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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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Official Paper of the County

THE WALK TO MOUNT.
Slowly along the rugged pathway walked
Two of the warriors, who had been
Their feet were bare, and their
Their hands were clenched in
They looked at each other, and
The one spoke first, and with a
The other answered, and with a
The first spoke again, and with a
The second answered, and with a
The first spoke again, and with a
The second answered, and with a

gathered in their eyes. Such yell
might well strike terror into the
bosom of these unaccustomed to
them. To our scouts these were but
marital strains which waked their
watchfulness and strung their
frames. From their early youth
had been always on the frontier,
and therefore well practiced in the
subtlety, and craft and cunning, as
well as knowing the ferocity and
blood-thirsty perseverance of the
savage. They were therefore not
likely to be circumvented by the
trickery of the enemy, or to be
encouraged by the cunning of their
foes, and without a desperate
struggle would not be victims to
the scalping knife. On several
occasions small parties of warriors
left the prairie and ascended the
Mount, at which times our scouts
would hide in the fissures of the
rock, or lying by the side of some
long prostrate tree, cover themselves
with the seal and yellow leaf, and
again leave their hiding-place when
their uninvited visitors had dis-
persed.

I can fight as well as die. This spot
I leave not! Here my bones shall
bleach with yours! And should
either of you escape you will carry
the tidings of my escape to my
remaining relatives.

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the
two scouts matured their plans for a
vigorous defense—opposing craft to
craft, expedient to expedient, and an
unerring fire of the deadly rifle.
The attack commenced in front, where,
from the narrow back-bone of the
Mount, the savages had to advance
in single file, but where they could
avail themselves of the rocks and trees,
however.

retreat, for they might readily lose
their way, or accidentally fall on
the enemy—this being highly probable,
if not inevitable. An hour's consulta-
tion decided their plans, and it was
agreed that the girl, from her intimate
knowledge of their localities, should
lead the advance a few steps.

Another advantage might be gained
by this arrangement; for, in case they
should fall in with some outpost, the
girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue
would perhaps enable her to deceive
the sentinel; and so the sequel
proved, for scarcely had they de-
scended one hundred feet, when a
low whistle from the girl warned them
of present danger. The scouts sunk
silently to the earth, where, by previ-
ous arrangement, they were to remain
until another signal was given them
by the girl, whose absence for more
than a quarter of an hour began to
excite the most serious apprehensions.

At length she again appeared, and
told them that she had removed two
sentinels who were directly in their
route, to a point some hundred feet
distant.

The descent was noiselessly resum-
ed—the level gained, and the scouts
followed their intrepid pioneer for
half a mile in the most profound sil-
ence, when the barking of a small
dog within a few feet apprised them
of a new danger.

The almost simultaneous clicks of
the scouts' rifles were heard by the
girl, who rapidly approached them,
and stated that they were now
in the midst of the Indian wig-
wams, and their lives depended upon
the most profound silence and im-
plicitly following her footsteps.

A moment afterwards, the girl was
assaulted by a squaw from an opening
in a wigwam. She replied in the
Indian language, and without stopping
pressed forward.

In a short time she stopped, and as-
sured the scouts that the village was
cleared, and that they were now in
safety. She knew that every pas-
sage leading out of the prairie was
safely guarded by Indians, and at once
resolved to adopt the bold adventure
of passing through the very centre
of their village as the least hazardous.

They now kept a course for the
Ohio, being guided by the Hoock-
ing river—and after three days march
of crossing the party arrived at the
black house in safety.

Their escape from the Indians pre-
vented the contemplated attack; and
the rescued girl proved to be the sister
of the intrepid Nell Wattburn,
celebrated in history as the renowned
scout to Capt. Kenton's bloody Ken-
tuckians.

THE LOTUS PLANTER
BY THE EDITOR.
A Brahmin on a lotus pond
Once wrote the holy name of God,
Then planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.
A Slave near by, who bore a load,
Fell fainting on the dusty road.
The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.
The deed scarce done, he stood aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.
"Behold," he cried, "I am unclean;
My hands have clasped the vile and
mean!"
God saw the shadow on his face
And wrought a miracle of grace.
The buried seed arose from death
A golden fruit was sent at last.
The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whence these mystic words were seen:
"First, count men all of equal caste—
Then count yourself the least and last!"

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.
Feminine Gambling—Emigration—
Oleomargarine—Becher-Tilton—In-
surance.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.
New York, August 21, 1874.

FEMININE GAMBLING.
It has been generally supposed that
the spirit of gambling did not rest in
the feminine soul, to any alarming
extent; but like many other gen-
eral suppositions, is a mistake. Let a
woman once get the passion for gam-
bling fixed in her, and she is the
worst and most persistent gambler on
the face of the globe. It takes full
possession of her—it becomes a part
of her very nature—it is a madness,
which only succumbs to the severest
possible treatment.

Our brave scouts saw the hopeless-
ness of their situation, which nothing
could avert but brave companions and
an unerring shot; they had not
but the brave never despair. With
this certain fate resting upon them,
they had continued as calm and ac-
counting, and as unemphasized as a
strongest desire of vengeance on a
treacherous foe could produce.

Son McClellan saw a tall and
squarely figure preparing to leap from
a cover so near the fatal rock that a
single bound must reach it, and all
hope be destroyed. He felt that all
depended on one advantageous shot;
although but one inch of the warrior's
body was exposed, and that a dis-
tance of one hundred yards, he re-
solved to risk all.

Coolly he raised the rifle to his eye,
carefully shading the light with his
hand, he drew a bead so sure that he
felt confident it would do; he touched
the hair trigger with his finger—the
hammer came down—but in place of
striking fire it crushed his foot into a
mass of fragments.

Although he felt that the savage
must reach the fatal rock before he
could adjust another shot, he proceed-
ed to the task with the utmost com-
posure, casting many a furtive glance
toward the fearful point. Suddenly
he saw the warrior stretching every
muscle for the fearful leap, and with
the agility of a deer he made the fearful
spring; instead of reaching the
rock he sprang ten feet in the air, and
gave one terrific yell; he fell upon
the hill. He had evidently received a
death shot from some unknown hand.

A hundred voices from below re-
echoed the terrible shout, and it was
evident they had lost a favorite war-
rior, as well as been foiled for a time
in their most important movement.
A very few moments proved that the
advantage so mysteriously gained
would be of short duration, for already
the scout caught a momentary glimpse
of a swarthy warrior cautiously ad-
vancing towards the cover so recently
occupied by a fellow companion.
Now, too, the attack in front was re-
sumed with increasing fury, so as to
require the incessant fire of both
scouts to prevent the Indians from
gaining the eminence; and in short
time McClellan saw the warrior be-
hind the cover preparing for a leap to
gain the fatal rock.

The leap was made, and the war-
rior, turning a summerset, his cor-
poral rolled down toward his companion;
again a mysterious agent had inter-
posed in their behalf.

This second sacrifice east dismay
into the ranks of the assailants; and
just as the sun was disappearing be-
hind the western hills, the foe with-
drew a short distance for the purpose
of devising some new modes of at-
tack.

BECHER-TILTON.
Once more I am compelled to write
these names, around which there is a
pile of matter already mountain high,
and growing daily. Will you
forgive me if I venture upon the sub-
ject a little more? The trouble is in
this matter itself. The committee of
Plymouth Church, whose business it
is to get at the truth, are not attempt-
ing anything of the sort. They are
trying Becher for charges preferred
against him; they are trying to clear
his name, as they say, to clear his
name. It is not a jury that is trying
this case. The committee go about it
as though each member was Becher's
attorney, whose business it was to
bring in the great preacher "not guilty"
at all hazards; and Becher is
fighting the matter as a litigant, who
does not hesitate to use every quibble
to gain his case, no matter what the
facts may be. What does Henry
Ward Becher, charged with adultery
with a lawyer before a church com-
mittee? He did or did not commit
the crime. He did or did not fortify him-
self with proof to show that he did
not, he quibbles and turns and twists.
He says in effect, "If I am guilty
prove it. Prove that I committed the
crime charged. Prove that I am not
what I profess to be. Bring some
one to swear that I have overstepped
the line that should mark the limit of
my profession."

THE TWO SCOUTS.
A PIONEER ADVENTURE.
As early as the year 1790, the Hoock-
ing and stockade above the mouth
of the Hoock-king river, was a frontier
post for the hardy pioneers of
that portion of our State from the
mouth of the Hoock-king to the Se-
dona, and from the Ohio river to our
western limit. The nature was here
undisturbed by dark and thick
forests, interspersed with green and
flowery prairie. Then the eyes of the
woodsman had not been heard in the
wilderness, nor the plough of the
husbandman marred the beauties of
the great prairie. Among the many
rich and luxuriant valleys, that of the
Hoock-king was pre-eminent for the
pioneer's richest gifts—and the portion
of the Ohio river Lancaster now stands
marked as the most luxuriant and
picturesque, and because the seat of
an Indian village, at a period so
early that the "memory of man run-
not parallel thereto."

During the short struggle the young
female addressed him in his own lan-
guage, though almost inarticulate
utterance. Releasing his hold she in-
formed him that ten years before she
had been made a prisoner, on Grave
Creek flat, and that the Indians, in
her presence, butchered her mother
and two sisters, and that an only re-
maining brother had been captured
with her, who succeeded on the second
night in making his escape. What
had become of him, she knew not.

They had scarcely gone two hun-
dred yards from the spring, before
the alarm cry was heard some quarter
of a mile down the stream. It was
supposed that some warriors, return-
ing from a hunt, struck the Hoock-
king just as the body floated past.

White and the girl proceeded in
reaching the Mount, where McClellan
had been no indifferent spectator to
the commotion among the Indians,
as the prairie parties of warriors were
seen to strike off in every direction;
and before White and the girl had ar-
rived, a party of some twenty war-
riors had already gained the eastern
activity of the Mount, and were en-
thusiastically ascending, carefully keep-
ing under cover.

Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy
face of the foe as they glided from
tree to tree, and rock to rock, until
the whole base of the Mount was sur-
rounded, and all hopes of escape cut
off.

In this peril, nothing was left other
than to sell their lives as dearly as
they could; they resolved to do so,
and advised the girl to escape to the
Indians, and tell them she had been a
captive to the scouts. She said no!
Death, and that in presence of my
people, is to me a thousand times
sweeter than captivity. Furnish me
with a rifle, and I will show you that

INSULTING THE FLAG.
The Rev. Mr. Parks objected to eat-
ing his picnic dinner at Moro, Cal.,
under the American flag, remarking
that "that rag through which he had
put many a bullet hole, disturbed his
enjoyment." On the following Sunday
as Mr. Parks took his place in the pulpit,
he found an American flag hang-
ing from it. He was about to pull it
down, when Mr. Miller, who placed
it there, after hearing his unloyal
speech at the picnic, quietly arose and
presented a pistol, advising him to go
with his preaching and let the flag
alone. Miller sat on the front seat
with his finger on the trigger, ready
for any allusion derogatory to the
flag. At the conclusion of the ser-
mon, Mr. Miller made a vote that the
church had no further use for the ser-
vice of Mr. Parks, which was unani-
mously carried. Mr. Parks left Moro,
and another minister is wanted there.

The drummers came down like
wolves on the fold, their toes were
all frosted, their noses all cold. Their
weather-peeled bugles soon shone
through the town, they gobbled the
money and salted it down, then took
a few orders and lit off of here, with
their heads full of business and skins
full of beer.

WIVES ARE PRESUMPTIOUS CREATURES.
They always ask for a lock of their
lover's hair before marriage, and take
it without asking afterward.

On the green sward of the prairie
was held many a rude gambol of the
Indians; and here, too, was many an
assembling of the warriors of one of
the most powerful tribes, taking coun-
sel for "war paths" upon some weak
or defenceless frontier post. Upon
one of these war stirring occasions,
intelligence reached the little garri-
son above the mouth of the Hoock-
king, that the Indians were path-
ing in force somewhere up the val-
ley, for the purpose of striking a ter-
rible and fatal blow on one of the
most scattered defences of the whites.
A council was held by the garrison,
and scouts were sent up the Hoock-
king in order to ascertain the
strength of the foe, and the probable
point of attack.

In the month of October, and one
of the balmy days of our Indian
summer, two men could have been
seen emerging out of the thick plum
and hazel bushes skirting the prairie,
and stealthily climbing the eastern
declivity of that most remark-
able promontory now known as
Mount Pleasant, whose western sum-
mit gives a commanding view to the
eye of what is doing on the prairie.
This eminence was gained by our two
adventurous and hardy scouts, and
from this point they carefully ob-
served the movements taking place
on the prairie. Every day brought
an accession of warriors to those al-
ready assembled, and every day the
scouts witnessed from their eyrie the
horse racing, leaping, running and
throwing the deadly tomahawk by
the warriors. The old sachems look-
ing on with indifference—the squaws,
for the most part, engaged in their
usual drudgeries, and the papooses
maddening all the noisy and way-
ward joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of
warriors was hailed by the terrible
war whoop, which, striking the rural
face of Mount Pleasant, was driven
back into the various indentations of
the surrounding hills, producing re-
verberation, and echo on echo, till it
seemed as if ten thousand fiends were

gathered in their eyes. Such yell
might well strike terror into the
bosom of these unaccustomed to
them. To our scouts these were but
marital strains which waked their
watchfulness and strung their
frames. From their early youth
had been always on the frontier,
and therefore well practiced in the
subtlety, and craft and cunning, as
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left the prairie and ascended the
Mount, at which times our scouts
would hide in the fissures of the
rock, or lying by the side of some
long prostrate tree, cover themselves
with the seal and yellow leaf, and
again leave their hiding-place when
their uninvited visitors had dis-
persed.

For food they depended upon jerked
venison and cold corn bread, with
which their knapsacks had been well
stored. Fire they dared not kindle,
and the report of one of their rifles
would bring upon them the entire
force of the Indians. For drink they
depended on some rain water which
stood in excavations of the rocks,
but in a few days this store was ex-
hausted, and McClellan and White
must abandon their enterprise or find
a new supply.

To accomplish this most hazardous
effort McClellan, being the leader,
resolved to make the attempt. With
his trusty rifle in his grasp, and two
antennae strung across his shoulders,
he cautiously descended to the prairie
and skirting the hills on the north as
much as possible within the hazel
thickets, he struck a course for the
Hoock-king river.

He reached his margin and turning
about the point of the hill, he found
a beautiful fountain of limpid water,
now known as the Cold Spring, with
in a few feet of the river. He filled
his canteens and returned in safety to
his watchful companions. It was now
determined to have a fresh supply of
water every day, and this duty was
to be performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after
White had filled his canteens, he sat
a few moments watching the limpid
element as it came gurgling out of
the bosom of the earth, the light
sound of footsteps caught his atten-
tion, and upon turning round he
saw two squaws within a few feet of
him—these, upon turning the jut of
the hill, had suddenly seen upon him.
The elder squaw gave one of those
fearful shrieks which are peculiar to
the Indians.

White at once comprehended the
perilous situation—for if the alarm
should reach the camp, he and his
companions must inevitably perish.
Self-preservation compelled him to
indulge in a fearless dash upon the
squaws, and in such manner as to
leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in
thought and prompt in action, he
sprang upon his victims with the rap-
idity and power of a panther, and
seizing a threat of each, with one
bound he rapidly thrust the head of
the elder woman under the water, and
making strong efforts to submerge the
other, who, however, powerfully re-
sisted.

During the short struggle the young
female addressed him in his own lan-
guage, though almost inarticulate
utterance. Releasing his hold she in-
formed him that ten years before she
had been made a prisoner, on Grave
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and two sisters, and that an only re-
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rounded, and all hopes of escape cut
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than to sell their lives as dearly as
they could; they resolved to do so,
and advised the girl to escape to the
Indians, and tell them she had been a
captive to the scouts. She said no!
Death, and that in presence of my
people, is to me a thousand times
sweeter than captivity. Furnish me
with a rifle, and I will show you that

sequence of the great strike, are com-
ing. Indeed, one hundred and fifty
of them landed here last week, and I
took the trouble to see them. They
are generally good people, though la-
mentably ignorant. They lived the
life of animals, almost, on the great
estates that held them, with no earth-
ly opportunities for development in
any direction. One of them told me
that his entire family, consisting of
himself and wife and eight children,
lived in a "cottage" of two rooms, in
which there were no floors, the entire
family sleeping together in one room!
In this man's family was one rather
pretty girl of eighteen, who every
year had to go away to work, living
with her fellow-laborers in precisely
the same way! The condition of
things on these estates may be imag-
ined. The wages paid to laborers in
this country seemed to them enorm-
ous, and they were anxious to get
west and get it.

"Why," said one of them to me,
"they say we'll never get less than
four shillins a day! At that, I can
earn a house for myself."

Some day that man will not only
own a house, but it will stand in the
centre of 100 acres of good Nebraska
land.

OLEOMARGARINE
has gone up. You remember it. It
was a process for making butter out of
grease. For a time it created a sensa-
tion here. Samples of butter made
in this way were shown, and they
were good. Well, they ought to be,
for they were actually butter. The
"inventor" of the process kept up the
strife till he sold the patent for the Pa-
cific States to a veritable Californian,
who did actually pay \$10,000 down
and gave his note for \$25,000.

A company was organized in San-
francisco, and 50,000 worth of stock
was actually disposed of, when the
inventor appeared and wanted the re-
maining \$25,000. There was an ex-
plosion. The process was tried and
found to be entirely worthless, and in
the rumpus that ensued was some-
thing terrific. The antecedents of
the "inventor" were looked up, and
it was discovered that he was an old
speculator in this style of enterprise,
and that "Oleomargarine" was neither
his first nor his worst swindle. Exit
grease butter. The cows are reinstat-
ed.

But with all this he lent to Til-
ton. He is a great man and a good
one. I know whereof I speak, for I
know him well. He has done unwise
things and foolish things, he has the
infirmities that belong to and are a
part of genius; but his intentions
have always been good, his impulses
have always been right, and his fail-
ings always leaned toward virtue. If
he fails in this he must not be put
down as bad. His action must be as-
cribed to a malevolent influence that
has made things seem as they were
not. I know Theodore Tilton well,
and I assure those who read these
lines that he is not a quack, a dreamer,
or a fool. He is a strong man in all
things that he believes, and his be-
liefs are as a rule right—a weak man
in policy, but an honest man so far as
his light shows him what honesty is.
He would not make a good member
of Congress, but he has a place in the
world, and he will always fill it credit-
ably and well. A great genius is
Theodore and a good and useful man.
He has made mistakes which were
almost equivalent to crimes, but he
has repented of them and paid his
penalty. Can't a little sympathy be
shown to him? Must it all go to the
man whom he believes has injured
him? It is a serious matter, and one
that must not be hastily decided upon.

BECHER EXPLAINS.
And now comes Becher with his
explanation. It is the old story re-told.
He claims to have been a particular
friend of Mrs. Tilton's; that she
came to him with stories of Theo-
dore's infidelities and cruelty, and that
he advised her to leave him. After-
ward, Moulton came to him and con-
vinced him that the allegations
against him were unfounded. Troub-
led at having made trouble, he signed
the document known as his "Confes-
sion," in which he wishes himself
dead, etc. Mr. Becher's explanation
will not bear analysis. If what he
says is true, he is the weakest man
living. He admits to having submitted
to blackmail, to having walked in
error for four years, to have made all
sorts of compromises and make-shifts,
and he only comes to the front with
some sort of boldness now, by the act
of an accuser. Innocent men do not
work in this way. Had Mr. Becher
been innocent, he would have taken
Theodore by the throat at the first of
it, and dragged him before a tribunal.
That would have established his in-
nocence beyond a peradventure. He
would have been the active man, and
he would have made it lively for the
gentleman who were after him.

By the way, Mr. Becher does not
say a word credit to the other affairs that
he has been credited with; but per-
haps it wasn't necessary, as they were
not under consideration. Heaven
save the country from another thing
of this kind.

BUSINESS
is picking up all the time, and the
great city begins to have a lively ap-
pearance. Next month things will
move still better. The country mer-
chants are arriving by car-loads, and
there is a trade doing. Let us re-
joice.

PIETRO.
A correspondent of the Chicago Trib-
une says that the gall of the rattlesnake,
taken into the stomach imme-
diately after being bitten by that rep-
tile, was sure cure for the bite. As a
measure of precaution, he dissected a
rattlesnake, and carefully preserved
the gall of the creature in a small bot-
tle. In the course of harvesting, a
young man in his employ was bitten
by a rattlesnake, and, almost instan-
taneously, was thrown into prostrations
of great pain, and began to show the
usual signs of virulent poison. Mr.
Thomas ran for his antidote, mixed
the gall of the reptile in a half-glass
of water, and, by dint of great persua-
sion, got the patient to swallow it—
He was, at the time, in great agony—
the wound and adjacent parts being
swollen, and turning purple. The ef-
fect of this singular potion was almost
instantaneous. The young man be-
came suddenly quiet, and very soon
declared the great pain had ceased.

Light griefs are loquacious; deep
sorrow has no tongue.