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We have an excellent and extensive
JOB DEPARTMENT
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phlets &c. &c.
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Cap, and Letter Paper, for Blanks.
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THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

The Platte Valley--The Home for Millions--and Highway to the Pacific.

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J. E. JOHNSON,
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J. H. WAGNER,
SURVEYOR & ENGINEER,
JOHNSON'S RANCHE,
Wood River, N. T.,
WILL attend to all calls in his profes-
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&c. &c.

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DEALERS IN
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LIQUORS,
HAY, CORN, AND OATS.
Two miles west of Fort Kearney, on the
PIKE'S PEAK, UTAH, & CALIFORNIA
ROAD.
Emigrants will find the Best Accommoda-
tion—**FREE** Wood and water

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BANKER & DEALER IN EXCHANGE,
Collections made at current rates of Ex-
change; Exchange on all the principal
Cities in the Union Bought and Sold, Gold
Bought, Land Warrants Bought and
Sold, and Entered on Time.
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JOHN RECK,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LAND & COLLECTING AGENT,
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WILL locate Land Warrants. Collect
money, Pay Taxes, make out Pre-emp-
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Attorneys at Law, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
American Hotel,
COLUMBUS, N. T.
Mrs. J. L. BAKER, Proprietor.
-0-0-0-0-0-
This is a comfortable and commodious
Public House—where every com-
fort will be bestowed upon its
Guests.
Good Stables,
Hay and grain, and Yards for Stock.
Attention paid to the wants of Emi-
grants—Charges as moderate as
could be asked.
n1-1f.

PACIFIC HOUSE.
Lower Broadway, between Main and Scott
Streets, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
JOHN JONES, Proprietor.
THIS House is situated centrally to the
business portion of the city—its apartments
large and well ventilated, and every thing
about it has an air of comfort and conveni-
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to execute anything in his department of
business, promptly, and in a substantial
and workmanlike manner, and at low
rates. n1-1f.

THOMAS OFFICER, W. H. M. PUSEY,
OFFICER & PUSEY,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
and Dealers in Land Warrants and Ex-
changes.
Council Bluffs, Iowa.
WILL attend to selection and Loca-
tion of lands in western Iowa and
Nebraska, the payment of taxes on lands
of non-residents and the collection and
Renewal of claims. n1-1f.

BUCHANAN HOUSE,
SHELL CREEK.
If you would like good accommodations,
warm stables, good, sweet hay and sound
corn for your stock, stop at Toner's—
We will not only give you value for your
money, but strive by strict attention to
your wants, to make your stay agreeable.
n1-1f. **NELSON TONCRAV**

CHARLES BUTTERFIELD,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,
BROADWAY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,
Keeps constantly on hand a fresh supply
of Groceries, Provisions, Grain and Vege-
tables, which he offers at the lowest rates.
N. E. Cash paid for grain and country
produce. n1-1f.

Spring & Summer
GOODS
For 1861,
JUST ARRIVED AT
MEGEATH, BROTHERS & CO
FARNHAM STREET, OMAHA;
(Between 13th and 14th Streets.)
Where may at all times be found one of

The Largest
and best selected stocks of
Dry Goods and
GROCERIES
WEST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER:

Consisting in part
of Dress Goods, Prints, Bereges, De-
Lains, Ready-made Clothing, Tea,
Coffee, Sugar, Crockery, Hardware,
Carpets, Boots and Shoes, Hats and
Caps, etc. n1-1f.

For Sale,
A TRADING POST and Toll Bridge,
situated on Sweet Water River, on the
road to California, half a mile east of In-
dependence Rock, and five miles east of
the Devil's Gate, and one of the most favor-
able points for trading on the road. Said
Post consists of a Toll-bridge across Sweet
Water River, one Store, Warehouse, Kitch-
en, Blacksmith shop with tools; five dwell-
ing houses and two corrals. Any gentle-
man wishing to purchase will learn further
particulars by applying to the owner, Mr.
Louis Guenard, at the Upper North Platte
Bridge, N. T.

M. TOOTLE,
Sign of the
Elephant,
TOOTLE'S BLOCK,
FARNHAM STREET, OMAHA, N. T.
Retail & Jobbing Merchant,
Have just opened a splendid Stock of

Spring & Summer
GOODS—Also keep a complete Stock of
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
Ready-made Clothing, Hats,
Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crock-
ery, Woodenware, etc.
which he offers at the lowest figures
of any House in this market.
Cash paid for hides and furs.
n1-1f.

BUSHNELL FARM.
BELOW COLUMBUS, ON THE
Great Military Road.
The undersigned is now prepared to en-
tertain and accommodate Emigrants and
travelers. Keep horses, cattle, and furni-
sh grain, provisions, and other comforts
for the wayfare, good water and amprange
Blacksmithing
in all its departments—ox and horse-shoe-
ing. Wagons repaired, etc., etc.
n1-1f. **HIRAM BUSHNELL**

Russel Farm,
THIRTEEN MILES EAST OF COLUMBUS, ON
THE MILITARY ROAD.
JOSEPH RUSSEL, Proprietor
Is prepared to entertain and provide for
the comfort and wants of the traveling
public. Good stables, hay, grain, and
vegetables.
Don't forget the place. n1-1f.
Lumber, Lumber!
THE WOOD RIVER MILL IS NOW
in operation, and orders for lumber
are solicited. Any size, length or variety
will be cut on short notice, and very lib-
eral terms. Logs wanted, for which lum-
ber will be exchanged if desired.
TOWNSLEY & SADDLER,
Wood River, N. T., April 1, 1861. n1-1f.

THE KITCHEN BELLE.
All hail the March of Intellect,
That march of mind no power can stop,
And please'd we mark thy form erect,
Thou maiden of the pail and mop.
We gaze upon thee with delight,
And listen to thy notes bewitching;
Such, when three centuries' take their flight,
Will be the beauty of the kitchen.
Oh, it is comical enough,
To sketch the period that is coming,
And trace a lump of kitchen stuff,
Upon a grand piano strumming.
Star of the spit! whose Auburn hair
Is wear'd with such delightful braiding,
Do play at sight some lively air
Sublimar than Mozart or Hadyn.
Fair nymph, thy ruby lips unclose,
And treat us with a canonet,
Soft as a southern gale that blows,
Upon the fragrant violet.
"Lawk, sir, you takes me unawares,
I ain't at all in voice for singing;
And them there vulgar folks up-stairs,
The plaguay kitchen bell are ringing.
Ay, ring away, 'tain't a fool, [Oh,
The 'sometimes treated worse than dirt—
Pooh! I shan't leave my music stool,
Till I have practis'd this concerto.
"Yes, if I stirre before, I'm wrong;
And then I'll try, by way of easing,
A very fashionable song—
A trifle of my own composing."
Air—"Those evening bells."
That kitchen bell, that kitchen bell,
Waxes me more than tongue can tell;
It tannets me with the bed-room slopp'd
With plates unwash'd and doors unshopp'd.
And still it rings from morn till night,
Till I am fidgeted outright;
And if my mistress treats me so,
About her business she shall go.
Then let the noisy bell ring on,
Till we have cut, and she is gone;
And other maids may sit and tell,
How much they hate that kitchen bell.

An Eccentric Millionaire.
Among the subscribers to Audu-
bon's magnificent work on Ornithology,
the subscription price of which
was \$1,000 a copy, appeared the name
of John Jacob Astor. During the
process of the work, the prosecution
of which was exceedingly expensive,
Mr. Audubon, of course, called upon
several of his subscribers for payment.
It so happened that Mr. Astor (prob-
ably that he might not be troubled
about small matters) was not applied
to before the delivery of the letter-
press and plates. Then, however,
Audubon asked for his thousand dol-
lars, but he was put off with one ex-
cuse after another.
"Ah, Mr. M. Audubon," would
the owner of millions observe, "you
have come at a bad time; money is
very scarce; I've nothing in bank; I
have invested all my funds."
At length, for the sixth time, Au-
dubon called on Astor for his thousand
dollars. As he was ushered into the
presence, he found William B. Astor
the son, conversing with his father.—
No sooner did the rich man see the
man of art, than he began:
"Ah, Mr. Audubon, so you have
come again after your money. Hard
times, M. Audubon; money very
scarce." But just then, catching an
enquiring look from his son, he chang-
ed his tone. "However, M. Audubon,
I suppose we must contrive to let you
have some of your money, if possible.
William," he added, calling to his son,
"who had walked into an adjoining par-
lor, "have we any money at all in
bank?"
"Yes, father," replied the son, sup-
posing that he was asking an earnest
question, pertinent to what they had
been talking about when the Ornitho-
logist at first came in, "we have two
hundred and seventy thousand dollars
in the Bank of New York, seventy
thousand dollars in the City Bank,—
ninety thousand dollars in the Mer-
chant's, ninety-eight thousand in the
Mechanic's, eighty three thou—"
"That'll do, that'll do," exclaimed
John Jacob, interrupting him: "It
seems that William can give you a
cheque for your money."

A Moment of Horror.
For twenty-three years old Jake
Willard had cultivated the soil in
Baldwin County, and drawn therefrom
a support for himself and wife. He
is childless. Not long ago, Jake went
in search of a misisig cow. His route
led him through an old worn-out patch
of clay land, of about six acres in ex-
tent, in the centre of which was a
well, twenty-five or thirty feet deep,
that at some time, probably had fur-
nished the inmates of a delapidated

house near by with water. In passing
by this spot an ill wind drifted Jake's
"idle" form his head, and maliciously
waited it to the edge of the well and
in it tumbled.
Now Jake had always practised the
virtue of economy, and he immediately
set about recovering the lost hat. He
ran to the well, and finding it was dry
at the bottom he uncoiled the rope
which he had brought for the purpose
of capturing the trout cow, and after
several attempts to catch the hat with
a noose, he concluded to save time by
going down into the well himself. To
accomplish this, he made fast one end
of the rope to a stump hard by, and
was soon on his way down the well.
It is a fact, of which Jake was no
less obvious than the reader hereof,
that Ned Wells was in the delapidated
building aforesaid, and that an old
blind horse, with a bell on his neck,
which had been turned out to die, was
lazily grazing within a short distance
of the well.
The devil himself, or some other
wicked spirit, put it into Ned's cran-
ium to have a little fun: so he quietly
slipped up to the old horse, unbuck-
led the strap, and approached with
slow and measured "ting-a-ling" to
the edge of the well.
"Dang the old blind horse!" said
Jake, "he's comin' this way, sure, and
aint got no more sense nor to fall in
here. Whoa, Ball!"
But the continued approach of the
"ting-a-ling" said, just as plainly as
words, that old Ball wouldn't "whoa."
Besides, old Jake was at the bottom,
resting before trying to shin it up the
rope.
"Grrat Jerusalem!" said he, "the
old cuss will be a-top o' me before I
can say Jack Robinson. Whoa, dang
ye, whoa!"
Just then Ned drew up to the edge
of the well, and with his foot kicked a
little dirt into it.
"Oh! Lord!" exclaimed Jake, fall-
ing on his knees at the bottom of the
well: "I'm gone up now!—Whoa!—
Now I lay me down to sleep—Whoa!
Ball—I pray the Lord my soul to—
Whoa! now—Oh, Lord have mercy
on me!"
Ned could hold in no longer, and
fearing that Jake might suffer from
his fright he revealed himself.
Probably Ned didn't make tracks
with the heels toward that well. May-
be old Jake wasn't up to the top of it
in short order. May-be not, I don't
know. But I know that if Jake finds
out who sent you this, it will be the
last squib you'll get out of me.

An Affecting story.
The followin account of a heart ren-
ding circumstance we extract from
an exchange.
We once saw a young man in 10ac
gazing at the "ry heavens, with a f in
1 and of pistols in the oth-
er. We ndevored to attract his at-
tion by ing 2 a f in a paper we
held in our h, relating to a young
man in that f of the country who left
home in a st8 of derangement. He
dropped the f and pistols from his
hand, with the "It is I of whom
U read; I left my home before my
friends knew of my design. I had s0
the f of a girl who had refused 2
listen 2 me, but smiled benignly upon
another. I ed madly from the
house uttering a wild l to the god of
love, (Qpid.) and without repleting to
the ? of my friends, came here with
this f and of pistols 2 puta stop
2 my Xis10cc. My case is without a
in this f.
40ude and 4berance R required
under such a perplXing circumstance.

It is the practice among waggish
printers, when a "green un" enters
the office, to play jokes on him by
sending him on an errand to neighbor-
ing office for something he would not
find, and he returns with some strange
article or other, thinking that, in printer's
phrase, he has got what he was sent
for. A joke of this kind was lately
perpetrated in a neighboring town.
A boy who was rather verdant went
to learn the printing business, and one
of the journeymen, loving sport, sent
him one day with a dish to a certain
editor, to borrow "a gill of editorial."
The editor, understanding the game,
returned a picture of a donkey. The
first one finding himself rather "come
over," set his wife to work to think
how he should be even with the other.
At last he called the lad and told him
to go and tell the editor that "it was
editorial which he wanted, and not the
editor!"
Mrs. Catherine Obery died in Vien-
na, Austria, on the 23d ult., aged 119
years.

PARTING.
When fond affection's spell hath cast
Its web around the heart,
How truly sad it is at last
To be obliged to part.
How sad to catch the smothered sigh,
To see the starting tear
That dims the tender, loving eye
Of those we hold most dear.
What, when the heart of friendship knits,
Can be more keenly felt
Than some rude stroke of Fate which splits
The link Time ne'er can melt?
Alas! of every earthly wo,
Felt by the human heart,
Methinks it is the greatest blow
From those we love, to part.

Table of Distances
From Omaha to Kearney City.
FROM OMAHA TO
Lit. Pappillon, 8 Barnum's, 2
Great De., 4 Prairie Creek, 10
Reed's Rancho, 3 Junction Rancho, 15
Elkhorn Bridge, 7 Parkers, 8
Fremont, 14 Lone Tree, 4
North Bend, 15 Buckhorn Station, 1
3 Hill's, 1
Graham's, 7 Shoemaker's, 8
Shall Creek, 3 Barnard's, 10
Bushnell, 1 Wood Liver, 7
Russell's, 10 Lamb's, 2
Murie's, 4 Miller's, 4
Columbus, 1 Moore's, 2
Ferry, Wood River Centre, (Rancho, Store,
Printing Office, Post Office, and Black-
smith-shop), 6
Peck's, 3 Miller's, 6
Boyd's, 4 Fort Kearney, 2
McLain's, 7 Kearney City, 2

Exciting Gold Story.—The Denver
Mountaineer tells an exciting gold story
about a party of Indians, who sold a
quantity of gold nuggets to Mr.
Pfeiffer, Indian agent at Taos. A
Mexican, a captain among them for
twenty years, said they obtained the
gold at the head waters of the Gila,
and rolled and pounded it into bullets,
some of which were produced. Kit
Carson took the matter in hand and
got the Mexican to go with him as
guide to the place. Unless there is
some mistake about the matter, Kit
will probably return a rich man.

Col. Sumner.
A Reminiscence.
This gallant officer lately the com-
panion of Mr. Lincoln in his journey
to Washington, is devoid of fear. He
does not know, indeed, what the word
means. He was born to that sort of
thing; and his speciality through life
has been killing Indians on the fron-
tier.
We remember an instance illustra-
tive of this quality in Col Sumner.
In the summer of 1855 he was
sent to Europe on a special mission
connected with the War department,
and made at the same time bearer of
Dispatches to our Legation at Madrid,
by Gov. Marcy, our then Secretary
of State.
Col. Sumner's dispatches referred
to the Black Warrior affair, and Col.
Sumner proceeded at once to deliver
them to Mr. Soule, our Minister.
The Col. was presented, of course,
to the Queen of Spain, and said some
handsome things to her Majesty,
which Mr. Soule's ready wit and oily
tongue made very sparkling in the
translation from English to Spanish.
The Queen was struck. We would
not be deemed extravagant by these
knowing the parties, and remembering
the tall, handsome person and soldierly
address, and the susceptibility of
her Majesty, to say the Queen was
smitten.
That same afternoon the Col. received
a polite note from her Majesty,
inviting him to a little supper, in the
gardens of the Palace, to which only
her intimate friends and associates
were admitted.
"Ah! this is a compliment—a high
honor," said Mr. Soule.
"Well, sir," responded the Col.,
"at what hour precisely shall I go?"
"But you will not go," said Mr.
Soule.
"Why not?"
"These Spaniards are very much
excited about this Cuban business;
hate us Americans, and if you go near
the Palace after night, you will be
watched, followed and assassinated. I
dare not do such a thing."
"Mr. Soule," responded Col. Sum-
ner, with emphasis, "when a pretty
woman invites me to a supper, I go,
assassination or no assassination."
The Col. was as good as his word.
At the proper time he tucked his
sword under his arm, and drove a-
way. He appeared next morning to
breakfast, in his usual good health
and spirits. Such men are seldom
assassinated.
Su places at five—and daughters too.

LEGAL NOTICES.
NOTICE is hereby given, that in a case
wherein H. Jochnck is plaintiff, and B. B.
Woodward, defendant, on the 7th day of
February, 1861—an order of attachment for
the sum of \$16 25 has been issued by Fred.
Hedde, Probate Judge of Hall County,
against the defendant.
Grand Island City, Hall Co., N. T., Feb-
ruary 16th, 1861. **H. JOEHNCK, PLA.**
NOTICE is hereby given, that in a case
wherein George Schultz is plaintiff, and B.
B. Woodward, defendant, on the 7th day
of February, 1861—an order of attachment
for the sum of \$17 50, has been issued by
Fred. Hedde, Probate Judge of Hall Co.,
against the property of said defendant.
Grand Island City, Hall Co., N. T., Feb-
ruary 16th, 1861. **G. SCHULTZ.**
NOTICE is hereby given, that in a case
wherein Christian Menck is plaintiff, and B.
B. Woodward, defendant, on the 7th day
of February, 1861—an order of attachment
for the sum of \$25 50 has been issued by
Fred. Hedde, Probate Judge of Hall County,
against the property of said defendant.
Grand Island City, Hall Co., N. T., Feb-
ruary 16th, 1861. **C. MENCK, PLA.**
NOTICE is hereby given, that in a case
wherein Theodore Nagel is plaintiff, and B.
B. Woodward, defendant, on the 7th day
of February, 1861—an order of attachment
for the sum of \$47 60 has been issued by
Fred. Hedde, Probate Judge of Hall County,
against the property of said defendant.
Grand Island City, Hall Co., N. T., Feb-
ruary 16th, 1861. **T. NAGEL, PLA.**
NOTICE is hereby given, that in a case
wherein Marks Stelek is plaintiff, and B. B.
Woodward, defendant, on the 7th day of
February, 1861—an order of attachment
for the sum of \$18 00 has been issued by
Fred. Hedde, Probate Judge of Hall County,
against the property of said defendant.
Grand Island City, Hall Co., N. T., Feb-
ruary 16th, 1861. **M. STELCK, PLA.**

Johnson's Rancho,
Johnson's Rancho,
Wood River Centre,
Wood River Centre:
GOOD Place to Stop!
Fine, Place to Put-up!
Pleasant Place to Stay!
Go east or west,
Here is the best—
Good place to rest!
Try it!!
For man an easy bed,
And table plentiful spread,
For stock there's kraal & shed,
Near by it!

Garden Seeds!
Fresh Seeds!!
Every Kind of
Seeds of Vegetables,
Fresh, Genuine, and true to name;
JUST RECEIVED
At the Store of SWIDER & Co.,
Wood River Centre.

RANCHING!
Stock Fed, Horded, Bought,
Sold or Exchanged.
ENTERTAINMENT
For
TRAVELERS.
JOHNSON'S RANCHE,
Wood River Centre.

WILLIAM RUTH,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN, DOMESTIC AND FANCY
Dry Goods
Cloths,
Clothing,
Shirts,
Hats,
Caps,
Ladies' Dress Goods, Sarages, Bonnets,
Ribbons, Parasols, etc. &c., &c.,
Which he sells cheaper than the cheapest
for cash.
Farnham Street Pioneer Block,
n1-1f. **Omaha.**

E. H. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Second Story James' Block,
Council Bluffs, Iowa. n1-1f.