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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1875. VOL. 20.—NO. 20.

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.

A STORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER II.

"Come see rural felicity, Which love and innocence ever enjoy."

The condition of things as they existed at the farm of Fleming Rock on the day following Bob's achievements has already been described in the preceding chapter, where it was mentioned that Bill Hagan sat upon a stump by the door and chewed tobacco. It was noon; the weather was hot, and stillness possessed the valley and all its inhabitants, from Hagan on his stump to the cricket in the woods. It was a good moment for listening, and, in fact, the dog of the family was listening, as he lay in the sunshine with half-closed eyes. May be Mrs. Hagan was listening, too, for she had held her peace during a long hour.

Suddenly the brute began to rap on the ground with his tail; then, starting to his feet, stood looking up the creek as if awaiting further information.

"That's Bob he hears," said the woman.

"Nary Bob," said the man, after one or two minutes of close attention; "a boy's feet don't make them sounds, them's the hoofs of a horse."

The dog still remained in the same position, whining, but low and doubtfully, and wagging his tail, but slowly and with indecision; while the other almost whimpered, "Oh dear! I do wish the ordinary fellow would come home."

"I wish he'd get shot," growled the father; "that's what he deserves for stealing my gun. Sure as you live, if the villain does come back, I'll teach him how to run off in the night, to go a-courting round cooing sovereign States of this Union, with a hoop-ole."

"Your gun!" broke out his wife. "I hope he'll fling the dog one old thing into the creek. It ain't shot so much as a ground squirrel for the family to eat this ten year. If it was worth shucks you'd have gone and traded it for whiskey long ago. It would have gone where them hogs went that I was fattening for my winter's meat last year, and where them ten gallons of berries went that I and Bob worked two days in the sun to pick, so I could get a little tobacco and a few notions (and almost got snake-bit at that), and you run off with that dark; and you know very well where they went; they went down that durned red gullet of yours. Yes, there's where the hogs went, and there's where the huckleberries went, and there's where I wish the durned old rascal was rammed down this minute. Oh, you couldn't go and run off a horse, I suppose? No, no! that 'ud be too scary a business for such a coward as you; besides, it's too much like work. A woman can love and respect a man if he does steal a horse now and then for the support of his family, but who cares for a durned sneaking huck-berry thief? But what good would it do if you stole a dozen horses? You'd drink 'em all up; you'd swallow a mare with foal."

She might have gone on at indefinite length—for she was perfect mistress of the subject—had not the loud barking of the dog as he bounded away brought her to a full stop, and left to the rock, that had faithfully echoed all she said, the privilege of being at last distinctly heard as it uttered the words, "A mare with foal," while the animal thus announced appeared, coming at full gallop round a turn in the road, and swiftly approached the astonished couple—astonished to see her bark triumphant on her back her own conqueror and their own boy, who sat widely astride, with extended heels and elbows, every rag of him and every hair fluttering and streaming in testimony of his identity.

With difficulty the young rider pulled up when he came opposite the oxen. Dismounting there he expelled the cattle and installed himself in their place, supplied the feeding trough with ears of corn and the rack with corn fodder, took off his saddle, and saddle-bags, and then with the bags over his shoulder, and carrying the gun in his hand, walked into the house.

"Give me something to eat, old woman, and be quick; for I'm just the hungriest and trestle fello you ever did see," was his only greeting, as he hung up the rifle, with its horn and pouch, and flung the saddle-bags on the floor, and himself beside them. The mother made no other reply than to go about the preparation of a cake of corn bread, while the father went and examined the condition of the gun; and on finding it correct, resumed his seat, growling, "It's well for you you fetched it back, you whelp? In that sunny dwelling, though time was cheap as among the Bedouins of the desert, none of it was ever wasted on ceremony."

Long before the cake could be mixed and put in the spider to bake, the tired and hungry fello was asleep, reposing on his bags, which was a pity, for each of his parents would have liked to look into them. As it was, Hagan walked out to inspect the horse. She was a beautiful bay, evidently of high blood; but little sign-

"There, take your plecter," said the elder, after holding it out at arm's-length and examining the brass-work to see if it might not be gold, while holding the boy by the hair at arm's-length in the opposite direction: "I knew what it was all along. I only wanted to devil you just a little. It's a plecter; some folks call 'em likenesses."

Whatever knowledge the man possessed of pictures and likenesses, the woman and boy did not share in it; and they both continued for some time to look at the one in question. She regarded it and its casing with more curiosity, which having at length satisfied her, she turned away and went to hide her "plunder" as well as she could in the old tumble-down corner cupboard. But Bob saw more than his mother did, and, with the photograph lying on the table before him, he held his head firmly by the hair with each hand, and, resting on his elbows, continued to look. There was something in the features and especially in the eyes of the beautiful child of ten whom the picture represented that fascinated him, but not with any pleasant effect. There was beauty there, to be sure, but no sense of the beautiful had never been awakened within him, so far as he was informed or believed, but lay as dormant as a possible taste for the Greek classics; and this, although he had been born and reared among delightful landscapes daily repainted and re-illuminated by sun-rises and sunsets as glorious as any skies of the round globe can show. Or if perchance a spell was working on the undeveloped faculty by the charming image that lay beneath his gaze, it was with a most vague effect.

Then what was it that so fixed the attention of that untought boy? The eyes. Mild as their expression was, it recalled, dimly at first, plainer afterward, an expression he had seen before that was not mild but terrible. Mild and sweet as they were, they made him see again the angry and almost demoniacal look of the man whom he had but lately seen put a fellow-being to sudden death, and whom his own hand, an instant later, had sent into eternity. And the more he looked, the more the eyes of the girl seemed to change into those of the red-handed guerrilla, until all the sweet radiance that first beamed from them vanished, and there shone out instead, as from burning coals, the untempered glare of hatred and revenge. The boy's sensations became insupportable. With an effort as if for life he closed and clasped the case, and holding it firmly in both his hands, ran out into the air and hid his way into the woods beyond the creek.

What did he mean to do with the thing? There was fire enough remaining on the hearth to consume it to ashes. The pool at foot of Fleming Rock held water enough to receive and hide it. Or he might bury it in the ground as they do dead people. But he had no thought of destroying it. He clung to it—why he knew not—by force perhaps of that strange instinct that has caused other man-slayers, whom we call murderers, to carefully preserve for years the proofs of their crimes and the very means of their ultimate detection and condemnation.

After moving aimlessly about for an indefinite time he stopped at the foot of a cliff formed by alternate layers of sand-stone and clay shale, piled one upon another to the height of hundreds of feet, and there rested for a while. Presently he seemed suddenly to receive an idea, and began to climb the difficult face of the cliff, until, when nearly at the top, he reached and crawled into a hole, or low roofed cave, formed between two ledges of stone, partially by natural disintegration of the shale, and partly by the fingers of the Hagan children, who had made it their play-house. Into one of the many niches in the sides Bob thrust his direful treasure, closed the mouth of the niche with clay so as to effectually hide it from any of the few persons who knew of the place and of the perilous way up to it, and who might chance to visit there; having done which he returned home.

CHAPTER III.

"And when his hour of joy is done, No troubles need be steal or borrow; A night of sleep is his reward, And he'll get drunk again to-morrow."

The mare on being tried, worked very well in the plow, and accordingly the oxen were driven away and sold. The money thus obtained, after paying for a new set of harness and a new pair of shoes, proved sufficient to purchase a barrel and a half of whiskey. Besides a store of tobacco, the whiskey was not brought home, but was hid away among the hills, in a place so secret that no discovery would be feared unless some one should have the boldness and cunning to follow Hagan when he secretly visited it with empty bottle in one hand and loaded rifle in the other. The supply lasted him considerably more than a year, for he was a prudent drinker, and husbanded his resources; that is, say, a few bottles bestowed on her in the first flush of his generosity, he gave none of it to his wife. Truth to tell, she did not deserve even thus much, for with each bottled she got drunk, and berated him shamefully for his evil habits, and taught Fleming Rock to swear several new and strange oaths.

Two months after her capture the mare gave birth to a foal, which Hagan presented to Bob in a manner that implied its mother belonged exclusively to the generous giver. But as the son rode upon her wherever he wished, it mattered little who paid taxes for her. Every day it lived the colt grew more and more interesting, and Bob grew more and more fond of it; and so the season wore on without its occurring to him that his father's supply of whiskey could ever be exhausted. But when midsummer of the following year went by, and the dog-days came, and beneath the power of the ardent sun the creek began to run dry in places, the whiskey barrel went dry also; and so did Hagan—for several days, which made him nervous, and disposed to sit silent on his stump and indulge in sombre meditation. And well might the unfortunate farmer feel gloomy and disgusted for present and future. The war tax had been increased more than sevenfold within the year, and in a few months it was to be increased tenfold! At length he remembered he possessed a horse; the next day that horse and its possessor disappeared. Two days afterward he reappeared a good deal the better for liquor, and met and bore the combined reproaches of wife and son with the calmness of a real stoic.

At first Bob thought seriously of beating his father, but gave up the idea for fear he might get the worst of the battle. Then he grew sulky, and refused to work or speak; but the elder thrashed him with a hoop-ole, and forced him to come to order. Summer went, and autumn came; and winter would surely follow autumn. Meanwhile the colt, being well cared for, was growing apace, and the whiskey was being daily consumed. How much of it the price of the horse had procured the boy was unable to learn; nor could he reckon how long it would last. In fact, though the horse sold for more than the oxen brought, the result, in liquid measure, was considerably less. A truly patriotic man—which Hagan was not—would have been consoled by the thought that while consuming the highly taxed article he was replenishing the national life as effectively as if he risked his own (in another way) on the fields of war—unless he happened to know that in those days precious little of the tax found its way into that treasury, and that the millions of earnest drinkers who fondly imagined they were drinking up the war debt were really doing little better than "scandinavian Thor" did when he tried to drain the cup which the tea-oxen and one horse on the altar of his country, Hagan had offered up a hecatomb, twelve of the cattle would have gone into the war chest, twelve more to compensate the distillers, and the remaining seventy-six to fatten and encourage peculation and fraud. The horse had procured only a barrel of liquor. Unhappy America! once it would have purchased eight!

The whiskey was going; and after the whiskey, what? The mare was gone; and after the mare, what? What but the foal, to be sure! following the prophecy of Mrs. Hagan in her random railing. It was Bob's turn now to sit upon a stump, and reflect on all this. The resolution he adopted, after weeks of delirious ratiocination, was to get before hand with his despoiler, and himself run off with his property. But there came the question where to run to, and how to feed and cloth himself and feed and rear the young animal. And this resolved itself into the problem he had never yet faced or considered, namely, what should he do for a living?

Work! Like all other creek boys, he could plow and hoe, gather and husk corn, fell trees, chop logs, cut hoop-poles, peel bark, and, though not yet able to use the whip-saw, broad-axe, and frow as his elders could, knew how to nail rails and split cord-wood as well as anybody.

But these he had only been used to do in a desultory way—it will not do to say an idle way. By birth and from habit he was averse to all steady, persistent, long-continued exertion of body or mind, such as alone can subdue the original wildness of the human animal, and civilize and develop him. In the United States more than a million like him are to be found. They gather themselves upon hilly, mountainous, and other barren soils, where the cheapness of the land renders its ownership or possession easy to acquire, and where they can, therefore, be their own masters. More than the gypsies of Europe they spurn control and love freedom; for they have no ancient customs to trammel them, and every family loves to be both independent and remote from every other. Their religion is usually Methodist, and their politics Democratic. They are—those of them, at least who are found in the hill-country of the Ohio—of full size, strong, and handsome in face and form. They move with erect and graceful carriage, and fight bravely, as every field of the late war can tell.

Now Bob was aware that to escape with his pet beyond the reach of father he and it must leave the creek country and go where, if he obtained any employment, it must be on condition that he should work from morning to night, and six days in the week, like any common civilized drudge; and he was loath to submit to either the degradation or the incon-

venience. He finally compromised with himself by resolving to follow a life of labor only while it should be absolutely necessary, and that, as soon as he should have grown to a man's estate and the colt to a horse's, they would return and dwell together in the happy valley. Having thus resolved he only delayed to catch and put a halter on the destined companion of his journey, and make of the trappings its mother had worn a bundle convenient to sling over his shoulder, and then he departed on his way without a word of good-by to father or mother. He had not, however, gone far before he stopped, as if suddenly remembering something he had left behind, flung down the bundle, tied the colt to a tree, and hastily entered the woods.

When he came out again he held in his hand the photograph. He could not have gone without that. He placed it in one of the bags, and resumed his burden and his journey.

The first point he aimed to reach was the Ohio river, and though he had never yet seen it, he had learned the nearest way to it was by Churn Creek to the head of Lower Twin, and thence down the latter to the little village of Buena Vista, at its mouth. It was noon when he started off, and though the distance was over twenty miles, he would have traveled it before sunset but for the colt, on whose account he must move slowly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

This story is published by Messrs. Harper & Bros., N. Y., complete, and will be sent by them to any part of the United States, postage prepaid, on receipt of fifty cents.

Luxurious Gypsies.

The Reading (Pa.) Eagle, describing a gypsy camp, says: Standing near the group of gypsy women and children was a very large wagon. It looked much like one of those beautiful affairs generally seen with companions. It was open for an airing. The body was a large and extended out over the wheels. It was supported by heavy springs. The wagon was fitted up as a bedroom. It was as beautiful as a bridal-chamber and Mrs. G. smiled approvingly when the reporter mentioned the comparison.

"Yes, sir," she said, "you guessed it pretty well. That is our chamber. My husband's and mine." A peep inside showed everything as neat and clean as could be. The bedstead was of walnut and bedding of the finest linen. The walls were ornamented and best kind of carpet was on the floor. Looking-glasses, wardrobe, closets, dressing-cases and everything generally seen in a first class bedroom was there. The wagon was specially built for the party in Frederick, Md., and cost \$700 dollars in cash. The bedroom was divided off from the front part of the wagon, which is occupied by the driver's position. The leather curtains around the wagon were all thrown up yesterday and it seemed as if a hotel bridal-chamber had been suddenly brought out there. The wagon-body outside is painted and varnished in the most costly manner and the gilding and ornamental work are very neat. The vehicle is large and roomy and seems much out of place in the woods. The owner came along shortly and expressed himself as follows: "I live in the woods and move around from one place to another. I want to live with all the comforts the world can provide and in that wagon my wife and I sleep as good as the rest of the world." Everything about the wagon is fitted up in the best of style, and the blankets, sheets, counterpane and pillow-cases were just as clean as could be. Many of the blankets were dark with gray stripes. There were three other wuz ones of the same pattern, but none of them were fitted up in so costly a manner. One large wagon had a row of beds in it made for the children.

A Natural Mathematician.

Mr. Edward H. Conroy, of Piney Neek, was born in 1794, and is now, consequently, eighty-one years of age. Mr. Conroy is a remarkable man. Figures are mere playthings for him. He can solve the most difficult problem, and has yet to find a sum he cannot get the correct answer to. His talent for figures is entirely natural, never having attended school a year in his life. He does his sums not by arithmetical rules, but by rules of his own, and always gets the answer correct. He has made, too, somewhat of a reputation, and receives sums through every mail from almost every state in the Union, which he works and answers by mail. He is quite notorious, also, for the difficult sums he puts to others, particularly the school-masters, whom he especially delights to puzzle. His latest is as follows: "A farmer having twelve ditches to cut, of different lengths, employ four men to do the work. To the first he agrees to pay \$1 per rod; to the second, \$1.25 per rod; to the third, \$1.75 per rod, and the fourth, \$2.18 per rod. When they finish the ditches and come to be paid off, each man receives the same amount of money for each ditch. How many rods did each man cut in each ditch; how much money did each man receive for each ditch; how long was each ditch, and how much did it cost per rod to have the ditches cut?"—Centerville (Md.) Observer.

"To be or not to be," as the man said when he got home and found a swarm of 'em settled on his front door knob.

THE ADVERTISER. G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER. FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, Publishers and Proprietors. ADVERTISING RATES. One inch, one year, \$10.00. Each succeeding inch, per year, \$5.00. Legal advertisements at legal rates—One square, (10 lines of Nonpareil, or less) first insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50c. All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

Remarkable Case of Equine Memory.

Many years ago, Mr. Abram Dodge, of the town of Ipswich, Mass., owned a beautiful horse which was the pet of the family. He was admired by all who knew his playfulness and good qualifications. In the summer it was Mr. Dodge's habit occasionally to have a frolic with his horse in his barn-yard, then let him out alone and he would go to the river, which was about one-third of a mile distant, where he would bathe, then go to a common and roll on the grass, then with the freedom of air start for home; the stable was renovated for him while he was gone, and his breakfast put in his crib. If he met his master he would show some coltish pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to his manger where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable. After the expiration of sixteen years, Mr. Dodge was at the tavern when a man drove a horse up to the door. Mr. Dodge at once recognized his horse, and he told the driver his reason for believing it to be his; the man told his story of whom he bought the horse, and that he had owned him for seventy years. Mr. Dodge claimed his horse, and it was finally agreed that the horse would, on being taken to his old stable, go through the habit of bathing, rolling on the grass, and pulling the pin from the stable door as above described, that Mr. Dodge should have him. When the horse was let out into his old yard he reviewed the premises for a moment, then started for his old bath-tub, then for his green toilet on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, won for himself a good meal and his old master his favorite horse. These facts are vouched for by reliable old residents of the beautiful, picturesque old town, and show conclusively the long memory of our noblest animal.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

She was a romantic young lady, and he, her father, took a practical view of everything. She looked up from her book in botany, and inquired:

"Father, did you ever study botany?"

He was interested in his paper, and did not reply, and presently she continued:

"Papa, what flowers do you prefer?"

"Flour, eh?" he replied, as he looked up, "why, I always get that made from winter wheat, if I can—I think it makes better bread!"

She sighed and wished there was a young man on the other end of the sofa.

True friendship keeps no profit and loss account, posts no ledgers, strikes no daily balances, but takes gratitude for granted, and regards affection as always solvent. It has no clearing-house, gives no notes of hand, carries on no brokerage of attachment, makes no bargains in this commerce of the affections. With it "yours truly" goes a great way, and certainly, worn threadbare as they are by incessant use, no words have a stouter body of significance left in them.

The kind of whiskey they have in "Frisco": "After that the cloth was took off, and the liquors war bro't in. And wot liquors they wuz, too! The whiskey wuz none of this yer kind that makes a man feel like yer in 'the house,' and makes him smash things generally. No, sir. It was the kind that just makes a man lift his glass up gently, and say, 'Joe, old pard, I'm lookin' at yer.'"

He was a sacrilegious wretch from Chicago, who remarked that when pigeons roosted on the church eaves it wasn't a pleasant thing to be under the droppings of the sanctuary.

It is the opinion of the Boston Globe that the ill health of school girls is to be attributed not so much to overwork imposed by teachers as to improper food and dress.

"ZEB CRUMMET" says it is no easy matter to know the character of a man, puffed up with good fortune, wealth and prosperity.

It is some satisfaction to recognize in the features of a tramp, the boy who used to beat us jumping and running foot races at school.

Nothing will take the poetry out of a man quicker than the kick of a woman who wears zebra stockings.

The two most unedifying things in the world are undoubtedly a blue-eyed woman and a liquor law.

"I have bought my first loaf," was the remark of a neighbor when he set up business for himself.

Ought a baker be considered a needy loaf because he is frequently seen heading a loaf.