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at Wood River, Buffalo County, N. T., every Thursday Morning—terms \$2 00 per year, in advance—for six months \$1 00—Single copies 10c.

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as fixed by law, and entirely free from Any Venereal Delays that are really to be avoided, is now in complete running order, and in charge of one of the Directors of the Company. The public may be assured that everything will be done to ensure to this LOUPE FORK FERRY the public patronage and support. For further information apply to Messrs. Hurford & Brothers. By order of the Board. (Met. 1st. 1860.) O. P. HURFORD.

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GALER BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WILL practice in all the Courts in Western Iowa and Nebraska.

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Golden Issue!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1860.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

BY HELEN A. BROWNE.

There's a ray of light that is shining now, With a steady gleam and a golden glow, Though the sunlight died in her hair away, And the night came on with the shut of day; Yet a brilliant gem in her crown was set, And it gleamed on through the shadows yet.

'Tis the star of Hope in the pilgrim's sky, With its rays of light that will never die, And it leaeth on through the maze of night— Through the winding paths in a land of blight, To that brighter land, that blest retreat, Where the ransomed bow at the Savior's feet.

TO HELEN A. BROWNE.

The "Star of Hope" with lustre shines Radiant from pure, exalted minds, Where the Savior reigns within the breast, Love, joy and peace is there possessed, The world may storm, and foam, and billow, Its foolish rage will on itself revolve, How safe are they, who, upon their knees, Have built their hopes—they're proof 'gainst every shock—

Earthquakes and billows may rend earth and sky, The just are still secure as the apple of God's eye, Heaven's Judgments for the earth is nigh at hand, And day of Mercy, long inured, retire from the stand— Then "That brighter land and that blest retreat Where the ransomed bow at the Savior's feet," Will be on this earth, where the righteous shall meet And the Spirit of our God their joy shall complete— The righteous shall shine as the sun in its strength, And the Kingdom of God be established at length— Long-looked-for, 'tis true, but rise, ye sinners so vile, "Heaven and earth shall depart"—God's word shall endure, Pretenders, who at present profess to be true, Shall be unfeigned, declared, and held up to view, The Kingdom of Satan shall no longer deceive, Its vicereigns portrayed, will make the triumph believe, Then shall God's host be gathered around— The WORKERS of Righteousness—Oh, how hallowed the ground! "Then shall the earth bring forth its increase, And God, our own God, will give us His peace," "The Blessing of God on His people shall be, And the ends of the earth His salvation shall see." WOOD RIVER CENTRE.

The Diamond Stud.

At the corner of one of the streets leading to St. Giles, London, there had sat for several years, a withered visaged beggar, seemingly sixty years old or more, who sported an enormous hunch upon his shoulders, and whose face presented the anomalous appearance of marked age, though the features were round and full, and the eye of old Vincent—for thus he had long been known—was as bright and clear as that of a person of thirty, only.

He was very lame, too. He approached his stand at a very early hour in the morning, and rarely left his begging-post till late at night, for more than a score of years. At first, he had been remarkably punctual in his coming and going, and the frequenter of that neighborhood would as soon have expected to have missed the spire of the tower of a morning, rain or shine, for a long period, as to have found the place of Tom Vincent vacant so sure was the beggar to make his diurnal halt at his permitted and favorite corner.

He was never obtrusive to passers-by and the police tolerated him, for Tom was quiet and melancholy, evidently modest and humble and needy; and though he was always to be found there in all kinds of weather, yet he took good care of his person, and was never known to be ill, only his ragged and miserable exterior was evidence of his poor and wretched condition.—So everybody pitied poor Tom, and as they passed and re-passed, the pennies, shillings, and occasional crowns that were dropped into his insignificant charity-box soon amounted to a very comfortably paying income for him. He hoarded his money, from the beginning, and after five years he found himself able to invest a handsome surplus, at good round interest, though nobody knew of this. Tom came and went the same as before. He was doing a thriving business.—His location was the best in town, and he made the most of his opportunity.

He had a wife and one child at home. His daughter was well educated, and had been taught from infancy never to ask or answer questions regarding her parent, whose occupation she really knew nothing of. Tom Vincent was an assumed name; nobody suspected him, and he might have begged at his well-known post till doomsday, and none would have been the wiser for it, so well planned was his scheme of deception, and so well did he continue to carry out his objects.

Among his regular benefactors—and there were many, of the people who passed his corner, daily—there was one person who had long been friendly to old Tom. He was a young merchant, who came and went to and from his business every morning, and

who scarcely ever passed the beggar's stand without depositing in Tom's box some silver change. His name was Mortimer. He was a tradesman, in the dry-goods line, and he seemed from the outset to have taken a fancy to old Vincent. While a young clerk, even, he had been always mindful of the poor old hunchback, and as he subsequently got to be better off in his own pecuniary circumstances, he became more liberal than ever, dropping his daily shilling or half-crown into the box, as he went or returned, and always with a cheering word to old Tom as he passed.

In the meantime Tom's means had accumulated, and he had got together a very handsome sum, which he had invested to good advantage in his real name. His family were domiciled in a remote part of the town, and he visited them once or twice a week, only for many a long and weary year. At length he became less regular in his appearance at his accustomed corner, arriving much later in the morning than usual, and departing earlier at night; then a day would pass without Tom's making his appearance at all, a very strange circumstance in the estimation of those who had known his regularity so long; finally, he came but twice or thrice a week, and was plainly more dejected and miserable and sickly than ever. To those who had seen and observed old Vincent the longest, it was clear that the beggar was rapidly failing in health, and it was thought that he would soon be missed from his post finally, and forever. Tom was very old and weakly, lame and worn out, and the numerous friends of the needy man increased their daily favors, for it was evident that he would not need their charities a great while longer, at best.

Mr. Mortimer had lately passed Tom's locale, but the beggar observed that he dropped only a few halfpence in the little box, then a penny or two, then nothing for a whole week. A day, he went by upon the other side of the way, this was a queer arrangement, thought Tom. What had he done to offend him? What had happened to cause the sudden change in his friend's habit and his long continued favor? Tom could not imagine why he was thus remiss.

One day, Mr. Mortimer crossed over, however, dropped a half-crown in the box, and halted.

"How are you, Tom?" he said kindly. "Poorly, sir, poorly," responded the beggar.

"You haven't been here of late so regularly as before," added Mr. Mortimer. "So what's the matter?"

"Not so well as formerly—and getting old, master," said Tom. "As poor as ever, too?"

"As poor as ever," responded Tom. Mortimer started, a moment afterwards, suddenly, gazed for an instant upon Tom's partially exposed shirt-bosom, and then went on about his business. The beggar soon afterwards secured his little box, and returned to his humble lodgings, in a dingy court, half a mile westward.

"That couldn't have been a gem—not a real jewel, surely," muttered Mortimer to himself, as he hurried along the pavement, remembering what he had just caught a glimpse of accidentally, in Tom Vincent's bosom. "It was showy though, an artistically set. It could not have been a diamond, and yet it was very brilliant. What is this old beggar doing with a crystal, even, in his shirt-bosom?" continued Mortimer, to himself, astonished. Can it be that Tom is a deceiver, like the rest? I must see to this," added Mortimer, shrewdly. "I must see to this. He may have found it, and perhaps may not know its value. It may be glass. We must know its history," and Mortimer continued on towards his establishment, which was now in the hands of his creditors, for the tradesman had lately been unfortunate, and his name, unluckily had just appeared in the "Bankrupt's Gazette," among the failures of the day.

When the early friend of Tom returned next day, he missed old Vincent from his post, and not till three days afterwards did he chance upon the beggar again. He came up, deposited a small coin in his box, but saw nothing more of the breast-pin. Tom was in rags, his hunch was as big as ever, he stooped more mournfully than usual, and he looked the same miserable object that he had seemed, to Mr. Mortimer, for half a score of years before.

"Hard times, Tom," said Mortimer to the beggar.

"Very, sir—we just live, all of us, and that's all. Here's a note a gentleman lent me yesterday evening for you," continued Tom, as Mortimer was moving on. "They tell me you've been unfortunate, too, of late."

Mortimer took the letter, thanked Tom, and hurried to his rooms to read it. It read as follows:

"If Mr. Mortimer will call at Bank Street, Soho, No. 89, at four o'clock, on Thursday, he will hear something there to his present advantage."

The letter was without signature, but the location was respectable, and the appointed hour, during daylight. Mortimer responded to this call without hesitation; and at early four o'clock he found himself before a handsome dwelling, in Bank Street. He mounted the stone steps, rang the bell, presented his card, and was ushered by a servant into a beautifully furnished apartment, where he was requested to sit a moment, when the proprietor of the house would wait on him.

All this performance was inexplicable to the young man, but he was relieved from his doubts, partially, by the entrance of a fine-looking, gentlemanly man, whom he had never seen before, and who said:

"Mr. Edward Mortimer, I believe?" "Yes, sir," said the other, "your servant, sir."

"Make yourself at home here, Mr. Mortimer," said the gentleman, kindly. "I heard of your misfortune, recently, and I have sent for you, to see what may be done for your pecuniary relief. That is our dinner summons, sir—will you join us?"

Mr. Mortimer thanked his strange friend, and they both passed into the dining-room.

"This is my wife—Mrs. Elton, and my daughter, Georgette—Mr. Mortimer," said the gentleman, presenting the young merchant, graciously, to his family; and the newly-made acquaintances sat down to the discussion of a splendid repast, at which the lady of Mr. Elton presided with a grace he had never seen excelled.

When the cloth was removed from the table, wine was placed before them, the ladies retired, and Mr. Elton thus addressed the bankrupt young merchant.

"Mr. Mortimer, to what circumstances you are just now indebted for this interview, and what may, perhaps, follow it, matters not at this moment for me to explain; you shall be duly advised of all that is requisite you should know; but at the outset, I must ask that you yield me your confidence, and believe that, while I promise to be your friend, I will at the same time propose no impertinent queries, at least in my own judgement, regarding your affairs. Do we understand each other now, sir?"

"I have no wish, my dear sir, nor am I in a position just now (if I were never so well disposed), to practice deception, Mr. Elton. You are aware of my present pecuniary trouble?"

"Exactly—and that is why I sent for you. Do you remember me?" "No, sir."

"Look again," said Elton. "I cannot recollect, sir, that we have ever met," responded Mortimer, examining the gentleman's features carefully.

"Well, then," continued his host, "I knew your father very well, and as he is dead and you have no friend to whom you can now conveniently turn for advice and aid, I have assumed to invite you here, and to make you a proposal."

"You are very kind sir—and I am in a position to appreciate your liberality, most certainly."

"How much money do you owe, Mortimer?"

"Six thousand four hundred pounds, sir."

"All told?" "Yes, sir, six thousand in round numbers."

"What have you to pay it with?" "Eighteen hundred pounds, value in my stock of goods and cash in hand and about two thousand pounds in debts and securities."

"You are twenty-five hundred pounds behindhand then," said Mr. Elton.

"You are right, sir."

"Are you married, Mr. Mortimer?" "No, sir—no!" exclaimed Mortimer with a partial smile. No, sir, my creditors cannot brand me with any such extravagance as this. I am free and unencumbered in this respect."

"Have you no intentions in that direction?" "None, I assure you, sir."

"You will accept a loan of me, will

you not, Mr. Mortimer, of five or six thousand pounds?"

"I would do so gladly; but really, sir, this is entirely unexpected and I have not a shilling's value that I can offer you by way of security."

"Did I ask you for security?" said Elton, mildly. "No, no, sir, you did not. But it is common, you are aware, under such circumstances—"

"Yes, yes," replied Elton, interrupting him; "but the circumstances of the present case are by no means common you see; and if you possessed the security you allude to, you would have no difficulty in obtaining the money you may need, anywhere. Thus there would be no merit in my purpose. I want no security. I am desirous to assist you. Will you accept the offer?"

"With all my heart, sir, and I will labor hard to return it as you wish good round interest when the clouds that now darken my prospects shall have passed away."

"Enough—I believe you are honest and reliable. Excuse me a moment. A friend of yours—or rather a man who presumes upon calling himself your friend—is below and has just intimated a desire to see you. I will send him up to amuse you for a moment while I arrange our other matters. With these words Mr. Elton disappeared.

A few moments afterwards a clumping noise is heard in the hall, and Mortimer was astonished at seeing the door open and to behold the tattered garments, the crutches and the hunched form of old Tom Vincent enter the room where he sat.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Mortimer, surprised. "Why, Tom, how do you manage to get up these long stairs?"

"Mr. Mortimer, I'm glad to see you. You're in good company here, Mr. Elton's one of my best friends. I've known him—I've known Mr. Elton, now, rain and shine, summer and winter, these five-and-forty years; and he's alters taken good care of me. I never wants anything when he could aid me. He's a nice good man—where is he?" asked Tom.

"He has just stepped out, but will soon return. We are now in the same box, Tom—you and I. You take your mode of begging, I take mine, Mr. Elton is just about to save me from pecuniary disgrace by loaning or giving me money enough to pay my debts with. I am at this moment a bankrupt, Tom! What do you think of that?"

"I've heard of it three days ago," said Tom. "But you've long been a good friend to me, at all events and if I could have saved you in any way, I would gladly have done so. Now see here, Mr. Mortimer, (taking a small ornament from his bosom) here's a matter that's a precious little use to the like of me, I bought it cheap of a man who was in distress some time ago and I'll make you a present of it to remember me by; I shan't go to the old corner no more."

"No!" said Mortimer, perplexed again. "No," replied the beggar, "I've got through, you see; take the diamond stud and here's a check on the Bank of England, for six thousand pounds which I promised you."

When instantly throwing aside his crutches and doffing the beggar's wig and dress and false hair, Mr. Elton, his hitherto strange friend and hitherto benefactor, stood before him!

The presentation of the diamond stud at first astounded Mortimer though it called to his mind the fact that he had seen a similar jewel unwittingly exposed in the beggar's bosom a few days previously. Before he now had time to look into the details of this mystery, the robes and disguise of old Tom Vincent had been thrown aside and he saw before him his friend—the beggar—but still the respectable Mr. Elton of Bank Street Soho.

In this disguise Tom Vincent had accumulated his money. He remembered the continual kindness and charity of Mr. Mortimer and when fortune ceased to smile on him and he became involved, the beggar whom he had so often aided came thus to his timely assistance.

Mortimer accepted the diamond stud and the check. With the latter he immediately paid his debts and embarked anew for the future. He succeeded in business and became an honored and thrifty merchant, and in two years thereafter he was married happily to Miss Georgette Elton, his benefactor's beautiful and accomplished daughter.

Concluded on fourth page.