

Nebraska Advertiser.

NEBRASKA ADVERTISER
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
CHURCH & COLHAPP,
Advertiser Block, Main St., between 1st & 2d
Brownville, Neb.

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

VOL. XII.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1867.

NO. 11

City Directory.

Drug Stores.

HOLLADAY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
DRUGS, MEDICINE, PAINT, OIL, &c.
P. O. Station, Main St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WM. H. MCCREERY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Drugs, Books, Wall-paper and Stationery,
Corner Main and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

News Depots.

A. D. MARSH,
NEWS DEPOT NO. 1.
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.,
Post Office, Main St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BLISS & HACKER,
CITY BOOK & NEWS DEPOT.
1st School Books, News Stationery, Always
on hand. Opposite P. O. Store,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. P. DEUSER,
Dealer in
Confectionaries, Toys, Notions, &c.,
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Confectionaries.

WM. ALLEN,
Proprietor of the CITY BAKERY. Fancy Wed-
ding Cakes furnished on short notice. Dealer
in Confectionaries, Toys and best Family Flour.
Main Street bet. 1st and 2d,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Saddlery.

J. H. BAUER,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES & COLLARS
Repairing done to order—satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop on Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

JOHN W. MIDDLETON
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
Whips and Lashes of every description, Plastering
Hair, Cash paid for Hides.
Corner Main and 2d Sts.,
Brownville, Nebraska.

W. D. MAHIN,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all
kinds of
Saddles, Harness, Whips
Collars, &c.
Smith's Patent Trace Buckles,
Nixon's Patent Trace Buckles.
North Side Main Street
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Stove and Tin Stores

JOHN C. DEUSER,
Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE, PUMPS, &c.
Opposite McPherson's Block,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Meat Market.

KEISWETTER & EARSMAN,
Butchers,
CITY MEAT MARKET,
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Merchandise.

GEORGE MARION,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & NOTIONS.
Foot of Main Street near Levee,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Established 1850. 1850.

WM. T. DEN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Corn Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture.
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT
Main street bet. Levee and 1st,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
Highest market price paid for Hides, Pelts, Furs and
Produce. W. T. DEN.

G. M. HENDERSON,
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
Brownville, Nebraska.

CHARLES BRIEGEL
BEER HALL LUNCH ROOM
AND LIGHT GROCERY STORE,
Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Blacksmiths.

J. H. BESON,
Will do BLACKSMITHING of all kinds.
Makes Horse Shavings, Trimming of Wagons and Sleighs
and Machine Work a Specialty.
Shop on Main St., west of McPherson's Block,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON,
B. I. JACKSON
SHOP on 1st between Main and 2d,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
All Work done to order—Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Miscellaneous.

JONAS HACKER,
Tax Collector for the City of Brownville,
Will attend to the payment of Taxes for non-resident
land owners in Nemaha County. Corre-
pondence Solicited.
Office on Main bet. 1st and 2d,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

SMITH P. TUTTLE,
U. S. Assistant Assessor and Claim Agent. Will at-
tend to the Prosecutions of Claims before the Depart-
ment for Ad. Bounty Back Pay and Pensions. Also,
to the Collection of Semi-Annual dues on Pensions,
Office over Cursons Bank Main street,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

A. STAFFORD,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Persons wishing Pictures executed in the latest style
of the Art will please call at my Art Gallery,
Main street bet. 1st and 2d street,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

I. H. CLAGGET & CO.,
BILLIARD HALL AND SALOON
Basement of Whittier's Block, Main bet. 1st & 2d Sts.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
The Best of Liquors kept constantly on hand.

J. W. SMITH,
BARBER
AND
HAIR DRESSER,
Main St., 5th door from S. W. cor 2nd St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA

Physicians.

H. L. MATHEWS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE
CITY DRUG STORE,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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 Amputat-
ing, Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
Office: Holladay & Co's Drug Store
Two Doors East of Post Office.

**P. S.—Specialization given to Obstetrics and
the diseases of women and children. x-4-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 24, 1y.

Attorneys.

T. W. TIPTON O. B. HEWETT J. S. CHURCH
TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH
Attorneys at Law,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.
March 1st, 1867.

EDWARD W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Office corner of Main and First Streets,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

WM. MCLENNAN
ATTORNEY AT LAW
NEBRASKA CITY,
NEBRASKA.
C. E. NYE,
Attorney at Law,
AND
WAR CLAIM AGENT,
PAWNEE CITY, NEBRASKA.

Hotels.

J. STEVENSON, D. O. CROSS
Star Hotel,
STEVENSON & CROSS Proprietors,
On Levee St., between Main & Atlantic,
Brownville Nebraska
This House is convenient to the Steam Boat
Landing, and the business part of town. The best
accommodations in the City. No pains will be
spared in making guests comfortable.
Good Stable and Corral convenient
to the House.

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

CHARLES HELLMER,
Dealers in
LADIES', GENT'S, & CHILDREN'S
BOOTS
AND
SHOES

THEO HILL & CO.,

Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Dry Goods
NOTIONS
CARPETS, & C.

THEO. HILL & CO.

Dealers in
Groceries
NAILS
Woodenware &c.

Theo. Hill & Co.,

Dealers in
CHINA
GLASSWARE
Willow-Ware, etc.

Theo. Hill & Co.,

Dealers in
HRWR
A D A E
AND
Agricultural
IMPLEMENTS

Theo. Hill & Co.,

Dealers in
HATS
CAPS
AND
FURS

Theo. Hill & Co.,

Dealers in
LADIES', GENT'S, & CHILDREN'S
BOOTS
AND
SHOES

Poetry.

Angelina.
BY COLMAN W. GIBSON, U. S. NAVY.

"O'er the sea I have flown,
Call ye this my headstone,
Thy and my name alone,
An epitaph! Angelina;
And I seek no epitaph."
To illustrate life of mine;
Neither gloze Death's truth nor garble;
Simply on the milk white marble
Write—and should some lone bird warble
The same burden, in the gray
Of the glaucous eve, I pray
That ye drive it not away,
But permit its music mood
Utterance for the dumb, cold stone—
"Other refuge have I none!"

"Angelina" no other name,
Adjunct, antecedent, fame,
Single, nor title do I claim.
Maid or matron, widow, bride,
Of what lineage, how allied,
Tell not to my shame or pride.
Green the branch or grayly mossed,
It must fall; white death, a ghost,
Comes in spring or autumn frost;
Give no date for either fate;
God's design is consummate,
Die we early, die we late,
So of me be nothing shown,
Save that there, where I lie alone,
"Other refuge have I none!"

"In the Congressional burying ground is a tomb
on which is simply the name "Angelina" and
"Other refuge have I none!"

Select Story.

Courting Under Difficulties.

Kate Blake was the only daughter of Jacob Blake, the old miser of West Brook.

She was more than commonly pretty, her frank, engaging manners enhanced the charms of golden hair, pearl teeth, and eyes like the blue skies of summer. At her father's death she would be heiress of the nice little sum of seventy thousand dollars, and though men generally profess not to be influenced by pecuniary matters in affairs of love, it is to be reasonably supposed that this prospective wealth by no means lessened the number of her adorers.

Among those most ardent and perhaps most sincere, was Will Dartmouth, with a heart larger than his purse, and very little thought or care for consequences. Fortunately, old Jake never suspected the partiality of his daughter for Will, or he would have put her on bread and water before he would have consented to the slightest intimacy with Will Dartmouth.

Jacob Blake was not in favor of marriage. Those who knew his circumstances were not surprised at it, for, to use a phrase more expressive than elegant, Mrs. Blake was a Tartar, with temper enough for two Tartars.

Old Jacob had to "walk Spanish" for the most part, or suffer the consequences, which usually descended on his head in the shape of any domestic utensil which happened to be lying handy.

A maiden sister of Mr. Blake, resided in the family, whose principal business seemed to be to act as a sort of echo to her brother and wife. Whatever they thought she thought too.

She regarded it as a primary sin for Kate to associate with the young men, and this doctrine was perseveringly drilled into her niece, who, though she never dissented, had her own ideas on the subject.

One day Mr. Blake and his wife went to Dedham to attend a fair, and Miss Peggy was absent at a friend's. Kate was left alone. Will Dartmouth in some way learned the condition of affairs, and early in the afternoon he came over to keep Kate company.

As her parents were not expected home until evening, Will felt perfectly secure in stopping awhile after tea; and he and Kate were having a jolly time popping corn in the old fashioned frying pan over the huge wood fire, when there "was a sound of voices at the door. "Good gracious!" cried Kate with alarm, "there is Aunt Peggy. Oh! Will, what shall we do? She will scold me to death besides father will be furious. Get under the lounge quick! Oh Will, do for my sake!"

Will could not withstand the pleading in Kate's eyes, and he deposited himself in the designated place.

Kate put out the light, and darting into an adjacent room in a moment was apparently asleep.

Peggy's voice was heard in the hall.

"Be careful Mr. Pike. There is a loose board here, I don't want to disturb my niece. Step softly or it may creak."

"Peggy, dear, where are you?" responded the squeaking voice of Esquire Pike, a widower of a year. "I can't tell weich way you have gone."

"There, Daniel, be easy. Good Heavens! Daniel Pike, Well, I never!" and a report burst upon the air like the uncorking of a champagne bottle.

"Oh my!" cried Aunt Peggy, "what would brother Jacob say? I declare I haven't been kissed by a man since—"

"Let Jake mind his own business," she thought. "You said I can't take care of our without his help," and there followed a report similar to the first, only more of it.

"Do be quick, Daniel, and let me get a light. Set right down there before the fire, and make yourself at home."

A light was soon procured. Peggy divested herself of her wrappings, and blushing like a girl in her teens, sat down opposite the "Squire."

"It's a very fine evening," said Peggy by way of opening the conversation.

"Very," replied the 'Squire, drawing his arm over her back.

"Oh, good gracious, Daniel! don't set quite so high to me. I—that is, I don't consider it strictly proper. Mercy! what's that?"

Both listened attentively.

"It was the wind rattling the window I guess," said the 'Squire.

"Don't you go to getting nervous, Peggy."

I thought it was Kate waking up, and if she should I would never hear the last of it."

"Hark! There is a noise—I—Gracious airt! it's bells. It's Jake and marm coming back! What shall I do? we're done! Oh, 'Squire, 'tain't right for us to be nothing one to 'other! what shall I do?"

"Tell me where to go, Peggy! Say the word; I'll go anywhere, for your sake, if it's up the chimney."

"Under the lounge, quick! It's wide and will hold well! quick! do not delay a minute!"

The 'Squire obeyed, but the space was so well filled that it was with difficulty he could squeeze himself into so small a compass. And just as he succeeded, Mr. Blake and his wife entered the room, floundering along in the dark, for Peggy had deemed it best to extinguish the light. Jake made for the fire, which still glowed with red coals, stumbling over the cricket and fell headlong against Peggy, who was standing bolt upright, trying to collect her scattered senses.

"The deuce!" cried Jake. "Look out, there, old woman, or you will be down after me. It's dark as pitch here, and I've fell over the rocking chair, or the churn, I can't tell which. Hello! what's that?" Reaching out his hand to feel his situation, and coming in contact with the bearded face of the 'Squire.

"By golly, it's got whiskers! Peg, Peg! where are you? where's Kate, and what's this?"

The 'Squire did not relish the assault on his hirsut appendages, and by way of retaliation he gave a series of vigorous kicks, which hit Will Dartmouth in the region of the stomach, and it stirred his bile.

"Look here, old chap!" exclaimed he. "I'm perfectly willing to share my quarters with you, seein' as we're both in for it; but you'd better not undertake to do that again."

"Heavens!" ejaculated Peggy, "whose voice is that?"

"That's what I want to know. Hello! who's fell down over my legs?" cried Jake, struggling for an upright position.

"I'll let you know who's down and who's up! Jake, where are you? Get up this instant and get a light, or I'll shake you by the throat when I get to my feet again!" said the voice of Mrs. Blake, and the old lady scrambled up only to go down again over a chair.

Jake started to obey, and just then Tige, the watch dog, who hearing the uproar, managed to break loose from his lair, rushed upon the scene, and set up his best bow-wow.

The 'Squire had a mortal horror of dogs, and neither fear nor love was strong enough to keep him quiescent now. He sprang to his feet with a yell, Will followed, Katie, full of alarm for her lover, hopped out of bed and appeared with a flaming tallow dip—Peggy flung her arms around the 'Squire's neck with amazement. Mrs. Blake was the only one who possessed her wits. She seized the corn popper, and laid it about her with vigor.

Her aim was not always correct, and in consequence, she smashed the looking glass into a thousand fragments, and knocked down the clock from its shelf, and demolished two bowls and a pitcher that were quietly reposing on the mantle.

The 'Squire broke from Peggy's embrace and dashed out through the window Will followed him, and Mrs. Blake would have pursued him by the same outlet, but she was a little too large to get through the case.

A deeded council was held; Jake stormed, Mrs. Blake threatened; and at last Peggy and Kate confessed. And Jake and his wero so rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of Peggy that they forgave their daughter and took Will Dartmouth home at the end of the year.

And in due time Peggy and the 'Squire were made one flesh.

One of the sweetest incidents that we have noticed for many a day—and one which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination—has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related:

A lady visited New York city, and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some cakes in a shop window. She stopped, and taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady full in the face, and with artless simplicity said, "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to a better advantage?

A Jewish proverb says, "Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable."

A Mother's Love.

"No love like mother love was ever known."

In depth, in intensity, in devotion how emblematic of Infinite Love! What mother would not peril her life, lay it down willingly for her children, make for them any sacrifice within her power? We have seen a mother reduced to penury, toiling, begging for her suffering child when she would rather die than do it for herself! When the world heaped opprobrium upon her offspring, maternal love clung to them none the less devotedly.

Can a mother's heart grow cold toward her child? Wild and reckless it wrings her heart almost to breaking with anguish, and sometimes it has broken, but through grief intense love shines out most clear. An exile—their name a forbidden one—her heart goes after them, tenderly and full of yearning; she cannot forget them.

A mother's hopes and ambitions centre upon her children; they are her treasures. With what pride she looks upon them in the bright morning hours of promise; with what a glow of anticipation to the time when they shall take their places in seats of honor and preferment; "When my son becomes a man!" the fond heart murmurs. And then her anxiety as they go out into the world amidst its dangers and allurements.

A mother's love, ever watchful and unchanging goes with us from infancy to the grave if her life be spared, and beyond it, for, surviving, does she forget you? How often have we seen the lips quiver, and the tears drop when speaking of "the loved and the lost." Dying, her last earthly thoughts are of her children; they are the strongest and often the only tie that binds her to earth. Earnestly, oh, how earnestly she commends them to God. The last gentle word is spoken, the last look of love rests upon them, the last sigh quivers upon her heartstrings, and the spirit wings its way to the shining ones gone before.

How beautiful, in after years, is the sweet picture of a mother's love, when we have grown weary of the world, of its vanities and deception, its animosities and strifes. As I look back upon my own mother's life—and hers is but a sample of every true mother's life—so full of devotion for us, her soliciers, her sympathy, her tender admonitions, her gentle counsels, her prayers, for us, I can but feel how precious is that mother's love.

A mother's love and devotion we can never repay, but we can do something to evince our grateful appreciation of it? We esteem it a pleasure; we love to contribute to the happiness of those even who have no claims upon us; can we not do as much for the mother who reared us? We hail with delight the opportunity of expressing our gratitude to a benefactor, grateful for the smallest benefit conferred; can we not render as much to the mother whose life is devoted to us?

Beautiful it is to see a child doing this. How sad, when her labor of love, her life of devotion, is all unappreciated, not even recognized; when selfishness and waywardness is the only return she receives!

It is said, in a heathen country, that the aged, when they become sick and helpless, are left to die uncaared for and alone. Scarcely less cruel and unfeeling seems the wicked, rebellious conduct of children in a christian land, in discarding a mother's counsels, in turning a deaf ear to her admonitions, in pursuing their evil inclinations in spite of warnings and entreaties, thus draping her heart in mourning, and bowing her down in sorrow.

A mother's counsels, her hopes and desires, her prayers and tears, should be sacred to us. We shall never find an earthly friend like her, and when we lose her we lose the best and sometimes the only real friend we possess in this world.

Speak gently to her, who you pass her by carelessly, indifferently. Oh, how cruel seems coldness and neglect to a mother. She may make no sign, but it wounds her sensitive nature none the less.

Is your mother hard at work while you, unmindful, are idling away your time? Let not her life be a sacrifice; let it not be worn out in unceasing toil; lighten her burdens; lift them from her shoulder; you will not always have her with you; do not have it to think of when she is gone, how much you might have done, and did it not.

Do you ever give way to impatience and spleen? Do you ever speak petulently to your mother, undutifully and rudely. There are those who would give worlds, if they possessed them, to recall what grieved a mother's heart; to have her back if for one brief hour to beg her forgiveness. Let not, when she is lying in the cold grave, the remembrance of a single bitter word come to haunt you, to sting you like a barbed arrow. Strive to make her pathway sweet and pleasant. You will not regret it when the hands are folded that did so much for you; when the eyes are dull and sightless that looked so tenderly upon you; when the heart has ceased to throb that beat so tenderly for you. You will wish that you had done more, had loved her better. Oh, be good to your mother; be watchful, tender, true. Love like hers you will never know save the love of God. You may be poor in this world's goods, but in the possession of it how blest you are! Oh, prize it!

HATTIE A. WINNOR.

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