the dead are always cold.'

'Give me your hand and you will see,' said Ralph, extending his own. She took it, and again there came over him the same terrible sensations as before, but he had self-control enough to conquer it, and again to repeat, 'I love you!'

A bright smile illuminated the features of Fulmen.

'My poor friend,' said she, 'I would gladly believe you; but if your love would end my suffering, it must be so profound, so ardent, that it can conquer even the desire to live. A tomb with me must have attractions for you, and you are but twenty-five. At your age life is sweet.'

The Earl shook his head.

'To live without you is death; to be united to you, even in the tomb, would be life.'

'Take care, my friend.'

'Of what, dear Fulmen?' exclaimed Ralph, over whom the smile of the young girl seemed to exercise an overpowering fascination

'Do you know,' she said, 'that if you utter such a wish God may hear your prayer.'

'Ah, if he would. An eternity by your side would be infinite happiness.'

'Ralph, my friend,' interrupted Fulmen, while a smile of celestial joy shone in her face; 'take care, you will die if you love me'

'I wish to die.'

'But you are betrothed to my sister.'

An exclamation of anger escaped him.

'I hate her!' he said, vehemently.

'Why?'

'Because she is alive, while you are dead. What has she done that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfume of flowers, the melody of birds? Was she any younger or more beautiful?'

'Ralph, you are unjust. My sister had no control over her destiny or mine.'

'You are right, perhaps, but I swear to you that I will never marry Herminne. I wish to be yours, and only yours, forever.'

'You are mad, my friend; I cannot accept happiness at such a sacrifice.'

She rose slowly.

'Adieu, Ralph,' she said. 'Marry Herminne and pray for me.'

'Fulmen, Fulmen!' exclaimed Ralph, falling on his knees at her feet. 'Do not abandon me. I love you.'

'But your love is death.'

'It is happiness—it is life!'

His tone was so earnest, so touching, that the young girl hesitated.

'Let me live eternally with you,' he persisted.

'Listen, my friend,' she said at length, as if she could no longer resist his entreaties. 'In this casket,' pointing to a richly carved box which stood on the table, 'there is a phial containing a dark liquid.'

'And this liquid?'

'Is death.'

'It is happiness,' exclaimed Ralph, seizing the casket.

Fulmen then stopped him by gesture.

'Not yet, by and by, at midnight; but first reflect.'

Immediately the candles were extinguished and he found himself in complete darkness.

If Earl Ralph had been a Frenchman, as soon as Fulmen disappeared he would have opened the window and let the cool night air play upon his brow. When the fever fit being over, he would have said to himself, 'All this is folly. I am twenty-five years old, an officer in the King's service, and am about to marry a young girl, blond as a Madonna, fair as a lily, who will bring me an income of one hundred thousand livres. I have only to be quiet and let things take their course.'

After which he would have slept quietly, and dreamed no more of Fulmen But Ralph was a Scotchman, with an imagination as susceptible of exaltation as any of his countrymen As soon as the phantom vanished, he relighted the candle by the aid of a half extinguished fire brand, and opening the casket he took out the phial.

'Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I am coming!' he murmured, and swallowed the contents at a draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable sensation; a coldness in the chest; a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy; his limbs trembled; an extreme languor stole over him, and he sank upon the floor, still murmuring faintly, 'Fulmen, wait for me—I love you.'

When Ralph swallowed the contents of the phial he expected to awake in the other world.

He was mistaken. The phial contained only a narcotic, and he was very much astonished on opening his eyes to find himself in bed, and to see the sun shining through the curtained windows. A lady sat by his bedside. It was Fulmen! but no longer the pale, sad Fulmen, with livid lips and form enveloped in a winding sheet; but Fulmen, fresh, radiant, joyous, in the same costume she wore at the fancy ball.

The reader will understand the explanation of this more readily than the young Earl, whose head was still somewhat confused from the effects of the narcotic. The young girl had wished to put the sudden passion of her ball room lover to the test; and with some difficulty she had persuaded her fond old father and her cousin Herminne to lend themselves to the mystification. A little ingenuity, some invisible assistance, a transparent glove of serpent skin, aided by the native superstition of the young Scotchman, were all that was necessary to the success of the scheme.

We need not say that the Earl, when he recovered his senses, was very glad to exchange his phantom bride for a living one.

Subscribe for the ADVERTISER.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner.

A public man sometimes becomes so public that his private affairs command a publicity which it would be an affectation of the press not to notice. Hence I send you the following:

Not two years ago, the long-known bachelor, Charles Sumner, became a benedict. A highly educated, and, in many respects, an accomplished man, of good manners, and better appearance, naturally enough, he stood high among the ladies of Boston, and he had no difficulty in winning the hand of a widow (from one of the F. F. of Boston,) who sacrificed no inconsiderable jointure in marrying him. The honeymoon had all the apparent charm that honeymoons usually have, when Mrs. Sumner went with her husband to Washington, and new scenes ensued.

Among the accomplished men composing the Diplomatic Corps in Washington was Baron Holstein of Prussia, whom the Prussian King had attached to the Prussian Legation there "to spy out the land." Naturally enough, he courted the acquaintance of Charles Sumner, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate—who, at a dinner party, introduced his wife to the Baron, and who was placed beside her at dinner. An acquaintance ensued, and a friendship followed, such as naturally and honorably springs up between the sexes with kindred tastes and aspirations. The Baron attended to the lady in *matinees* and *soirees*, and in other public places, and occasionally escorted her from the Senate, where both had been to hear the Senator speak. Mr. Sumner, becoming displeased with the acquaintanceship—it cannot be properly called intimacy—wrote a letter to Baron Holstein, in which, while complaining of it, report says he insinuated something not honorable to his wife. The Baron wrote back a letter, in which, in substance, he said there was no cause of offense whatever—he had been polite to Madame, as he was to other ladies of similar accomplishments, and nothing had ever happened which propriety or good taste forbade. But if the Senator was not satisfied with that, he was ready to give him any such satisfaction as a man of honor demanded.

This correspondence was the beginning and end of part first, but Mr. Sumner, report says, then became cool to his wife, and the lady and the Baron became more reserved in their intercourse. Then Mr. Sumner, as Chairman of our Committee of Foreign Affairs, wrote to the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the distinguished Bismarck, that if he (B) would recall the Baron, he (S.) would be obliged. The adroit Bismarck yielded to the potential position of the American Chairman of Foreign Affairs, and the Baron was recalled to Berlin.

Mrs. Sumner became acquainted with this correspondence, and, naturally enough, was indignant beyond all power of description. Her indignation naturally rested upon that part of the correspondence which, it was alleged, touched her honor. The end of this is that Mrs. Sumner has gone her way to Europe, their common establishment in Washington being given up, and another taken by the Senator for the winter.

There is some scandal afloat beyond all this, relating both to the Senator and the lady—such as may be expected from early *denouments* in such a marriage affair—but the basis of the reports in Boston is such as I send you. What I have written is in everybody's mouth, and it may possibly be erroneous in some of the details, but in substance probably correct. I send it to you for publication, because what, if anything, is wrong here, had better at once be set right, to stop the tongues of the thousands that are making more out of a few facts.—*New York Express.*

The "Amaranth" was coming down the upper Mississippi loaded with pig lead. As she was going over a shoal place the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward at the time was a green Irishman.

"Why don't you heave the lead?" demanded the mate.

'Is it heave the lead, your honor? Where to?"

"Overboard, you blockhead,"

The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard; the mate in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river.

The captain, running to the edge of the roof, asked: "Why didn't you heave the lead, and sing out how much water there is?"

"The lead is heaved, your honor, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is," responded Pat.

The Battle Creek, Michigan, Journal tells the following story, in illustration of the late effort of President Johnson to find the position of certain members of his Cabinet upon "My Policy." The story runs as follows, and makes its own application:

Two boys once dug for a woodchuck, without knowing the animal was at home. After digging away until tired without achieving any result, one of the lads thrust his arm down the hole, when the woodchuck seized his finger and bit it to the bone, eliciting a yell that would have done honor to an Indian warrior. "What's the matter, Joe?" said Jim. "Thunder and lightning!" returned Joe, flourishing his mutilated member vigorously, "*he's there!*"