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Nebraska Advertiser

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE, NOW AND FOREVER."

VOL. IX.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 29, 1864.

NO. 15.

RATES OF ADVERTISING table with columns for different rates and durations.

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. C. THURMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. MILLINERY & Dress-making

MISS E. E. HARRIS, MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING SHOP

LOUIS WALDTER, MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING SHOP

B. G. HARE'S SKY LIGHT GALLERY

JOSEPH L. ROY, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSOR

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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. C. F. STEWART, M. D.

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Nemaha, City, N. T. OFFICE AT HIS RESIDENCE.

W. M. C. PERKINS, Great Western Photograph

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SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE

Wall Paper Wall Paper! LOUIS WALDTER

LADIES OF BROWNVILLE! MILLINERY GOODS!

MRS. MARY HEWETT, Announces to the ladies of Brownville

ALL AND WATER MILLINERY GOODS, Consisting of

REAVIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

New Remedies for SPERMATORRHEA.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION PHILADELPHIA

Resolvent Institution, established by special De-

Medical Advice given gratis, by the Acting

Address: DR. J. SKELLEN HOGGARTH, Howard As-

Poetry.

The Latest Popular Nonsense.

The following highly elegant and intellectual pro-

THE HORRIBLE TALE. O! it's a terrible tale,

O! it's such a 'horrible tale, It's sure to make your cheeks turn pale,

They never saw any company Tho' a highly respectable family,

One day as her father in the garden did walk,

The youngest daughter on beaded knees, She pined herself with twisted cheer

The garden came in and saw the blood, He ran himself through with a piece of rhabub;

The old man sat as he sat by the fire, Bit a piece of the fender and then did expire;

The old cow in the old cow shed, Took up the pitchfork and knock'd off her head;

O! it's such a 'horrible tale, It's sure to make your cheeks turn pale,

Wiggly, wiggly, wiggly, wam.

Select Story.

It's None of My Business.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

This was one of the golden sayings of Jedediah Pettisoul.

He lived in that great white house you see yonder,

When he thought the seed had germinated he called on Jedediah,

There had recently been a factory established in a distant part of his parish,

That morning, at table, Mr. Service said to his wife,

"Well, let's get up a subscription for it," said his wife,

"I doubt it," said Mr. Service.

"O, yes; only go and talk to him—tell him all about it—he can't refuse."

So that evening Mr. Service called at Mr. Pettisoul's,

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He told his story, and Mr. Pettisoul were delighted to see him.

much mistaken. He was too shrewd for them.

"If they think they're going to get their burdens off onto my shoulders they are mistaken.

"I have been to them, and they said mere money making men of the world,

"Well, then," said Jedediah, "I believe the factory, in point of fact,

"But, Mr. Pettisoul, think how many of your neighbors are not, and what an excellent thing for them it would be!"

"Well, let them get it, it's none of my business, I'm sure; we've more books than we can read now."

"Mr. Pettisoul, we called to see if you would subscribe for a furnace for the church."

"No. What's the use of a furnace? The stove keeps us comfortable enough."

"Your pew and two or three about it, are comfortable; but the galleries, where the poorer people sit,

Now, Mr. Pettisoul was a very orthodox man, and believed devoutly every one of the five points of Calvinism;

Mr. Service, whom he suspected, somehow, of not having precisely the good old ways,

"Did you ever hear of this doctrine, Mr. Pettisoul? Look not every man on his own things,

"That isn't a doctrine," said Mr. Pettisoul; "it's a declaration of the Bible."

"Why isn't it a doctrine?" said Mr. Service, and left him.

Mr. Pettisoul felt for some time that dull, confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea

He had supposed himself primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine;

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meddle with that factory population," said Mr. Pettisoul.

"If I mistake not, the factory stands the other side of the town line, and its business of Smith & Simonds to provide such things, if anybody. Why don't you go to them?"

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of the owners of the factory. They do not live here.

"They will not, in their persons or families, suffer as we shall, from leaving them to go to ruin."

"Who wants them to go to ruin?" said Mr. Pettisoul.

"Can't they come to our church if they want to? There are free seats in the gallery, without our going down to build a place for them."

"But they won't come to our church and experience has shown they will come to a place appropriated to them alone."

"Our poor little room is crowded every Sunday, and some go away for want of room."

"Well, Mr. Service, I'll think of it, and send you something, though I must say I don't think as you do."

"The Lord Jesus didn't think it our own affair whether we went to destruction or not," said Mr. Service.

"He did much more, one would think, than his part. We were enemies, and he left heaven for us, lived poor all his life, died the worst of deaths; and he is to do all this for us and we feel that we are not to lift a finger for each other?"

"Well, well, Mr. Service, I'll think of it, and let you know. I'll subscribe something," said Mr. Pettisoul.

"He is a good man, my dear," said Jedediah Pettisoul.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Pettisoul, "what makes you doubt his orthodoxy?"

"Oh, these modern young ministers with their humanitarian notions, want to carry the world on their shoulders,

"I know that," said Mr. Pettisoul; "but I ain't going to do other people's work."

"I can take care of my own trees," said Mr. Pettisoul.

"Mr. Pettisoul," said Mr. Service, "have you thought any of that doctrine I spoke to you about?"

"What doctrine, sir?"

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others."

What do you think of that doctrine? it's in the Bible as plain as the doctrine of election."

At this point Mr. Pettisoul began to have secret doubts of the validity of Paul's epistles but he did not venture to assert them in so many words,

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Cobweb Saloon.

"Will you walk into my parlor? Said the spider to the fly;

I suppose the children have all read this little song many a time, and wondered at the fly that was so stupid as not to see through the deceitful invitation of the spider,

But there are a great many people more stupid than was that fly. And that spider was more cunning than some people are.

You know what a saloon is? Children in cities and villages know, and I am afraid some of the larger ones sometimes are tempted to go into them.

I was not long since passing along a street in one of our western cities, and read in large glowing letters, the sign, "Cobweb Saloon."

"The name is just as it should be," it tells the whole story. Look at a fly in a spider's web, and then tell me if it is not a pretty good representation of a man fairly caught in one of these saloons.

His brains have become so entangled in the cobwebs that he cannot walk; his brains all so covered over with the cobwebs that he cannot think straight;

When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk groined to be a large and well filled traveling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble;

"Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor.

When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk groined to be a large and well filled traveling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble;

"No, you didn't ask me to get it."

"Did not? What would you call it I asked you?"

"Why, you asked me to look and see if it was there. I did so, and you will find it safe there any day by just driving over to Princeton. Good day."

Suffice it to say, the Governor did not ask that neighbor to do any more errands for him.

A man applied to Dr. Jackson, the celebrated chemist, with a box of specimens; filled with sparkling varieties of gold dust.

"Can you tell me what this is, sir?"

"Certainly I can, sir; that is iron pyrites."

"What, sir?" in a voice of thunder, "Iron pyrites?"

"Iron pyrites! And what's that?"

"That's what it is," said the chemist putting a lot on the shovel over the hot coals where it disappeared.

"And what's iron pyrites worth?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Why then's a woman in our town who owns a whole hill of that—and I've married her?"

It is estimated that there are three hundred thousand refugees from the South in the North.

A young girl in an English village tried to drown herself because her mother refused to let her go to a tea party.

We are under obligations to the attentive messengers of the Adams Express Company for favors shown the Office.

A boy in London was recently frightened to death by a "Guy Faux."

As he entered, the colonel was telling a story to the evident delight of the company.

"Yes," said the colonel, "my fellows are the sharpest in the whole army. Would Monsieur le professeur believe that two of them had just won two thousand francs for four hundred francs?"

"Monsieur le Colonel is partly wrong, partly right," replied the professor; "two thousand francs is common rats, not. They are unique, and I am the lucky gambler."

Roars of laughter followed this confession, and it came out that the Zouaves had learned from the natives a dodge for making those curious creatures—

Here is the receipt. Cut the tail off a rat, cut a slit in its nose, stick the tail into it like budding a rose—into the skin and plaster it up, and in a week it will grow there naturally, less extremes as touchant, and the mus elephas is a fact—so is this story, as the professor knows to his cost.

He dares not go to his society, for there is his trunked rat; if he goes down to his club, it is there also. It will be his social death. He is already known in Paris as 'ridiculus mas.'

Old Governor H—has many laughable stories told of him. I remember seeing him once in a state of mind usually called wrath. The circumstances were as follows:

The Governor, returning home from a tour to the northern part of the state, put up for the night at a hotel in the flourishing and beautiful village of Princeton, situated on the Fox river. The next morning, after arriving at home, he discovered that he had left his trunk at the hotel, twenty miles away. He just then saw one of his neighbors going to Princeton, and in his most pompous style requested him to "call at the hotel and see if there was not a little trunk there belonging to him."

"Yes, with pleasure," replied the kind and obliging neighbor.

When ready to return, he found his wagon heavily loaded; the trunk groined to be a large and well filled traveling trunk, quite heavy, and it was quite certain, on the principle of antecedent probabilities, that he would never get a cent for his trouble;

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