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A GOOD INVESTMENT.

A STORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.) His address startled her, and a slight flash of anger came that for an instant recalled the tiger glance of old, while something in the lines of the brow, in its partial effort to contract, brought up a face he had hoped, and even prayed, he might never see again.

"A prisoner of war!" Then turning, struck her steel, which started off galloping down the road. An hour later her questioner, who had not, meanwhile, even though with intense study, discovered in the reply any solution to the mystery of either the one apparition or the other, was leading the colt in the same direction, going in search of his "job" and his destiny.

At the end of another hour of fruitless self-bewilderment, to the entire neglect of the job, though perhaps in the full pursuit of the destiny, he became aware he had forgotten his business, and stopped to observe where he was. He was opposite a gate which opened from the highway into a private road that conducted, by a straight line across the bottom, to a house about a mile distant that stood on a slight swell of ground near to and fronting on the river.

Contrary to usage in this new country, whose axe and rifle bearing settlers deemed their vocation was, first of all things, to fell trees and kill Indians, and would as soon have thought of raising broods of the latter as new plantations of the former, the avenue was bordered with large buxey-trees, equally the pride of the Ohio wilderness and the gardens of the Champs Elysees. It was, besides made more attractive as well as useful by a covering of gravel, and by thorough ditching at the sides.

The house, seen at the end of the vista, was peculiar too, in being built not of logs, or boards, or brick, but of stone; and though devoid of architectural ornament, except what resulted from the useful and comfortable additions of a piazza in the rear, a two-story porch in the front, and an open belvedere on the roof, was—by virtue of its liberal proportions, the material used in its construction, and the outside aid of a commanding side deck with old trees, shrubbery, and vines, besides a garden before it, where in summer-time sunflowers and hollyhocks grew—a most respectable and gentleman-like habitation, as it was a credit to the mason who built it, namely, the late Governor Metcalf, of Kentucky.

When Bob appeared at the back door and inquired of a young girl who came to answer his knock if there was any chance for him to get a job, he took off his hat, as he had done that each day time he made a like application. Mrs. Grottel had taught him that German trick of the hat; and though he had, while with her, often rebelled against her instructions, yet as she had on parting especially urged him to do so, on the ground that it would help him to obtain employment with the right kind of people, he had, for the occasion, consented to practice it.

As he stood, hat in hand, decently clad, and with a good bearing as any other gentleman, there was certainly no objection to be made on the score of personal appearance. The young lady, pretty as he was, and that is saying a good deal, did not scruple to look at him closely; then saying, "I'll see," disappeared. "A man of forty-five years returned with her presently, who scanned the applicant even more closely; after which he said: "So you want a job, my lad. What wages do you expect?"

"I want what you think I can earn after I have worked with you a while. But can you board my colt?" "Oh yes; but I shall have to charge you something. You can't raise a horse for nothing, I suppose you know, in these times. Let us have a look at him." Then walking around the object of scrutiny, with whose points he seemed pleased, he asked, "What breed is he?" "He came of one of the mares that John Morgan's men rode when they made their raid."

to their habitual place of resort for rest and gossip during hours of leisure. It was on the bank of the river, without the gate of a flower garden that was in front of the house. A bench had been made by turning upside down an old dug-out canoe, on which those found seats who did not prefer to lie on the clean grass or lounge against the trunks and roots of the great old apple trees that shaded the place.

These trees were the only survivors of a flourishing orchard that formerly stood at the back of the log cabin built some sixty years before by the first proprietor; all their fellows, following the fate of both the cabin and a frame house that succeeded it before the Stone House was built, had been by one by one undermined by the continually widening river, and swept away on its swift current.

The ruins of the brick chimney of the frame building still lay on the shore, fifty paces out from the foot of the steep clay bluff that formed the river's bank, which rose to a height of thirty feet above its gravelly base, that made the shore, and sixty feet above the level of "low water."

Before bed time the new comer had made good progress in getting acquainted with his future comrades. Early next morning Mr. Damarin gave Robert, as he preferred to call Bob, his orders for the day, and explained the routine of work specially allotted to him. Among other things he was to rub down, saddle, and bring to the door soon after breakfast every day two of the horses for the use of "the girls," who, it seemed, daily rode over to the parsonage, about four miles distant, where they received private instruction from the excellent and also reverend Mr. Adamsfall, a Union refugee from the valley of the Holston, and the officiating clergyman of the church where the other Bella Johnston. Prompt to the hour, Robert led the steeds to the horse-block, and having tied one of them near by, held the other beside the block.

Presently the girls appeared. Polly, coming first, greeted the timid fellow with one smile of recognition, and three for his awkwardness. After she was, by his truly awkward help, mounted, he led up the other horse for the other girl, resolving as he did so to commit none of the blunders he did in his first attempt, but making as many others in their stead. "There, that'll do, thank you. I've got it now. Let go, please," exclaimed a voice he had heard before.

The steed flung his head free from the hand that still clutched the bridle at the bit, without power to obey the request to let go, and cantered away with—the girl of the portrait—the prisoner of war! During that forenoon Robert received a score of times to run away, each time in a different direction, and as often altered his mind. His uncertainty arose from mere inability to fathom his own emotions, and understand why he should wish to go.

Being, of course, destitute of any notion of the romantic, though his heart cried out, "Run," his head could perceive no reason why it should transmit the command to his heels; so he staid. But he suffered horribly, and when at length the two young horsewomen on their return came in sight, racing with each other down the avenue, he went out to meet them with the feelings of one who advances perforce to receive a third visit from a ghost.

But the girls had come home in gleesome mood, and under cover of their merry nonsense he was able to attend to his duty. And the daily recurrence of that duty, which he learned to perform better and better each time, because before many days the chief pleasure of his existence, and, more than that, the efficient means of his elevation and advancement. The girls soon began to take notice of their humble attendant, and in time learned to like him. Conversing occasionally with him, they began to feel an interest in knowing his history, and put him questions on that point, which he evading to answer, they became even more interested in his mystery.

They gave him advice, which it is to be hoped was well considered on their part, for, were it good or bad, he was sure to follow it. Thus he became a regular attendant at church, and when one day they detected him with a quid of tobacco in one cheek, before Bella had half done smoking at him the weed was discarded, and forever.

judged with charity in order to be judged justly. One of Bella's faults—and the hardest of all to forgive—was her not feeling, or at least not manifesting any sense of, her dependent condition. She had not scrupled on her first coming, and repeatedly afterward, to declare she could consider them only as enemies of her country, whom it was her highest duty to hate. Nevertheless, while earnestly trying to perform this patriotic duty, she could not help finding out before she had been with them long the goodness of her two elder foes, and the loveliness of the younger one, who insisted on loving and making love to her whether she would or not; and in the end became truly attached to all three, though perhaps without knowing it; and with the exception of occasional scenes of unpleasantness, her deportment was that of an adopted daughter.

For Captain Damarin, however—her captor, as she deemed him—she was better able to retain her cherished ill-will, since he remained constantly in the field, and down to the close of the war did not once return home. A great grief was added to Bella's cup of affliction by her father's arrival at Stone House. Mr. Damarin made faithful efforts to communicate with her family, in order that he might restore her to them. Nothing was elicited until after more than a year, when a letter was received from the overseer of the plantation of Mr. Johnston. It stated that the gentleman in question had three months before undertaken to run through the blockade in a schooner laden with his crop of rice; that he was supposed to have escaped capture but had not since been heard from; that anxiety on his account, and grief for the supposed death of her daughter, had caused Mrs. Johnston to fall ill and die; that no near relations of the family remained in the neighborhood; that the two brothers of Bella were officers under John Morgan when he made his raid, and were thought to have been killed or were to have escaped across the Ohio River during the fight at Bluffington Island, as their names were not on the list of those captured.

After this letter was received there seemed nothing further to be done, since, if Mr. Johnston or either one of his sons were living, and should return to Waccamaw, he would be sure to learn news of Bella, and make proper exertion to recover her. In expectation of hearing from some of them, the remaining months and years had gone by, leaving a strong presumption in the minds of Mr. Damarin and his family, though not in Bella's, that all were dead. And now the war had ended, though she was urged to be sent forthwith to her home, and was at the same time in daily hopes of seeing some one from there come and claim her, Mr. Damarin was in doubt what steps to pursue, and waited, and urged the impetuous girl to wait until his son could return and give his counsel. In this last he had no little trouble, since the strongest reason for delay, namely, the presumption that all her family were dead, could not be told her; and she was at times more difficult to manage than ever before.

And thus matters stood at the time when Robert Hagan obtained employment at Stone House. [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.)

Tree Culture. Under the act of Congress offering 100 acres of prairie land in the Western States to any person who will plant 40 acres of the land with trees and cultivate them for eight years, about 1,100 persons had taken up 176,000 acres of land in Minnesota, up to January. By the effort of the State and associated individuals, it is estimated that 20,000,000 trees are now being grown in Minnesota, besides those planted under the congressional grant. A report on the subject says that the cost of planting and of cultivation is marvelously small, in many cases not exceeding two to three cents a tree. The patents for the public lands offered by Congress are not issued until the end of eight years of continued cultivation of trees.

How to Cure Chills.—A lady writes that she believes to be a sure cure for chills. She takes about a pint of new milk and stirs into it a tablespoonful of ground ginger, and then heats the milk as hot as it will do to drink without burning the patient. This is given to the patient as soon as he feels the symptoms of the chill coming on, and he goes to bed and covers up warmly, and the milk and the ginger throws the patient into a perspiration, which breaks the chill. After this a pill of blue mass, or some medicine that will operate on the liver, is given and the patient is cured.

A foreign journal points out a mistake which very frequently is made in removing grease spots with benzine or spirits of turpentine—the solvent is applied with a sponge or a piece of rag. This tends inevitably to spread the grease. The stained portions of the garment should be laid flat between two pieces of soft blotting paper, and the upper sheet well soaked with benzine. In this way, if sufficient time be given, the whole of the fatty matter becomes not only dissolved, but absorbed by the paper.

WHAT THE ANIMALS THOUGHT. A Story for Little Girls.

Little Bessie is a bright-eyed little girl, about six years old. She lives in one of our largest cities in the winter, but in the summer time she goes to the country, where she runs wild over the fields, plucking the daisies and the butter-cups and making garlands of clover and the wild flowers. In the winter time she likes to walk out with her papa in the beautiful streets of the great city, and see the shop windows filled with pretty Paris dolls and wonderful toys. Altogether, she is a very happy little girl.

Bessie has a little friend named Stella, a few years older than herself, with whom she spends many a happy hour. One day she invited Stella to spend a week with her in her country home. What a pleasant time they had at the old farm, watching the men make the hay, the women in the dairy making butter and cheese; and visiting the different animals in the pastures and barn-yard. There were all kinds of animals on the farm, as you will presently hear.

One bright afternoon in the autumn, these two girls started off together all alone, to visit another little friend, Julia, at a neighbor's house. They were neatly dressed, and hand in hand went off as happy as two kittens. They had got part of the way down the road, when it was so dusty they thought it would be better to go over the green fields by a shorter cut. So they climbed through the bars of a fence very carefully, and were delighted to find themselves in the green fields.

After they had walked for a little while in the meadows, they saw a funny sight. All the animals of the farm were running toward them, and soon overtook them. The little girls were quite frightened at this, and started to run as fast as they could; but it was no use, for the animals ran a great deal faster than they could. So, tired of running they sat down on the grass to see what would happen.

"Don't let's be afraid!" said Bessie. "I don't believe they mean to hurt us, for they are all good animals." Such a noise as they all made, talking in their funny way. "Quack! Quack!" said the duck, "Mo-o-o," said the cow, "Ba-ah!" said the sheep, "Cook-a-doodle-doo," said the rooster, all talking at once. "Oh dear," said Stella, "what do they all mean, I wonder!" "I don't know," said Bessie; "I never heard such a noise before!" Presently a white dove flew over the barn "Coo-oo," said he, and then a peacock strutted along, and gave a loud screech.

"Oh," said Stella, "how funny! Why, I heard some one talking, and such a funny voice, too; and the two little girls were very still, and then they understood what the animals said. "Ba-ah," said the sheep; "mighty fine indeed those girls are, dressed up in a saque made of my wool, and stockings on, and flannels, all from my warm coat, which was cut off last year." "Mo-o-o," said the cow, "and those shoes were made out of my calf that was killed last year." "How-wow," said the dog, "and those shoe-strings were made out of my brother's hide."

"Plis-h-sh," said the peacock, "Stella's got one of my feathers in her hat." "Hiss-hiss," replied the old white goose, "that saque is trimmed with my feathers." "Neigh-gh," cried the old horse, switching his tail around, "what would they do if they hadn't an old horse's bones to make those fine boots for?" "Coo-oo-o," chimed in the dove, "that little girl has got the white wing of my poor sister in her hat." Both the children burst out laughing when they heard that, for by this time they saw the animals did not intend to harm them, and they enjoyed the joke very much.

"Ho! ho!" said a little gray squirrel, "the little monkeys laugh at us do they?" and he curled his bushy tail over his back, "what would they do, indeed, if they had not a squirrel's fur to line their cloaks with?" "Go back to your hole," said an old goat, very indignantly, "they haven't got on any fur cloaks in summer time; but if they hadn't killed my poor kid they would have no nice goods to wear!" "They are no robbers," said the rooster, as he strutted about; "if they had anything on them belonging to my family, I would take it away from them!" "They are robbers," said an old hen, with a cluck! cluck! "Each one of you take what belongs to you, my friends." "You're right," said the sheep, and all the animals chimed in "Yes, you're right!" "Bow-wow! Cluck-cluck! Ba-ah! Mo-o-o! Plis! Cook-a-doodle-doo!" and amid all the noise the animals surrounded the girls.

The dove plucked out the white feather from Bessie's hat, the peacock took back her feather, the old sheep bit off the stockings and woolen saques, the cow took the shoes in her mouth, the horse pulled off all the bone buttons. Such a pligh they were in!

"Well!" said Stella, "I have got my straw hat on; that didn't come from any animal." "Yes," said Bessie, "I have my gold ring on, too." Then the animals all laughed in their funny way, and the old sheep said, "Ba-ah! little girls; no run home and tell your mothers that they can't dress you up fine without the aid of all the poor animals; and whenever you meet any of us, always be polite, and say, Good friend, I am indebted to you for something, and I will never let anyone harm you."

With that the animals all laid down the things they had taken off, and ran away together. The little girls laughed at the fun, and soon dressed themselves, and ran off to pay the visit they had started to make.

The Consolidated Virginia Mine will yield between \$1,700,000 and 1,800,000 in gold the present month, of which it will distribute to the stockholders the usual monthly dividend of \$1,080,000. There would be no difficulty in increasing the product to \$2,000,000 monthly, but it is deemed prudent to work the mine to the capacity of ten dollars per share monthly, in order that this magnificent return to the share-holders may continue for years to come. The people of Nevada have become so accustomed to immense yields in the mines of the Comstock—the dividend in the aggregate almost equaling the entire market value of the mine from which they are disbursed in one or two years—that even the gigantic achievements of the Consolidated Virginia excites in them but little wonder. Nevertheless, the monthly yield of the mine is the most wonderful of all the world's history of gold and silver mining. When it is considered that a single mine is producing bullion at the rate of about \$20,000,000 yearly, and dividing among its stockholders nearly \$13,000,000 per annum, the wealth and magnitude of the deposit may be better realized. When it is remembered that a single mine is turning out gold and silver at the rate of \$30,000 daily, the mind becomes almost bewildered in contemplating the possible product of the Comstock when a dozen other mines shall be added to the list of dividend paying companies.

Nebraska's Big Corn. Lincoln, (Neb.) correspondence of the Chicago Times. "The farmers of Nebraska are preparing to pull their coats to gather the heaviest corn crop ever raised in the State. The best of it stands from 10 to 15 feet high, and the ears from twelve to eighteen inches in length. The yield will be all the way from 40 to 80 bushels per acre. A story, amply vouched for, came to me last week, that a farmer in Johnson county had gathered 108 bushels and 40 pounds from one acre of bottom land. The ground was accurately measured and the corn was accurately weighed by a committee of gentlemen appointed for that purpose. The measurement was made in a contest for a prize offered by an agricultural implement firm in Tecumseh, for the best acre of corn."

Department Expenses. The Warrant Division of the Treasury Department has been ordered by Secretary Bristol to prepare for the Centennial Exposition, a statement showing the expenses of each department of the government since its organization. This will involve great labor, and will not be completed until some time in June next. The showing for the Navy Department is the only one completed. From this it appears that the department has cost the government since its organization \$1,000,000.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—"Jane has got a very nicely turned ankle, hasn't she?" said John to his wife the other day. And then John noticed a very strange, unseemly gleam in the eye of his spouse, which made him feel very uncomfortable—he knew not why.

But the next day the place which Jane had filled in the domestic economy of the household was occupied by a middle-aged woman, with ankles like those of a Mullingar belfer.

TO INSURE HEALTH FOR CHILDREN.—Give them plenty of milk; plenty of flannel; plenty of air; and let them have plenty of sleep; and they will seldom if ever all anything. That is, milk is the best diet; they must be warmly clad; must be much out doors; and must be always allowed to sleep until they awaken of their own accord.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil a quart of milk and stir in four tablespoonfuls of Indian meal and four of grated bread or crackers, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four eggs, a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and a little salt. Bake it three hours. One more Michigan editor happy! The Lowell Journal says: "A Fort Wayne man sends us five cents for a sample copy of the Journal. It's enough to make adversity get right up and howl, to see old prosperity cuddling up close to us."