

Nebraska Advertiser.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1876. VOL. 20.—NO. 31. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

NEMAHA CITY ADS.
TITUS BRO'S
DEALERS IN
GENERAL
MERCHANDISE
SUCH AS
DRY GOODS
CLOTHING,
Groceries, Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps and Notions.
NEMAHA CITY, NEB.
Highest Market Price allowed for
COUNTRY
PRODUCE
HIDES, FURS, Etc.

THE SHERMAN HOUSE
BILLIARD HALL
—AND—
READING ROOM,
THE COSIEST
and most comfortable gentlemen's resort in the city.
PHIL. FRAKER,
PROPRIETOR.
Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

CITY BAKERY.
GROCERIES, CONFECTIONS,
FRESH BREAD, CAKES & PIES.
Fresh Oysters by the Can or Dish. Will also
keep choice Meats, Instruments,
H. STROBLE, Proprietor.

A.W. NICKEL,
DRUGGIST
AND
BOOK SELLER
has every thing in his line at the
LOWEST PRICES.
North Side Main St.

Plott's Star Organs
Every instrument fully warranted. Factory
and office, Washington, N. J. Corre-
spondence solicited.

John McPherson,
MANUFACTURER OF
CIGARS
AND JOBBER OF
TOBACCOS,
PIPES, AND
SMOKER'S ARTICLES,
BROWNVILLE, NEB.
Orders from the country solicited and
promptly filled.
L. A. BERGMANN, Traveling Agent.

\$275.00
Parlor Organ easily earned by a lady in
Two Weeks
Canvases Wanted—male or female. Send
10 cents for sample Magazine and full particu-
lars. Address ZEB CRUMMETT'S MAGA-
ZINE, Washington, New Jersey.

FRANZ HELMER,
WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP
ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE.
WAGON MAKING, Repairing,
Painting, and all work done in the best
manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaran-
teed. Give him a call. 1874.

Plott's Star Organs
Are in cases warranted not to crack or warp.
If properly used. Send for catalogue. Ad-
dress, EDWARD PLOTTS, Washing-
ton, N. J.

J. & E. HUDDART'S
Peace and Quiet Saloon!
Illustration of a saloon interior.

AND BILLIARD HALL.

Plott's Star Organs.
Agents supplied at figures that defy competi-
tion for the same quality of instruments.
Try one. Address EDWARD PLOTTS, Wash-
ington, N. J.

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.

Plott's Star Organs
Are celebrated for their purity of tone, ele-
gant design and thorough construction.
Send for catalogue. Address, EDWARD
PLOTTS, Washington, N. J.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.
A STORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.
Late in the forenoon of the next day the purchaser, having received a satisfactory reply from a person living at the telegraph station nearest Stone House, and well known to the jockey world, to whom he had been referred by Robert, came to ask him "how he would have his money."

"As the latter had already considered that question, he was prompt to answer that he would like it paid to him at the bank, and that the white-haired old gentlemen behind the counter there should examine the bills and assure him they were not counterfeit. This having been done, and the bill of sale executed, there occurred a leave-taking between Major and his late owner, which might of itself have satisfied the vendor that the vendor was really the lawful owner of the property sold.

"I don't care about the old saddle or bridle," Robert said, when reminded that they properly belonged to him; "but I'll take the bags, if you please; there's something in them I want to keep."

"Perhaps," remarked the other, you had better put your money in them; and, by-the-way, I see they are of the same make of a pair I once owned that had a secret pocket. But there comes the train; you must be quick if you wish to take it."

"A few minutes later Robert stepped on board the train bound for Junction, with the saddle-bags swung over his shoulder, and two hundred and fifty ten dollar bills stuffed in an inside waistcoat pocket he had a year before prudently got made for that very purpose, and armed with only a feeling of distrust toward all mankind.

"A hundred times during that day's journey he fervently hugged his breast with his elbow, to make sure the money was still in its place, and he studied the faces of every one in the car to judge if they were of thievish propensities.

Arrived at the junction he found it would be necessary to pass the night there, and insisting on having a room to himself, was put in a small attic chamber, whose door he found, to his great disgust, was without any means of fortification whatever.

There was no sleep for him that night. Grief for the friend he had just lost, and anxiety for the money he had just gained, exultation over his first and great success in horse-dealing, and, above all, joy at the prospect of soon again seeing Bella, and endowing her with the means of acquiring wealth and rising still further above him, were more than enough to keep him awake, and make him long for the hour when the cars for Nashville and the South would come in. But Robert Hagan was not destined to take the Nashville train, nor to travel southward; and thus it befell that he did not.

of it, then I can do as I first intended."

He replaced the letter in the false pocket, and placed in it his money also, after abstracting, as necessity forced him to do, a few of the two hundred and fifty ten-dollar bills to defray the expense of the journey; and then—as by that time morning had come—got ready to take the first train that should be going in the direction of Chicago.

When, early in the morning of the following day, he arrived in that city, he had already matured his plans of operation. He had also become aware that, with his tribulations in the cave of the horse-thieves, and journeyings on foot and on horseback since then, the suit of every-day working clothes he had on when he so suddenly left home, had become too disgracefully shabby to wear into the presence of his honor the Mayor of Chicago, and resolved to buy a new suit. He had heard all about the iniquitous ways of dealers in ready-made clothes, and in making his purchases tried his best to outwit the one into whose web he happened to fall, as a fly would do; that of a spider. But the spider took him into his confidence, informed him that his partner was, he was sorry to say, "a swindling rascal," who was then on his way to New York to sell out the joint stock in trade, and leave him, the unfortunate associate, penniless; for which reason, and in order to realize as much as he could before the consummation of the fraud, the latter would sell at half cost anything in the shop. Robert believed the rogue, and was taken in indeed. When, having made all his purchases, he arrayed himself in them and looked in the glass, he could not, for the life of him, see why he was not as genteelly dressed as the most genuine gentleman he had met on the streets; but he was not, by any means, though the glass did show a very handsome youth, and decently enough clad.

The injunction to secrecy the letter contained—which he did not know it was no longer necessary to observe—deterred him from frankly unfolding his whole case to the mayor, but he was able to interest that popular officer enough to obtain from him the best advice that could be given: it was that he should go to Iowa City, and there apply to the secretary of the state board of Agriculture, who would be pretty sure to know every great farmer in Iowa, and possibly could tell which one of them had formerly resided in Chicago.

"You might possibly trace up your man through our commercial agency or detective police," added the mayor, "but that would cost you money, and your best way is to go straight to the capital. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir," responded the youth. "I am very much obliged to you, and if you ever come our way I hope you will stop and spend a few days with us." Then looking down at his dress, as he went out, he added, "Nothing like store clothes to do business in."

Arrived at Iowa City, the store clothes again had their effect. "Why, yes," said the secretary. "The gentleman you want must be Mr. Richardson. I know him very well, and know him to be a very fine man."

And he gave the inquirer, on a strip of paper, the address, "Samuel Richardson, — post office, — county." Robert invited the secretary also to visit him at Stone House, and thanked his stars, his breeches, and his boots.

was brought up to thoroughly understand agriculture by his father, a very rich Ohio farmer, had been to demonstrate that land in large tracts might be cultivated with system, and with reasonably certain results, and, if managed with intelligence and energy required for success in other kinds of business, such cultivation might be made as profitable as most of them, while being at the same time the safest of all. With this inspiration, when he retired from the commercial house in which he had accumulated a large fortune, he devoted to an experimental test of his views one of the two townships of land he owned in Iowa, and since then had labored at his problem with the zeal of an enthusiast, the steadiness of a veteran man of business, and the skill of a born and bred farmer.

But no experiment is certainty, and the proprietor of Square Miles, after ten years' trial of his, during which time he had been obliged to fling in all his resources of money and property, and contract large debts besides, embarrassment followed; then came temporary loans at usurious interest, and other makeshifts; then judgments, executions, and mortgages. Still he continued to labor and strive courageously and hopefully, and in the end effectually. The darkest hour of his night was when the civil war came to a close—namely, in the spring of 1865—and the clearest beam of his morning is now brightening his broad, white forehead as he reposes his great frame on a lounge after a fatiguing journey he has just made from the county seat, whither he went two days ago to consummate some important business. His beautiful young wife, who sits beside him and holds his hand, seems as happy as he, for he has just told her of deeds executed and recorded, mortgages canceled, judgments released, and money paid and deposited.

"Let me see, then; how do we stand?" said the wife. "You know I have always refrained from questioning you about your affairs, lest I might be troublesome; but now all is settled, I would like to know what we own."

"In the first place," was his reply, as he doubled up his pillow so as to lift his head high enough to observe well her beaming features, "you know that we don't own the unimproved township; that's sold and gone. In the next place, we do own the whole of Square Miles, with all the stock and implements, besides a good part of last year's crops. Next, we hold a mortgage against the land just sold for a hundred thousand dollars of the purchase money. Next, we owe no man any thing—"

"Glorious!" exclaimed his wife. "And next?"

"That's all," he said. "All! And Turtle's-back Farm—don't we own that? You didn't tell me that was in the deed."

"Turtle's-back, my pretty one, is not in the deeds. It has not been sold; it still stands in my name; but for all that, it is not our property, nor ever was it ours."

"Oh, Mr. Richardson, why did you never tell me so before? Why did you let me set my heart on the beautiful place? Do you know, I am more attached to it than I am to Square Miles, and have even thought of persuading you to build the new house there instead of here?" And she almost whimpered.

"Had I been able to repay the money," continued Mr. Richardson, "I would have gone to South Carolina and looked up the heirs, whoever they might be; but as it was, I deferred doing so until I could acquit myself of the trust. The time to do this has now come, and early next week I shall be compelled to leave you for that purpose. While I am absent you and the children must make fifty new plans for the new house."

The following day he rode over to Turtle's-back to inspect its condition and take an account of the cattle and other personal property appertaining to it. The farm in question contained four thousand acres, most of which lay within boundaries formed by a considerable river and two of its tributaries, down to the banks of which the land fell in such even and rounded slopes as to give the resemblance to a turtle's back—whence came the name. It was completely fenced, and provided with all the best breeds, though they were all of them a very pretty white coatage that stood half-way down the southern slope, fronting toward the river, and sheltered from the north-west winds by the elevation at its back. A young grove of planted trees surrounded the cottage, close to which were also a garden of two acres, and a large orchard. Everything showed conscientious keeping up, as though the trustee, to atone for having innocently imperiled the property confided to him, had done all in his power to increase its value. In consequence of which, as well as of the general and real advance in values from the settlement of the settlement of the neighborhood, and the fictitious advance in prices from the superabundance of paper money, the property might fairly be called worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And such was the estimate made by Mr. Richardson on a page of foolscap, as he and the overseer of the place sat in conference within the parlor of the cottage. "A pretty property—a very pretty property?" he said to himself.

"Would to God my poor friend had been spared to enjoy it, and find here refuge from evil times! What happy neighbors we would have been! I wonder who will now become its occupant?"

The wife of the overseer opened the door, and there entered Mr. Robert Hagan, who, having called at Square Miles, had been sent over to the cottage to find the person he required. The appearance of Mr. Richardson and the reception he gave his visitor—both so different from what the latter had any idea of—had the effect of rendering useless and committing to oblivion the long and rather one-sided conversation he had composed during his journey and committed to memory; and in two minutes after the interview began he was frankly unfolding his business and laying bare all its weak points to the man he had prepared and drilled himself to approach as an adversary, with skirmishing and masked artillery. It was only after Robert had told all he knew concerning the fate of the Johnstons, and particularly all relating to Bella, and replied to numerous questions put by Richardson, that the latter, in his turn, made known what the reader already knows concerning the disposition of the fund confided to him. "Here is a little statement," he said, "that I had prepared for the purpose of making an exhibit to the heirs whom I was about going in search of. In fact I had made arrangements to go to Carolina for that purpose the beginning of next week. But, after hearing what you have just told me, I can not delay for a moment. I must set out to-morrow to look up the poor child. Will you go with me?"

While he said this Robert was trying to look at the memorandum handed him, but what his ear heard made his eyes blind, and the figures danced illegibly before them.

"It foats up something over a hundred and fifty thousand, you will see," said the other, pointing to the bottom of the page.

Robert began to feel that his life had been a failure. "Then, Sir," he said, "Miss Bella, even if I had not come to tell you what I have?"

"Certainly I should have gone to search for the heirs, whoever they might be; but, of course, had I known Bella was living, I would not have waited till this time." After a pause Mr. Richardson added: "I now see I have done very wrong. I should have made more strict inquiry. But I am all the more grateful to the good friends whose kindness to the poor child has in so large a measure repaired the ill consequences of my neglect, and to you who have been so good to her in her late trouble."

selling his horse to set her up in the business of rice-planting, the discovery of the secret pocket and the letter it contained, so mysteriously made, and all his astuteness and energy since then exerted to unravel the clue to its end and restore her to her rights as sole heir of her father—all had been of no sort of advantage to her, save hastening by a few days Mr. Richardson's departure for South Carolina. But was that nothing?"

When, during the evening of that day, Mr. Richardson related the history of Bella Johnston to his wife, and she, by numberless questions put to Robert, had drawn forth details that greatly increased its interest, that lady became quite reconciled to the relinquishment of Turtle's-back Farm to its real owner.

"I am sure I shall love her," she said. "Do, my dear, go and bring her directly here. She must live with us, and be my companion and friend. Or should she get married, and reside on her own place, then I will have the neighbor and friend I have so long wanted. Won't it be delightful?"

Her husband's face caught the glow of her enthusiasm, but when she glanced toward Robert she saw a face of distress—almost of despair.

"You are about to witness Mons. G.'s ascension," said a gentleman to me as I entered the enclosure devoted to the aeronautic display. He was an entire stranger to me; but not being superstitious in matters of etiquette, as we might suppose "a gentleman of distinction" to be, I did not object to this brusque mode of introduction, and so civilly answered "Yes."

"You may go farther and fare worse," said I.

"You are pleased to be witty," said he; "but I intend to make some examination of those upper regions for myself—to ascertain whether the stars celestial are on duty during the day, or whether theirs is as much a sinecure as the office of our 'stars' terrestrial. Would you like to ascend with us?"

"No, thank you kindly," said I; "in getting into the clouds one might lose one's self—the way is likely to be mist! Every one to his taste; the earth has such charms for me that I could not change a spadeful of it for cubic miles of blue eyrean."

Being, as I before observed, a corpulent man, my fall had shaken the whole house, and the alarmed inmates, aroused from "sweet slumbers," were knocking violently at the door, which had the effect of restoring me to consciousness, when I discovered that my "terrific balloon ascent" was nothing more than a nightmare, superinduced, I am led to believe, by the festivities usual on Christmas Day, in which I may say I indulged somewhat—No! I will not betray my friends; but allow me to tell you that such a dinner as they gave is not to be sneezed at.—Boston Times.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.
Scenes in Congress Last Week—Spirit of the Rebellion still Rampant.
Correspondence Omaha Republican.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 15th, 1876.
Your correspondent has spent the present week upon the floor of the house, and could wish that every reader of the Republican had enjoyed the same privilege. As my eyes took in the visages of the prominent M. C.'s, the mind seemed to well up with reflection. Upon the one side I saw men whose names were familiar to the reading public, as zealous defenders of the union in congress, and on the field of battle. On the other hand men whose names were linked with those of Jeff Davis. Indeed, one of the M. C.'s of the present congress was a member of Jeff Davis' cabinet, viz. Creagin, Jeff's P. M. General. And these men are not only here, but sending to forget that they exhausted their energies to break up the union—caused

HOUSES TO BE DEVASTITATED, and miles of cemeteries to be populated, now stand up in the national council and attempt to teach loyal representatives their duty. Brave defenders of the national honor are confronted by rebels like unto Ben Hill, who, as quoted on Tuesday by Blaine, in a speech made at Atlanta just prior to congress relieving him from political disabilities, said that sooner than see his name in the roll of those seeking amnesty from the government, he would see it in the penitentiary roll of his state. The very right indicated, seemed to me as a challenge to the administration of Heaven to excel it, or to equal it. Christ forgave and granted amnesty to the repentant thief on the cross, but denied it to the unrepentant. The Republican administration granted amnesty to the unrepentant, and they strut in congress and on the stump are defiantly

REBELIOUS AND HATEFUL AS EVER.
I hope you will supply your readers with Blaine's speech in reply to Hill, in which he quoted from that rebel general's speech to his constituents, that if the next election resulted in a Republican victory, he was favorable to another war. And Blaine forced Hill to acknowledge the authority of the speech. Yet, we are told that the Republican party is a party of hate. Had these men who thus talked loud in the days of 1876 they would doubtless have proposed sending across the briny chasm a commission to Benedict Arnold as minister to the court of St. James. Just read over the list of democratic M. C.'s, and in it you will see names which, if written on

would attract demons and cause them to dance with delirious, demoniac joy. And they are not only democrats, but the leaders of that side of the house. Randall, Cox and Kerr pale in the presence of Hill, Lamar and Creagin. But enough; my mind will not permit courteous language when considering this subject, and the heart sickens when contemplating it. I could only wish that every loyal citizen of Nebraska could rub against the class spoken of, as I have, and the result of the next election would show a fearful deficit in the democratic account.

"Children," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday school, "why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelt of verminage, rose up and made reply, "Worms," and the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

Dancing is said to be on the decline in London, and polite society appears to be acting on the hint given by the Shah of Persia when he inquired of the Prince of Wales, at a ball, "Why don't you employ servants to do this for you?"

This is the kind of weather when a man seeing his wife coming into the room with a scuttle of coal, and after she has poured every bit of it into the top of the tall stove, says: "Dart it, Hanner, you ought to have asked me to do that. But it's too late now."

"Oh, we don't mind the fourth story," said an Ohio Congressman's wife in choosing Washington lodgings the other day; "we can go up and down in the ventilator."

An editorial "go west," has changed.—An outcry article in a western paper is headed, "Hop Yeast."