

T. L. Schick, ATTORNEY AT LAW—MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office at the County Court House, Brownville, Nebraska, 18-47.

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A. HOLLADAY, M.D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1881. Located in Brownville 1885. Office, Left & Exchange Streets, Brownville, Neb. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 18-46

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"DIRT CHEAP!"

Will sell what remains of the Furnas Nurseries AT PRICES NONE WILL CALL IN QUESTION.

The trees are three and four years old, and of choicest varieties, principally Holland and winter. The choicest collection of most improved varieties of Crab Apples, not before offered for sale, will be closed out this spring. Evergreens, two to four feet high, raised in our soil and climate, will be retailed cheaper than ever before by wholesale.

Also one and two year Forest Trees—Ash, Elm, Honey Locust, and Coffee Tree—Gray Willow Cuttings by the millon, very fine—also four to eight feet.

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STALLION SEASON.

HAMBLETONIAN CHIEF!

Will make the season of 1876, commencing March 1st and ending July 1st, at the stable of J. H. Holladay, Brownville, Nebraska.

PEDIGREE—Hambletonian Chief was sired by Hambletonian Prince, bred by Adm. J. H. Holladay, at the stable of J. H. Holladay, Brownville, Nebraska.

My heart, my fortune, home and name, I ask you, then, to share.

WOMAN'S VICTORY; OR, THE BROKEN COMPACT.

CHAPTER I.

Adjacent to a small seaport town on the coast of Northumberland stood the old stately edifice of Danefeld Priory, the grounds of which were fenced by a high wall.

A short carriage drive led through overhanging trees from the lodge gates to the principal entrance; whilst beneath the deep-set windows of the house lay a spread of velvet lawn studded with plots of flowers.

A large cherry orchard, rich in the early summer time with golden fruit, threw a pleasant aspect over the rear of the building; while away as far as the eye could penetrate rose undulating uplands, crowned with the dense green of fir plantations.

There was an air of ancient grandeur about the place, standing so solitary and proud among the creeping shrubs and nestling trees, that spoke plainly of perished glories and wrecked joys; for by a strange reverse of fortune the Priory had slipped from the grasp of the heirs of its noble founders, founders, to fall into the clutches of a man who had formerly swept its chimneys.

The sweep (for he still retained the cognomen of his trade) had only just past the middle of man's allotted life when he retired from business, and took up his abode in the time-honored mansion. Nothing transpired to disturb the profound quiet of his repose, save the annoyance he experienced from two sturdy urchins from the neighboring town, who had vowed destruction to the tempting fruit in the cherry orchard.

The young marauders were at last caught in one of their nefarious exploits. They were both orphans, neglected and uncared for by their elder brothers, who were glad of the chance of ridding themselves for ever of their presence by sending them to sea in the capacity of cabin boys.

On the morning of their departure each was escorted by his relatives to the place of embarkation, the route to which for some distance ran alongside the boundary wall of the Priory grounds. Arrived at this point the lady lifted their saucy, sullen faces, as if instinctively to take farewell look at the tempting fruit, when their eyes rested on the grinning face of the head gardener, whose ruthless hands had captured them, peering over the wall.

"Ah, ah," he cried with a mocking jeer, "a pleasant voyage to you. Try to be back in time next year for the cherries."

One of the lads threw back the taunt defiantly, saying, "Yes, we shall be back, bringing with us as many good pieces as we've left cherry stones in the sweep's orchard."

"Yes," chimed in the other sneaper, "we shall come back so rich, that if the sweep is dead we'll buy Danefeld Priory."

The gardener's jeer was chortled by their elder brothers as they resumed their walk, but the lads' faces grew brighter, and when they reached the beach they sprang into the boat without a parting look or word from those they left behind, and bent their gaze on the broad sea with hopeful eyes.

Thirty years have passed away. In the island of Porto Rico stood a well built house of picturesque form, with verandahs round the front part of it overspread with the glossy foliage of the grape vine. To the left rose up a long range of forest hills clothed in green and yellow leaves, while to the right rolled the glittering waves of the Caribbean sea.

In a sumptuously furnished apart-

YES, OR NO?

Dear lady, will you kindly lend Attention for awhile?

I'm not the man to sue and smite. To gain a fair one's smile, I'm far too dull to set the spark.

Two hints to play the beau— I'll ask a question plain and brief; Just answer—Yes, or No.

I cannot rave as lovers rave, Nor swear as lovers swear; My way is just to pass my word, And keep it, "fair and square."

I'm not an honest business man, As all my dealings show; And clinch a bargain, at the start, With simple—Yes, or No.

My tongue is not accustomed to talk Of lover's marks and dates; I only know to tell you plain, With simple—Yes, or No.

And you, like a crocodile, to the sun, Peter," said the first abdicator of his pipe.

"And you, like a pair of brook-wind-bellows," was his friend's rejoinder.

"I'm tired, Peter," was Caleb's next remark.

"Of doing nothing," replied Caleb, stretching his legs to their full length.

"Yes," said Peter, "that's very hard work."

There was a pause of some minutes then Peter spoke again.

"Couldn't we amuse ourselves with something new?" he asked.

"Where will you find anything new?" demanded Caleb.

"I don't know," replied Peter, and Peter began again.

"Here we are," said he, "as rich as noblemen, as lazy as porpoises, and as miserable as sharks in the shallows."

"Rich!" grunted Caleb; "yes, and that is rather more than some folks predicted when they drove us forth like vagrants."

"Ah," said Peter, "and do you remember what we said to that gardener when he taunted us?"

"Very well," replied Caleb; "and do you remember that the first good piece we earned was stowed away with the remark that it would help to buy Danefeld Priory, and I don't believe we have ever thought of the matter since. The sweep must be an old man now, if he's not dead."

"What if the old Priory should be for sale and we were to purchase it?" said Peter, suddenly starting from his recumbent posture.

"That's a capital thought, messenger!" exclaimed Caleb; "hold to it."

"And we squires of Danefeld!" pursued Peter, with growing excitement. "We've hit upon something to amuse us now. Shall we start at once?"

"Steadily!" cried Caleb; "port your helm; there are breakers ahead. We can't both leave; one of us must remain here to settle affairs."

After some further talk it was mutually agreed that Peter should remain.

In less than a week the two friends were standing on the beach, where a boat was ready moored to convey Caleb and his negro servant on board a vessel lying in the offing, bound for England.

"Recollect your promise," said Peter, gravely, as he took Caleb's hand; "you are sure to be pestered by a whole brood of nephews and nieces as soon as they hear of your wealth. Don't let them come skulking under your lee. I had a sister, who I believe has drifted to another world, for I recollect some years ago receiving a letter from a youngster who called himself her son, and I think he mentioned his mother's death in it. I don't know what made him write to me; it wasn't for money, because I remember he said he'd scorn to take assistance."

"Look here," said Caleb; "we have no friends. Were we not driven forth to misery or crime? Did we take to either? No, we stood shoulder to shoulder, and worked with a will till we made a fortune. Is there anything can cut the knot of our friendship?"

"Nothing," returned Peter; "we want nobody's care, nobody's friendship but our own. We have acquaintances and boon companions, but friends—not the shadow of one. And you will not forget our old vow that neither of us is ever to marry?"

"At our age there is not much fear of that," said Caleb. "I was never in love before, and then only for ten minutes; and you never were."

"Never!" cried Peter, emphatically. "I took warning by you; and to prevent any such misfortune occurring, we made a vow that no woman should ever dwell under the same roof with us."

At that moment a signal was made from the ship for the boat to return.

"See! they are waiting for you," continued Peter. "I return to surround myself with merry fellows and good old wine. Good-bye, and remember my parting words. Stick to your promise, Caleb."

CHAPTER II.

After a pleasant voyage Caleb arrived safely at his destination. He had left the place in the dawning spring of boyhood, and now returned to it in life's decaying autumn. Death had been busy in the long interval, and among those who had been removed from this world was the sweep. He had been dead about a month prior to Caleb's arrival. His will directed his property to be sold forthwith, and the money to be divided in equal portions among his kindred. A legion of claimants sprang up, each eager to revel in the golden shower. Caleb made a speedy and profitable purchase, and Danefeld Priory, with its pleasant grounds, passed into his possession. He made no secret as to his origin, though few remembered

him, except his eldest brother, to whose guardianship he had been left in his orphan childhood, and who, by the law of inheritance, had succeeded to the small paternal estate.

Although Caleb was not revengeful in his disposition, he could never forget the harsh treatment he had endured from his brother Andrew; how he had been kicked and cuffed, and begrudged a scanty meal, and finally turned adrift upon life's sea.

There was another brother who, although some years older than Caleb, was actually dependant on the one who had taken their father's place. Frequently, out of his better nature, a shadow of protection fell on the poor lad, screening him for a time from Andrew's incessant tyranny, and winning in return his silent gratitude.

After a lapse of some few years the two elder brothers separated, and married. Paul, the second, had died some short time previous to Caleb's return, leaving an orphan daughter to the pitiless welcome of her uncle Andrew's home.

The light of Blanche Stoneleigh's happiness floated into darkness from the day she crossed the threshold of her uncle's house. The cold, loveless gloom she found there was a heart-breaking contrast to the bright affection that had thrown its sweetness over her girlhood's life. She sorely missed her father's caressing smile and loving words. The flowers of her life seemed to have lost all their leaves and fragrance, and in their stead she saw sharp briars, and the most piercing ones a sensitive mind can feel, namely, petty meanness and ignoble snobbery; but Hope, youth's priceless jewel, was left, and she clung to it with fibre-like tenacity.

A day or two after Caleb had taken possession of Danefeld Priory, Andrew took his way thither, with the purpose of insinuating himself into the rich brother's graces; but an abrupt bar to his hopes met him at the lodge gates.

"What's your business, master?" inquired the gatekeeper.

"To speak with my brother, the squire," replied Andrew, with great impudence.

"We won't see you," said the man. "Not see me!" cried Andrew.

"No, nor any of your tribe," replied the keeper.

"Who told you so?" inquired Andrew.

"Himself," was the curt reply. "He will neither see nor speak with one that bears his name. Good day!" Andrew turned crestfallen from the gates and walked homeward. He was passing on his way when he was accosted by the lawyer who had negotiated the purchase of Danefeld for Caleb.

"Ah, Mr. Stoneleigh," said the lawyer, "have you been visiting your brother?"

"He won't see me," replied Andrew sullenly.

"He's a shrewd man, sir," observed the lawyer.

"What do you mean?" growled Andrew.

"Nothing," smiled the lawyer. "You couldn't speak a word for me, Mr. Barwick?" suggested Andrew.

"I might, but your brother's— He stopped short, and cocked one eye knowingly on Andrew.

"A what?" asked Andrew.

"A shrewd man, sir," replied the lawyer, dropping his voice and eye to the same time.

"He is a rich man," suggested Andrew.

"Immensely rich," said the lawyer, with an important nod.

"And I am comparatively poor," continued Andrew. "But there's my niece; he ought—"

"To make her valuable in the marriage market, eh?" said the lawyer.

"But I can't get at him—she can't get at him," said Andrew.

"But I can," suggested Mr. Barwick, slyly.

"That's to the point," said Andrew. "Come home with me, and let us talk about it."

A family council was forthwith held in Andrew's best parlor, over which Mr. Barwick presided. It was unanimously admitted that Blanche was a very ponderous burthen on her uncle Andrew, and a burthen that ought at once to be transferred to her uncle Caleb. Mr. Barwick was therefore charged to undertake the office of negotiator.

On the following day the lawyer presented himself at Danefeld Priory. Caleb listened to him with grave attention, until he arrived at that portion of his narrative which sought to impose upon him the guardianship of a young girl, when an explosive burst of laughter suddenly arrested Mr. Barwick's eloquent appeal.

"Have you finished your tomfoolery?" shouted Caleb. "If so, look at me."

The lawyer had recourse to his snuff-box, and then fixed his eyes on Caleb.

"What do I look like?" cried Caleb.

The lawyer surveyed Caleb from the point of the shoe to the apex of his crisp gray hair, where his sharp eyes rested doubtfully.

"Look at me again!" cried Caleb.

The lawyer's eyes took a downward course, and halted doubtfully again.

"Do I resemble the guardian of a young girl?" cried Caleb. Mr. Barwick's glance wandered to Caleb's rufous nose, when a bright thought seemed to strike him suddenly. "Certainly," said he; "you are the best ideal of the protector of a young girl,

the benefactor of a portionless orphan—"

"Hard a port!" shouted Caleb; "you've got your head to the wind, and you'll soon be out of the breakers. If you tell me that my brother Paul's orphan child wants a few yellow coins as a matrimonial cargo, that is enough. She shall have them."

"I knew you had a benevolent heart, sir," said the lawyer, with a bland smile; "and I am sure your niece's gratitude—"

"Gratitude!" exclaimed Caleb; never waste words on such idle trash man. Stay and dine with me and we will talk about it comfortably over a bottle of Madeira."

Mr. Barwick, having an eye to his own interest, independent of his client's, accepted Caleb's invitation. Had he possessed a less elastic temperament his digestive organs might have been materially disturbed. Not from the quality of the repast, for every dish had a most epicurean flavor, but from the repeated libations his host demanded of him. He was not a man to be alarmed at trifles, still a look of dismay settled on his bland visage when, after the withdrawal of the cloth, he beheld Caleb's negro servant enter the room with a steaming bowl of aromatic punch, which he flanked by a bowl of the fragrant weed and an array of pipes.

"Now, Mr. Barwick, fill your pipe," said Caleb. "We'll have a smoke."

The lawyer's powers of endurance were not unlimited, his eyes already possessed a magnifying property, and he felt conscious of very dire results if he yielded to Caleb's last request. He therefore tried a little artificial diplomacy; but his host was peremptory, and with a very graceful countenance he began to puff feebly at a pipe. Beneath Mr. Barwick's sober, prudent character, lay a yawning gulf, into which it was about to be desperately plunged, when Caleb's voice sounded a rescue.

"I tell you what," said Caleb. "I would do more for a child of my brother Paul's than I would for any mortal being on earth, my friend Peter excepted."

The lawyer laid down his pipe, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. A refreshing dip into his snuff box seemed to have an exhilarating effect upon him.

"What is about the size of the plum I ought to give the girl?" asked Caleb.

"My worthy host is speaking figuratively," was the lawyer's silent thought.

"Will five thousand pounds be about the figure?" continued Caleb.

"A plum!" cried the lawyer with a bewildered air. "You mean a peach, a most luscious peach."

Mr. Barwick's thoughts took an arithmetical turn. He dropped his eye on Caleb, as he mentally calculated the probable number of peaches his host luxuriated in. He was still busy with "Cocker" when Caleb's voice again aroused him.

"I make this gift on the sole condition that the girl never comes near me," said Caleb. "She's got one uncle; let her stick to him till she gets a husband. Mind, you are to insert that in the deed."