THE ADVERTISER.

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THE ADVERTISER.

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☞ **Adah Chapter No.**—Order of the Eastern Star. Meets in Masonic Hall on the third Mondays in each month. MRS. LOUISA MOORE, W. M. MISS EMMA BLAKE, Sec'y.

☞ **Furnas Council No. 3, R. & S. M.**—Stated Communications fourth Monday in each month. JNO. BLAKE, T. I. G. M. T. A. CHENEY, Recorder.

☞ **Mt. Carmel Commandery Knight Templar No. 3.**—Meets in Masonic Hallon the second Monday night in each month. R. W. FURNAS, Gen. Com. T. A. CHENEY, Recorder.

☞ **Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.**—Regular Communications first Monday night in each month. Lecture Meetings every Monday night. JOHN BLAKE, M. E. H. P. A. R. DAVISON, Sec'y.

☞ **Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M.**—Regular Communications held on the full moon evenings of each month. Lodge of Instruction every Saturday night. JOHN BLAKE, W. M. J. COWARD, Secy.

☞ **Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.**—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. S. J. MCFALL, N. G. R. W. BENNETT, Secy.

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☞ **City Council.**—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, A. C. Cogswell. Aldermen—First Ward—James Stevenson and Chas. Nichols; Second Ward—F. E. Johnson and Lewis Hill. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. B. Dwyer. Treasurer, J. W. Middleton. Police Judge, J. Mc.

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☞ **County Commissioners**—C. Harmes, H. D. Wade, A. J. Ritter. County Clerk, Andrew Hunter. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, S. Fletters. Probate Judge, E. M. Moore. Treasurer, G. W. Bratton. Surveyor, C. M. Hayden. County Superintendent, S. W. Mellvoy.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office over Post Office, Brownville, Neb. 1y1

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RICHARD V. HUGHES, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public. Office in northeast corner McPherson's Block, up stairs, Brownville, Neb.

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I solicit a liberal share of the public patronage. Very respectfully yours,
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RUN DAILY FROM
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Guests received at all hours, DAY and NIGHT. Connects with
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☞ Careful attention given to the wants of guests. We refer to the traveling public.

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $500,000.00
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Is now prepared to transact a general Banking Business. Buy and sell Coin and Currency Drafts on all the principal cities of the
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NEW FURNITURE NEW FURNITURE
FURNITURE!
Ducking Powder AND ALL KINDS OF Ammunition
For sale by
TISDEL & RICHARDS.

THE EPIZOOTIC.

Upon my sole I've walked so much,
Since horses have been hoarse,
I feel like some pedestrian sport
In training on the course.

I've worn my boots to sandals, and
The sand's all in my feet;
My calves won't work, if oxen do,
For horses on the street.

Such "pilgrim's progress as this is,
Make each man "bunion" mate;
And though a strict tetotaler,
He's corned in spite of fate.

Forgotten now is horsemanship,
And driving a fast art;
Hotels can't furnish carriages—
They've nothing but the *carte*.

The price of leather's going up
At a most fearful rate,
And every now hides quivering,
Lest shafts should be her fate.

No ear loss now will carry us,
Urged on by driver's wincks;
Oh! for the wings Icarus had,
Although they went by wax.

Then let us hope that horses may
Be freed from present woes,
And running on their feet again,
Instead of at the nose.

CAPTAIN KATE.

"I am going down to the lakeshore where it's cool and quiet; where I needn't work or even think, but do just as I please." That's what I said to Fred Gorman.

Fred looked blank. "Don't go this afternoon," he said. "I want you to go with me to Madame W 's-to-night, and be presented to Captain Kate, the new belle."

"Thank you," I responded; "but no more girls of the period for me, if you please—I had rather be excused."

"Oh, but you must see 'Captain Kate!'" he went on, "that's what they call her, because of the followers she has; she's worth seeing."

"I know the style," I said with a majestic wave of the hand. "Bold eyes—blue, perhaps, black, probably—rather tall, immense chignon, laughs and cracks jokes like a trooper, and never says a word of sense. I repeat it, my friend, not any for me."

"But just wait——" began Fred, and I interrupted with another wave of the hand.

"My friend, I shall leave town this afternoon, for the lake; should like your company, but if you choose to stay, I go alone. I want nothing of this Kate or any other woman."

"'Pon my soul!" cried Fred, widening his blue eyes. "What has come over you, the king of male flirts? Been bitten, eh?"

"No, simply disgusted," I answered, loftily. "I'm tired of work and women, and am going to leave both. Will you go?"

"Not till next week; then I'll follow."

"All right," I said, and we parted.

"King of flirts!" Fred had called me, and that term needs some explanation, for I should regret having any of my friends think me that most detestable affair, a man butterfly.

I was thirty, not bad looking, and a well-to-do young lawyer, possessed a nice little property. I had a due appreciation of women—liked most of them extremely well, loved none; paid them some harmless compliments; chatted, walked and drove with them. But as for flirting—why I spoke no word of love; gave no fair lady any reason for thinking I was in love, and Mrs. Grundy gave me appellation of "Male Flirt." Well, never mind; I didn't.

I went down to the lake shore that afternoon and engaged rooms at a private dwelling.

"We have three boarders now," the pleasant little lady said, "and expect one more to-morrow afternoon—a young relative from the city—and there are just rooms for one more."

Those I engaged and domiciled myself immediately in my quarters, but not at all pleased with the prospective young lady. There were two already; but harmless individuals, I mentally observed at the table; one a studious damsel who wore spectacles and looked at the ceiling; the other an invalid, and wife of the male boarder. But this "coming girl"—who was she, and what did she want to disturb my coveted peace and country quiet for? No doubt she would be a dashing, slashing, panier and sash-end style of girl, who would dare me into making love to her, and give me no peace until I did. Flirtations might all be very well, but a fellow didn't want to be dragged into it, when he was in search of peace and quiet. This was my mental style of soliloquy until the coming girl came. I watched her from my window as the hack set her down.

Small, dressed in grey, veiled. That was all I saw, save two moderate-sized trunks. All, until, two hours later, I saw her at the table, and took a private inventory. Rather below the medium height, and slender figure; fair, with faint color in her cheeks; hair dusky brown, curling, or, rather, waving, not quite to the shoulders, and tied with a blue ribbon from the smooth brow; eyes, a quiet brown, and clear as a summer lake. That was all, I think, that I noticed. No, the mouth was very sweet and pretty, and totally devoid of that society smirk and haughty curl which are so decidedly repulsive in women. I remember thinking of that, and then quite forgetting Miss Whiting until the following day.

"A very quiet, sensible-appearing and rather pretty young woman," I have said to myself, "and not one likely to molest me in any way."

I strolled out to a little arbor the next forenoon, with a book in my hand, and found Miss Whiting, with a book in her hand, seated in said arbor.

"I beg pardon," I began; "I did not know the place was occupied."

"Make believe that it isn't," she said, "and come in. There is ample room, and I am so interested in my book that I shall not even see you."

Feeling decidedly complimented at the closing sentence, I seated myself on the opposite bench and opened my book. But I did not progress rapidly. Miss Whiting was interesting in repose, made such a pretty good-looking picture sitting there, that I could not but watch her.

How interested she seemed to be in her book, and how utterly oblivious of my presence! Was I such a nonentity, then? I began to feel very uncomfortable. If she would only glance at me! But she wouldn't. Once she picked some crawling thing from her dress, and tossed it at the door, but never glanced at me.

"Miss Whiting," I said at length, "pardon me, but I am tired of making believe. I had rather think the arbor occupied."

Miss Whiting kept on reading, and answered quietly:

"Very well, consider me here."

"Not to be worsted in this way, I said boldly, "Well, but I want you to talk to me."

She closed her book, keeping one slender hand between the pages, and lifted her childishly calm eyes to my face.

"It is a very pleasant day, Mr. Lester," she said with perfect gravity.

"Decidedly," I responded.

"Much cooler since the shower," she observed.

"It is," I assented.

"Looks like rain in the east," she remarked.

"It does," I said, and then we both laughed.

"Now," she said, "I hope you will let me go on with my book. It is Dickens' 'Great Expectations,' and if you have ever read it, you can understand my interest."

"Do you like Dickens?" I asked.

"No," said she, "I love him. From the opening page to the 'Finis,' his books are gardens of delight to me. He interests you in his meanest character, and enlists your sympathies, not with one, but with all. He is inimitable—he is incomparable. Others may, in their style, be as interesting, to me there is none like him."

A deeper flush had come into her cheeks and her eyes grew wider and darker.

"Decidedly pretty now," I informed myself, "and really an intelligent little person."

After that, Miss Whiting and I were quite sociable. I sought her society, and she did not avoid me, but treated me precisely as she would a younger brother. Not just that either, for she was a little more reserved; and yet we had some very pleasant chats together. She could talk sense, and I prided myself on my abilities in that line, and so almost a week slipped by before I knew it.

"I think I should find it very dull here but for you," I said to her one day. "Odd, too, when I dreaded your coming so."

She looked up wonderingly. "Dreaded my coming?"

"Yes; I feared you would be one of the slashing kind, and would dress to kill, and talk me wild and give me no peace."

"What gave you that idea?"

"I don't know, unless it was being bored to death by my chum, Fred Gorman, about a 'Captain Kate,' the belle of the season, and I thought you might be her style."

"And did you ever see this Captain Kate?" asked Miss Whiting, lifting her calm lakes of eyes to mine.

"No; but I can imagine her," I answered.

"And what do you imagine her like?"

Thereupon I gave her a description very much as I had given Fred, and closed by saying:

"Now, that style of girl I cannot tolerate, and fearing you were one of them, no wonder I dreaded you."

"Then you do not consider me at all like Captain Kate?" she querried, archly.

"Not at all," I said decidedly. "As I told you in the beginning, but for you, I should feel stupid and dull. Your society renders it very pleasant, and you are in all things the opposite to my fears."

"Oh, thank you!"

She said it so dryly, that I looked up to catch the hidden meaning of her words, but she was reading and her face was as calm as usual.

The next day Fred came. I was standing at the gate, when he came up from the hotel, and, after the greetings, Fred brought his hand down on my shoulder.

"So Ben, my boy, you jumped from the frying pan into the fire, didn't you? Ha! Ha! good joke. How did you like her?"

I turned in astonishment. "Like who?—what do you mean?"

"Why, Captain Kate, of course."

"I haven't seen Captain Kate," I replied with dignity.

"What, don't Miss Catharine Whiting board here with her step aunt, Mrs. Dearborne?"

I jumped at least three feet into the air. "You don't mean——" I began, while Fred interrupted coolly:

"As a jumpist you are a successist. As a stupid blockhead, you also excel. Yes, Miss Whiting is Captain Kate."

'But, Fred,' I said, helplessly, 'she's so innocent and childlike, and rarely pretty, and so sweet and quiet.'

'All put on,' said Fred, shaking his head gravely. 'She is a regular flirt, and these are her arts. She's weaving her nets around you, I see, successfully.'

The emotions of my heart I should find difficult to explain. But I found Miss Whiting in the arbor, half an hour later, after Fred left, and I lifted my hat with a flourish, and knelt at her feet.

'All honor to Captain Kate,' I said in mock humility.

She closed her book with almost a yawn.

'You've found out,' she said, 'who told you?'

'Fred. And shall I ask pardon for remarks I made yesterday?'

'Certainly not,' she said sweetly. 'You had never seen me then.'

'And now I have a proposition to make,' I began. 'We are to spend several weeks together here, and report calls you a terrible flirt—'

'So it does you,' she interrupted. 'I heard of you before I left town.'

'Very well,' I continued, 'the more need of my proposition. It is this: Let us enter into a league to have a grand flirtation; each knowing there is no danger of a broken heart on either side. Thus we have nothing to fear, nothing to guard, and can be very happy.'

'But what is the need?' she asked. 'We hain't flirted before—why need we now?'

'Because we couldn't help it; and it is better to go about it with a full understanding than to be sly about it in the old way. Thinking you harmless, Miss Whiting, I could have gone on all summer and never dreamed of flirting; knowing you to be Captain Kate, I shall suspect you of malicious intentions every move you make. Therefore, let us agree to a flirtation and all will be well.'

'I agree,' she said archly, 'and here is my hand on it.' She gave me her hand—I remember thinking how soft and shapely it was—and I raised it to my lips.

'Would your heart come with it?' I said, and she laughed merrily.

'Bravo, a good beginning! I see you are no amateur!' she cried, and we launched on the sea of flirtation.

I told Fred of our arrangement the following day. I thought he looked pleased.

'All right, old fellow,' he said, shaking my hand heartily. 'I am glad to know that you are not my rival, for I am in earnest. I want to marry Miss Whiting, if I can, and I didn't like to think I was fighting against you. You are in sure you are in earnest?'

'Quite sure,' I answered. 'Go on, my dear boy, with my blessing; but don't marry her until I leave, and so spoil our flirtation.'

'Oh, no! I shouldn't think of it under a year. My business won't permit, and I suppose she will be willing to wait,' and Fred looked as grave and thoughtful as if it were settled.

'No doubt she will wait any length of time you suggest,' I said, so dryly that Fred looked up quizzically. Seeing me perfectly serious, he continued:

"And, Ben, couldn't you—seeing you have no intention there yourself—speak a good word for my prospects? Speak about that uncle of mine that went to India twenty years ago, and has never been heard of since. You couldn't put that in, though; just say he went there, and I am the only heir.'

I assured Fred that I would do so. 'Just as well as not,' I said. 'Will bring your perfections all to light, and say nothing of your failings.' Fred thanked me warmly, and we parted.

Capt. Kate was in the garden when I returned. She was dressed in a blue, thin gauze stuff, and a frill of lace at her throat and wrists. She looked exceedingly pretty and I told her so.

'Good!' she cried, bringing her shapely hands together. 'I dressed purposely to make you pay compliments, and have succeeded. Am I really, truly pretty?'

'Really and truly,' I echoed.

'And my eyes are not bold, and I do not seem like a trooper?'

'Your eyes are the sweetest in the world, and you seem like an angel.'

She breathed a long breath.

'How nice! Now, where have you been?'

'To see Fred—the finest fellow alive. Got a rich uncle in India, somewhere, and is the only heir.'

'Does that constitute his fineness?' she said, a little scornfully.

'According to a woman's idea, yes. But that is not all. He is a splendid fellow, good, intelligent, steady.'

'Rather a pleasant fellow,' she acknowledged, 'and he waltzes like an angel.'

'Are angels proficient in that accomplishment?' I laughed.

'Well, I suppose so,' she retorted. 'You call me an angel, and I waltz beautifully.'

I should never have recognized Miss Whiting for the girl I had known before. She dropped her quiet, calm, child-like self, and assumed the gay, dazzling mask of Captain Kate.

She dressed becomingly and elegantly, yet with no show or glare of colors, else it would not have been becomingly. She studied my taste in all things, and fairly dazzled me with her wit and beauty. Yet I think I missed Miss Whiting sorely, for a few days after her departure and Kate's advent. We walked, we sat, we drove, we talked together. Fred occupied all the spare moments, and, few as they were, he seemed very hopeful, for Fred was always hopeful about all things, though he never succeeded in anything. He had paid his undivided attention to three young ladies, at different times, and been certain of success, and each time failed. He was not cast down, however; but was now looking confidently forward to his union with Captain Kate.

'You have helped me a great deal, Ben,' he would say, 'and I thank you heartily for your kind words. When I am settled consider my home yours.'

'Certainly,' I would respond, 'I will, Fred.'

'So three weeks slipped by, and in two more I should depart. Our flirtation continued unabated. Kate was bewildering, and I sometimes trembled for my own safety. Once, when standing near by to her, my lips somehow came in contact with hers, and I had never felt quite safe since that day. 'Kissing provoketh love,' I said 'and I will avoid that hereafter.'

So I did; and we sailed, and rode, and flirted deliciously through the remaining two weeks, and one morning I arose with the uncomfortable feeling upon me that it had all come to an end, and I was to leave on the forenoon train. I also arose with another knowledge—that I was very much in love with Captain Kate; yes, decidedly, irrevocably in love. I had an odd feeling, too, that it was just what Captain Kate intended, and I determined to keep my secret locked up in my breast. So I complimented her, in the old mock way, through the morning, and was conscious that, under all her gayety, there was lurking disappointment. And then I nerved myself for it; went to the arbor to say the last farewell.

'With my most heartfelt thanks for the pleasant flirtation you have kindly indulged me in, and hoping you all happiness in the future, I will say good-bye.'

'And who will I dress for now, and who will pay me pretty compliments, and admire me?'

'Fred will serve as a substitute, won't he?' I asked; but she shook her head, gravely.

'Thanks for the compliment,' I laughed. And now may the Fates provide for you until you return to town.'

So I left her, with a greater pain in my heart than I ever had before; a pain that grew deeper and deeper every step I took, till at the foot of the hill it became unendurable, and I turned about and walked defiantly back to the arbor. Captain Kate's face was in her hands, and tears were falling upon her dress.

'Kate,' I said softly, 'what is the matter?'

She started violently, and then laughed through her tears.

'I hurt my finger with a thorn and it made me cry.'

'Let me extract the thorn,' I said, putting my arm about her waist. 'I came back to tell you that I was tired of 'make believe' love, and want to play love in earnest; will you?'

'Why—I suppose I could—only—'

'Only what, Kate?'

'Why, about the grand flirtation?'

'We will end it in a grand wedding,' I said.

'I guess that will be a good idea,' Kate answered from my shoulder.

I said good-bye again, and went to see Fred.

'By the way, Ben,' he said, 'now you are going, I think I shall propose to Kate and settle matters.'

'I wouldn't, Fred,' said I; 'for she is going to marry me!'

It was rather abrupt, but Fred got over it, and his uncle really came from India and gave him a handsome fortune, and he married my pretty sister and is very happy.

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

How a Plucky Kentucky Woman Outwitted the Vengence of a Wronged Father and Son.

[From the Bowling Green (Ky.) Democrat.]

A little more than two years ago, as the United States mail steamer Bowling Green, from Bowling Green, Ky., to Evansville, Ind., was approaching the landing at Montgomery, Ky., an unusually large crowd was seen upon the bank of the river—so unusual a crowd, in fact, as to attract the special attention of crew and passengers. Upon landing, three men, armed cap-a-pie, brought a prisoner aboard. The oldest of the party, afterward ascertained to be the father of one of the younger men, approached the captain and gave him the following history: He said that he lived somewhere in the interior of Indiana, and that several years prior to this date the prisoner was a sprightly, attractive young Lothario, teaching school in the vicinity of his home, and part of the time boarding at his house. *Pater familias* had a daughter just budding into womanhood, and, of course, at the most susceptible age.

The reader anticipates me no doubt. The oft-repeated story was re-enacted. The young school-teacher and the maid became attached, engaged, and, alas, with the result, also not unprecedented, she "loved not wisely, but too well." Before the discovery, the faithless swain departed to parts unknown, leaving the poor girl to meet the horrors of her situation alone and unsustained.

The law of Indiana makes seduction felony, and the girl's father swore vengence against her seducer. Annually, after his crops were "laid by," or garnered, when he had the most leisure, he and his son were accustomed to devote one or two months to a methodic and patient search for the culprit. Sometimes traveling by rail and then by river, and yet, again, through more obscure and unfrequented parts of the country, in buggies, or carriages. All their efforts were unsuccessful until the spring of 1871, when, pursuing their search through the Green River section of Kentucky, they, by some accident, found him teaching school on Mud River, Butler county. Armed with a requisition from the Governor of Indiana, and the approval and order of arrest from the Governor of Kentucky, they took charge of him. The young man had, in the meantime,

MARRIED AN ESTIMABLE LADY,

who was, at this time, the mother of a baby only three weeks old. His exemplary habits had made him many friends, and the peculiar, and to all, interesting condition of his family, caused this affair to exasperate them in no slight degree; and, in connection with serious threats toward the arresting party, application was made to Hon. John E. Halsell, then the Judge of this Judicial Circuit, and sitting at Morgantown, for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted, and the prisoner brought before him. Upon presentation of the requisition and order of the Governors, respectively, Judge Halsell, while feeling, in common with the whole community, a profound sympathy for the prisoner, was compelled to remand him to the custody of his prosecutors. Fearing a mob and violence, which were threatened, they, instead of returning in their carriage, waited for the steamer Bowling Green, and came aboard as already related.

The old man, while exultant over his success, was painfully apprehensive of an attempt to rescue his prisoner at Rochester—forty miles by water below, and near the home of the prisoner and his friends—and therefore he hired young ——, a six and a half foot Kentuckian, as an assistant guard, furnishing him with a double-barrel shot-gun and navy revolver. They all declared their determination to die rather than surrender their charge, and appealed to the captain for assistance in case of attack. The captain respectfully declined to order his crew to do any fighting for them, but assured them in good faith of his perfect neutrality, and that he would place no obstacles in their way. Thereupon, rather startling and impressive preparations for defense were made before arriving at Rochester, and an attack may have been contemplated and abandoned in view of the desperate resistance indicated. There was quite a crowd assembled at the landing, and some trepidation manifested by both parties, but, fortunately, there was no attempt to

RELEASE THE PRISONER.

Instead there came aboard a small, delicate, pale-faced woman, with a three-weeks-old babe in her arms. The woman had ridden about twelve miles through mud, cold and sleet, to intercept the boat that was bearing her husband to a felon's cell in an Indiana penitentiary. Whatever might have been his indiscretions—as the mildly termed them—in his earlier youth, she said to the captain that he had always been noble, kind and true to her. She knew of this sad affair in his history before her marriage, knew the girl was utterly worthless, and that, in this affair, her husband was more the victim than the girl—"more sinned against than sinning." Many persons present knowing and bearing witness to his exemplary life, and impressed with their evident mutual affection, the lively sympathy of all aboard the steamer was soon manifested.

But I anticipate.

Delicate though the little woman evidently was, she had the air of one enthused with some great passion and nerved to some desperate purpose. Her step was as firm and stately as a queen's, her eyes almost scintillated sparks from exalted nervous excitation, and her thin, pale lips were compressed until there could be seen the imprint of her small teeth through them.

The prisoner was sitting near the stove in the forward cabin, encircled by his guard. I saw, slight though it was, the thrill or start as the wife's eyes first fell upon him and his surroundings. Her salutation was constrainedly quiet and undemonstrative. With but a slight pause, she rather peremptorily said, "come!" as she started toward the ladies' cabin. The guard rather hesitatingly objected; but she replied in a compressed tone, "*he shall come!*" He arose, and the guard accompanying, all walked aft and sat down in the ladies' cabin. With a sort of fascination, I followed. Here there was but little conversation for some time, beyond mutual inquiries in regard to health, and some expressed apprehensions on the part of the husband of injury to both mother and child from exposure to such weather so soon after her

ACCESSION TO MATERNITY.

The steamer had progressed many miles by bed time, and meanwhile a stateroom had been assigned the woman, in which, after being well warmed and snugly enwrapped, the little babe was sweetly sleeping, and, as mothers fondly fancy, smiling in response to an angel's whisper—at any rate, happily unconscious of its parents' troubles. About ten o'clock Mrs. —— said: "John, it is bed time; I know you need sleep. Come into my room and go to bed."

The guard thereupon arose and positively objected; but she turned upon them with a withering glance and a desperate resolution in her face, saying: "You need not open your mouths. You