THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
One copy, one year $1 50
One copy, six months 1 00
One copy, three months 50
☞ No paper sent from the office until paid for.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1876. VOL. 20.—NO. 45.

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Hambletonian Chief
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CHICAGO, August 24th, 1875.
I take pleasure in giving an opinion of Mr. E. M. Lippitt as a musician, and hope that what is said may assist him to a position where his ability may be made of the greatest use.
The statement is briefly this: I have known Mr. Lippitt for three or four years, and have come to regard him as possessing excellent talent and sterling perseverance. He has, under our direction, been made acquainted with those methods of voice, piano and harmony, which we believe to be the best, and has gone far toward mastering the principles of them in his own performance. Believing that Mr. L. will never be superficial in imparting what he knows, I do not hesitate to recommend him as teacher of music in any community.
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MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

From the gray mountains round,
The mists of dawn unwreathed,
And all the shrubs upon their slopes
A fragrant incense breathed;
Far through the brooding light,
The startled birds now flew,
And every spear of herbage poised
Its bud of gleaming dew.

The vines in fresh array
Spread greenly to the sight,
Their graceful tendrils dripping still
With the soft tears of night;
Darkly the carob rose
Against the deepening sky,
And the clear mastic lightly threw
Its verdant crest on high,

The ancient olives reared
A sombre foliage there;
Their gnarled and mossy trunks then wore
A venerable air;
The pulpy figs hung cool,
With dew still frosted o'er,
And all the lilies drooped beneath
The diadems they wore.

When morn's first zephyr sprung,
To stir the solemn air,
And through the silent garden sped,
It lifted Mary's hair,
As, gazing through her tears,
She knelt beside the tomb,
And looked with mute and wild despair
Upon its vacant gloom:

"His cold and mangled form,
Would they not let repose?
Could Death not stay their cruel hands
Against the Man of Woes?
O, I had thought to pour
Upon His sacred head
These chosen perfumes, and my tears
O'er His pale brow to shed"

Lo! through her sobs, a voice:
"Mary!" in tones divine;
She turned, with quick and fervent hope,
As pilgrims to their shrine;
Her tearful eye now beams
With love and reverence sweet,
As, breathing joyfully His name,
She fell at Jesus' feet.

RACHEL:
—THE—
MISER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.

A SECOND MEETING.

Rachel uttered a startled cry in spite of herself, whilst the presumed Lord Marbury held out his hand with an insinuating smile.

"I told you we should meet again, and soon, Miss Wedderburn. I hope you are none the worse for your little dissipation last night?"

His tone was one of mere ordinary courtesy, such as any gentleman would use towards a lady; but the carless freedom of his former manner had been succeeded by a kind of determination which surprised Rachel, and prepared her somewhat for the revelation that was to follow.

He brought her a chair; and seeing that she trembled, and had turned very pale, said, gently, "Don't be frightened, Miss Wedderburn. We do not war with women here, if we war with society. You are perfectly safe amongst us, and the man who dared to insult you would answer for the offence with his life."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Rachel, with more courage. "I am anxious about my father."

"Your father is well treated, and may leave this place twenty-four hours after he writes a cheque for ten thousand pounds, and hands it to me. That he has not chosen yet to fulfill these conditions shows, I think, that he is tolerably comfortable where he is."

"I don't understand."

"Don't understand what?"

"Where he is, and why it is necessary that he should pay ten thousand pounds for his release."

"He is a prisoner of war, and the sum demanded is for his ransom."

"Who demands it?"

"I do, as Captain of the Band."

"What band?"

And Rachel, who, we know, was as innocent as a child in the ways of a wicked world, stared at him with frank, bewildered eyes.

He hesitated a moment, as if unwilling to make the admission, and then said. "You have heard of the Captain of the Secret Band?"

As this personage and his men had long been notorious for their deeds, or rather misdeeds, Rachel replied with a shiver of apprehension, that she had.

"I am he."

"I thought you told me that you were Lord Marbury."

He laughed a little, but it was a grim laugh, that did not show amusement or pleasure.

"I told you so; what then? I lied."

"Oh, sir!"

The reproach was absurdly simple, spoken to a man who was supposed to have more than one murder on his conscience; but Rachel, at the moment, realized his deception as the worst she knew of him, may be because this was the only sin of his that had yet been brought home to her.

It sometimes happens that the innocent rebuke of a child teaches even the hardened criminal, and probably the Captain of the Secret Band did experience a faint thrill of compunction when Rachel's honest glance told him plainly what she thought of him; and he saw her shrink away as if there were contamination in his mere neighborhood.

"I dare say you think very ill of me," he said, in a softened voice; "but you ought not to judge until you know the history of my life. My father turned me adrift when I was a mere lad, to shift as I could. He put a sovereign into my hand, it is true, giving me his parting benediction after this style: "When your money is gone, beg, borrow, or steal; only don't come home.' And I never have.—But when he was ill and starving, I succored him without his knowing; and, hidden behind his bed, heard him curse me as he lay a-dying. And why, forsooth? Because I had disgraced the family by taking his instructions a little too literally. It was a fine farce, truly, but it comforted him at the last; and that was all I had at heart just then!"

He paused, slightly overcome, but recovered himself quickly, and hastened to add:

"You would like to see your father, Miss Wedderburn, no doubt. You must make him understand that by no possible means can he obtain his release until he has paid the required sum. My men look upon him as a great prize, and it would be as much as my life is worth to baulk them. I command, it is true, but I am obliged to humour them in some things, in order to be able to rule better in others. If I were to allow them to suppose for a second that our interests were not the same, you might dig my grave at once; for, assuredly, I should soon fill it. You see," he added, "that although a master, I am also a slave, and cannot do as I would."

"But what has my father done?" inquired Rachel, who did not seem as if she could realize the situation.

"He is rich; that is all."

"I understand; and it is hard; but I suppose it is no use to reason with those who have no conscience."

"I should not advise you to attempt it. I never do. When I find it necessary to be emphatic, I hold a pistol in my hand, and threaten. Moral suasion would just be thrown away on my people, and I know them too well to attempt it."

Rachel shuddered convulsively.

"My poor father!" she murmured; "and all this may be my fault!"

The Captain bent down to her, with the fire of his deep eyes softening.

"All the while I am alive, he is safe; but the wisest thing he can do is to pay his ransom and be gone."

"I hope he may be persuaded," answered Rachel, dubiously; "but I am afraid his money is as dear to him as his life."

"Not when it comes to the point, I fancy. Besides, his anxiety to see you shows that he wishes to make some arrangement."

He lowered his voice to a whisper, and added, quickly, "Get your father away from here, at any sacrifice, as fast as you can."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when Rachel heard him draw a breath, and he changed his tone suddenly to one that was harsh and uncompromising. She was puzzled to account for the change, until she saw that they were no longer alone.

The new-comer was a small, spare man, with deep-set eyes, under lowering black brows, a thin, compressed mouth, and nose like an eagle's beak. The expression of his face was so fierce and determined, that Rachel shrank involuntarily. He seemed to exercise some peculiar influence over the Captain, whose forehead contracted gloomily as he advanced toward them.

Directly he spoke, Rachel recognized his voice ar that of the man whom she had heard the night before conversing with "Sir Walter Raleigh," and no longer doubted that the two who stood before her at this moment were the very ones she had surprised in the midst of their confidences. As to the lady who had given her the friendly warning as she passed, Rachel was inclined to believe it might be the Captain's beautiful wife, who, no doubt, saw all the peril of Rachel's position, and would fain have saved her from the consequences of her own folly.

It all seemed so clear now, that Rachel wondered her suspicions had not been fairly roused before. A trap had been laid for her, and she had walked deliberately into it; consequently, she had herself to thank for all the misfortunes that might ensue.

This was not a very pleasant reflection, and as the two men had withdrawn into a distant corner of the room, where they were conversing together in a low tone, Rachel had plenty of time to "chew the cud" of bitter fancies, and determine her miserable position.

Presently, the Captain withdrew, showing a certain reluctance, and his companion came up to Rachel.

"If you will follow me, I will take you to your father," he said, in a stern uncompromising tone, impossible to doubt; "but you must understand that you will only be permitted to leave here upon one condition, which it is as well you should fully comprehend at once."

"What is that condition?"

"That you go to obtain the money for your father's ransom. He will write you a cheque, of course; and you will take it to the bank to cash, bringing us the coin, when you will be at liberty to return to your own home quietly, taking the old man with you. But let me fairly warn you, that we know everything and everybody, and that the moment when you fancy yourself most secure, you will be the more certainly in our power. You will not see us, but we shall dodge your steps. Every word which you speak we shall hear; the faintest evasion of your task will bring a pistol within an inch of your head; an indiscreet word, a vague hint, even a murmur, and your life will not be worth an hour's purchase. But do your errand quickly and silently, and liberty shall be your reward. Do you understand?"

"I believe I do."

"You had better be certain."

"I don't see how I should misunderstand you."

Then why not say so. Little feminine evasions, which sound very pretty in the world, won't do here. We are stern men here, with a terrible possibility ever before our eyes—living, as it were, in the shadow of death; and those who deal with us mus deal plainly and truly, or woe to them. We have no time for the graces of life here."

As he spoke, as it would seem out of defiance, there came through a half open door they were passing a strain of soft, delicious melody, the tender prelude of a tenderer song.

The man's face darkened suddenly, and an evil expression came into his eyes, as he drew the door violently to, muttering between his set teeth, "That woman will ruin us all with her foolery."

He hurried Rachel along after this, the music following them in a sweet wail, until they came to the door of of her father's cell, when her companion paused.

"You know what you have to do," he said; "and let me warn you again that your father's liberty and life are both in your hands."

So saying he pushed her into her father's presence; and Rachel heard bolts and bars drawn behind her, as she lifted her eyes anxiously to the old man's face.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER—THE RANSOM.

The miser looked so white and worn that his daughter could hardly recognise him; His yellow eyes burnt out of his gaunt visage with startling effect, and his mouth had dropped at the corners into an abject curve. The droop of his shoulders, the helpless fold of his thin hands, showed plainly the fear and anguish that had possessed him since he had had to contemplate parting with a portion of his beloved gold.

Rachel went and knelt beside him, and kissed his wan cheek tenderly. Great as the relief of confession would have been, she knew better than to indulge the longing. Felix had never had much affection for his daughter; but if he could have traced his misfortunes to her, he would have spurned her miserably, as if she had been a dog.

"Let me only get him away from here," thought Rachel, "and then I will tell him the whole truth, and let him do with me as he pleases. There is no punishment I do not deserve."

"I am ruined—ruined," whined the old man. "We shall have to go to the work house, Rachel."

"Nay, father, I can work for us both. You forget that," answered his daughter, soothingly. "Besides, any pecuniary sacrifice is better than the misery you are enduring now."

Felix shook his head.

"I would rather stay twenty years in this place than pay the money."

"But, father, that is not the question," said Rachel pleadingly. "I was to tell you from the Captain that nothing can save your life but paying the ransom demanded at once, and how would your gold help you in your grave?"

"It's all very well for you to talk," said Felix, querulously. "You have not watched it grow and increase day by day as I have, until it was more to you than food, or sleep, or sunshine. I'd give them my right arm willingly, rather than part with the ten thousand pounds."

"Oh, father!"

"Couldn't I count my money as well with the left?" he replied with an eager glitter in his hollow eyes. "And isn't it better to lose a limb than to lose the gold one has been treasuring so fondly year by year."

"But father you are none the happier for all this gold."

"Who told you that?" he asked sharply.

"I can see it, father. All these years, since I was a child, I have never known you to smile yet; and you spend a shilling with the same reluctance that poor men spend a pound."

"It is quite a mistake of yours that I am so rich," answered Felix cunningly. "I had a few savings laid by; but they will all have to go now."

"Not all, father, surely?"

He looked at her with sudden suspicion.

"I don't know. I only guessed."

The old miser flushed high with passion.

'I wont have you guessing about my affairs, and trying to pry into my secrets,' he said, in a loud, stern voice. 'I tell you I am poor, and nothing but the strictest economy will save me from ruin after I have paid the sum demanded.'

Rachel bowed her head, and a tear fell on the bosom of her dress. It seemed as if nothing could soften her father's heart, or throw his thoughts one moment from that fatal treasure, which was of more value in his eyes than the favor of God and the respect of his fellow-men. The girl rose to her feet, sighing. It was useless to expect that he would yield from anything but fear. He would rather have died than part with all his money; but, as Rachel divined, the sum demanded was but a small portion of his hidden treasure, and though it wrung his sordid soul to resign even this much, it was preferable to the doom threatened.

But his daughter's task was not accomplished without difficulty. He wanted to argue the question with his captors, and try to persuade them that they were asking more than he actually possessed. He would fain have had Rachel represent this to them, and if she had had the captain alone to deal with, she might have consented; but she remembered the menacing face, and still more menacing words, of the other man, whose power seemed greater even than the other's, and she knew that to pass through the door to parley and plead, was to leave her father to certain death.

She did not think of herself, and her own probable fate; but she was determined to save Felix, if any human effort would avail. At last her urgency, her passionate supplications, began to have their effect, and the old miser was brought to realize that he had one hope of life, and one only. Then his rage and dismay were pitiful to see. He tore his gray locks, and sobbed like a child. He had stood at his wife's dying bed dry-eyed; but this was a harder parting by far, this separation from his beloved gold. It was a long while before Rachel could soothe him, or persuade him to confide to her the secret store-place of his money. Felix was much too suspicious to confide it to any banker; and although some was lent out upon usury, the principal portion was contained in an iron chest, which was concealed under the flooring of his room with so much cunning and ingenuity, that a person who was ignorant of the secret might have searched a day and night withwithout discovering any trace of its whereabouts.

Rachel had to receive a good many explanations before she could be made to understand just where to search for the hidden spring in the wainscoting of the room which lifted the board, and then her difficulties were not over. Under this was a net work of iron bars, only to be moved by another contrivance as complicated as the first, and requiring some physical strength to manage.

The robbers had searched Felix on his first arrival; but he had managed to hide the key of the closet in his boot until night came, when he took the precaution of embedding it in the flock of his mattress, hoping that it might escape detection.

It was not easy to be found, and Rachel grew more terrified every moment, when she heard a quick, irritable step in the passage, and divined that her gaoler's patience was well nigh exhausted.

Her eager fingers closed over it just as the bolts and bars began to grate in their sockets, and her father had only just time to whisper an emphatic command to caution and secrecy, when the dark, inscrutable visage of the robber appeared in the doorway, and he beckoned her sternly towards him.

'Is everything arranged?'

Rachel bowed her head, too agitated to speak.

'Then come on; there is no time to lose.'

Felix began an abject prayer for mercy; but the man stopped him by slamming the door violently to, and drawing the bolts with an impatient hand.

There was no music now in the long, dark passages—no sound of human voice as they threaded them silently, Rachel following her guide with hushed foot-fall and sinking heart. If she might only have seen the captain again, she would have been thankful. In spite of her position she did not fear him as she did this other, who seemed to pursue his purpose cruelly and relentlessly, and exercise a fatal influence over those with whom he came in contact. At the door she was blindfolded again; but the *feeling* of light and the sudden keenness of the air, betokened that they were out of the place, and on their way back to the town. They walked on for nearly an hour, Rachel being guided by a rough, strong hand, which gave her more and more aid as her weariness increased.

And she was beginning to feel faint from exhaustion and fatigue by this time. She had eaten nothing since the night before, which, with the unusual exertion and excitement, prostrated her entirely. She felt her legs double under her, and a mist swam before her eyes, a strange quivering sensation came into her heart, which began to beat in dull, leaden throbs, and then she remembered no more.

When she recovered her senses, she found herself lying on her own little bed in her father's house. It was difficult to believe, glancing at the familiar objects around, that the events of the past night and day had been anything but an ugly dream, which would fade into indistinctness when once she began the serious duties of the day.

She got slowly on her feet, feeling as weak and exhausted as if she had had a long illness; and then she stole to the window, and looked through the bars into the gloomy passage. This brief glance dispelled her illusions suddenly. A grim sentinel stood at the door, and as his eye met hers, it was impatient and menacing, both, and urged emphatically the completion of her task.

But Rachel's weak hands dropped helplessly to her side.

'I must have food first,' she murmured to herself. 'Whatever happens, I must eat and drink before I can hope to work.'

Fortunately there was a small piece of meat in the cupboard, and a tiny flask, half full of spirits, the miser kept by him in case of illness. These revived her wonderfully. She took a furtive peep to see if the man remained where she had first seen him, and then, reassured, crept on tip-toe to her father's room, the door of which she locked behind her.

This was the first time Rachel had ever been within the threshold, and a kind of awe and constraint possessed her as she went softly softly searching for the hidden spring.

Fortunately Felix's directions had been very minute, or she could never have hoped to find it. As it was, ten minutes elapsed before her fingers closed with a thrill on a tiny brass knob, so carefully concealed in the woodwork, that a person ignorant of the fact would never have connected it in any way with the secret of the old miser's wealth.

Pressing this firmly, and with a certain curiosity as to the result, Rachel saw one of the boards in the floor rise gently and gradually, as if lifted by an unseed hand below.

Stooping her pale young face, she saw through the iron bars what looked, at first view, like a child's coffin, studded thickly with brass nails. She could not help shuddering a little, as the thought struck her, for the gray, glimmering light, and the utter silence, added to the mystery of the scene.

It took all Rachel's strength to accomplish the latter part of her task, and then she could not lift the coffer, but had to content herself with dipping her hands into the gold, and bringing up heap after heap, which she counted carefully, and placed in little heaps at her side, until she had the required sum.

Then, dipping her arms below the elbow into the glittering hoard, she found that the gold lay on a soft, thick bed of bank notes, which must have represented triple the sum demanded for the old man's ransom.

'And my father calls himself a ruined man!' thought Rachel, fairly bewildered. 'Heaven grant I may never inherit his terrible avarice!'

And she shut down the lid sharply, lest the sight should become too pleasant, and the eerie glamour of the gold bewitch her sight. Then she restored the room to its original order, and gathering the money into her apron, went down stairs.

The robbers had stipulated that the whole ransom should be paid in gold, as more easily divided and disposed of than notes, and the weight was actually oppressive. But Rachel was soon relieved of her burden. The man no sooner heard her step in the kitchen than he presented himself to view, and took the money out of her lap, eagerly counting it in greedy haste, as if he were anxious to escape with his prize.

Having satisfied himself that all was right, he made for the door. Rachel drew her hood closer about her face, and prepared to follow.

'What are you about?' he said, roughly, as he thrust her back with his arm. 'Stay where you are.'

'But I thought I was to fetch my father home,' she answered; and a suspicion of treachery crossed her mind, making her pale face paler, and giving an uneasy quiver to her sweet lips.

'There are plenty of us for that job without your meddling,' replied the man; 'besides, I have my orders. And mind me here, young woman—one word of all this, and you may begin to say your prayers, for you will have something less than ten minutes to live. Don't fancy you can escape us; we are everywhere. There isn't a ball given in Yarmouth one of us doesn't go to; we enjoy the play, and walk the streets with the best of them; and in most big houses there is one servant we can trust to tell us the news of the family, and what road the rich visitors take when they go away. You see, there isn't much hope of deceiving us, and we ain't particular how we punish those that do. One murder, more or less, isn't of much account when you have such scores on the list.'

Rachel shuddered convulsively.

'But you won't murder my father?' she pleaded.

The robber shook his head with a sneering laugh.

'We know better than that; at any rate until we have drained him dry!'

'But he will come home to-night?' she urged.

'There's nothing to prevent, as I know, unless he wants to stay where he is and pay so much a week for his board.'

Rachel looked at the man's cruel, fierce eyes, and burst into tears.

'Don't be a fool!' he said sharply. 'Your father is all right. We have nothing to do with him now until we catch him again; and then, as he seems so very precious, you won't mind paying double ransom, of course.'

He went out chuckling, and Rachel was left alone with her self-reproach and fears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The New York Commercial Advertiser, in answering the sneer that Blaine is no lawyer, says he is something better than that, as he has shown the people of the North of what material the Democratic majority in the house is composed.

How to Cure Sunstroke.

I believe sunstroke and apoplexy can be cured almost surely if taken in any kind of time.

1. Rub powerfully on the back head and neck, making horizontal ond downward movements. This draws blood away from the front brain and vitalizes the involuntary nerves.

2. While rubbing call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face and to the hair on the top and side head.

3. Call for a bucket of water as hot as can be borne and pour it by dipperfuls on the back head and neck for several minutes. The effect will be wonderful for vitalizing the medulla oblongata; it vitalizes the whole body, and the patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.

Last summer I was called in to see a man on Fourth avenue. I found him in a state of coma, and his wife was agonizing over him, supposing him to be dead. He had lain thus for about three hours. I had him brought out where he could get the air, jerked off his clothes, rubbed his back head and neck powerfully, slapped his back, legs, and feet briskly, and called for iced water, which I applied to his front and upper head. I then had a bucket of hot water brought, which I poured on his back head and neck. Before doing this I had noticed some signs of life on applying the cold water in front, but after pouring a few minutes he started up, vomited, and exclaimed, "All right!" I spent in all only about twenty minutes in thus resuscitating him.

He rose up, put on his clothes with a little help, and did not lose an hour more from his business.

Persons of large active brains and weak bodies will be more liable to sunstroke or apoplexy, and should wear light-colored, cool hats in summer, wet the hair occasionly, and if they feel a brain pressure coming on should rub on the back neck, and put cold water on the front and top head. These remarks, if heeded, will prevent great danger and great suffering as I have never known this method to fail.—*E. D. Babbitt, M. D. in New York Graphic.*

A Brave Act.

A Triverton correspondent of the Fall River (Mass.) *News* sends the following:

Capt. Joseph Monroe, with his wife and babe, started from Tiverton to cross the river to Rhode Island, last Wednesday, and in passing through Bridgeport, with a strong ebb tide, the keel of his boat came in contact with a line attached to the schooner Antelope, and the boat was capsized. The babe sank, and his wife became unconscious. Monroe dove down and rescued the babe, and as he came to the surface, found his wife just under water and sinking. He seized her, and, unaided, swam ashore with babe and wife, and landed over 200 feet from where the boat capsized. The babe was apparently dead, for it was under water from the time the boat capsized until its father landed it on shore, but it soon revived. Monroe's achievement is spoken of in the highest terms, and when we consider the coldness of the water and the swiftness of the tide, it seems almost a miracle that he succeeded in saving himself, wife and child. Naturally enough when the mother came to herself she cried, "Where is my baby?"

A remedy for a very distressing complaint is given below, copied from the Boston Globe, and is given for what it is worth: To the editor of the Globe:

Sir:—Will you insert in the daily or weekly for the benefit of those who suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion, that four tablespoonfuls of lime-water, mixed with a glass of cow's milk, will cure the worst form of the above disease in a few days. I know by experience, being a sufferer for three years. The first dose acted like magic, and I have felt like a new born man ever since, which is some weeks ago. I saw the receipt in the *Scientific American* issued a few weeks ago. If you know the terrible suffering of this disease you would not hesitate to insert it.

A little five-year old boy heard the bible story of Samson a few Sunday evenings ago, for the first time. He was much impressed with the efficiency of the weapon which Samson used in one of his hand-to-hand conflicts with the Phillistines. A day or two after, his mother, just before getting into a carriage, was attempting to break a piece of candy which she had promised to divide between the little lad and his brother. The candy was tough, and resisted her efforts. In this emergency the smaller boy looked up at the coachman and said: "Say, James, you haven't got the jawbone of an ass about you, have you?"

The Boston Post has this to say of the proposed Independent conference: "Idealism is of no use except as it is put into the harness of actual service, and an organization of discontent and disgust, that is inspired with hopes that are too general to be formulated in plain and practical measures, is not of the stern stuff on which men at large will rely for carrying their well defined resolutions into effect."