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Brownville, Neb.

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VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1868. NO. 14

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Advertiser.

FLOWERS IN NOVEMBER.

Sweet flowers how bloom ye here,
'Mid autumn's scenes so drear,
Where all is blighting and decay,
And beauteous tints have passed away
From everything?

Bright flowers why linger now,
When every pendant bough
Has lost its lovely robe of green,
And nothing gay is to be seen
As in the Spring?

Rare flowers how can ye smile,
And fragrant be, the while
In this sad time of gloom and death,
When in the cold winds frosty breath
The landscape fades?

Ye are like some few friends,
With whom my spirit blends,
Who linger on the shore of time;
While many, stricken in their prime,
Sleep in the shades.

Where, where, are all the flowers,
That bloomed in shady bowers,
And all the birds that sweetly sung,
And to the waving branches clung
In brighter days?

They, like my friends, have gone,
And ye, like me, are lone;—
But there's a land where flowers bloom,
Forever free from deaths dark doom—
Where naught decays.

Select Story.

Beset by Bushrangers.

Surveying and exploring a new district in Queensland is a matter of some hardship and peril. In the evenings, after the day's work is over, when we have finished our "damper," salt beef, and tea, and are smoking our pipes round a blazing log fire, many a strange story is told. My men are old Bushmen, and are up to a thing or two—especially my Chinaman.

He is a harum-scarum, reckless, handsome, genuine Irishman of very respectable family, induced to emigrate many years ago as a hopeless scapegrace. He has knocked about Queensland and New South wales, in all sort of capacities. I fell in with him by chance. I was fortunate enough to save his life, engaged him, and believed him to be as devoted and fine a fellow as there is in the world.

A few years ago my Chinaman was journeying in the direction of Sydney from a place in the interior, called, I think, Jinballah. Having stopped at several public houses on the way, he found himself still on his journey with a ten-pound note half a sovereign, and a half-crown in his pocket. About a hundred miles from Sydney he found some confusion in a public-house which he had entered to obtain refreshment. The landlady was crying bitterly, and the servants were in a great fright:

When he entered, the hostess eagerly exclaimed:

"You are not one of thim are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Och, its the bushrangers I mean. You aren't one of *thim*?"

"No. Have they been here then?"

"Yes, half an hour ago, and cleared my house of all I had. Musha! the widdy's curse be upon thim!"

"Have they gone down the road, or struck right into the bush?"

"Gone down the road to stick up all they meet wid."

"How many."

"Three; sorrow less."

Now my Chinaman must go down to Sydney. He could not take the bush for it as he did not know the country well enough. He might evade the bushrangers by some lucky chance, either by the aid of night or other means. He was dressed of course, in the gear of a thorough bushman, and they might spare him on the old Scotch principle, "Hawks pyke not oot hawks' een." Besides, he might conceal his ten-pound note, and it would not break his heart to lose his half-sovereign and half-crown. On the whole, then, he saw nothing for it but to resume his journey. He chose his short sock as the best place for the bank-note, and thrust the note into it, without folding it up.

Forth he went, and rode rapidly on for about an hour without seeing the rangers; however, he distinctly saw the fresh track of four horses in advance. At an abrupt turn of the road, he was covered by three revolvers, and addressed by three voices:

"Dismount!"

No help for it. He got off his horse, and took a survey of the "glorious three." One was a very good-natured looking fellow, the other seemed rather backward the third was an unmistakable ruffian.

"Where have you been? You are a digger."

"I'm just come from the Wanoorah Diggins."

These gold fields were noted for their poverty.

"How much money have you got?"

"One half-sovereign and half-crown."

"Is that all?"

"That's all?"

It was the good-natured man who spoke in this dialogue.

"I think, jim, we may let him off. The poor devil must be hard up, coming from wretched diggings."

"We' ll have somethig to say to him first," replied Number Three, whose accent was Irish: and. this gave my Chinaman some hopes

"Well, at all events, he must have a glass grog." My Chinaman accordingly drank a bumer that took his breath away.

"Walk before me into the bush, then" said Number Three.

"Not a bit of it, Jim; let the poor devil go. Why, he's a countryman of your own. What do you say, Jake?"

"Never mind what Jake says!" replied Number Three

"Don't make an ass of yourself, Dick! I'll have my way in this!"

He motioned to my Chinaman to go on; and on he went until they reached a belt of scrub.

"Halt! Now, listen to me. It's my opinion that you are a schemer. If I find one shilling on you more than you have acknowledged to," (he swore a terrible oath,)

"I'll blow your brains out on the spot. Strip!"

My Chinaman owned to me that for a moment he felt a mortal terror, but he shook it off, and proceeded to undress.

"Take off your jumper first—not your boots. Now your flannel shirt. Throw them over to me."

He examined them thoroughly.

"Take off your boots. Throw them here. Now your trousers."

He found in the pockets the two coins. And my Chinaman hoped that the search was over. Not yet.

"Take off your socks!"

To hesitate was instant death. The ruffian shook both the socks, Let the reader fancy the breathing of my Chinaman's heart meanwhile! As he had thrust the note into his sock *without folding it up*, and as the robber had caught the note with the thick sock between his finger and thumb, it was thus prevented from dropping out. To such small things a man may owe dear life itself

"Now be off."

"What!" say my Chinaman. "Would you send a man away stark naked, and in this weather, too?"

"You ought to be thankful for your life."

Just then, up came Dick.

"Heven't you searched him yet? what the devil's the use of keeping him in the cold?"

"You mind your own business, Dick."

"Jim," retorted Dick, "you know I can stand a good deal but you're not the man to bide a quarrel with me when I'm roused. I won't allow you to do as you did last time. Give this man his boots and trousers; keep his jumper, if you want it."

Thus they split the differance, and my Chinamen was left on a bush-road without a horse, and only half clad. He had his ten-pound note, however.

After walking briskly for about twelve miles, he came to a sly grog-shop where he found two men conversing—one, evidently the host; the other (he knew as well as if it had been revealed to him) was the fourth bushranger.

In the endless wilds of Australia there is not a bushman whose life does not depend on "tracking;" and so wonderful do bushman become in this respect, that they can tell the date of every mark upon the ground. I have heard them debate as to whether black's track was an hour old or two hours. Now, my Chinaman had seen the tracks of four horses in company, and he had carefully tracked the fourth up to this "humpy," close to which it was standing quietly tied by the bridle.

"If I don't ride that horse away from this, to-day," said my chinaman, to himself, "may I never have the blessing of St. Patrick!"

The host was a little man; the bushranger was a tall and muscular villain, with long black hair falling down his shoulders—a bad sign, as it showed he had long been "out."

They had been talking on a subject that had excited the bushranger, and that subject, as far as my chinaman could gather from the muttered words he over heard at his entrance, was that the police were on their way up and not very far off.

My Chinaman gave the masonic sign; it was answered by the host.

"Hallo," said the bushranger, "where do you hail from?"

"I have come down the road."

"Haven't you got a horse?"

There was no use shamming here, so my Chinaman at once replied:

"I was stuck up and robbed twelve miles from this, by the bushrangers."

"The devil! Are they so near? Isn't it fortunate, Casey, that I know this in time?"

"Why?" said Casey. "You're not going that way; you came from that direction yourself a while ago."

The bushranger at that moment was lighting his pipe with a burning coal, and his back was turned. My Chinaman gave a look and made a gesture which were perfectly understood by the shrewed little host.

"I must be going, old man," said the bushranger, after his pipe had been successfully lighted. "Let's have a glass of grog all round first."

"All right!" said the little man. Three glasses of rum soon stood before the party. My Chinaman put his hand forward to take up one of the glasses, but Casey, with an awkward apology about helping the gent first, handed the robber that very glass, gave another to my Chinaman and drank off the third himself.

My Chinaman understood all this. and hoped that the stupefying potion would soon take effect. But no. Tht ruffian's constitution was as sound as the foundation of St. Paul's, and the draught only increased his sharpness and penetration.

"Do you think I don't see through you?" said he, with a diabolical glance at Casey. "I'm not so sure of *you*;" (this was to my Chinaman;) "if I was, I know what I should do."

"What have I done, sir?" said Casey.

"What have you done, you villain? Everything. I'll have your life!"

Now, although my Chinaman did not think that the ruffian meant the threat literally, yet he made his little preparaiions. The fellow was armed to the teeth. He had twc revolvers in his belt, and a double barrelled gun stood close to him. A large sheath-knife hung on his hip. Every second increased the ruffian's fury. His curses and threats were appalling. Casey, the other side of the fire, sat the picture of dismay.

"Why don't you answer me!" the robber at last shouted.

"Because," gasped Casey, "I have nothing to say."

"Nothing to say?" roared the bushranger. 'Take that!"

He drew a revolver, half rose from his seat, and with wonderful quickness, levelled the weapon at Casey. But my Chinaman was quicker than he. He had quietly picked up an American tomahawk which lay on a block beside him, and, just as the bushranger had given the half turn to fire, down came the tomahawk on the back of the neck. The pistol exploded at the same moment. The wretched man gave hardly a quiver. He was dead in a second. The two survivors looked into each other's faces.

"Of course he was a bushranger?" inquired Casey, after a long pause,

"Of course he was," said my Chinaman, and he then told the whole story. "But even if he were not, I did it in self-defence, for he would have shot me the next minute."

"You saved my life, however," said Casey, "and that is everything to the purpose."

"I thought at first," said my Chinaman, "that you were in league with the robbers."

"Probably I might have been forced to be so in time," was the reply! "but I have not been here lcng, and, rely upon it, I shan't be here long."

"What is best to be done?" said my Chinaman. "Shall I ride on and meet the police, if they *are* on the way?"

"For the Lord's sake, don't!" exclaimed the other.

"His mates are sure to be here in no time, and they'll torture me if they find this out."

"Get up behind me, and we'll both ride off," said my Chinaman.

"Then I leave everything belonging to me to be plundered."

"Well, then, man, what is it you want? What's your advice?"

"Let us throw the body down that rock into the scrub there, and then clean up. You ride off. I'll pretend that, their mate was after you. If you do meet the police, don't say a word about it."

"But the horse and saddle may be stolen property?"

"You must chance that. It's the only plan."

My Chinaman adopted the only plan, rode down to Sydney, and sold his horse.

"But now, sir," said he, "comes the strangest part of the story, and, if I didn't feel sure that you would believe me, I would never tell it. Years passed, and I happened to be travelling through a town where the assizes were going on. I heard that a great murderer was to be tried, so I went to hear the trial. As I live and must die, one of the officials of that court, and not the lowest either, was Jim, the bushranger who stripped me!"

"Of course you communicated your discovery to the police?"

My Chinaman gave a dry cough, and, I rather think, got red in the face.

"I never much cottoned to the police, sir, at any time—least of all then. Not so much for my own sake as for others."

"I see, I see," said I; "But I hope that was the only human blood you ever shed?"

"The only drop," said my Chinaman, in some confusion.

Christmas Trees.

These are a beautiful importation from Germany. The custom of having them is now wide spread, even in Puritan New England. What a forest of brilliantly bedecked evergreen would be visible were all the firs that are to be laden and lighted this year brought together; and what a story that forest would tell of busy hands, and buzzing consultations; of secrets it was hard to keep; of expectations and wistful looks; of the joy of givers and the gladness of receivers; of, in a word, the merry sympathy of warm affection expressing itself in tasteful symbols. It is instructive and increases faith in the good in human nature merely to imagine all this. The custom of decorating houses and churches with evergreens is derived from ancient Druid practices. The holly, ivy, rosemary bays, laurel, and mistletoe were the favorite trimmings, and never removed till Candlemas. Chaplets of these were worn about the head, and "kissing under the rose" and "whispering under the mistletoe" are allusions to this practice. But the old customs in England have lost their primitive character, the gambols and carols are nearly gone by, family reunions and evergreen decorations being nearly all that remain of the old festivities.

A Winter Breakfast.

The following is from Mr. and Mrs. Lyman's "Philosophy of Housekeeing":

In northern climates, and in winter, food is taken for the purpose of supplying the animal warmth as well as for strength; and this should be kept in view by the housewife when she prepares her breakfast. The oils are the substances that are richest in carbon, the element required in lung-combustion; and the problem for the cook and purveyor is how to introduce these substances into the stomach in such a away as not to impede digestion. The mode of blending the animal oils with various other substances that come on the table requires special skill and attention on the part of the housewife. Butter is the animal oil which is most readily assimilated in the stomach. The smoking of hams, and the sage and other seasoning used in making sausages, are found to have some effect, the reason of which is not understood, in making the fat of pork digestible and wholesome.

Let us now take a bill of fare for breakfast in winter, and see how it meets the demands of the system in that season:

Fried Sausages with Potatoes;
Cold boiled tongue;
Indian mush, fried;
Buckwheat batter cakes;
Pickled cucumbers.

The sausages yield an abundance of animal fat, that, combined with the potato, which is almost wholly starch, is taken into the stomach in a form to be easily attacked by its juices. The lean parts of the meat in the sausage, which should exceed the fat parts by one-half, give muscle-making elements. The tongue is wholly muscular and flesh-producing. The Indian Mush, fried, is heat-producing, but in a lower degree than the fat of the sausage. It contains gluten, which affords the elements of muscle. The buckwheat batter cakes are also rich in carbon, but poor in nitrogen; this is the reason why they are generally eaten in winter; and, as they give but little strength, are ill suited to the laborer, and should be combined with substances rich in plastic material. The acid, a little of which should accompany every meal, especially one so rich in cabonized materials as this, is supplied by the cucumber and vinegar.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

Philadelphia claims to be not only the greatest manufacturing city on this continent, but, with the exception of London, the greatest in the world. In 1860, according to the Census returns, there were in Philadelphia, 6,298 manufactories having a capital of $73,318,885, which employed 98,000 hands, and produced an annual value of $136,000,000. Recent investigations demonstrate that, in 1866, the factories produced over $200,000,000 *of staple goods*. This is an astounding exhibit; no other city on the American continent approximates this amount. In 1855, the State of Massachuetts, including Boston, Lowell, and all her famous manufacturing towns, did not produce more than $240,000,000. In 1860, New York had only seven small Cotton Goods Manufactories, and no Woollen mills; Philadelphia is now the commercial centre of 260 Cotton and Woolen factories. and has besides several thousand hand looms, of which the annual product is equal to that of seventy additional mills of average size. The class of Dry Goods manufactured in Philadelphia is that of low priced staple goods, which are specially adapted to the wants of people in the Middle, Western and Southern States. Millions of yards of Pantaloonery, Cottonades, Checks and Stripes, Tickings, Osnaburgs, Kentucky Jeans and narrow Textile Fabrics, are made there every year. Of carpetings, the product amounts to nearly $10,000,000; or Ready made Clothing, to $18,000,000; of Refined Sugar, over $20,000,000; of Boots and Shoes, over $5,000,000; of Stoves, nearly $3,000,000. Philadelphia claims to have the largest Military Goods Manufactory, the largest Chemical factories, the largest Cordage factory, the largest Bookselling house, and the largest Locomotive Works and Machine shops in the United States. It is quite evident, that her proximity to the Coal Mines and Iron Beds her low rents and facilities afforded mechanics for comfortable and economical living, have given Philadelphia a start in manufacturing, which nothing but want of enterprise can retard.—*Detroit Tribune.*

A California editor, participating in a debate as to the best method of building a certain bridge, objected to a coffer dam for making the piers. He said he early formed a prejudice against the thing. His uncle once had a cow choked with a turnip, and for a long time it was thought she would coff'er dam head off. He had been opposed to coffer dams over since.

An Irishman, speaking of his children, said: "They are all well but the one born in this counthry. I must take him to the Grane Isle, for I belave he is languishing for his native air, that he niver smelt at.