

THE ADVERTISER. T. G. HACKER, FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors. Published Every Thursday Morning AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: \$2.00 One Year, \$20.00 Six Months, \$10.00 Three Months, \$5.00 One Month, \$1.00

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Nebraska Advertiser. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1875. VOL. 20.—NO. 5. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

Written for the Advertiser. THREE, OR FOUR. BY WITCH HAZEL. "The number is small," I grant it; But then, it was quite enough.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS; OR THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE. BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

CHAPTER XXVII. MANY A SLIP. The silence in the vale seemed awful now, not even the chirp of a grasshopper being heard in that glow of heat.

CHAPTER XXVIII. LOADING FOR THE JOURNEY. If ever a prayer of thankfulness was offered up, it was breathed now by these two men, as, utterly prostrated in nerve by the fierce test to which they had been put, they lay back there in the shadow, Dawson with his face buried in his hands.

The night passed peacefully away, and the morning broke unclouded; and soon after it was light Dawson and Adams were down at the mouth of the ravine, where they had not been ten minutes when from far up the valley came the sound of hoofs.

The Indian saw him, and was in the act of darting back as the wain fell; but he was too late, and without a cry he rolled over among the brushwood, face downward.

"Did it hurt?" said Larry, derisively, as he ran to the Indian's side, and took away a knife tomahawk and bow and arrows.

"Cleverly done, Larry," said Dawson, in a whisper, as he ran up; and then going back a few paces to where they had first seen the Indian on their track, he stood and watched all along the valley without seeing another foe.

him," said Dawson as Larry performed the rites of sepulture with bushes and pieces of rock, while he again thoroughly examined the route by which they had come.

They could pick off one by one the men who approached; and their only hope was that the loss of three or four would discourage and damp them as to a further time for escape.

"We are earning our gold, I think," said Adams at last. "If there is much more of this sort of thing I shall turn gray."

"We got on too easily at first," said Dawson, grimly. "Easily?" said Adams. "I like that. Why, saving our stay at the lake, our lives have been in our hands almost every hour of the day."

He was returning at daybreak one more far up into the mountains, but Dawson had another proposal to make, and that was that it would be better to make the best of their way back across the desert with the women, leaving the gold where it had been placed, and returning at some future time without so tremendous a charge.

It was a nervous time for the watchers, knowing, as they did, the quick perceptions of their enemies, and the ease with which they could detect a trail when their suspicions were aroused.

"None of yer blarney now, Mister Dawson, Sor," said Larry, looking horrified. "Sure, an' I didn't even try to kill him!" Dawson pointed to the savage's indented skull, where on the bare, smooth surface, denuded of hair, there was a deep, dark groove.

The problem was solved, for, unguided by Larry, the little mule set as leader, and trudged slowly across the dry, dusty plain, as if marking a bee-line to the spot where it had been relieved of its load, and just at sundown came to a halt by the side of a slight eminence, which Adams knew in a moment as the sand they had heaped over the bags.

Dawson imitated the action; while downright Larry looked from one to the other and exclaimed, "Ah, bedad! an' I suppose there's been thieves!"

Dawson made an effort himself, uttering a short, harsh cry, and stooping down, threw out the last stones, removed a little sand, and then thrust his hands down through the rest.

There was a fair portion of gold to leave behind, and this was carefully covered in once more with sand and stones, brought down from above to save labor; then a few shovelfuls of earth, and some plants thrust in here and there completed the task; and the sun went down they partook of a hearty meal; the signal was given, Dawson went ahead as scout, and the little train was put in motion, the mules picking their way through the rocks "like angels," as Larry said, on their way into the rugged desert; then set a part of its length; but though he looked long and anxiously, sweeping every portion with his glass, not a trace of danger could be seen, and a hopeful feeling that they were at last free was allowed to rise.

Returning to where the little tent had been set up, it was settled that they should wait a day or two where they were, so as to give the Indians time to get well on their way; but this necessitated journeys for water, which had to be most cautiously performed, the necessary liquid being obtained from the little stream to which the mules were driven as soon as darkness had set in, and without adventure.

They had not gone far from the ravine before traces of the Indians' occupation grew plainer. They lay on the further side of the valley, which accounted for their not having been noticed by Dawson in his exploring trip with Larry; but here had been fires, there bones lay about that seemed to be those of bison, besides other tokens of camping down and a tolerably lengthy stay.

Safe at last, they felt sure now, and, after a final glance round, they returned to the ravine, where the mules were patiently waiting; and Larry going to the head, the little train moved slowly out, Dawson muttering softly, as he walked by the side of the mule which bore Mary, "Surely fate will favor us now."

certainty, doubt would creep in and say to each in a sneering whisper, "Suppose the gold is gone!"

There seemed to be a kind of magnetized attraction and a sympathy of feeling as they paused from their labor, making excuse that they were thirsty; and in that supreme moment, with the treasure lying within their reach, they hesitated to remove the last coverings and lay it bare.

The leading went on, mule after mule having his share, the wretched-like bags hanging well balanced on either side, and a light pack being placed on them. It was tempting work, and no little prudence was required to keep back the desire which prompted them to load the faithful beasts with a heavier burden than they could easily bear.

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The bill that has just passed both houses of the State Legislature in relation to convicts sentenced to prison for life, affects but one person sentenced from Troy—Henrietta Robinson, known as "the valled murderer."

The bill provides that persons sentenced for life shall be conditionally released at the end of fifteen years, provided their conduct has been such as to warrant clemency; and they are to have their liberty for ten years, at the end of which time, if no other charge is brought against them, they are to receive pardon. If they are convicted of crime during the ten years, they are to be remanded to prison to serve out the life sentence.

Henrietta Robinson is now confined in the insane asylum at Auburn, being one of three women in the state prison who will be released by the new law. Her crime is familiar to Trojans. She was convicted in 1854 of poisoning a saloon keeper residing near her home in the upper portion of this city, by administering poisoned beer. No provocation was shown, but it was proved that she not only administered the poison to the person who died, but also to a lady relative of the deceased. She was sentenced to be hung, but this was changed to imprisonment for life. She remained in Sing Sing prison until quite recently, when she became insane and was transferred to Auburn. She was very beautiful, and to this day even the counsel who defended her, among whom was the Hon. Martin I. Townsend, do not know her parentage for a certainty. She became known as "the valled murderer" on account of her refusal to raise her veil during the trial. She has no friends, and will probably remain in the insane asylum until released by death. A few years ago her pardon would have been gladly welcomed. It comes too late, however, and perhaps she will never realize it.—Troy Times.

Farmers' Wives. A very sensible remark it was, that was made lately by an old man, that many a farmer's wife is literally worked to death in an inadvertent manner from want of reflection and consideration on the part of her husband. None can understand better than he, in plowing or sowing, or harvest time, that if a horse gets sick, or runs away, or is stolen, another must be procured that very day, or the work will inevitably go behind-hand. He does not carry the same practical sense into the kitchen, when the hired help leaves without warning, or becomes disabled, although he knows as well as any man can know that "the hands" will expect their meals with the same regularity, the same promptness, and with the same proper mode of preparation; but, instead of procuring other "help" on the instant, he allows himself to be persuaded, if the "help" is sick, she will get well in a day or two, or in a week at the latest, and that it is hardly worth while to get another for so short a time.

Meanwhile the wife is expected not only to attend to her ordinary duties as usual, but somehow or other to spare the time to do all that the cook or washerwoman was accustomed to do, that is, to do the full work of two persons, each of whom had already quite as much labor to perform as she could possibly attend to. The wife attempts it. Her herculean efforts all go well. The farmer perceives no jar, no hitch in the working of the machinery, and because he complains is uttered, thinks that everything is going on without an effort. Meanwhile time passes, and (infinite shame on some of them) they begin to calculate how much has been saved from servant's wages, and how much less food has been eaten, and, because still no complaint is made, the resolution quietly forms in the mind to do nothing until she does complain; but, before that takes place, she falls a victim to her over-exertions, in having laid the foundation for weeks and months of illness, if not of a premature decline and death. Sincerely it is believed that, these statements ought to be written in large letters above the mantles of half the farmers in the country, and if over the other half also, it would not be labor lost in favor of many a herculean and uncomplaining but outraged farmer's wife and daughter.—Des Moines Register.

Mr. Bivens, an old bachelor of Rochester, who is much absorbed in politics, visited the widow Graham the other day, just after reading Grant's letter, and asked her what she thought of a third term. Now, the widow had been twice married, and in response to the question, she made a rush for the astonished Bivens, and taking him tightly in her arms, exclaimed: "Oh, you dear, dear man! What a happy woman I am!" At last accounts Mr. B. had locked himself in his wood-house and was endeavoring to explain things to the widow through the key-hole.

A Cass street boy of tender years, entered the house with a big pair of pliers in his hand, and when his amazed mother inquired the use he meant to make of them, he replied: "I've got a pin-dart, haven't I?" "Well, if I shoot it into the baby, we can draw it out with these pliers, and not have to call a doctor," he continued wearing a smile of victory.

Remarkable Dream. A dignitary of the Church of England, of rank and reputation, furnishes the editor of Glimpses of the Supernatural with the following remarkable dream which occurred to himself:

"My brother had left London for the country to preach and speak in behalf of a certain church society, to which he was officially attached. He was in his usual health, and I was therefore in no special anxiety about him. One night my wife woke me, fluting that I was sobbing in my sleep, and asked me what it was. I said, 'I have been to a strange place in my dream. It was a small village, and I went up to the door of an inn. A stout woman came to the door. I said to her, 'Is my brother here?' She said, 'No, sir, he is gone.' 'Is his wife here?' I went on to inquire. 'No, sir—but his widow is here.' Then the distressing thought rushed upon me that my brother was dead, and I awoke sobbing. A few days afterward I was summoned suddenly into the country. My brother, returning from Huntingdon, had been attacked with angina pectoris; and the pain was so intense that they left him at Caxton—a small village in the diocese of Ely—to which place on the following day he summoned his wife, and the next day, while they were seated together, she heaved a sigh, and he was gone. When I reached Caxton, it was the very same village to which I had gone in my dream. I went to the same house, was met and let in by the same woman, and found my brother dead, and his widow there."

Broken Down Clerks at Washington. One of the saddest sights to be seen at Washington—and there are many of them—is that of the superannated or broken down Government employees. In England a system exists by which the man who has served the Government in any official capacity is entitled to a life pension. Not so here. A man may enter one of the departments in early life, work steadily from year to year, till his hair whitens, and his cheeks wrinkle—twenty, thirty, or forty years, giving his time, his talents, his life-blood for nothing beyond a mere existence; and then, when his eye grows dim and his hand unsteady, and when some Congressman's favorite is tired of waiting for him to die and create a vacancy, he goes out, to struggle a few short bitter years with the world of which he knows so little, and then is swept away, like a straw on the current, into that eternity where, thank God! his chances are better than they were here.

Sometimes the Government clerk is no better than he should be. He forms bad associations, becomes profligate, neglects his duties, and is finally discharged. He finds himself penniless, for nine out of ten of this order of clerks habitually hypothecate their salaries, sometimes paying the Shylock from whom they borrow at the rate of thirty and forty dollars for the use of a hundred for a month! Even though thrust out from the possibility of earning another cent, they still hang about Washington, existing no one knows how, sometimes seeking a final refuge in the almshouse, or still better, in the Potter's Field adjacent.

It is a singular fact that when a man has once fallen into the rut of a Government clerkship, he is never thereafter good for anything else. The routine work of the departments make a diabolic of him. If he loses his position he is like a man who loses both hands. Besides, if we wished to turn his talents to account in another direction, his capital would afford him no opportunity. People in Washington are clerks or nothing. There is no manufacturing establishments, no private warehouses, no representation of a single industrial interest of the nation; nothing but the Capitol, the departments, and lodging-houses.—Correspondence Boston Bulletin.

Talleyrand had a confidential servant, in whose fidelity he placed implicit trust. But one day, when he had sent him to deliver an important letter, he was astonished beyond measure to see him open the letter in the street and read it. His quick wit devised a plan for punishing and mortifying the offender. On the next day he sent him with a letter to the same party, and added the postscript, "You may send a verbal answer by the bearer, for he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery."

The servant, on reading this, was overwhelmed with shame at his exposure. But as Talleyrand never alluded to the fault to his face, nor upbraided him for treachery, gratitude sprung up in his heart at the forbearance of his master, and he was never known to be guilty of a similar fault. Talleyrand was a master of the human heart, and knew how to deal with all classes of men.

The Irish language is fast disappearing from the speech of the people in Ireland, many of the native youth being unable to understand it. The Archeological Association of Ireland has petitioned the Commissioners of education to preserve the Irish tongue, from being lost, by having it regularly taught in the schools. As a promoter of health, happiness and economy, a good garden is the best part of a farm.