THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

# Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1875. VOL. 19.—NO. 46.

THE ADVERTISER.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC. Office opposite First National Bank, Main st. Brownville, Nebraska. 45m6

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary public and Real Estate Agent. Office in Court House Building Brownville Neb.

T. L. Schick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office next door to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska. 18-6y

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J. H. Broady,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

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TIME SCHEDULES.

MIDLAND PACIFIC RAILWAY

SCHEDULE No. 1.

TAKES EFFECT MONDAY, FEB. 1st, 1875.

| WESTWARD. No. 3. | WESTWARD. No. 1 | STATIONS. | EASTWARD. No. 2. | EASTWARD. No. 4. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| LEAVE. | | | ARRIVE. | |
| A.M. | P.M. | | P.M. | P.M. |
| 7.15 | | ...Brownville... | ..... | 7.15 |
| 7.27 | | .....Peru..... | ..... | 6.38 |
| 8.24 | | .....Barney..... | ..... | 6.10 |
| 8.46 | | †...Minersville... | ..... | 5.47 |
| Ar.8.15 | 5.05 | .Nebraska City. | 2.00 | Le.5.15 |
| Le.8.20 | | | | Ar.4.50 |
| 9.37 | 5.30 | †.....Summit..... | 1.35 | 4.25 |
| 10.00 | 5.40 | †.....Delaw..... | 1.23 | 4.00 |
| 10.20 | 5.48 | .....Dunbar..... | 1.15 | 3.50 |
| 10.45 | 6.05 | †...Arlington..... | 12.59 | 3.25 |
| Ar.11.15 | Ar.6.27 | .....Syracuse..... | Le.12.36 | 2.50 |
| Le.11.40 | Le.6.42 | | Ar.12.16 | |
| 12.00 | 6.5 | †.....Cuadilla..... | 12.00 | 2.25 |
| 12.26 | 7 | .....Palmyra..... | 11.40 | 1.55 |
| 12.45 | 7.20 | .....Monroe..... | 11.30 | 1.40 |
| 3.02 | 8.37 | †.....State Prison..... | 10.27 | 12.28 |
| Ar.3.10 | Ar.8.45 | .....Lincoln..... | Le.10.25 | Le.12.00 |
| Le.4.00 | | | | Ar.10.40 |
| 4.25 | | †....Woodlawn..... | ..... | 9.45 |
| 4.43 | | †.....Malcolm..... | ..... | 9.27 |
| 5.10 | | .....Germantown..... | ..... | 9.00 |
| 5.40 | | .....Seward..... | ..... | 8.30 |
| P.M. | P.M. | | A.M. | A.M. |

The time given above is that of Lincoln, being 27 minutes slower than that of Chicago.

All trains daily, except Sunday.

† Denotes Flag Stations—trains stop only on signal.

J. N. CONVERSE, Supt.

Burlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska.

MAIN LINE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 11.25 a.m. leave | ...Plattsmouth... | 2.05 p.m. arrive |
| 5.48 p.m. arrive | .....Lincoln..... | 11.16 a.m. leave |
| 10.05 p.m. arrive | .Kearney Junc. | 5.45 a.m. leave |

OMAHA BRANCH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1.35 p.m. leave | ...Plattsmouth... | 12.15 a.m. arrive |
| 2.40 p.m. arrive | .....Omaha..... | 10.30 a.m. leave |

BEATRICE BRANCH.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 3.35 p.m. leave | .....Crete..... | 7.45 a.m. arrive |
| 6.05 p.m. arrive | .....Beatrice..... | 5.45 a.m. leave |

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Trains at Council Bluffs arrive and depart as follows

| GOING WEST | ARRIVE | GOING EAST | DEPART |
|---|---|---|---|
| Day Express | 10.20p.m. | Day Express | 6.00a.m. |
| Night Express | 9.15a.m. | Night Express | 4.05 p.m. |
| | | Ex. Freight | 10.50 a.m. |

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Agt.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Northern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 11 a. m Departs 11.30 a. m.

Southern—Daily, by Railroad—Arrives 2.30p.m. Departs 7.30 a. m.

Northern—Via Peru, Daily—Arrives 12 m; Departs 1 p. m.

Southern—Via Nemaha City, Daily—Arrives 5 p.m. Departs 7 a. m.

Western—Via Tecumseh to Beatrice—Daily: Departs at 7 a.m. Arrives at 5 p.m.

Southwestern—Via Table Rock—Weekly—Arrives Tuesday at 6 p.m. Departs Monday at 7 a. m.

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T—R—Y

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FLOUR

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Every Sack Warranted!

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SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

**Nemaha City Lodge No. 109, I. O. G. T.**—Meets every Monday evening. DAVID MORTON, W. C. T. MRS ELLA HENDENSON, Sec.

**Nemaha City Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.**—Meets every Saturday.—PHILIP CROTHER, N. G. M. GRIFFITH, Sec.

**Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.**—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. C. MCNAUGHTON, C. C. F. E. JOHNSON, K. R. S.

**Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.**—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week, in their new hall over Lowman's store. Visiting brothers respectfully invited. A. G. GATES, N. G. JAMES COCHRAN, Secy.

**Brownville Division No. 19, Sons of Temperance.** Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Nickell's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. W. H. LORANCE, W. P. E. M. HULBURD, R. S.

**Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.** Stated meetings third Thursday evening in each month.

**Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.**—Stated meetings first Monday night in each month.

**Furnas Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.**—Stated meetings fourth Monday in each month.

**Mt. Moriah Commandery No. 3, K. T.**—Stated meetings second Monday in each month.

**Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, R. H. C. R. & C.**—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays.

**Adah Chapter No. 12.**—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month.

CHURCHES.

**Methodist E. Church.**—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2½ p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. J. M. RICHARDS, Pastor.

**Presbyterian Church.**—Services each Sabbath at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

CITY OFFICERS.

**City Council.**—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. E. Johnson, Aldermen—First Ward—E. Huddart, T. McLaughlin; Second Ward—W. A. Judkins, J. J. Mercer; Third Ward—Lewis Hill, Fredrick Parker. Marshal, J. B. McCabe. Clerk, J. B. Decker. Treasurer, John Blake. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

**County Commissioners**—J. Higgins, Alex. McKinney, John H. Shook. County Clerk, Wilson E. Majors. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Plasters. Probate Judge, E. M. McComas. Treasurer, A. H. Gilmore. Surveyor, J. Gilbert. County Superintendent, D. W. Pierson.

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—OF—

BROWNVILLE.

*Paid-up Capital, $100,000*

*Authorized " 500,000*

IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A

General Banking Business

BUY AND SELL

COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS

on all the principal cities of the

United States and Europe.

MONEY LOANED

On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,

STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.

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JOHN L. CARSON,

President.

A. R. DAVISON, Cashier.
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.

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Clocks, Watches, Jewelry

JOSEPH SHUTZ,

No. 59 Main Street, Brownville.

Keeps constantly on hand a large and well assorted stock of genuine articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewelry done on short notice, at reasonable rates.

*ALL WORK WARRANTED.*

J. BLAKE,

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All Operations Performed in the best manner.

OFFICE: At residence on Main street.

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A. ROBISON,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES

CUSTOM WORK

MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done. No. 58 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

PERRY & BERGER,

ARCHITECTS,

CONTRACTORS,

BUILDERS,

—AND—

GENERAL JOB SHOP!

Foot Main Street, north side,

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTINGS SOLICITED.

## GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY W. M. CARLTON.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long upon my chair, I thought I would grow in,
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there again.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose, at last, and thank the Lord I'm goin' home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since the first day I come down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town!
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets,
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper, salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done,
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out' doors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores,
But nothing prospers half so well, when I go go off to stay,
And I will put things in shape when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away, we had little bout;
I cooly took my hat and left, before the show was out.
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence,
But then she's first one to give up, when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest cherlest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I go home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God could pick that sweet boquet, and fling it down to us,
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles when I go home a-week.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often I'll be bound,
Some home-sick fellow meets his folks and hugs 'em, all around
But let my creed be right or wrong or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day.

## THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR THE

SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

### CHAPTER VI.

MAKING A COMPACT.

There was not much to explain, only that on being swung into the doorway, where they stood clinging together, the tide of the little war soon ebbed away from where they were, and they were able to escape almost unnoticed from the other end of the street, wandering on till they encountered one of the police, who gave them instructions, after hurrying them along part of their way, and then left them to procure help, with the result we have seen.

"We can never be sufficiently grateful to you, Mr. Dawson, for your brave defense of two strangers," said Mrs. Adams, pressing his hand warmly.

"Well," said Dawson, in a quiet, *nonchalant* way, "I don't know that it was much to do. I'm like your man Larry—I like a fight."

As he spoke he glanced hastily toward Mary Adams; but she did not look in his direction, although he had enunciated his strange declaration to tempt her to speak.

"I am sure my sister is as grateful as I am myself," said Mrs. Adams, glancing in a surprised way at Mary, who now looked up for a moment, and met Dawson's clear, sharp gaze, before which her eyes fell, and she said, quietly,

"I am very grateful to Mr. Dawson."

"Perhaps you'll just begin to talk gratitude, too," said Dawson, grimly, as he turned to Adams. "It makes a man feel so uncomfortable—just as if he were being rubbed down with prairie thistles. Why, what a fuss you all make! Wouldn't any man have done just the same? Not much of a man," he added, in an under-tone, "if he wouldn't."

He rose then with quite Old-World politeness, for Mrs. Adams and Mary were leaving the room; and soon after Adams and his new friend were alone.

"Nice place this, ain't it?" said Dawson beginning to smoke.

"Nice place!" said Adams indignantly. "I shall never rest till I've left it fifty miles behind."

"But I wouldn't be in too great a hurry," said Dawson.

"Hurry—too great a hurry?"

"Well, yes; you have a hurried sort of way at doing things that isn't always convenient. Judging strangers, for instance."

He looked in a droll way at the young farmer as he spoke, and the other held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon Dawson," he said warmly. "I did misjudge you. I came a perfect stranger, and I was suspicious of every one I met."

"Of course, and the best way, too," said Dawson laughing. "I might have been a regular sharper for aught you could tell. But you don't think I'm one now?"

"Dawson," said Adams, warmly. "I shall never forget the service you have done me and mine."

"Well, if you were in debt," replied Dawson, "you soon put it straight, for it was a case or gone coon with me if you had not come up. While your friend Pat did more than either of us. But never mind that now. Tell me this—how have you got on at the land-office?"

"Well," said Adams, "I've nearly made arrangements for a plot, which they tell me is in a very rich district, and I am to go to-morrow morning to settle about it."

"Told you they couldn't give you a final answer because some one else was after the plot!"

"Exactly that is what they did say," replied Adams.

"That's what they always do say," said Dawson smiling. "And they said if you would pay your deposit they would see what they could do?"

"Yes," said Adams, smiling.

"And you paid it?"

"No. I had to get a letter of credit cashed, and I was too late. But I am going on to-morrow."

"Then I am just in time," said Dawson.

"In time!" said Adams, suspiciously.

"Yes, in time to stop you from fooling away a lot of coin. Now look here, Adams, drop that doubting way of yours at once. I'm a fellow full of failings, but I'm genuine. I never swindled but one man in my life, and him I have served out often, I do own—his name is Dawson, Caleb Dawson his name is—and he always took it very kindly. And now I want to talk to you about your plans. You want to go to farming?"

Adams nodded.

"To make money?"

Adams nodded again.

"Then don't try; for the chances are that you will only be preparing the land for some one else. A man wants capital to do any good—more than you've got, so I tell you."

Frank Adams felt disposed to be annoyed; but he was getting accustomed to other's bluntness; and after the late proofs he could not but believe that he was genuine.

"What would you do then?" said Adams.

"Join me," said Dawson, rising.

"Join you?"

"Yes; join me. Look here, Adams, I took a fancy to you as soon as I saw you."

"No, you did not," said Adams, dryly.

"But I did, man—I swear I did."

"Look here Dawson," said the young Englishman, "you Yankees are, I dare say, sharper than we are; but, all the same, we old country folk are not quite fools. Do you really think now that I can't see through you?"

"Well, there, I'll be honest," said Dawson, with his sun-burned face glowing hotly. "You are right—you do see through me; and I don't see why a man shouldn't speak out boldly about such a thing. You mean I took a fancy first to somebody else."

Adams frowned and nodded.

"You are right, I did; for, though I don't believe in all that love stuff talked about in books, I no sooner set eyes on her than I felt that she was a woman for whom I could go through fire and water; lay down my life for her if it was needed; be her dog, her slave, if she would only give me a kind look now and then; and—Say, Adams," he said after a pause, "what fools we men are!"

Adams did not answer, but sat looking surly and frowning.

"Well," continued Dawson, "then I saw you; and I said to myself, 'One man can do a deal, but with a mate like that whom he could trust thro' thick and thin—in getting money and guarding it, share and share alike—in facing dangers together, in a fight perhaps for life—what a deal more he could do!' and I said to myself, 'I'll see if I can't know him;' and here we are."

Adams nodded again, but he did not speak.

"Now look here," said Dawson; "I want a friend and companion for what I am going to do. I did mean to start, and do it with my man; but now I ask you to join me."

"And where are you going?" said Adams quietly.

"Right up into the mountains, far away from the ordinary tracks, to where the mineral riches of the earth are waiting for a bold hand to be stretched out to grasp them, and enrich himself and those who belong to him, for life. Come with me, Englishman, and you shall be rich. We'll clasp hands together and swear to be true through thick and thin, to fight one for the other, if needs be, and share all that we drag away from where it has lain hid from the beginning of the world."

"And where may this be?" said Adams camly, as compared to the other's excitement.

"Away, I tell you, in the mountains."

"Rather a cruel thing to take those two sweet women far away into so wild a region," said Adams.

Dawson started and smiled, as he thought of his own words.

"Not with us to act as their guards," he said, earnestly. "Adams, man, it would be for their sakes if we did it at all; and the journey there should be like a pleasure trip—we could be travelers, with our mules laden with provisions, and without need to hurry. It is no trifle I offer to you."

"Perhaps not," said Adams; "but it sounds visionary and strange."

"More so than to go miles away to till the soil?"

"There's a certainty of getting a return for your labor there," said Adams.

"If the sun does not parch it up, or the floods wash it away, or the locusts devour it as soon as it is green. Man—man, I tell you that this is not your own old land, where the seasons come and go like clock-work, in a quiet old effete way. This country is grand, and one where nature does nothing by halves. The sun shines as it never shines with you; and when it rains it rains in floods. Bah! let your farming go; what could you ever do with your patch but plod along and barely exist?"

"And what should I do with you?" said Adams.

"Look here said the other, lowering his voice; "if I asked you, Frank Adams, to go on a wild hunt up in those mighty regions, I should say that you were wise to refuse; but I tell you, man, that I have definite information of a valley where the silver crops out of the rock in great veins and blocks—a place where for many years the foot of man has not trod. In fact, it was discovered fifty years since by a band of explorers who, after making sure that they were right, and that this was not some Aladin's dream marked down the spot; took bearings and measurements, and then started for civilization, to get mules and packs, and apparatus to smelt and melt down their treasure."

"Well," said Adams, growing interested, for the other had stopped.

"But one man of that party escaped, the rest being cut off by the Indians, and he led a life of slavery for full twenty years. Then he escaped to return to civilization a broken, enfeebled creature, at whom men mocked when he told his tale and tried to raise a party to explore; and at last sick at heart and disgusted, he went South."

"And there you met him?"

"He worked on our estate for years, and took a fancy to me, stirring my young blood with adventurous tales; and at last, when he died, bequeathing me his secret, and bidding me search for the place and find it, giving me the old, mapped-down bearings and such instructions again and again that I could walk straight to the spot, lay my finger upon the rock, and say, 'It is here!'"

The slow, drawling way, the hesitating pronunciation, the lounging habit, all were gone; and Caleb Dawson stood erect and earnest, in his excitement, till, finishing, he bent forward toward his companion, as if to say, "Now can you refuse?"

And now came out the characteristics of the Englishman, as, leaning back in his chair, he said,

"And suppose this was all a dream?"

"A dream!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Yes, the day-dream of some mad enthusiast who had gone crazy on his one idea."

"The man was as sane as you are this moment. No, stop—more so; for you are hesitating to accept a large fortune which I place before you, saying, 'Here take this for your share. Let us be friends and brothers together, and grow wealthy upon this discovery.'"

He stopped short, after speaking eloquently and well, apparently ashamed of his earnestness, for he subsided at once into a regular drawl, and said,

"I reckon you Englishers have as much go in you as a watch without a mainspring."

"It's a habit we have, friend Caleb Dawson, of looking before we leap."

"Good plan enough sometimes, but fa-*tal* when an Indian's after you with his scalping-iron. Best to leap then look afterward."

"And do you thoroughly believe in all this?" said Adams, after sitting back thoughtfully for a time.

"Believe in it? There, man alive, what am I to say to you? I can't preach. Here I am, and here's my hand. I am not going to swear; but I say to you as a man, Frank Adams this is all as true as truth; I have perfect faith in it. Join with me, and I'll be like a brother to you through thick and thin, right to the very end. There, I can say no more."

Frank Adams sat back watching him in a cool, calm, impassive way, while the other seemed to throb and glow in his excitement, and an onlooker would have thought how hard and unimpressionable the Englishman was—how his spirit must have been crushed and chilled by the cold and damp of his own land; but he was slow and sure; he was reading the man before him, and calculating in his calm, slow way, how far one who was almost a stranger could be trusted. It was a wild scheme, he told himself; but then it was somewhat wild to have come out here to California to seek a living. It would be mad, almost, to enter into such a compact with one he had never seen till within the last few days. But then came the other side. This man evidently loved his sister—so much that he had risked his life for her sake; and in a wild, lawless land, such as the region they were about to seek, where could he find a better man to stand by his side, and whom he could, if needs be, trust to the death?

He sat back, silent, and with knit brows, while the fire seemed to die out of Caleb Dawson's eyes, and with a quiet shrug, he too sank back in a chair, drew forth a cigar, and began to smoke, looking dull and disappointed. There was a feeling of annoyance creeping up, too, at what he looked upon as his own foolish ardor; and this was widening into anger that he should have laid himself out so before this cold, stony Englishman.

"Well," he said at last—for Frank Adams remained silent—"every man to his own liking, Mr. Adams. I must ask, though, that you will be silent about—"

"Stop!" said Frank Adams sharply, and his companion stared, for the young Englishman had risen and come forward. "I do things slowly, Dawson, and never without consideration, but when I do undertake a task, I do it to the bitter end. You have made me a grand offer. Coming from some men I would have said it was a mad speculation, and one in which only madmen would embark; but I believe you, and I trust you. Your American dash shall go with my slow English ballast, and God prosper us through it all! There's my hand and I'm with you to the end."

Before he had half spoken Caleb Dawson had sprung up with flushed brow and flashing eyes, seized the young Englishman's hands in his, and pressed them with a long fervent grasp, looking the while straight in his eyes with a glance that was as full of truth as the Englishman's own. But no word passed his lips till he released the other's hands, sank back in his seat, relit his cigar, and, now that all was settled, putting sentiment aside, he exclaimed, in a matter-of-fact, nasal tone,

"Let's liquor!"

His hand was stretched out to reach the bell, when he stopped short and listened. Then he started up quick, but without a sound.

"What was that?" he said in a whisper, and he cloaked the whisper, so to speak, by moving an object upon the table.

"What was what?" said Frank, glancing wonderingly at his companion.

"That noise," he whispered, beginning to whistle.

"I heard nothing," said Frank.

"But I did," whispered Dawson, and he set his teeth and held up his finger to command silence.

The next moment he leaned over to Frank, and whispered,

"These walls are like so much pasteboard. The hotel is only wood from top to bottom; and I have been chattering like a magpie about our projects, with some one playing the spy. Adams, old fellow, the game has begun; ours is to be a time of trouble, I'm afraid—brain against brain, hand against hand; so here goes." Then making a sign to his friend, he whispered, "Answer me aloud, and make the answer long. By-the-way, Adams," he said, "before I ring for the waiter, run over your list of packages. Tell me what you brought with you."

Dawson rattled the match-box as he spoke, struck a light, and kicked a spittoon along the floor, while, taking the cue from his companion, and seeing his aim, Frank began to go over the list of agricultural tools he had bought what seeds he had obtained, and mentioned how the were packed, speaking in a quiet, deliberate way, as he watched his companian's motions.

The room they were in was of paneled pine, and very slight. It was plain enough to both of them now that any one wishing to listen to their conversation might have heard the greater part by holding his ear to a crack, and have seen them merely by thrusting a knife-blade through the panel of the partition or door, and, what was more, they had the window wide open all the time. They both asked themselves how they could have been guilty of such folly, now it was too late, and the question arose how far it could be counteracted.

Dawson was right—there could be no doubt about that. The first thing to be done was to find out who was the spy, if spy there was; for he might be merely a prying knave, and no enemy, and if so, their fears were wasted; but on the other hand, they might have been followed to the hotel by one of the scoundrels with whom they had come in contact, and in such a public place there would be no difficulty in such an emissary finding his way up to the door of their room.

Moving silently, while Frank kept speaking, Dawson crept along by the partition, carefully avoiding the chairs, so as to get round to the door, for it was from there that a faint creek or two had come, and at the end of a minute Frank became aware that there was more in Dawson's words than he had himself anticipated, for there was a faint rasping sound coming very softly but unmistakably from one panel about breast high, and Frank knew as well as possible that some one was busy with a gimlet boring a hole cautiously through the door, possibly that the actor might obtain a view of those within.

It was hard work to keep on talking in a calm, unconcerned way at such a time, especially with the knowledge that one is being watched, perhaps by more than one eye, and that the object of the hole made in the door may be to enable the scoundrel without to take a good aim at the person within before taking revenge for injuries received by sending a winged messenger made of lead.

But Frank kept it up admirably, his voice never faltering for a moment, while Dawson, creeping softly closer and closer, now stood watching, till a tiny steel point gradually worked its way through the soft pine wood, forcing out one white splinter, which fell on the floor.

Then farther and farther came the gimlet, till a fair sized hole was made and a reverse motion was observed, but all going on so quietly that, had not the young man's suspicions been aroused, whoever it was that was busy there would have performed his task uninterruptedly, whatever might have been his aim.

And now, as Dawson stood with one hand outstretched, so as to be within an inch of the handle and drag the door open, the gimlet was withdrawn, and the talking on the part of Adams became one whose difficulties were extreme; but his voice did not fail, and he kept his eyes fixed in another direction, knowing that he was watched, and feeling at the same time an almost unconquerable desire to turn and see the next proceeding on the part of Dawson.

But the suspense was not of long duration; for as Dawson's hand was just about to close upon the handle, and he had gathered himself up, so that by one rapid motion he could throw open the door and seize the eavesdropper, there was a faint sound without, then a tremendous crash, and a head was dashed right through the panel, which, splintered in rays, and catching the intruder round the neck, after the fashion of an eel-trap, effectually prevented all retrograde motion. There was a volley of oaths, the sound of blows, and Frank Adams started forward in amaze, as the owner of the distorted countenance strove to get free.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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From the Kansas City Journal.

## ALL ABOUT GRASSHOPPERS.

The grasshopper will be a subject of interest from now until he leave the country. When that will be, and what he will be doing in the interim is the anxious inquiry of everybody. We are in possession of facts that will be an answer probably—the record of the spring of 1867, succeeding the last invasion.

Colonel Theo. S. Case has been for many years in the habit of keeping a diary of events, and yesterday we had the satisfaction of looking over his memoranda, and in them found all about their doings in that spring and summer. Colonel Case was then living where he now resides, near the cemetery between this city and Westport, and the entries made have reference to our own grounds. The record is as follows:

May 8, 1867. Saw several swarms of young grasshoppers. Said to be numerous in vicinity.

May 20. Saw many hundreds of minute grasshoppers. Have done no harm as yet.

May 26. Grasshoppers growing a little, and eating the weeds.

June 1. Grasshoppers thick.

June 2. Very numerous. Just beginning to reach the garden. Done no harm yet. Captured 350 on one small weed.

June 3. Grasshoppers innumerable. No harm done yet.

June 5. Innumerable grasshoppers in garden. Eating cabbage lettuce, parsley, etc.

June 6. Eating beans, cabbage, grapes, potatoes, etc.

June 7. Grasshoppers have taken about half the garden.

June 8. Have eaten 250 cabbages, and all the radishes and lettuce on the place. Also most of the beets and onions. Have not touched peas, tomatoes, or corn.

June 9. Eating strawberries a little.

June 11. Grasshoppers worse than ever.

June 12. Have eaten all the beets and carrots in the field.

June 13. Onions in the garden all gone—corn and peas going fast.

June 14. Grasshoppers finish field onions.

June 15. Grasshopper less numerous to-day.

June 18. Grasshoppers scarcer but still abundant.

June 23. Thicker again. Eating fruit tress and evergreens.

June 25. Grasshoppers beginning to fly away—very high in the air.

June 28. Leaving rapidly

June 30. Grasshoppers eating corn, cutting down stalks one and one-half inches in diameter. Also finishing up the pumpkin vines.

July 1. Have eaten replanted beans before they were out of the ground—flying over in vast numbers—becoming much scarcer here.

July 8. Have eaten the leaves of most of the pear trees—also cutting the cherry trees, but not so badly.

July 13. Nearly all gone.

This is the last entry in regard to the festive insect, and we may conclude the last of him in this locality. We thus find that from the time first noticed in his minute form until final disappearance was sixty-six days.

It was twenty-eight days from the time of discovery before they commenced destroying vegetation, or as the diary has it "doing harm"—and thirty-eight days thereafter before they finally disappeared. From these data calculations may be made as to what we may expect this year. The young grasshopper this year was discovered a week ago, so that the brood now out may be expected to leave about the middle of June, but hatching is a matter of locality—those on open ground or on hill-sides with a southern exposure comming first.

The spring of 1867 was backward, as Colonel Case has a record of the ground being covered with snow on the 2d day of May.

## COME TO US SPRING.

BY GEORGE HAWTHORNE.

Come to us Spring, beautiful Spring;
We are weary of ice and snow;
Fold us within thy odorous wing;
Over us perfume of May flowers blow,
Bathed in the dew drops,
Bring us their fragrance,
The robe of the woodlands,
The lingering sunlight,
Bring us the rivulet's musical flow.

## MARVELOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

### Cabinet Shows which Eclipse those of the Eddys.

[From the New York Sun.]

A large audience assembled yesterday in the Harvard Rooms to hear about the wonderful witch of Havana, a pretty village 18 miles from Elmira, N. Y. Dr. J. B. Newbrough of 128 West Thirty-fourth street, who lately made a visit here, told the following ghost stories:

Mrs. Peter Compton, the wife of an invalid husband and mother of several children, is descended from the old farmers of Havana, a well known and not rich, yet a respectable stock. A woman of sound, uncultured intellect, she married a carpenter, and on his permanent failure in health fourteen years ago, and their subsequent destitution of other resources, she supported him and their numerous children by washing the clothes and scrubbing the houses of their neighbors.

Two years ago Mrs. Compton was developed into a full blown spiritual medium of the most wonder-working kind. Her own body changes into strange, other, and sometimes beautiful bodies, according to whatever spirit takes possession of her. She may be fastened to a cabinet in any manner, the cords are loosened, not cut or untied, the nails are taken out, and a new being walks forth, man, woman or child, ancient sage or modern savage, and the new person walks about, talks, can be felt of, shaken hands with, patted on the shoulder, and meanwhile there is not to be found on this earth the body of Mrs. Peter Compton. The cabinet is empty—no Mrs. Compton, nor her clothes.

POSSESSED OF A DEVIL.

Dr. Newbrough procured some shoemaker's thread, and the man who was waxing the ends for him said they would be of no use, for she was possessed of a devil. Dr. Newbrough used them, however. He also procured nails without heads and so fine that the pincers could not get hold of them, and with them closely nailed her gown all around the bottom to the floor.

Out of the cabinet walked a strange and fine lady, of different stature, complexion, and manners from the plain, the homely washerwoman, who, a few minutes before was nailed to the floor in an alpaca gown. Dr. Newbrough rushed to the cabinet. It was empty; his nails were nowhere visible, and his waxed ends had also evaporated. The new lady's dress was a brown, summery texture, that looked as though it might have been made on a material loom. Dr. Newbrough said to the ghost: "Kind lady, I have a pair of remarkably sharp scissors in my pocket. Will you oblige me by allowing me to clip a souvenir from your robe?" The beautiful being smiled on him graciously, but answered:

"NOTHING TO WEAR."

"My medium has but one gown. If you cut a piece out there will be a hole in it, and she will be entirely destitute."

"But," persisted the doctor, "I will see that she has money to buy another gown."

"Ah, my dear sir," sadly answered the beautiful spirit, "perhaps you would, but I do not know it. For Mr. Storer and Mr. Olcutt of Boston were here, and they both and many others, said they would do something to relieve the poverty of our medium, but they have not, and I cannot let you out a piece out and make a hole in her only gown."

After the beautiful lady stepped away, and after a six-foot tall ghost had come and gone, and no more ghosts would be evoked, Dr. Newbrough again inspected the cabinet.—There sat the homely and motherly Mrs. Compton, with the waxed ends all rigidly fast, and her alpaca dress nailed to the floor again, the fine little nails being with almost perfect exactness driven into the holes they had previously occupied.

Mrs. Compton has lately been assisted by the overseer of the poor of the county, for these changes to which her body has been subject during two years have ruined her health and in addition to being unable to work, the reputation of being possessed by spirits, has deprived her of her former employers. The people of the town say nothing against her except that she is a sorceress. The little children had mended their clothes with yarn and with twine or with whatever they could get. A mortgage on their house, added