Nebraska Advertiser

A. S. CHURCH. J. L. COLHAPP. T. C. HACKER

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PUBLISHERS.

McPherson's Block, 2d Floor, Hall Entrance,

Brownville, Neb.

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☞ Book Work, and Plain and Fancy Job Work done the best style, and on short notice.

Nebraska Advertiser.

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

Nebraska Advertiser

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VOL. XII. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1868. NO. 34.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DRUG STORES.

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

WM. H. McCREERY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Drugs, Books, Wall-paper and Stationery,
Corner Main and 1st Sts.,

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1856. Established 1856
WM. T. DEN,
Wholesale and Retail dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Corn Planters, Plows, Stoves, Furniture
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AND LIGHT GROCERY STORE,
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J. L. McGEE & CO.,
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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
McPherson's Block, Main street,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE
CITY DRUG STORE

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(Graduated in 1851; Located in Brownville in 1856.)
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician,
Dr. H. has on hand complete sets of Amputating, Trephining and Obstetrical instruments.
Office: Holladay & Co's Drug Store, P. O.
P.S.—Special attention given to Obstetrics and the diseases of women and children. x-44-1y

C. F. STEWART, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE:
South East corner of Main and First Streets
OFFICE HOURS—7 to 9 A. M. and 1 to 2 and 6½ to 7½ P. M.

ATTORNEYS.

DE FOREST PORTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND LAND AGENT.
OFFICE—In New Court House Building, with Probate Judge. v 2-n26

T. W. Tipton O. B. Hewett J. S. Church
TIPTON, HEWETT & CHURCH.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office in McPherson's Block, Main st. between 2d & 3d

R. W. THOMAS. J. H. BROADY.
THOMAS & BROADY
Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery,
Office over Dorsey's Clothing Store,

WM. McLENNAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA.

S. B. HARRINGTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Beatrice, Gage Co., Neb.

B. F. PERKINS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Tecumseh, Johnson Co., Neb

CHESTER F. NYE.
Attorney at Law and War Claim Agent,
Pawnee City, Nebraska.

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CHARLES HELLMER.
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
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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.

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Main Between 1st & 2d Street
Takes this method of informing the public that he has on hand a splendid assortment of Gent's and Ladie's Misses' and Childrens's
BOOTS & SHOES.
☞ Custom work done with neatness and dispatch. ☜
Repairing done on short notice. 1y-36 1mo

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Mending done to order—Satisfaction guarantied.
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Manufacturer and Dealer in
HARNESS, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
Whips and Lashes of every description, Plastering Hair. Cash paid for Hides.
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STAR HOTEL,
STEVENSON & 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 accommodations in the City. No pains will be spared in making guests comfortable. Good Stable and Corral connected to the House

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MICHAEL FINK, Proprietor.
Southside Main between 1st and 2nd streets,
Meals at all Hours, or for Regular Boarders, at the usual rates. 12-11-1y

AMERICAN HOUSE,
L. D. ROBISON, Proprietor,
A good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with the House. Front street, between Main and Water.

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AGENT FOR THE
Merchant's Union Express Company
AND
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
Office in M'Pherson's Block, 2d floor, Hall Entrance.

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

SHELLEBERGER BRO'S
Manufacturers and Dealers in
TINWARE STOVES HARDWARE CARPENTER'S TOOLS BLACKSMITH'S FURNISHINGS &c.
McPherson's Block—Brownville Neb.

BLACKSMITHS.

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

J. W. & J. C. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITHS
SHOP on 1st between Main and 2d.
All Work done to order—Satisfaction Guarantied

JOHN FLORA,
BLACKSMITH
Shop on Water Street South of American House
☞ Custom Work of all kinds solicited. 12 12

CONFECTIONARIERS.

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CONFECTIONERY AND TOY STORE
Fresh Bread, Cakes, Oyster, Fruit, &c., on hand.
Southside Main between 1st and 2d streets.

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

WM. ALLEN.
Proprietor of the CITY BAKERY. Fancy Wedding Cake furnished on short notice. Dealer in Confectionaries, Fruits and best Family Flour.
Main Street bet 1st and 2d,

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. P. BERKLEY,
CARRIAGE AND SIGN PAINTER.
Grainer, Gilder, Glazier and Paper-Hanger.
All work done on Short Notice Favorable Terms and Warranted. Office over Deuser & Co's Stove, Main st.,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. 12-21-1y

BATH ROOMS.
J. L. ROY,
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,
North side Main St., opposite Furniture Store.
Has a splendid suit of Bath Rooms. Also a choice stock of Gentlemen's Notions.

A. W. MORGAN,
Probate Judge & Justice of the Peace,
Court House Building, Main St.

J. C. McNAUGHTON,
Notary Public and Conveyancer,
Agent for "National Life" and "Hartford Live Stock Insurance" Companies.
Office in J. L. Carson's Bank,

GARRISON & ROBERTS,
BILLIARD HALL AND SALOON.
Whitney's Block, Main street, bet. 1st & 2d.
The best Wines and Liquors kept constantly on hand. v12-n26 tf

R. V. BUGBEE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE & REAL ESTATE AGENT.
OFFICE—Court House Building, first door, west side. v12-n26

R. F. BARRETT.
GENERAL LAND AGENT, AND LAND WARRANT BROKER,
Will attend to paying Taxes for Non-residents. Personal attention given to making Locations. Lands, improved and unimproved, for sale on reasonable terms v12-n26-1y

WM. H. HOOVER.
REAL ESTATE AND TAX PAYING AGENT,
Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District. OFFICE—District Court Room. v12-n26

A. D. MARSH,
CITY BOOK STORE.
SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.,
Post Office, Main St.,

E. H. BURCHES,
LANDSCAPE GARDNER
Will the coming Spring plant crops in Gardens and cultivate same by contract. Will also have on hand sweet Potato, Cabbage, Tomato & Pepper plants for sale

WORTHING & WILCOX.
STORAGE, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
And dealers in all kinds of Grain for which they pay the Highest Market Price in Cash.

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON MAKER
OPPOSITE DEUSER'S TIN SHOP,
WAGONS, BUGGIES, PLOWS, CULTIVITORS, &c. Repaired on short notice, at low rates and warranted to give satisfaction. 1-13-1y nn

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

SMITH P. TUTTLE.
U. S. Assistant Assessor and Claim Agent. Will attend to the Prosecution of Claims before the Department for Ad Bounty Back Pay and Pensions. Also to the Collection of Semi-Annual dues on Pensions,
Office over Carsons Bank Main street,

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.

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

GEO. W. DORSEY. LUTHER HOADLEY. CHAS. G. DORSEY
DORSEY HOADLEY & CO.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, AND
DEALERS IN LAND WARRANTS AND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE SCRIP.
Office in Land Office Building.
Buy and sell improved and unimproved Lands. Buy, sell and locate Land Warrants and Agricultural College Scrip. Make careful selections of Government Lands for Location, Homesteads, and Pre-emptions.—Attend to contested Homestead and Pre-emption cases in the Land Office. Letters of inquiry promptly and carefully answered. Correspondence solicited. 25tf

Fresh Tomatoes, in two and three pound cans, at SWAN & BRO'S.

Signs of Rain.

The hollow winds begin to blow.
The clouds look black, the glass is low.
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see! a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches rmell,
Closed is the pink eyed pimpernell
Hark! how the chaine and tables crack:
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh,
How red ies are the smorting swine—
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings:
The cricket, too, how loud it sings,
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits smoothing o'er he whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes raise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The sheep were seen at early light,
Cropping the meads with eager bite.
Though May, the air is cold and chill;
The mellow blackbird's voice is still.
The glow-worm, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping, crawling o'er the green.
The rog has lost its yellow vest,
And in a dingy suit is dressed.
The leech, disturbed, is newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison—
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast,
And see you rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite;
Or seem, precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain—I see, with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Waited for at Downley Station.

As I stood at my door, looking for a passing cab, I could not help wishing that I had taken my wife's advice, and gone to Downley by an earlier train. The weather had grown much worse instead of better, and not only did the wind blow as boisterously as it had done all day, but its gusts now drove before them a heavy rain which would have wetted one through in a very few minutes. As a rule disengaged cabs crawling slowly past my house were a nuisance, and now I had waited full a quarter of an hour without seeing one, and I knew that the margin beyond the number of minutes absolutely necessary for getting to the station was growing dangerously narrow. There was a howl—there was a deluge! I could never walk to the station in this. Ah! there was one. In answer to the man's hail I dashed through my little garden, and in a few seconds was inside a four wheeler.

Great Southern, sir? yes sir," said the man as he stood at the door, the rain pouring from his oilskin in streams. "An uncommon nasty night, sir."

So it was, and so I fancy the poor fellow found it, for when he opened the door for me to alight at the station, a complete ring of water formed where he stood. We were in pretty good time after all, and I got my ticket and was seated comfortably in the carriage for some minutes before the moment of starting. There were very few passengers in any of the carriages, and in the one by which I traveled, and which was marked for the Downley branch, their were but two or three, and I was the only occupant of my compartment. The last bell had rung, the whistle had sounded, the premonitory scream from the engine had been given, and then of course, had followed the first tug, when I heard a voice shout.

"This way, sir, this way."

A guard tore along the platform, followed by a belated passenger; my door was unlocked, the stranger jumped panting in, the door was slammed too, a shilling changed hands rapidly, and we swept from the station.

"By Jove," exclaimed the new comer, wiping his forehead as he spoke, "by Jove, that was a close thing."

"Very," I assented, "and the last train too."

"The last train, certainly," said my companion. "I believe there is no way whatever of getting to Downly if you miss this train."

"There is none," I replied, which is very inconvenient."

"Oh excessively so," returned he.—"Have you any objection!"

"Of course, as he said this he exhibited his cigar case, and finding I had no objection, he pressed a cigar upon me, which I may remark was one of the very best I ever smoked, and then, without further speach, he reclined with his eyes closed as though in deep thought.

He was a tall good-looking man, with fine beard and mustache, very black and full. But I could not help thinking that his head was a little too much like a head from a hair dresser's window; and his attire was a trifle too like a picture from a fashion book. Somehow, every thing about him was too new and glossy to please me entirely, and his jewelry was also too profuse, but it could not be denied that his cigar was a capitol one.

I sank into a revery as deep as his own; indeed, I rather suspect I had begun to doze, when I was roused by the stopping of the train. My companion roused himself too. I was on the side nearer to the platform, and looked out.

"A rough night still, isn't it?" he said.

"It is, indeed," I replied. Just put your head out, and try how the wind is blowing."

"No, thank you," he replied, with a smile, "I will take your word for it."

I laughed in reply, and was about to close the window, when the guard looked in. The official passed on, but returned in a few seconds, and stared somewhat curiously, I fancied, into the carriage. The scream and the tug came again and on we went.

"That fellow had a good stare at you," said my companion.

"Well, I fancied he looked chiefly at you," I said; "but the fact was, I have no doubt, he smelt a somewhat powerfull odor of tobacco, and he wished us to see that he did."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the stranger throwing himself back with the languid air of one who takes no interest in a conversation.

"Do we stop again before we arrive at Downley branch?"

"No," I replied.

"Very good then," he continued; let us make ourselves comfortable."

And, by way of doing this, he unlocked a black valise he had with him, and drew out a couple of boules of champagne which proved as good in quality as his cigars. He next produced contrivances for glasses, which shut up into a mere ring. With these appliances, very merrily journeyed over the twelve miles which ramained of the main line, when Downley Junction, was now shouted; and, as soon as we came to a stand, our carriage was detached from the train.

"All tickets, ready if you please," said the collector, appearing at the door. As we handed our pieces of pasteboard to the man, the same guard who had twice before looked in, peered over his shoulder, to the annoyance of my companion, who muttered something strongly condemnatory of his impudence.

In another moment the main line train was thundering over the viaduct, and dashing, with its roaring and its sparks, into utter darkness, while our modest little engine came fussing out of some siding, and was hooked on to its smaller charge.

"Now we are off for Downley," exclaimed my new friend.

But he was wrong. A delay of some minutes yet took place, which really seemed quite unnecessary; for their was not a soul on the platform—along which the gusts of rain and wind swept fiercely—save and except the station master, who, well wrapped up, twice walked slowly past our carriage, and looked sideways at us, with a very keen expression or so I fancied. My fellow traveller did not see this, as he was fixedly staring into vacancy from the other side of the carriage. At last we puff-d on to the branch. We had got into pretty good speed as we passed the second platform, which on the Downley branch, exists for the convenience of up passengers, when to my amazement, the door was pulled open, and a young man jumped in.

"Come, my lad," I remonstrated, "this is a dangerous game; and surely we have been long enough at the station for you to get in leisurely."

"Yes," he said with a grin.

On looking at him, I thought he was one of the most dissipated, impudent looking young fellows I had ever seen.

"Yes, you've been at the station long enough," he added.

"Then he stopped, without any perceptible reason, to grin again, and to wink at me. I tried to freeze him by a scornful look, but it had not the least effect upon him.

"Now," he continued, "do either of you gents know me?"

"I do not," was my reply.

My companion turned his face from the window for a moment, and bestowing a lofty glance of contempt upon the speaker, resumed his gaze. The new comer was in no way abashed at the cool manner in which his advances were received, but resumed:—

"I want to have a little talk with one of you but I don't know which. Have either of your ever heard of Tawell, the Quaker, who was waited for when he got out of the train, all through the electric telegraph, which was a new thing in his time?"

I started at the speaker, while my fellow traveller bestowed a momentary glance upon him as before.

"Oh, come," continued the young fellow, assuming a still more knowing expression, "this won't do. The branch is only seven miles long, and one of you is wasting time awfully. Which of you is likely to be waited for at Downley?"

I could only continue my blank stare at the boy (he was little better); my fellow traveller just moved, but I took no notice of him.

"Come, I say," urged the youth, don't be a fool, one of you. I'm telegraph clerk at the Junction, and I have wired to Downley to have a couple of blues ready for this carringe—two hundred and four B; that's the number you see. Oh, that's enough," he went on, turning to my companion; "I can see which is the party. You're in for it, mister."

"But—but why should—how could anybody know?" began the gentleman, and his voice was now husky and quivering.

"That doesn't matter, that I see," retorted the youth, "the only question is, are you afraid of a policeman just now, or are you not?"

"Well, there are circumstances at present—"

"That will do," interrupted the clerk; "I don't want to know any particulars. It was the guard of the down train, Bill Rixon (he's been a policeman himself.) put the station master at the Junction on the scent. They were very close over it. Didn't say to me 'here Sam, you share in whatever reward we get;' and of course they expected to get something.

"But what is the use of your telling me this now?" demand the gentleman.

"Just this," returned Mr. Samuel. "Can you find a pound or two for advice that will get you out safe?"

"Yes; here are five sovereigns. Will that do?" said my friend.

"Good?" ejaculated the clerk, dropping the money into his pocket; now listen. About a mile this side of Downley, the road is under repair, and the orders are not to run over at more than five miles an hour—in fact, just before they get there the train very nearly stops. I'll tell you the right place to jump out, and I've got a key. If this other party can manage it, he had better made himself scarce too, I think. There will be a row when they open the doors at Downley."

"But what will you do?" asked my fellow traveller.

"Why, you don't suppose I should be such a fool as to stay in after you had got out," retorted the clerk with a laugh. "Nobody knows I'm in the train, and its worth my walking four miles to my lodgings if I can earn five pounds by doing it."

"Now, sir," said the stranger, turning to me, "it is not fair for me to involve you in this trouble."

"Don't mention it," I said. It was a stupid thing to say, but perhaps the champage had something to do with it.

"But I must mention it," returned my fellow-passenger. "The fact is that it is dangerous for you to remain here. If the carriage arrives with no one but you in it, the officers will certainly mistake you for me. Two days, at least, will be required to establish your identity, during which you will be kept closely confined."

This was an alarming prospect indeed. Two day's confinement, not to speak of the annoyance and disgrace, would have been ruin to me. I had business on the following day of vital importance, which could not possibly be postponed, and my companion's anticipations seemed only too probable. "I hope," I said hesitatingly I hope you have not been engaged in any transaction of a questionable nature."

"Oh, as to that," returned my companion, "I will tell you frankly the whole truth about this painful case. You are a gentleman, and a man of honor, and will not betray me. I am an officer in the army. I cannot now enter into particulars, but my lieutenant-colonel was a scoundrel, a villain at the deepest dye. I challenged him—I horse-whipped him; the coward bore his disgrace. But his time came. He brought most unfounded charges against me, which, were certain officers in England, here I could easily rebut In their absence I may be ruined. I sent off two expresses to Canada and Bengal yesterday, but until they return I must conceal myself. But I weary you."

"Far from it," I exclaimed, "pray go on."

"I have little more to say," he resumed "You know why I fly. I will tell you who I am. My name is Lionel Gerald de Mortimer—have you an army list about you?"

I mechanically clapped my hands upon my waistcoat pockets, as if to quite certain on the matter, and regretfully said, "No I have not."

"It's of little consequence, I shall merely have shown you that the Honorable Gerald deMortimer's name is in no plebeian corps. My father the baron's name is of course familar to you."

I murmured that it was, and Samuel the telegraph clerk, also murmured that it was familiar to him.

"May I confide in you?" said the fugitives

"You can," I exclaimed. "You can," echoed Samuel, and then we all shook hands. The officer stooped to his valise again, and the clerk hurriedly whispered—

"I say, we're all right"

He winked and stroke the side of his nose with his finger, and I mechanically imitated his gesture. The train was slackening speed now, but the captain—for such I had decided was his rank—produced another bottle, this time of brandy, and we all three quaff-d to his escape—Samuel, the telegraph clerk, during, it seemed to me, rather more than his share. "Adieu my preserver," exclaimed the officer, as the clerk rose carefully unlocked the door.

"Fling out your bag," said the youth; this was accordingly done. "Now jump the way the train is going."

We did so and though a good deal shaken no harm was done, and we saw the angry lights at the rear of the carriages disappear with quickened speed round a curve.

"Well I'm off," exclaimed the clerk, "good luck to you, captain;" and he vanished in the darkness.

"Now, where on earth are we to go?" said my friend. "I only thought of coming to Downley, because it was, I supposed a quiet, retired place; but I don't know the neighborhood."

"I do," I said, "follow me." He followed me accordingly, and I told him that I would take him to the little inn at which I usually lodged; and where I could obtain a bed for him. This latter he declined. He said he would just wash, and have some bread and cheese, and then walk across the country to a town he named some few miles off. I of course allowed him to deside on his own movement without comment, and in a few minutes we arrived at the inn which was, luckily, a good way out of Downley in our direction. Tired and splashed as he was, for the night was still wet and tempestuous, the officer decided upon having "his crust," as he called it, which turned out to be a very hearty meal of cold roast beef before refreshing himself with a wash. I then took him up stairs to my room, and as we crossed the landing he said, pointing to the staircase:

"Where dose that flight lead to?"

"Oh, only to the back yard of the house," I replied and we entered.

I had obtained two candles, and he went taking his valise with him, into the dressing room, while I sorted some papers which I had brought down with me. I heard him washing, and in a minute or two, hearing a foot step coming from the dressing room, I looked up. I recoiled with an exclamation of alarm, for there stood a man in a moleskin jacket and trowsers, cloth cap, shaven face, close cut hair.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed, grasping my chair as a possible weapon of defence.

"Oh, it's all right, I should say, if you don't know me," said the man, and I recognized the voice of Captain de Mortimer.

"What!" I cried, more astounded than before. "In the name of all that's wonderful, what does this mean?"

"You are not a bad fellow, but you are very green, a greater spoony I never saw—nor a better hearted one. Why, old fellow, you stare as if you had never read of a sham moustache or beard. Good-bye, old chap, you have made a mistake to night, that's all; and our sharp young friend of the telegraph department has made much greater. I won't ask you to shake hands with me again, because you are a gentleman and a man of honor, though soft, and I'm a rogue; but take this."

As he spoke he offered me a ring.

"I don't want"——I began.

"Nonsense," he said, "take it. It is one of the few things which are really and honestly my own; believe me for once when I tell you I have had the ring for twenty years. That's right! I wish you luck. Good-bye."

He was gone; valise, moleskin clothes felt cap and all. I heard him run stealthily down the book stairs, and I never saw him again. I had disturbed sleep that night, dreaming of officers both of the army and of the police, and woke very little refreshed in the morning. Luckily, the weather was fine, and my business demanded that I should be in Downley early.

As I entered the market-place, I saw several small groups staring at placards, evidently newly fixed; indeed, a man was posting one up as I got there. I naturally stopped to see what it was about, and saw that it was headed in bold type. "Robbery five hundred pounds reward." It went on to describe the appearance of Mr. John Macedy in such language as left very little doubt as to who was my companion on the preceding evening.

Ben. Wade.

Soon after taking his seat in the Senate, a fire-eating Southerner, in debate, grossly asssailed a Free State Senator. As no allusion was made to himself or his State, Wade sat still, but when the Senate adjourned, he said openly if ever a Southern Senator made such an attack on him or Ohio, while he sat on that floor, he would brand him as a liar. This coming to the ears of the Southern man, a Senator took occasion to pointedly speak, a few days afterward, of Ohio and her people as negro thieves. Instantly Mr. Wade sprang to his feet and pronounced the Senator a liar. The Southern Senators were astounded and gathered around their champion, while the Northern men grouped about Wade. A feeler was put out from the Southern side looking to retraction, but Mr. Wade retorted in his peculiar style, and demanded an apology for the insult offered himself and the people he represented. The matter thus closed and a fight was looked upon as certain. The next day a gentleman called on the Senator from Ohio, and asked the usual question touching his acknowledment of the code. "I am here," he responded, "in a double capacity. I represent the State of Ohio, and I represent Ben. Wade. As a Senator, I am opposed to dueling. As Ben. Wade, I recognize the code."

"My friend feels aggrieved," said the gentleman, "at what you said in the Senate yesterday, and will ask for an apology or satisfaction."

"I was somewhat embarrassed," continued Senator. Wade, "by my position yesterday, as I have some respect for the Chamber. I now take this opportunity to say what I then thought; and you will, if you please, repeat it. Your friend is a foul-mouthed old blackguard."

"Certainly, Senator Wade, you do not wish me to convey such a message as that?"

"Most undoubtely I do; and will tell you, for your own benefit, this friend of yours will never notice it. I will not be asked for either retraction, explanation, or a fight."

Next morning Mr. Wade came into the Senate, and, proceeding to his seat, deliberately drew from under his coat two large pistols, and unlocking his desk, laid them inside. The Southern men looked on in silence, while the Northern members enjoyed the fire-eater's surprise at the proceeding of the plucky Ohio Senator. No further notice was taken of the affair of the day before. Wade was not challenged but ever afterward was treated with politeness and consideration by the Senator who had insultingly attacked him.

Nebraska.

[Editor's Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.]

OMAHA, NEB. April 14th, 1868.

For political reasons in 1854 Kansas got the start of this state and thus far maintains it. Nebraska in that year had a population of 2,732, now it is nearly 100,000. It was admitted into the Union as a state in 1867. Hon. John M. Thayer and Hon. T. W. Tipton, U. S. Senators, and Hon. John Taffe, the member of congress. This state has the distinguished honor of being the first and only one of the new states, which makes no political distinction on account of color. It was made a condition precedent to their admission. There are a great many colored persons here; and I have never been in a community where they are treated with more kindness and respect by all parties, and where less of the slang about the "nigger" is indulged in than here.

The charter of the country approximates to a vast plain stretching from the bottom lands of the Missouri River to the base of the Rocky Mountains intersected by the swiftly flowing and unnavigable Platte, and Niobrarah, and the streams that flow into them. This plain is gently undulating, sometimes cut up by ravines, and diversified by small knolls until it reaches the Black Hills.

The Platte rises in the mountains between Denver and Fort Laramie, and its valley is from ten to twenty miles in width, and embraces some of the richest, as well as the most hopelessly sterile soil in the world, which remark may equally apply to the entire state. The cultivable portions of the state are confined to the river bottoms and to the country 150 miles west of the Missouri river. While the country is not filled with lakes like Minnesota, it is intersected by small rivers.

The fertility of the soil is wonderful—eighty bushels of corn to the acre being raised in the valley of the Platte; which in the Tekama bottom, and many other places, wheat averages forty bushels the acre. The wheat raised on the Elkhorn weighs sixty pounds to the bushel, on the Tekama it weighs sixty-two pounds; in Dakotah sixty-three pounds to the bushel; and owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, wheat is not liable to the disease of the rust.

Land is worth from $5.50 to $8.00 per acre. Congress has given to the Union Pacific Rail-road every alternate (uneven numbered) sections of land within twenty miles of the road, the even numbered (alternate) sections within this limit are reserved to the government. This land has been withhold from preemption and homestead entry by the authorities; but by an order of the Commissioner of the general land office, it will be open for such entry and preemption on and after May 7th, 1868.

One of the things which strike the traveler in this region is the fact that in almost every place Ohio is well represented. Among the prominent business men I met many were formerly of Ohio, among whom were Augustus Kountze, Esq., Treasurer of State, the leading banker; a splendid gentleman, who has branch national banks at Cheyenne and Denver; Creighton, Hurford, McCormick, Lacey, Stephen Wood, and many others who have built up this city are from the Buckeye State.

The State is Radical, and more sterling and wide awake Republicans are not to be found anywhere. The Governor, Hon David Butler, is a type of them. Born and raised in Indiana, bred to the profession of law, came to the, then, territory in 1859, and settled at Pawnee City, with the intention of practicing his profession, but went to farming, and is now one of the largest stock raisers west of the river. He is a man of fine ability, extensive reading, and generous impulses, a man "cast in nature's noblest mould," and is highly esteemed by the people. Ex Governor Saunders, formerly Governor of the Territory, is one of the leading men of the State. A Kentuckian by birth, he emigrated to Iowa, and was a framer of the first constitution. Removing to Nebraska in 1859, he became interested in all her interests. Inheriting all the projudices of his Kentucky birth, he has conquered them as Webster once said, and is now one of the worst radicals. He is able and popular, and a man whom the people delight to honor.

Gen. Sheridan, and chief of his staff, Col. McCoy, accompanied by a party of ladies, including Gen. Sherman's daughter were here last week. They had been to Cheyenne, and Gov. Faulk, of Dakotah Territory, was with them. The General is very fearful of serious difficulties whith the Indians. M. C.

Geo. Alfred Townsend, writing from Washington, says:

"That any considereable number of congressmen are what are familiarly called "topers" nobody believes who lives in Washington, unless he be a confirmed scandal-monger, incabable of belief in human integrity. There are four or five men here whom whiskey has got possession of. It slew the bright spirit of Senator McDougal. It is master of some others nearly as noble. These exceptions being true, congress, as a body, is true in its self-respect and the people's. The trite old word of "Tar," bandied to and fro, is also a remote recollection. The "Hole in the Wall" is gone, and but two drinking houses exist in the neighborhood of the capital grounds."