

Nebraska Advertiser.

Nebraska Advertiser
ADVERTISING RATES.
One square (10 lines or less) 1st insertion \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion .75
Business Cards, one year, five lines or less 5.00
Each subsequent insertion .50
One Column, one year, 10 lines 10.00
One Column, six months, 10 lines 7.00
Half Column, one year, 10 lines 7.00
Half Column, six months, 10 lines 5.00
Fourth Column, one year, 10 lines 5.00
Fourth Column, six months, 10 lines 3.50
Eighth Column, one year, 10 lines 3.50
Eighth Column, six months, 10 lines 2.50
Announcing Candidates for office
Special Notices (each head) .50
Local Notices charged as Transient Advertisements.

TERMS:
In Advance, \$2.00
In Advance, \$2.00
In Advance, \$2.00

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

OL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1868. NO. 27.

DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL DELEGATION.
W. T. TIPTON, U. S. Senator, Brownville.
W. T. TIPTON, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, U. S. Senator, Dakota City.
STATE DIRECTORY.
W. T. TIPTON, Governor, Pawnee City.
W. T. TIPTON, Secretary, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, Treasurer, Omaha.
J. H. HAYES, U. S. District Judge.
W. T. TIPTON, U. S. District Judge, Omaha.
LEGISLATIVE.
W. T. TIPTON, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, U. S. Senator, Omaha.
COUNTY DIRECTORY.
W. T. TIPTON, Register, U. S. Office, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, Register, U. S. Office, Omaha.
CITY DIRECTORY.
W. T. TIPTON, Mayor, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, Mayor, Omaha.
CHURCHES.
W. T. TIPTON, Second Sunday, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, Second Sunday, Omaha.
DEPARTMENTS.
W. T. TIPTON, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, Omaha.
AD. MARSH, P. M.
W. T. TIPTON, Omaha.
W. T. TIPTON, Omaha.

HOTELS.

STAR HOTEL.
STEVENS & CROSS, Proprietors,
On Levee St., between Main & Atlantic.
This house is convenient to the Steam Boat Landing,
and the business part of the City. The best accommo-
dations in the City. No pains will be spared in mak-
ing guests comfortable. Good Stable and Central con-
venient to the House.
PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
MICHAEL PINK, Proprietor.
South Main between 1st and 2nd streets,
Meals at all hours, or for Regular Boarders, at
the usual rate. 12-11-ly

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. P. BERKLEY
CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTER,
Grainer, Gilder, Glazer and Paper-Hanger.
All work done on Short Notice, Favorable Terms and
Warranted. Office over Taylor & Co's Store, Main St.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. 12-11-ly

SELECTED POETRY.

A SUICIDAL CAT.
There was a man named Ferguson,
He lived on Market street,
He had a speckled Thomas cat
That couldn't well be bent;
He'd catch more rats and mice, and such,
Than forty cats could eat.
This cat would come into the room
And climb upon a chair,
And then he'd sit and lick himself
And purr so sweetly,
That Ferguson would yell at him—
But still he'd purr severe.
And then he'd climb the moon lit fence,
And leap around and yowl,
And spit and hiss another cat
Alongside of the owl;
And then they both would shake their tails,
And jump around and howl.
Oh, his here out of Ferguson's
Was fearful like to see;
He'd yell precisely like he was
In awful agony.
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache
Had struck some small baby.
And all the mothers in the street,
Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babies,
To find some worrying pain;
And still this vigorous cat would keep
A bolter like sin.
And as for Mr. Ferguson,
'Twas more than he could bear,
And he'd hurred his best jack out
Right through the main gate air;
But this vigorous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care.
For still he'd yell and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a doublet up
As far as it would bend.
All for his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.
But while a curvin' of his spine,
A cat upon the other fence,
There came an awful crack;
And all his hopes of happiness
Was wasted in the blink.When Ferguson came down next day,
There lay his old fellow,
And not a life was left in him
Although he had had nine.
"All this here comes," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."
Now all you men whose tender hearts
This painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
"All this here comes," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

BLACKSMITHS.

J. H. BESON.
Will do BLACKSMITHING of all kinds,
Makes Horse Shoes, Ironing of Wrenches and Chisels
and Machine Work a Specialty.
Shop on Main St., west of Stephens' Block.

REAL ESTATE AND TAX PAYING AGENT.

W. H. HOOVER.
Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate
and payment of Taxes throughout the Nebraska Land
District. OFFICE—District Court Room. 12-11-ly

STOVE & TIN STORES.

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

LANDSCAPE GARDNER.

E. H. BURCHES.
Will do the business of planting trees in Gardens and
private lawns by contract. Will also have on hand
all kinds of Fruit and Flower plants for sale at
low rates. Office on Main St., west of Stephens' Block.

BOOT & SHOE MAKER.

CHARLES HELMER.
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.
Main Street, 2 doors below the southeast corner of 2nd
St. Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes
and the best material and ability for doing
Custom Work done with neatness and dispatch.

WAGON MAKER.

FRANZ HELMER.
WAGON MAKER
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN-SHOP.
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTI-
VATORS, &c. Repaired on short notice, at low rates
and warranted to give satisfaction. 12-11-ly

CONFECTIONARIES.

WILLIAM ROSSELL.
CONFECTIONERY AND TOY STORE
Fresh Bread, Cakes, Oyster, Fruit, &c., on hand.
South Main between 1st and 2nd streets.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

DORSEY, HODLEY & CO.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND
DEALERS IN LAND WARRANTS AND AGRI-
CULTURAL COLLEGE SCRIP.
Office in Land Office Building.

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SADDLERY.

J. H. BAUER.
SADDLERY.
Manufactures and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES & COLLARS
Mending done to order—satisfaction guaranteed.
Shop on Main bet. 1st and 2d Sts.

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ATTORNEYS.

DE FOREST PORTER.
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND LAND
AGENT.
OFFICE—In New Court House Building, with Probate
Judge. 12-11-ly

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SELECTED STORY.

THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

CHAPTER I.

Summoned to a Death-Bed.

The curate of a quiet country parish has neither to work as hard as his brethren in great cities, nor, as a rule, does he meet with those strange and startling experiences which it is often their lot to witness. Still, at times, singular events cross the path of the rural clergyman, and they are afterwards all the more vividly remembered by him because of the calm and equable monotony of his ordinary life. Such an adventure once befel myself; and as although it happened several years ago, I retain a remarkably distinct recollection of it, I think the reader may be glad to see it in print.

I was seated in my study one sultry Saturday afternoon in July, putting the finishing touches to the sermon which I had been requested to preach the next day at Foxford Church, in behalf of the Foxford Dispensary, when my landlady's daughter tapped gently at the door saying—

"If you please, sir, David Dymond has come to say that his father's a deal worse, and would you be kind enough to step down and see him?"

As I have always made it a rule not to allow any other clerical work to interfere with such solemn summonses as these, I replied that I would come immediately and at once took up my hat. On going out, I found David standing in the porch, conversing in low, earnest tones with Maria Worth, the daughter of my landlady. I could not help remarking to myself what a pretty picture the youth of our fair would have afforded to an artist's pencil. David was tall, broad-chested, handsome young fellow, whose originally fair complexion was bronzed and browned by perpetual exposure to the weather. His hair was light and curling, his eyes deep blue, and serious in their expression, while the wide-brimmed straw hat and open shirt collar added to the unstudied picturesque quality of his appearance. He was an excellent type of that noble Saxon breed which is apt to degenerate in great towns, and is only to be seen in perfection in rural districts. Maria was in her usual attractive way, being of a slender, graceful figure, with glossy black hair, which made the delicate coloring of her face seem all the fairer by the force of contrast. As soon as I drew near the young man hastily dropped a hand which he had been holding to his own, and a conscious blush overspread both the lover's faces. I saw 'lovers,' for it was current-ly reported in Headingley that a mutual affection existed between these two young people, and it was affirmed with equal confidence that old Worth, the wheelwright, would never permit them to marry if he could prevent the match. The Dymonds were beneath the Worths in social position. Mr. Worth was a master mechanic; owner of several cottages in the village, and with a vast sum of money—nearly two hundred pounds, it was asserted in the bank of Foxford; while David Dymond was the son of a humble day-laborer, who, except during harvest time, had never in the course of a long and industrious life earned more than ten shillings a week. It is true that David had been emancipated from

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