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

Brownville, Neb.

TERMS:

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VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1867. NO. 7

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OFFICE
CITY DRUG STORE,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office at Residence of S. P. Tuttle,
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TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, '66. 1y.

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AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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☞ Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. ☜
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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. Aug. 30, 1866. x-47-1y

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Gradner, Gilder, Glazier,
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White Washing and Kalcomining done.
All work done in a workmanlike manner on the shortest notice
TERMS CASH!
SHOP on Main street over Morgan's Plow Factory. (11-22-y1y)

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CLOCK & WATCHES,
AND
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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, Brownville, Nebraska.
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WORK WARRANTED.
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Natural Leaf, Fine Cut, Grape Juice and Navy Tobacco, at SWAN & BRO'S.

NOTICE TO FARMERS
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.

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MISS MARY SIMPSON,
Wishes to inform the ladies of Brownville and vicinity that she has just commenced a first class
MILLINERY & DRESS-MAKING
SHOP
Where work will be done with great care and neatness, and after the latest Eastern styles.
Bleaching and Repairing done in the very latest style and on short notice.
Latest styles of Ladi 's and Children's Hats and Bonnets constantly kept on hand, also latest patterns of Ladies Dresses, Cloaks, and Childrens clothing cut on short notice
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BILLIARD ROOM

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SALOON
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A Stock corrall with an abundant supply of pure water attached to the Stable. 41-1y

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AND
Commission Merchants,
and Dealers in
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BANKER,
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Exchange bought and sold on all the principal Cities. Also, dealer in Gold and Silver Coin, Gold Dust and
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Deposits received, payable at sight.
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All kinds of
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J. V. D. PATCH,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES,
AND
JEWELRY,
Silver and Silver-Plated ware,
A'so constantly on hand, all varieties of
SPECTACLES.
REPAIRING done in the neatest style, and at SHORT NOTICE,
CHARGES MODERATE. WORK WARRANTED.
CITY DRUG STORE
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Fresh Tomatoes, in two and three pound cans, at SWAN & BRO'S.

Soda Crackers, Ginger Snaps, and Aerated Crackers, at SWAN & BRO'S.

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Poetry.

Just the Girl for a Wife.

J. WARD CHILDS.

When I first met Isab lla
With her rare charms I was struck,
And I thought if I could win her
I were certainly in luck,
For she really seemed perfection,
Beautiful in form and face,
Modest, artless, and accomplished,
The embodiment of grace.

But there still was one condition
I had cherished all my life,
As a prime consideration,
In the choosing of a wife,
Namely: that with grace and culture,
Which adorn a woman she
Should in all domestic duties
Just as much accomplished be.

As to whether Isabella
Was thus skilled I sought to find
And accordingly proceeded
On this point to clear my mind;
So I called one morning early,
And I found to my surprise,
My accomplished Isabella
In the kitchen making pies.

I had seen her in the parlor,
In her costly skirts arrayed;
Seen her, too, at the piano,
She so exquisitely played;
At the opera, at parties,
The admired of all eyes;
But she never looked so charming
As that morning making pies.

Then the way that she received me,
So unlike most girls we see,
Raised her in my estimation
And increased her charms for me;
For she did not blush and stammer,
And in shame apologize,
But with a "good morning, Harry,"
Kept right on at making pies.

From that moment I decided
Isabella should be mine,
And that night I popped the question,
Kneeling at love's holy shrine:
Then I told her, as I fondly
Gazed into her lovely eyes,
How she won my heart that morning
In the kitchen making pies.

Boys, take my advice in choosing
You a wife. Let not the gay,
Foolish devotees of fashion
Lure you; for it will not pay,
But choose one who, though accomplished,
Ne'er in shame and horror flies
If she's caught like Isabella,
In the kitchen making pies.

Select Story.

An Adventure on Lake George.

"How lonely it is! oh, how lonely it is!"

The exclamation broke almost unconsciously from Ethel Raynor's lips as she stood at the hotel window, looking down at the crystal beauty of Lake George, flashing back the morning sunshine and surrounded by purple peaks, as a diamond of the purest water gleams out from a setting of dim amethysts! In all her 'two seasons' of New York society, Ethel had seen nothing so beautiful as this.

Mrs. Ward lifted her head from the enormous trunk she was busied in investigating, with an absent, puzzled sort of look.

"What did you say Ethel?—oh, yes, very pretty. Are you going to wear the white dress to-day, my dear, or the blue grenadine with the silver trimming?"

"What difference can it possibly make aunty?" said Ethel, almost petulantly. It was not pleasant to have the solemn epic of the beautiful lake disturbed by the petty question of dress and display.

Mrs Ward rose solemnly to her feet. "Ethel, I'm astonished at you! If I didn't know that you are too sensible girl to give way to any such absurdities, I should say that you were in love?"

The sudden scarlet mantled on Ethel face. She moved away from the window into the shadow of the friendly curtain.

"Aunty, I'm going out for a little while."

"Going out?"

"To row on the lake. I am stifling in this fevered atmosphere!"

Ten minutes afterward Ethel in company with a fairy-like little companion—Cora Steele—was gliding over the glassy tides of the beautiful lake in a tiny row boat urged along by the motion of their own resolute arms.

"Isn't this glorious?" said Cora, breaking into a peal of gleeful laughter. "Oh, Ethel, isn't it better than sitting up in state in the hotel parlors?"

"Better," repeated Ethel, musingly "Cora, I sometimes wish I could live up among yonder mountains, with only the trees and the rocks and the grand solitude for my neighbors; or else that I was dead and buried under these peaceful tides!"

Cora laid down her oars and leaned back, so that her eyes were gazing directly into Ethel's own,

"Ethel," she said, "do you know that you are greatly changed since I met you here last summer?"

"I know it."

Cora could feel a crystal drop among her bright tresses—a drop that was not the silvery spray of the oars, nor yet cool dew from the over-hanging woods under which they floated along.

"You are not happy, Ethel!" she whispered.

"No, I am not, and never shall be happy. Don't let us talk about it any more, Cora."

"But I want to talk about it, Ethel," said Cora, wistfully. "Dearest Ethel," tell me why you are unhappy."

"Because I have been a fool," said Ethel, recklessly, as she drew her fingers through the rippling water, apparently engrossed in watching the diamond sparkles—"because I have played with the noblest heart that ever throbbed, and cast it from me. *Now* do you wonder that I am miserable?"

Cora was silent a few moments. Her sweet, ingenious nature could scarce comprehend the full extent of her friend's trials.

"You mean Ruthyn Gray?" she said, at length.

"Yes, I mean Ruthyn Gray."

"Ethel, surely you never could have trifled with *him*."

"I could, and I did; I think I must have been mad, or infatuated, Cora. I think there are times when we seem rather to be under the dominion of evil spirits than acting according to our own natures."

"He asked you to marry him and you refused?"

"Yes."

"And now that it is too late, you have discovered that you were mistaken in your own feelings?"

"I have discovered that my life's happiness is blighted by my own act. Take care Cora, we are drifting too near that island; you had better resume your oars once more."

And through all the delicious hours of the August morning, jewelled with sunshine, and musical with the slow dip of chiming oars, the two girls floated on now passing through odorous belts of shadow, now skirting fairy islands; but the subject that lay nearest both their hearts was never even broached again.

"What time is it Ethel?"

"Four o'clock, and there is a thunder storm rising among those mountains. Look yonder, toward the west, Cora. We must row faster."

"If we rowed with fourteen hands instead of four, it would do no good," said wise little Cora, as she eyed the lurid, heavy-piled mass of vapor that was steadily rolling up above the horizon. "I don't know what we were dreming of, not to have noticed it before. No, we cannot reach home; we had better put into shore somewhere. There ought to be an old ruinous cabin not far from here, with a blasted pine tree hanging over it, and there it is now. I thought so. Pull, Ethel, the clouds are getting blacker every instant. Do you know I've always longed for a real adventure, and I think it is coming now."

Ethel smiled. The exercise was bringing a soft carmine glow into her cheeks which became her wonderfully well.

"Let us sit here a few minutes," she said, when the boat was moored to the overhanging trunk of a silver birch-tree "This is such a shady nook, and the water is so clear, and the coming storm makes the air deliciously cool."

we have local prejudices to contend with—no special locality or party to build up or break down. We shall aim to be impartial in our criticisms of public men measures, and discriminating as to the matter admitted in our columns. We shall advocate such a public policy as we believe to be just and right—one, the benefits and provisions of which shall be impartially extended to all, and one whose restrictions are unlimited by race or color.

Cora nestled down on the velvet grass beside her companion, without a word, leaning back against an almost perpendicular rock which ran straight up for about six feet, and then shelved backward, forming a flat surface, covered with tangled bushes, fragrant ferns and trailing draperies of vine leaves.

"Ethel," said Cora, suddenly laying her cheek upon her companion's shoulder, 'do you love Ruthyn Gray?"

"Yes."

"And do you think he still loves you?"

"I think his nature is one that once having formed an attachment, would be slow to relinquish it," said Ethel, softly and dreamily.

"Then why on earth don't you write to him Ethel?"

"Write to him?"

"Yes, and tell him that you have been a goose, and that you're heartily ashamed of yourself, and don't mean ever to do it any more. Why don't you, Ethel?"

"Never!" The scarlet tides rose to Ethel's fair temples, like a torrent—she hid her face in her slender hands.—"Never, Cora, never."

"Love is a curious kind of an epidemic,' said the blue eyed little philosopher, thoughtfully tossing bits of grass down into the water. "And I for one can't understand its symptoms. When a word would set all right between you—"

"That word will never be spoken," said Ethel, rising with calm dignity.—"Come, Cora, it will rain very soon."

But Cora's only answer was a wild cry of terror.

"The boat! the boat! Ethel, it has loosed its moorings! It is floating off.

Ethel stood transfixed with alarm.—The little barque had indeed played them false, and was slowly receding farther and farther from the shore, leaving them almost as desolate and helpless as Juan Fernandez on his desert shore.

"Oh, what shall we do? what shall we do?" exclaimed Cora, clasping her hands wildly together.

But the words had scarcely left her lips when there was a slight rustle among the ferns and bushes overhead—a parting of the silver birches that grew beside them, and the next instant a tall figure, robed in picturesque hunting costume, plunged into the lake, and striking boldly out through the clear waters, caught the floating rope and drew the light boat ashore. What a welcome sound was the grating of the tiny keel on the sand and pebbles to Cora's strained ear!

Ethel came forward to thank the tall apparition who stood dripping among the trees; but as his eyes met hers, the words died upon her tongue into a faint, voiceless murmur. Cora uttered a little hysteric cry.

"Ethel! it is Ruthyn Gray!"

It was Ruthyn Gray; but there was a brightness on his brow, a strange inscrutable light in his eye, that neither of the girls had ever witnessed there before. He advanced a step or two, and took Ethel's hand in both of his.

"Ethel, I had no intention of eavesdropping, but I could not avoid hearing the voices that aroused me from my slumbers among the bushes and sweet ferns overhead. I had been hunting all the morning, and was tired and wearied out, and——"

"What did you hear?" murmured Ethel, feeling as if every drop of blood in her being was concentrated in her cheeks and forehead.

"Enough to make me the happiest mortal in existance. There—don't blush, darling; it has been a long enigma, but it is solved at last. Do you hear the big drops pattering down among the leaves? Come, Cora, we must take shelter in the ruined cabin that has been my hunting quarters for the last two weeks."

"You have been here for two weeks?"

"Yes—just the length of time you have spent at the lake. Do you wonder at my knowledge of your movements? Ethel, my heart has followed you faithfully since last we parted, and I was content to be near you even though you were unconscious of it."

Half an hour afterwards, when Lake George was all a sparkle in the sunshine once more, and every bush and tree that lined the shores was glittering with bright swinging drops, the little boat again pushed off from the strand and this time there were three passengers. Ruthyn Gray sat at the helm, as handsome as a Pawnee warrior, in his hunting costume, and the dark hair pushed away from his sunburned forehead.

And in all the beautiful experiences of her after life, Ethel held most dear and precious that summer day upon the beautiful banks of Lake George, the fairest jewel in al the Northern diadem of waters!

A writer in Blackwood says: "When people want to speak of a native of Holland, they call him an Amsterdam Duchman; but when they speak of one of the German race generally, they leave out the Amster."

"I see you are on the watch," as the thief said to the guard chain.

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