

G. W. FAIRBROTHER, T. C. HACKER, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Published Every Thursday Morning at BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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ADVERTISING RATES: One inch, one year, \$10.00; Two inches, one year, \$15.00.

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Table with columns for Station, Time, and Direction. Includes Chicago & North Western Railway.

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THE TREASURE HUNTERS.

OR THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE. BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, AUTHOR OF 'SHIP AHOY!' CHAPTER III. IN DIFFICULTIES.

Such a change from life at the old farm in an English county, where all was regularity and quiet peace, to this in a San Francisco hotel, new of the newest, with French customs and English language, and such an influx of migratory beings that the place was a scene of hurry and confusion.

"It does seem a long way to have come," said Mary, tossing back her thick brown hair, and looking, with her sun-tanned face and dark eyes, such a model as an artist would have chosen for his painting of Juno, while her companion, her brother's wife, looked slight, pale, and care-worn by her side.

"Of course not, you silly little thing," said Mary Adams, smiling, as she passed her arm round her sister, though a tear was in her eye. "It won't do, Annie; you and I must look strong, for that is all we can do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams, drying her eyes, "we must look strong; but oh, Mary, he ought never to have married me. I'm a weak, foolish thing, and shall never be anything but a burden to him. It is partly through me that he has had to take this long journey, and I, in my weakness, shall be a glog to keep him back."

"He doesn't care for you a bit," said Mary Adams. "Oh, Mary!" ejaculated the other; and her soft sweet little English face was raised pitifully as if in appeal.

"Any one would think so to hear you talk," said Mary Adams, drawing her sister to her breast, and kissing her white forehead. "Why, you little goose, you know he worships the very ground you walk on, and with you and your love to nerve his arm he will do wonders yet. But you must not let him see you fret."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Adams, drying her tears, and then forcing a smile as she stood up, looking quite a dream in appearance. "He does not dream of it; and it is only for his sake that I do trouble."

"And he only regrets it for yours," said Mary; and a sad shade crossed her face, one which Mrs. Adams saw, and this acted better than any words, for there was a silent demand made upon her for sympathy, and this in turn she began to administer.

"Never mind; women have their wits, even if they are strange," said Mary; and they walked on, turning down a narrow, crooked way, to find themselves, before they were aware of it, in what might have been a street in Pekin from its inhabitants, many of whom came out to stare at the strangers, who, however, walked steadily on.

"Had we not better turn back?" said Mrs. Adams. "The very worst thing we could do," was the reply. "I dare say we shall come into a better part directly."

For the next few minutes they forgot their dilemma in the curious aspect of the people and their houses; for they had wandered right into a part of the Chinese quarter of the city. As Mrs. Adams said, there was nothing to alarm them, for the busy people all seemed simple and inoffensive to a degree; and after a while Mrs. Adams felt disposed to laugh at her nervous trepidation.

"What an awful place!" Mrs. Adams whispered. "It's the American edition of Wapping," said Mary, encouragingly. "Don't you remember seeing something of it when we went down to the docks? Keep a good heart and walk on."

A good heart was needed, for Mary had awakened to the fact that their presence had been noticed by a group of half a dozen men loafing outside a bar on the other side, a couple of whom now crossed over, saying nothing, but effectually barring the way.

"I've seen folk at home who profess to be very polished, stare very hard sometimes at a pretty girl." "Ah!" said Mary, laughing, "but then they had the excuse of the woman's beauty. There is no excuse for anybody who stares at me."

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Adams, dryly, as she directed a sidelong glance at the handsome, composed face of Mary, who walked on with a free, elastic step, the observed of all the loiterers near.

"You're two English strangers, are you?" Well, I was an English stranger once, but I'm an American now, how air yew, my dear?" "He held out a very dirty hand as he spoke, and in spite of herself Mary Adams shrank back, trembling at the ruffian's aspect."

"You're two English strangers, are you?" said the other, who was evidently an American from somewhere down South. "Yes, will you show us the way?" said Mary, eagerly catching at straws.

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THRILLING SCENE IN A RAILROAD CAR. An incident occurred on a recent trip which I made over the Union Pacific, which may be of interest to your readers as it was at one time of uncommon interest to me. We were rolling along between Salt Lake and Omaha, when I made my way into the smoking car, to enjoy a cigar. I noticed a group gathered in the center of the car, and crowding my way up found two men gambling. One was a well-dressed man, but bearing the general appearance of a blackleg, the other was a veritable miner, just as he came from the mountains, with long grizzly beard, rough, coarse and dirty clothes but with lots of gold.

The game-draw poker still went on with hardly a word spoken by the players. All finally, when a large sum was on the board, the gambler being called to show his hand, threw down three aces and two queens, and reached for the money. The miner stretched over and held his hand and laid down two aces, showing, of course, five aces in the pack. He then reached back and drew a large navy revolver, cocked it placed the muzzle directly between the eyes of the gambler, still holding his hand. Not a word was spoken, but each looked steadily into the eyes of the other. Soon the hand began quietly to move from the money, the form of the gambler to draw back, and still the revolver followed.

I took a seat near the miner afterwards, and chatted with him about his experience in the mountains, and he seemed pleasant and intelligent. We did not refer to his little episode with the blackleg.

I have never witnessed a more thrilling scene, or one in which such extreme coolness was manifested as by the miner, and for that matter, by the gambler.—Cincinnati Times.

A GERMAN'S BULL-FROG. That is a poor handle that throws off the hammer every time you use it. It is so with the so-called "helps" to memory which leave only themselves in mind when you want to think of something else.

An honest German who had recently arrived in this country invented an original system of pneumonics to use for improving his imperfect knowledge of the English language. When he heard a new English word, he would couple it in his mind with a similar signification, and thus by the association of ideas, fix it in his memory. Sometimes, however, his system failed to work with entire success. For instance, one day his attention was attracted by a bloated batrachian which was croaking lustily on the edge of a marsh, and he asked his employer the English name of the creature.

"That is a bull-frog," was the answer. "Yah, bool, oxen, frog, toad—I remember him," said the man.

A few days after he came across another frog, and his employer being with him, and wishing to test his memory, asked him if he could tell the name of the reptile.

"Yah," he answered, triumphantly, "dat es un oxen-toad."

A REMARKABLE CLOCK. A strange clock belonged to a Hindoo prince. In front of the clock's disk was a gong swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the same number of parts necessary to constitute twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in apparent confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with a quick click, and when completed the figure sprang up, seized a mallet and walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hour of noon and midnight the entire heaped sprang up, and marching to the gong struck one after the other, his bow, making twelve in all; then returning fell to pieces as before.

There is a lady in New York who will not permit her children to eat anything of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear that it will make them savage. It must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach for fear it would make them green.

A combination of food is better than any one variety.