"Mournful though the ripples murmur, As they still the story tell, How no vessels float the banner That I've loved so long and well, I shall listen to their music, Dreaming that again I see Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop-Sailing on the Tennessee,

"And, Pompey, while old Massa's waiting For Death's last dispatch to come, If that exiled starry banner Should come proudly sailing home. You should greet it, slave no longer-Voice and hand shall both be free, That shout and point to Union colors On the waves of Tennessee,"

"Massa's berry kind to Pompey; But ole darkey's happy here, Where he's tended corn and cotton, For dose many a long gone year. Ober yonder Missis' sleeping-No one tends her grave like me; Mebbe she would miss de flowers She used to love in Tennessee.

"'Pears like she was watching Massa-N Pompey should beside him stay, Mebbe she'd remember better, How for him she used to pray-Telling him dat way up yonder, White as snow his soul would be, If he served de Lord ob Heaven, While he lived in Tennessee."

Stlently the tears were rolling Down the poor old dusky face, As he stepped behind his master, In his long accustomed place, Then a silence fell around them, As they gazed on rock and tree, Pictured in the placed waters Of the rolling Tennessee.

Master, dreaming of the battle Where he fought by Marion's side, When he bid the haughty Tarleton Stoop his lordly crest of pride. Man, remembring how you sleeper Once he held upon his knee, Ere she loved the gallant soldler, Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers 'Mid the veteran's silver hair: Still the bondman, close beside him. Stands behind the old arm chair. With his dark-hued hand uplifted, Shading eyes, he bendsito see Where the woodland, boldly jutting, Turns aside the Tennessee.

Glide from tree to mountain-crest, Softly creeping, aye and ever, To the river's yielding breast, Ha CaBove the foliage yonder, Something flutters wild and free! "Massa! Massa! Hallelujah! De flag's come back to Tennessee!

"Pompey, hold me on your shoulder, Help me stand on foot once more, That I may salute the colors. As they pass my cabin door. Here's the paper signed that frees you; Give a freeman's shout with me-'God and Union!' be our watchword Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter, And the limbs refused to stand: One prayer to Jesus-and the soldler Glided to that better land. When the flag went down the river, Man and master both were free. While the ring-dove's notes were mingled With the rippling Tennessee,

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I, (Continued.)

"I mean nothing. I only mean that all old mansions have one, and I suppose this is no exception. By the bye, there is a wing of the Hall looked up. But what's the matter mother? Why, I declare, you look as Myou had seen a ghost!"

"Noneense, Robert; the heat of the sun is oppressive, and I feel rather faint. Give me your arm, and let us go in." Her lips were pale, and she trembled as she spoke.

Before we follow them into the house, the reader will probably like to know how they came there, in possession, without a certain act of Parliament having been repealed. Robert Blakely the elder had been dead just a twelvementh at the time we have resumed the thread of the story. In the event of Robert Blakely dying bus?" without issue, the estate would pass away to a remote connection of the family, represented by an old Indian officer, also childless. About two years previous to Robert Blakely's death, news came that the old officer was dead. Thus the property was left without at heir. Helen's schem- "or the meeting might have been ing brain at once seized upon the advantage of the situation. Why should not her son inherit the estate, spite of

the shadow upon his birth? As she turned the subject over in her mind, nothing appeared easier. Let her husband write to his steward, tell him that he had privately married a lady at Florence, by whom he or two," answered Pontifex earlessly. had a son, who was, consequently, "I never saw him afterwards. But, heir to the estate. It was not probable that any question would be asked fore luncheon? It is almost too warm as to whom the lady was. The boy had been entered at Eton as Robert Blakely, with his father's written ac- Mr. Pontifex retired to bis chamber to time some distance up the road. knowledgment of his legitimacywhat more could be required? She herself was so altered that it would be scarcely possible that she should be recognized. If there was any fear of such a recognition, why she would pass as the housekeeper. Mr. Blakely willingly endorsed the

scheme-as, indeed, his wife would tramps, a man and a woman, were have compelled him to do, whether toiling along the hot dusty road that willingly or not.

The steward was written to, the marriage acknowledged, and that gentleman was invited to London, in order that he might be personally introduced to the future Squire of beard of a month's growth. Behind Blakely.

to Norfolk that an heir was found. From that time the estate began to to abuse for not walking faster. improve out of the dilapidation into Blakely the elder never revisited it. son Terrace, and was buried in a Lon- moments." don cemetery, far away from his ancestors.

fancied that they recognized Helen, take a council of war, upon the occa-

When she returned to Blakely, she her blistered feet. brought the Gandys with her, and The soft air and the pleasant couch viously left vacant.

man to manage the Blakely Farm, an oath and a kick to rouse up. had resulted in the selection of Carry Lee's father for the post. And now know at present.

change within was greater even than across the face. without. No dust and tatters nowsavings had gone in the purchase of sult of this attack.

Only one part of the Hall remained those gloomy chambers. The doors ing from her nose and mouth. that communicated with that wing were fastend up.

There was twice as much room the great building now as could ever should they incur the expense of furnishing another wing?

This was what Helen said. Of course, in a little time, the servants began to scent out a mystery. Then they began to make inquiries | iy wreak his malice upon the woman. among the natives: then came out the story of the murder; then they and find a groom or a gamekeeper to his hand; although I well remember ty of the other, we can consistently noises behind the locked-up doors; to will lock him up." avoid their vicinty after nightfall, and even the men-servants did not care errand. The brute, who, like a true her hair was gray, and that she had about it.

ghost, and why should that be an exception ?-more especially when there were such admirable materials out of kinds of vengeance. Very soon, howwhich to create one.

pose that we are going to create one. Poor Edith Blakely slept soundly in away, uttering the most frightful imthe grave; she had not found such un- precations, to the nearest lock-up. alloyed happiness in this world that of the moon."

The mother and son entered hondsomely-furnished room upon the her face, and moaning with pain. ground floor, looking out upon the lawn. Reclining upon a couch, read- asked Robert, kindly. ing the Times, in a gorgeous demitoilette, was a pleasant-looking gentle- voice man, with a closely-shaven face, a nose somewhat Inclined to redness, and hair dressed in little bunches at the temples-indeed, it was no other than our old friend, Pontifex. The fickle goddess seemed to have smiled upon him at last, to judge by his outward

"Any news this morning?" asked Robert.

"Nothing particular in the political world," replied Pontifex. "Foreign Italian war ended. Since Italy has been for the Italians, it has been deucedly uninteresting. Plenty going on in the fashionable world. Lots of old aristocratic friends of mine giving grand parties. Egad! here is time?" the whole season passing away, and I have never once been seen in Rotton

bye, had you been to Rotten Row that | the road. day I met you on the top of the omni-

"At that time, my dear Soy, I was under a cloud-I had run to seed. Such things happen even to marquises and dukes at times."

"Ah, I little thought I had found went on in the same bantering tone. was so very like ?"

At those words a look of attention came into Helen's eyes.

"Oh, a young fellow who lodged in the same house with me for a night come, what do you say to a ride befor exercise after twelve o'clock."

complete his toilet.

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE WITH TWO TRAMPS While Mr. Pontifex was preparing for his ride, two wretched-looking skirted the enclosing wall of Blakely

Park. The man was an itinerant tinker, dressed in ragged velveteen-an illlooking, grimy individual, with a him, carrying the implements of his He came, the introduction took trade, toiled a squalid, sickly-looking place, and the news was carried back woman, with a soddened face, whom he every now and then turned round

"I can't walk any faster, Dick," she which it had fallen. But Robert said, trying to appease the fellow. "These things are so heavy and the He died in the gloomy house in Gray- sun is so hot. Do let us rest a few

"What's the good o' resting here?" answered the man. "Ther' ain't no-Thus Helen's boy took unopposed body about, and there's nuffin' to one evening at the London Bridge possession of his father's property, and pick up." Upon which, he began to Station by the tidal train from Dover and colors, at L. Lowman's.

and some whispered suspicion of the sion of their memorable visit to the true state of the case began to be bruit- Hall-he began to think that a few ed about, it would be useless to dis- moments' repose, out of the heat and tary cloak. A small portmanteau cuse. But there was the simple fact the dust, might be agreeable to him--nobody visited the mother and son. self. So, selecting the most comfot-It was the one drop of bitterness in able spot upon the bank, he laid him-Helen cup of triumph, and was suf- self down full length, tilted his hat

ficient to flavor the whole. Her ma- over his eyes, and was soon in a doze. ternal love was sorely wounded at the The woman, dropping her burden, thought that her noble boy, whom sank down upon the grass, and wiped she looked upon as a paragon of ex- away the perspiration that was cellence, should be thus cut by those streaming down her face with the whom, except in social position, she corner of her ragged shawl, and took regarded as infinitely his inferiors. off ber all but soleless boots to cool

ensconced them in the lodge, which quickly soothed the poor tired wretch the death of Mrs. Miller had just pre- to sleep. Presently the man An advertisement inserted in the ous for a moment of his persecution, county newspaper for an experienced waxed wroth, and called to her with about him.

Just at that moment two gentlemen on horseback turned the corner of the the reader is in possession of every road that lay behind the bank, and fact that it is necessary for him to saw the kick, and heard the woman ery out. Spurring his herse forward, Leaning upon her son's arm, Hel- the younger of the two raised his of some former state of existence." en's passed into the house. The whip, and lashed the fellow smartly

every place as clean as paint and var- and made a dart at the horse's head; dingy-looking house. Here he stopnish sould make it. Grand new fur- another cut across the face, that left ped and knocked at the door. niture-gorgeous hangings; Helen's there a broad red wheal, was the re-

In the meantime the woman had staggered to her feet, and was trying as before—there the dust lay thicker to hold him back; upon which he curtsey, and looking awe-stricken at unremitting industry, to make it than ever, and no human foot had dis- turned his impotent rage upon her, such a visitor. Then, running up to turbed it since that summer day when dashed his fist in her face, and felled the top of the kitchen staircase, cried Charley and his companion explored her to the earth, with the blood flow out, "Missus, you're wanted!"

In an instant the young man sprang beneath. from his horse, threw the bridle to his companion, and seizing the brute by the back of his neck, horsewhippossibly be required. Why, then, ped him until he howled for mercy. his voice; "as an old friend of Mrs. Robert Blakely, for it was he, would have been satisfied with this going down-stairs." castigation; but his companion very judiciously remarked that if the rufflan was left free he would undoubted- presence of the astonished lady.

began to fancy that they heard strange take charge of this fellow, and we you."

british rufflan, was brave only in wo-As young Robert had said, every man-beating, finding himself worsted respectable family mansion has its he began to beg for mercy; and upon finding such entreaties useless, grew ferocious again; and threatened all ever, Mr. Pontifex, returning with a Let not the reader, however, sup- stalwart groom, put an end to the scene, and the fellow was dragged

This part of the business having she should desire to revist "glimpses been disposed of, Robert next turned his attention to the woman, who was now sitting up, wiping the blood from "Is the ruffan your husband?"

"No. sir," she answered, in a faint

"So much the better. Here is half a sovereign for you, and I should advise you to get out of the neighborhood as quickly as possible. They will lock that fellow up for a time, so you have nothing to fear from him; but the magistrates are jolly hard upon tramps down here, and they might lock you up also if they catch you loitering about. I wish I was on the bench; by Jove, I'd give that fellow a twelvemonth on the treadmill, as news has been deucedly dull since the sure as my name is Robert Blakely.'

"Robert Blakely!" exclaimed the woman, looking up and speaking distinetly for the first time. "You are not Robert Blakely, of Blakely, Hall -he must be an old man by this

At the sound of that voice-he could not see her face, her back being to- ficers of our association are desirous "Rotten Row must be in despair!" listened for a moment then turned said the young man slily. "By the his horse's head, and rode gently up

who is dead. Have you ever been in this neighborhood before?" asked the young man, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes. I have seen Blakely Hall before to-day," she answered bitterly. "And you are Robert Blakein you a long-lost uncle," Robert ly's son!" she said, staring at him with a strange expression in her eyes. But suddenly recollecting herself, she devotional exercises, interspersed THE FOE OF PAIN quite pathetic. By Jove! though, it added, hastily, "I beg your pardon. was strange, wasn't it? What fellow sir; you must think a vagabond like was it you took me for that you said me very impertment to talk so to a gentlemen. Many thanks for your the work in our State. kindness; I'll rest here, with your leave, until the dizziness in my head has passed away."

to continue the conversation, but findng she did not speak again, but sat he remounted his horse and rode af-Robert agreed to the proposal, and ter his companion, who was by this

"What a strange woman!" he said, as he rejoined Pontifex. "My name seemed quite familiar to her-appear-

ed to recollect my father-spoke quite like a person of education, too." "Of course you warned her to quit you." the neighborhood?" said Pontifex hastily.

"No, she will get away quickly enough, for the fear of that ruffian." Mr. Pontifex was very thoughtful during the remainder of the ride, and

"Robert Blakeley's son !" repeated the woman to herself. "Only to think-only to think of that! Can that be the one who was lost? I should like to know that-I should like to know that! I will try and find

CHAPTER HE.

Among the passengers who arrived

A SOLDIER OF GARIBALDI'S.

the great longing of her life was ful- anthematize the laziness of all we- was a stalwart, handsome young man filled. But, semehow, the county mankind, and this one in particular. with a face bronzed by exposure to a gentry held aloof from the Hall. Coming, however upon a cool, shady foreign sun, a full beard and mous-Whether it was that they held it as bank, that lay beneath the shadow of tache, and dark flashing eyes, which still tainted with an undiscovered some trees-the very spot where gave to his firmly cut features an excrime; whether some person had Charley and Bilge had sat down, to pression of stern determination, unusual in one so young.

> Over his dress, which was plain, and of a fashion, he wore a large miliconstituted his entire luggage, and these he deposited in the cloak room. After taking some refreshment at the bar he sallied forth from the station, and, crossing over London Bridge, took his way into the City.

admire his handsome figure, and to stare at his strange dress. But, without appearing to notice the observa- except to him who has acquired the tions which he excited, he walked rapidly along, looking neither to the right nor the left. When he arrived at the Bank he vate citizen or a public official. mounted to the top of a "Favorite"

woke up, and seeing her oblivi- omnibus. He got down at the "Angel," and stood for a moment to look change here. I can fancy myself a youth again, looking upon the great

seems to me rather as the dim memory He sighed, and crossed over to St. John's Road, down which he pro-With a howl of rage; he sprang up ceeded until he came to a certain

> "Does Mrs. Gripley still live here?" he inquired of the slatternly servant who answered his summons:

"Yes, sir," she replied, dropping a "Who is it?" asked a voice from

"A gentleman," was the answer.

something of a foreign intonation in And, suiting the action to the word

the next moment he stoods in the "You will not remember me," he "Quite right, old fellow; ride back said, doffing his hat, and holding out

Mrs. Gripley was very little chang-Mr. Pontifex rode away upon his ed since last we saw her, save that

> grown much stouter. "I know the voice," she said, doubtfully, "but not the face." "Do you remember Charles?" he

asked, smiling. "Lawks a mercy on us!"she ejacuyou're that delicate-looking, quiet youth, that-Well, I never! Well, what a change! Why, have you been soldiering?"

"But the first thing iI wish to know is, can you accommodate me with a bedroom? I have just arrived from the continent, and have not yet ing matter. We do this because it is pitched my tent."

"Yes, I've got your old bedroom, and I have had it fitted up afresh lately. You'll find it much more comfortable," she answered. of your old lodgers? Neither of them with you now, I suppose? "

"Yes, Mr. Kaufman-" "What!" he cried, eagerly, "Mr Kaufman with you still?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Nebraska State S. S. Association.

STATE SECRETARY'S OFFICE, FREMONT, Sept. 20, 1876.

To Pastors and Superintendents: DEAR BRETHKEN-Sunday and and to keep it so, we keep it supplied Monday, October 22d, and 23d, 1876, having been designated as days of United Prayer in behalf of Sunday lonable styles of type, which enables Schools throughout the world, the ofwards him-Mr. Pontlfex started that the workers in the State should kind, including pamphlet work, as ioin in its general observance. Inasmuch as a large proportion of

our schools are held in neighborhoods whose populace is widely scattered, a year, invariably in advance; six "You are speaking of my father rendering it impracticable to carry out fully the plan of the committee | months, \$1.00; or until after the Noissuing the call, we recommend the vember election, 50 cents. fellowing as substantially covering their programme:

I. That every minister of the gospel FAIRBROTHER & HACKER, in the State, upon Saturday, October 22d, preach a special sermon upon the claims of Sunday Schools. II. That the session of each Sunday school be preceded or followed by

with singing and appropriate addres-III. That Sunday evening a special service be held for the extension of

IV. That Monday evening each church and congregation in our cities and villages, and each school in all counties, hold a meeting at which WHICH HAS STOOD THE TEST OF Robert Blakely lingered for a mo- the interests of the Sunday School 40 YEARS. ment, as though he would have liked shall form the theme of the prayers THERE IS NO SORE IT WILL NOT We trust Nebraska's schools will

holding her head between her hands, more than one-fourth of our children THE BODY OF A HORSE OR OTHER ate members of our Sunday Schools. DOMESTIC ANIMAL, THAT DOES What proportion of those who are safe NOT YIELD TO ITS MAGIC TOUCH. In the fold ? Lord, it is nothing with Thee to help, whether with many, or themt hat LIFE OF A HUMAN BEING, AND REhave no power; help us, O' Lord our STORED TO LIFE AND USEFUL-

God; for we rest on Thee. "All things are possible to him that believeth. "According to your faith be it unto

To us, this year in a peculiar manner, comes the messag "Pray one for another." To know of such brotherly remembrance before the Throne will may sit when and where you please.

"Now the God of hope fill you with power of the Holy Ghost. Yours faithfully:

I. P. GAGE, State Sec'y.

Speaking of a recent marriage in Pueblo, in which the principals were Mr. Berthune Payne and Mrs. Belle Aiken, Doc. Stephenson, of the Chteftain, delivers himself of the following: "She was Bellie Alken a good while, and now she's got a real hard Payne." Dreadful!

Woolen Fiannel, all styles

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THE ADVERTISER believes in Free Thought, Free Schools, Free "Just the same," he muttered: "no Politics, and the broadest individual liberty consistent with the rights world for the first time. Can it be of others; and that every individual possible that I am the same being? It South, North, East and West, should be protected in the enjoyment of those rights by the General Government in obeyance to the guarantees of the National Constitution.

AS A LOCAL PAPER.

the publishers of THE ADVERTI-SER labor assiduously, and with success. Without prejudice or partiality for or against any particular all; and anything a newspaper can do "Stay," said the stranger, with for the advancement of the general prosperity, THE ADVERTISER Gripley's, I will take the liberty of not only willing, but anxious, to do. J. C. DEUSER, : : Vice President Believing in

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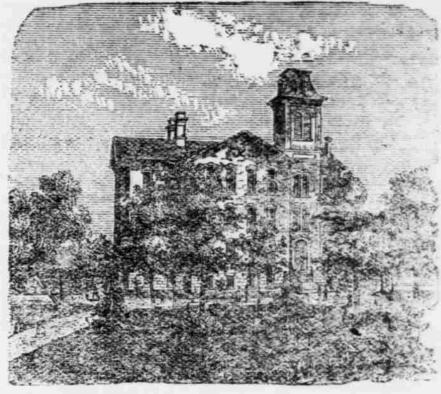
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