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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

A Haunted House. There stands a house upon yonder hill, A lonely house that is haunted; A light will wander through it at will, All day, with a heart undaunted; Yet I say that house is haunted.

NINON DE NOYAN, THE QUEEN OF THE BLACK HILLS.

CHAPTER I.

In August, 1869, a party of about two hundred and fifty men, composed of hunters, miners and adventurers, left Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, for the Black Hills.

The gold hunters were all well armed, and were also well mounted upon good horses, and a train of ten baggage wagons accompanied the expedition.

CHAPTER II. It was night in Miner City. The hour was about half past nine, and although the most of the miners had retired to rest, yet within the Miners' Home, a scene of hilarity was taking place.

Here were assembled some forty of the miners who were passing away the time at drinking, carousing, and playing cards. At one of the gambling tables Carlos Mandeville sat alone; already he had fleeced all who had dared to play with him, and now he sat quietly waiting for some new victim.

Suddenly two strange men crossed the threshold of the open door. One was a man some thirty years of age, of medium size, with dark hair and whiskers, and one look was enough to convince any person that he was a man of powerful strength.

"Good evening, pals," said the oldest of the two, as they entered the Miners' Home. "Good evening, stranger," replied half-a-dozen miners in chorus.

"Which way do you hail from, stranger?" asked Sam Carson, the proprietor. "Nowhere in particular," replied the man. "At present we are engaged in prospecting, and by chance stumbled in upon your camp. But come, pals," he continued, "let's have something to drink; and taking a bag of gold from his pocket, he threw several pieces upon the bar, and requested Carson to pass out the drinks for the crowd.

"Who are you, that murders my companions, robs them and me, and then dictates to me?" said the man. "I am the Queen of the Black Hills," she replied defiantly, and then putting whip to her horse, she dashed off down the creek, followed by her robber companions.

An hour later, when the gold hunters came in, they were greatly astonished to find that five of their number had been murdered; and when they heard the story of the surviving ones, they all vowed to be revenged upon this woman and her robber band.

"All right," replied Mandeville, and he handed a stool to the young stranger, who accepted it and then seated himself opposite the gambler, and as he did so, he eyed Mandeville from head to foot with a wild, searching gaze.

"Well, my lad," said the gambler, as he shuffled off the cards. "You are the second person that ever beat me at my own game."

ver Creek, upon which they proposed to camp and search for the hidden treasure. Proceeding along up the creek, they the next day, in the afternoon, came to the junction of the east and west branches of the creek, and here they halted and commenced building log houses and shanties, in which to live while searching for gold, and in a week's time some twenty firm cabins were built which gave the place the appearance as it really was of a rough miner's camp.

This was a large double log building, owned by one Sam Carson, who related groceries and bad whiskey to the miners, and where at night many of them gathered to spend their hard earned gold for drink, or lose it at the gambling table. There had come with the gold hunters from Fort Laramie at least one man who was a gambler by profession; his name was Carlos Mandeville, and he claimed to be in the employ of Carson.

For three months the miners searched the mountain streams for gold with varied success; some found gold, which they squandered at the Miners' Home, while others managed to hoard up quite a pile of the yellow dust. During this time nothing was seen of the robbers, although it was thought that they were lurking around, as both the tracks of men and horses, not their own, had been found by the miners, in their search for gold.

At last November came with its cold storms of sleet and rain, which so interfered with the work of the mines, that a meeting was held, and it was agreed that after another week the party would return to Fort Laramie.

CHAPTER III. At early hour next morning one hundred and fifty of the miners, well armed, took the trail of the robbers, which led up the western branch of the creek, and started in pursuit.

Keeping along up the stream until about two o'clock in the afternoon, they came to where the valley narrowed into a gorge not more than twenty-five feet wide, through which the water rushed with great rapidity.

This gorge was not more than one hundred yards long, and pushing their way through the stream until about two o'clock in the afternoon, they came to where the valley widened out into a large plain of about fifty acres in extent, in which the stream had its head, and around the head of the gorge grew a thick growth of stunted pine.

Just as the miners were flung out of the gorge into the pines, the robbers, who were concealed in the timber, poured a terrific volley into them, that drove them back into the gorge, leaving half a dozen of their number dead upon the ground, and as many more wounded. Here a council was held, and it was agreed to charge boldly into the timber and drive the robbers out at all hazards.

Accordingly, with a wild yell, they charged out of the gorge into the pines to find that the robbers had left for some other quarters. Proceeding along through the timber which was only about fifty yards wide, the miners came to an opening, and here a splendid sight met their view. Upon all sides of the glen, which lay just at the base of Inyan Peak, mighty cliffs rose for hundreds of feet on high, and with the exception of the gorge, completely walled in the head of the stream.

Back against the sides of the cliff, some five hundred yards from the timber, and under an overhanging ledge, was to be seen the robber stronghold.

It was a large two-story building, built entirely of stone with a excavation of the door and rafters, the latter of which were large staves of timber on which were laid thin flat stone, thus making a very good roof.

Around the building, and enclosing about half an acre of ground, was a stockade about twelve feet high, in the shape of a crescent, both ends terminating against the cliff, thus forming a complete enclosure. In the center of the stockade, and directly in front of the building, were two large gates, which were closed and apparently well fastened, and at numerous places loop-holes were to be seen in the stockade, thus giving those on the inside a chance to fire upon their assailants.

After a consultation among the miners, it was thought best to charge upon the robber stronghold and try and carry the place by storm. Accordingly they charged in a body toward the gates, and when they had covered about half the distance between the timber and the stockade, they received a murderous fire from the robbers, who were not only posted behind the stockade, but also in the upper story of the building. But nothing daunted, they pushed forward to the gates, which they found it impossible to open.

Then they tried to scale the stockade, one helping up another, but as fast as a man's head appeared above the enclosure, the robbers on the inside would riddle him with bullets.

At last, after losing about fifteen of their number in killed and wounded, the miners were obliged to fall back to the cover of the timber. Here for a time they were at a loss what to do, as it was apparent that the stronghold could not be carried by storm; but soon an old hunter devised a plan that proved just the thing. Taking a couple of men with him, he proceeded some distance to the right of the stockade, and soon they were to be seen scaling the rugged face of the cliff. Working their way along from ledge to ledge, they soon reached the top that overhung the robber stronghold. Once there, they commenced rolling huge boulders off from the ledge upon the building below. These boulders came down, down, with a mighty crash, through the roof of the building, shaking it to its very foundation. After about a dozen of these had been rolled off upon the building the gates were thrown open, and one of the robbers came forth bearing a white flag and offered to surrender.

Recovering from their surprise, the miners drew their revolvers, and rushed out of the door in pursuit of the woman and her companion, and as they emerged into the street a score of men with a wild yell sprang from behind the building upon the opposite side of the street, and fired a volley into them, that killed and wounded a dozen of their number, and drove the others back into the building in dismay. When they recovered from their surprise a moment later and again sallied forth, they found that the robbers had fled and was nowhere to be seen. By this time the whole camp was aroused, and many were for procuring torches and trying to find the robbers that night, but the better judgment of others prevailed, and the pursuit was postponed until the next morning.

"Who was the first?" asked the young stranger, eying him closely. "The first was a woman," replied the gambler. "I learned her to play myself, and she soon got so that she was more than a match for me."

"What became of her?" asked the young man as he picked up his cards. "I don't know," replied Mandeville. "I was living with her at that time, and continued, 'but I soon tired of her and cast her off, and I have not heard from her since.'"

At these words the young stranger appeared considerably agitated, and pushing back from the table he passed his hand into an inside pocket, and several who noticed him thought he was searching for a pistol, but he drew out a handkerchief, wiped the perspiration from his brow, and returned it to his pocket. Then looking over his cards, he made a bet of one thousand dollars, and placed the money upon the table.

Mandeville eyed him closely for a moment, and then counting out three thousand dollars, he said: "I see your bet and raise you two thousand dollars."

The young stranger took a bag of gold from his pocket and emptied the contents upon the table, then borrowing another bag from his companion, he also emptied that upon the table with his own. Then counting out five thousand dollars, he pushed it into the centre of the table.

"I see your two thousand, and raise you three thousand besides," he said. Then in the twinkling of an eye he pulled out a revolver, raised the hammer, and leveling it at Mandeville, said: "All I want is fair play; don't touch a cent of that money until it is yours."

For a moment the gambler eyed him closely, and seeing that he meant business, he threw down his cards, and exclaimed: "I am dead broke, we will have to quit playing."

"Just as you say," replied the young stranger, and then at a signal from him, his companion came forward, and picking up the money placed it in the bags which he deposited in his pockets. As soon as this had taken place, Mandeville said to his opponent: "Stranger, you have beat me badly, and I am willing to own it; now if you have no objections, I would like to know your name."

"I have no objection to telling my name, replied his opponent, 'but first I have a story to tell, as I want your associates to know what kind of a man you are. And by way of introduction,' he continued, 'I will say that your name is Carlos Mandeville, and that you are not only a gambler, but also a robber, a murderer, and a scoundrel.'"

"If you attempt to use a weapon I shall shoot you dead, so sit still and listen to what I have to say. Six years ago," he continued, "you lived in New Orleans and was the boss gambler of that city. At that time there also lived in that city a retired merchant by the name of Pierre De Noyan, who had one child, a daughter eighteen years of age, by the name of Ninon."

Ninon De Noyan was the acknowledged belle of New Orleans, and you were one of her many suitors. After a time Pierre De Noyan became aware of your true character, and to separate you from his daughter, Ninon was sent away to a Northern school where you were unable to find her. At this you became so exasperated that, for revenge, you concluded to rob Pierre De Noyan; and one night you broke into his house, robbed him of his wealth, and when he caught you in the act, you plunged a knife into his heart and left him dead upon the floor."

"How I found this out, Carlos Mandeville," he continued, "it matters not, but that it is true, you know as well as I. When Ninon De Noyan heard of the murder of her father, she hurriedly returned to New Orleans, where she was again thrown into your society. Here she found that by the robbery and murder of her father she had been left entirely destitute, and loving you as she loved no other, it was an easy matter for you, under promise of marriage, to accomplish her ruin."

"Then, after living with her for nearly a year, during which time, according to your own story, she became an expert with cards, you cast her off for another woman, and from that day to this she has roamed the world a broken-hearted woman, but a fiend."

"Who are you that dares to tell me this to my face?" said Mandeville, springing to his feet and drawing his revolver. "I will tell you who I am," replied the young stranger, rising to his feet and fixing his eye upon the gambler. "Six years ago," he continued, "I was known as Ninon De Noyan, the belle of New Orleans; to-day I am known as Wild Ninon, the Queen of the Black Hills," and before the gambler could raise a hand to defend himself, or any one could interfere, she leveled her revolver at him, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. Then before the smoke from her revolver had cleared away, and while the sound was yet echoing through the room, she and her companion sprang through the doorway and disappeared into the darkness without.

floor between the two stories of the building, and sixteen of the robbers lay still in death, buried beneath the debris of the ruins. And upon a rude cot in one corner of the room lay Ninon De Noyan, with the blood streaming from a fearful wound in her bosom. It appeared that when the robbers became aware that they must surrender, that she, rather than fall into and suffer death at the hands of the miners, had plunged a knife into her own heart, in consequence of which she was now dying.

As the miners entered the room and gathered around the prostrate woman, she opened her eyes, and raising herself upon her arm, tried to speak, but her breath was short and flighty, and she failed to articulate a word. One of the miners knelt by her side and placed a flask of liquor to her lips. Taking a swallow of its contents, she then, with some difficulty, asked: "Did I kill Carlos Mandeville?" "You did," replied the miner.

"Then I die happy," she replied, and sinking back upon the cot she immediately expired.

And thus passed away a woman who, although she had led a life of wild adventure and crime, and looked death in the face many times, yet she had never known what fear was, and had proved game to the very last.

There yet remained five of the robbers who had escaped unhurt, and they were immediately seized and bound in the firmest manner possible. Then the miners brought in their wounded and dead, and the night was passed in the robber stronghold.

From the surviving robbers it was learned that the band had been in existence some two years, having been organized in St. Louis; and although their main object in coming to the Hills was to search for gold, yet many times, disguised as Indians, they had robbed emigrant trains that were on their way to Montana. It was also learned that one of the robbers, disguised as a hunter, had visited Fort Laramie about the time that the gold hunters were fitting out, and had learned that the Black Hills was their destination, and that Carlos Mandeville was to accompany the party. As soon as Ninon De Noyan became aware of this, she determined to kill Mandeville with her own hands, and for a long time they had watched the miner camp in hopes of deceiving him away, but failing in this, she, with one of her men, boldly entered the camp for the purpose of taking his life, with the result already known to the reader.

The next morning at an early hour the five surviving robbers were brought forth, and upon a tree that stood within the inclosure, they were hanged by the unrelenting miners.

Then two large trenches and a grave were dug within the inclosure, and in one of the trenches were buried the dead miners, and in the other the dead robbers, numbering twenty-one in all, and in the single grave was buried the remains of Ninon De Noyan.

Then taking the robbers' horses which were corralled inside of the stockade, the miners mounted their wounded upon them, and started upon their return to Miner City. Arriving there in due course of time, they immediately broke camp and returned to Fort Laramie, leaving twenty-six of their number to sleep their long, last sleep in the land of gold.

To-day the glen at the foot of Inyan Peak is a different place to what it was in 1869; the clearing is overgrown with a stunted growth of pine; the stockade has rotted away and fallen to the ground; the walls of the stronghold have in many places tumbled in, and nothing of life is to be seen but the flitting of bats around the crumbled ruins, and nothing is to be heard but the screech of the night owl, where years ago was to be heard the shouts of revelry of half drunken and savage men who gathered within its walls, and who knew no law but the word and command of Ninon De Noyan, the Queen of the Black Hills.

It was in Boston. A low, muscular sound came up from the closet under the stairs, and the mother listened. It was her little son softly singing to himself, "I need some every hour."

"How glad I am that I took my boys to hear that sermon on 'Closest Devotions' at the Tabernacle last evening," said she. Then she could not forbear stepping quietly to the closet door to catch a glance at the "dear child," the "precious lamb—bless his heart!" So she did. And she saw him—saw him devoutly engaged in humming that revival hymn, and also—running his finger around in the preserve jar! And there the devotions broke up amid groans of repentance for the sin found out.

A young lady in St. Petersburg showed considerable presence of mind in an adventure with a robber, early in this spring. The driver of the sledge hired by her at nightfall to drive her home, drove over the ice of the River Nova. When they had reached an air-hole about the middle of the stream he demanded of her a costly fur cloak and she threatened in default of her compliance to throw her headlong under the ice. Help was out of the question; no one was near; she and the robber were alone on the broad stream. Suddenly deciding on her course, she threw the cloak on the ice some yards distant, and while the robber hastened to grasp it, she seized the reins and escaped to the nearest police station.

The alarm was given, and in a short time the robber, with the cloak, was brought in a captive.

Capture of Famous Brigands. Writing of Sicily reminds me of the capture of the Alfani brothers, two famous brigands, who were arrested in Palermo on Easter-Sunday. The two brothers, who have been for a long time, the terror of Sicilian provinces, and on whose head was set a price of \$1,000 each, ventured into the city to pass the day with some comrades and friends. Although perfectly disguised and surrounded by trusty friends, the police, in some mysterious way, discovered that the brigands were in Palermo, and an ingenious police agent disguised himself as a peasant out for a holiday, and strolled about the city until they got near the house in which the brigands were feasting with their friends. When within ear-shot the pretended peasant feigned to quarrel. Words ran high, and the two made such a noise that the brigands came to the window to see what was the matter. They saw, as they supposed, two peasants quarrelling, and, enjoying the sight, they remained to look on. At last the pretended row reached such a pitch that one of the disputants drew a revolver, upon which the other ran away, and the brigands' house being the nearest refuge he ran directly into the doorway, his adversary with the revolver following in hot pursuit. Meanwhile another part of the plan was being carried out. While the noise outside was going on the house had been gradually and quietly surrounded by the police, all in plain dress, however, and all more or less concealed, except two, who, at a given signal, suddenly appeared on the scene, as if attracted by the dispute. Seeing one man, revolver in hand, pursuing another, what more natural than that they should give chase? The first two rushed into the brigands' house, the others followed a whistle was heard, and still other men appeared, and before the brigands comprehended the situation the room where they were was filled with armed men.

Then, but too late, it flashed upon them, and although both brothers attempted a desperate resistance, the odds were too great for them and they were soon overpowered.

Pinioned and handcuffed to each other, they were brought out into the streets of Palermo, where the report that the terrible Alfani brothers had at last been taken spread like wildfire and the people crowded into the streets cheering the police as they marched along with their prizes.—Boston Transcript.

A Parisian Story of Diamonds. A necklace that was last seen on the neck of a charming lady was the object of universal admiration. Some time ago a gentleman took this same necklace to the late Mr. Molana, asking him to buy it, and to substitute false diamonds in their place. His wife, he said, would never know the difference. Mr. Molana, who had known the wife from childhood, and who was a friend of her family, asked twenty-four hours to reflect before concluding the bargain. In that time he went and told the story to the lady's grandmother, who gave Molana \$2,000 to give the husband, telling him to give back the real necklace, but not to mention the truth. This was done. Some months later it was the wife who took the necklace to Molana, asking him to buy it and substitute false diamonds in the place of the real ones. "My husband will never know the difference," she said. Again a visit to the grandmother, who again gave \$2,000 to keep the diamonds in the family, and as both husband and wife still think that the diamonds are false there is no fear of the necklace being resold.—Paris paper.

The school, whether public or private, should be made an attractive and agreeable place to every pupil. Study should be made a pleasure. The school should more nearly resemble the perfect home. No spirit of rivalry and jealousy should be found there, though a beautiful emulation should be cultivated, a community of interests should supersede every individual interest. A lively sympathy should exist between the teacher and every pupil. Pupils are too often herded together like cattle, especially in the city schools; they are made to feed at the same stall, and are driven over the same road at the same speed. No one thinks of poking up calves and colts together, and attempting to train them to proceed at a uniform pace, and do exactly the same amount of work in exactly the same time, and in exactly the same way; and yet many teachers attempt to do an equally unwise thing in the conduct of graded schools. In order to escape the evils some flee from the public to the private schools; others that may avoid the throngs of hundreds from every stage of society, good and bad, clean and dirty, smart and stupid, which congregate in the public school.

Any one, says the Detroit Tribune, who has fifty or more old fence posts to take up need not dig them out, which is a tollsome job and a slow one. Provide a light, strong lever and a fulcrum for it, and slight chain to slip around the post, and he is ready for business. For a fulcrum,

take a piece of two-inch plank a foot wide and twenty inches long; mortise through for a stout standard two feet high; brace each way firmly. A man will carry the whole apparatus, and with it he will draw posts rapidly. It is a capital help in taking out stumps. With the chain under a root a man can raise an enormous weight.

A Case of Spontaneous Combustion. A most horrible and sickening death occurred in Kerdan's saloon in the various bars in the vicinity and the large size of each potation promised to speedily send him back to the hospital.

About the time mentioned he staggered into the room nearly insensible and feebly asked for a drink. This was refused him, and he staggered towards the gas-jet to light the stump of a cigar he carried, while the bar-keeper turned away to attend to his duties. A moment afterward he heard a low moan and noticed a flash of fire and turning around he saw Harley falling to the floor, his head enveloped in black, thick smoke which flames issued from his mouth and ears. A horrible smell of burned flesh filled the air. Not a moment was lost in attending to the sufferer. He was beyond relief, however. His face was perfectly black, partly charred and partly covered with a moist soot. His eyes were open. His mouth was completely roasted on the inside; but with the exception of his head and hands, no part of his body bore marks of his horrible death. A letter found in his pocket addressed to M. Harley or Hartly, furnished the only clue to his identity.—San Francisco Post.

How Far Will a Greenback Go? Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black the baker; Mr. Jordan, the carpenter, and Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying: "That pays for my bonnet."

Mr. Brown handed it to Mr. Hadley the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

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trade relations with Liverpool and London of an important character. The Turkish towns on the Black Sea, except Trebizond, are rather centers of misery than prosperity, of inaction instead of business.

Cheap Sewing Machines. The sewing machine monopoly has drawn its last breath, and the millions that toil for it will find with the needle as at last to have relief from the oppressive exactions of sewing machine vendors.

One of the outside companies paid as high as \$80,000 a year in royalties for ten years, and still made immense profits. The actual cost of the \$50 and \$75 machines sold by leading companies, on the confession of their own officers, from \$11 to \$15 apiece.

One of the immediate effects consequent on the expiration of the patents will be a great reduction of prices, and the increase of sewing machine factories. Heretofore, three or four rich companies have held the principal patents, and have forced their weaker brethren to pay them a heavy royalty on every machine manufactured.

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There are two sorts of enemies inseparable from almost all men of great fortunes—the flatterer and the liar. One strikes before, the other behind, both insensibly, both dangerously.

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window of a serenading party. "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said the voice, as a bucket of slop fell, like the gentle dew of heaven, on those beneath.—Boston Advertiser.

Josh Billings says he knows people who are so fond of argument that they will stop and "dispute with a guide-board about the distance to the next town."