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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1876.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

S. A. Osborn, Attorney at Law, with W. T. Rose, Jr., Brownville, Neb. T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law, with J. C. Deuser, Office next to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska. J. S. Stull, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over the Commercial Bank, Brownville, Neb. J. H. Brandy, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb. E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Office front room over Spurgeon & Cross, a Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb. W. T. Rogers, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office in the Commercial Bank, Brownville, Neb. J. S. Holladay, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician, graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville, Nebraska, at the Commercial Bank, Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. H. L. Matthews, Physician and Surgeon, Office in 1217 Drug Store, No. 22 Main Street, Brownville, Neb. BLACKSMITHS. J. W. Gibson, Blacksmith and Horse Shiner, First Street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Very Old Song.

'To-morrow, ma, I'm a sweet sixteen, And Bill Grimes, the drover, Has popped the question to me, ma, And wants to be my lover; To-morrow morn, he says, mamma, He's coming here quite early, To take a pleasant walk with me, Across the field of barley.' But he answered her only by caresses and by protestations of undying love; and that, were he to lose her now, it would plunge him into reckless dissipation; that life, without her, would be insupportable. These and a thousand other words were poured with passionate earnestness into her too willing ears, until his protestations silenced hers. 'Thank heaven, he is going away!' murmured Mrs. Gandy, when she was again alone. 'Should any accident happen, he will not be here to witness it. Ah, I had almost forgotten that woman! Money must be sent to her to-day. Danger on every side, new enemies springing up daily, and I have to fight against them all single handed; and will baffle them all yet,' she cried, with the old resolute fire flashing up in her eyes. 'The brother and sister carefully avoided each other that day. Deerbrook spent the greater portion of it strolling about the premises. He seemed to be suddenly seized with a wonderful interest in the exterior of the Hall. Cigar in mouth, he keenly scrutinized every portion of it with a curiosity he had never manifested before—his attention, however, being principally directed to the doors and windows of the left wing. During the servants' dinner-hour, Mr. Simpson being comfortably ensconced in the house-keeper's room, he paid a visit to the butler's pantry. Against the walls were ranged several bunches of keys. He took these down one after another and examined their labels. 'Gone!' he muttered, as he replaced the last; 'they hung on that vacant nail. They were there last week.' He next strolled down to the lodge, and had a chat with Mrs. Gandy. The shrew was more civil to him than to any other member of the family. Mr. Deerbrook, for reasons of his own, being remarkably polite to her; for he had, at different times in a promiscuous, indirect manner, picked up, in these 'chats,' some very curious information, and he continued to cultivate her good will in the hope of picking up more. Beneath his smiling face and pleasant cynicism he concealed—as doubtless the reader has already discovered—a keen, shrewd mind; and Mrs. Gandy's taciturn and pre-occupied manner that morning suggested an idea that something unusually important was upon that lady's mind. He delicately angled with a few careless questions; but the fish would not bite, so he strolled back to the Hall again. 'Something is in the wind there,' he muttered. 'I must keep my eye on Sarah Gandy.' Helen, dining in her room, he and Robert dined en tele-a-tele. The former was thoughtful, the latter restless. The meal was a dull one, each being too busy with his own reflections to start a conversation. Slowly and gloomily the hours passed away. At length, night fell, and, one by one all the inhabitants of the Hall retired to rest. When the clock tolled twelve, all was dark, only the silvery light of the moon glinting on the windows. But down at the lodge the lamp was still burning in the lower room, and within the Hall there still one watcher. Mr. Deerbrook sat at his bedroom window, smoking a cigar, and enjoying the cool air; he did not feel inclined for bed; in the present preternaturally active condition of his brain sleep was impossible. The clock struck one and still he was there, smoking and musing. Suddenly he fancied that he heard a slight sound beneath the window; the silence was so intense that the rustle of a single leaf could have been heard. He looked out cautiously, just in time to see a figure flit out of the moonlight into the dark shadow of the walls, and be instantly lost to sight. No more smoking; the cigar was thrown away. No more musing; thought must give way to action. With almost breathless eagerness, he watched and listened. The clock struck two, and still found him at his post. Nothing had been seen or heard as yet. Then he put on his boots, left his room, stealthily descended the stairs, passed through the servants' offices, unfastened one of the outer doors, and issued into the open air. Keeping within the shadow, he looked cautiously about, then stopped to listen. Hush!—footsteps coming toward him. Crouching down in a dark angle of the wall, he watched and waited.

TRACKED.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER X.

MR. DEERBROOK ON THE WATCH.

A strange spirit of disquiet seemed to reign over the inhabitants of Blakey Hall upon that morning with the dawn of which we closed the last chapter. The servants whispered together, and looked gloomy. Helen kept her room, Robert was restless and uneasy, and lines of thought were upon Deerbrook's face. In the dairy Carry looked pale and anxious, as though she had passed the night in watching; and, in the lodge, strangest of all, Mrs. Gandy's shrill tongue was silent. The time was out of joint, and the demon of discord reigned over all. 'Well, Mr. Simpson, I can believe my own ears,' said one of the householders who was polishing the oaken floor of the hall, to the butler who was looking on; 'and as true as I stand here, I heard groans behind them closed-up doors as I was going to bed last night; and I ran down again all in a perspiration, and called upon the cook to listen, and she heard it too, and we were in that tremble that we didn't know what to do with ourselves. I lower lived in a "matted" house before; and if I hear any more noises like them I shall leave.' Mr. Simpson, after making a weak attempt to ridicule the girl's statement, sauntered away to look for his friend James, whom he found taking his ease in a comfortable armchair in the servants' hall. Of course, James had heard the story of the groans and the knockings, which, as the butler said, combined with his own experience, was rather a rum affair. 'I tell you James,' he went on, 'that I don't feel comfortable here; somehow, it don't seem to me that things are as they should be, and as I don't care about living in a family as isn't recognized by their neighbors, I shall give in my warning this morning as soon as Mrs. Blakey comes down, and ask her to suit herself as quick as possible with somebody else.' 'And I shall do the same,' said James, 'as I feel that neither of us is in our proper place in this house.'

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH A VERY IMPORTANT SECRET IS TOLD.

The next morning two figures—those of a man and a woman—passed so close to Deerbrook that the woman's dress brushed against him. The woman was Mrs. Gandy; the man, who was tall, and wore a full beard and moustache, walked feebly and leaned upon her shoulder for support. Neither spoke as they passed. As soon as they turned the corner of the building, Deerbrook rose from his uncomfortable position, and followed them. Down the carriage drive they went—he still keeping in their wake. Beneath the shadow of the tree he watched them enter the

Imparting Information.

Nothing pleases Maek so much as to get a chance to impart information, and as I give him as few opportunities as possible to practice on me, he is always glad to scrape an acquaintance with strangers. He accosted a gentleman who was standing near the main building, apparently waiting for somebody. 'Maek—'Fine day, sir.' This being a plausible statement, the stranger nodded. 'Maek—'This is, I guess, the finest exhibition the world has ever seen.' 'Stranger—'So I understand, sir.' 'Maek—'You would be surprised to learn the immense sum that has been expended on these grounds and buildings.' 'Stranger—'No doubt.' 'Maek—'Yes, sir; that main building itself cost—' 'Just then another gentleman approached Maek's stranger, saying: 'Ah! Gen. Hawley, could I see you for a moment?' 'Certainly,' replied the General; and turning to Maek as he walked away, he said, 'I may see you again and get the exact figures.' 'Thunder and lightning!' whispered Maek, hoarsely, as he leaned on me for support, 'that's the high mucky-muck that runs the Exposition!'—Centennial Correspondence of Detroit Free Press.

The Sort of Lies a boy will Tell.

A Pine street woman bought a pie at a baker's last night to give her husband an agreeable surprise. When they came to sit down to the evening meal the pie had disappeared. William, the beloved son, was softly seated at his father's left hand, and the blush on his youthful cheek proved his guilt. 'Bill, where's that pie?' demanded the old man. 'Pie?' queried the boy. 'Yes, pie.' 'Was it kinder round and kinder flat?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And kinder brown?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, now, if I don't believe I lent it to Johnny Slade to use for a wheel for his cart? I thought it was kinder soft, but I don't think much of Johnny, and I wanted to see his cart break down and kill a man.' 'Bill, you scoundrel, you are lying!' exclaimed the old man. 'Own up, now, or I'll flog ye!' 'Well, you see—well, father, if I ate that pie it was because a fellow was upstairs here looking for you and saying you were to have a \$1,000 office this year in this ward, and I was confused to pieces.' 'That was another, but he stuck to it and father has been waiting at home all day for the man to call again.'

A tall, gaunt Reese River, Nevada, man walked up to a bar and said:

'I've an agid mother lark in Missouri; I was brought up religious; I ain't prepared to die; and what I want to know is, if the snakes is strained out of them air whisky.'

Every burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around your neck.

Yet these sorrows are sometimes like the weights carried by pearl divers, the very means by which they reach their prize. For all that England has done for the Indians, a Canadian chief, who was lately shown a portrait of Queen Victoria, was irrevocably enough to exclaim: 'Ugh, big squaw—heap ugly.'

Don't come to see me any more, just yet, John; father has been having his boots half-soled with two rows of nails around his toes, 'wrote a guileless Fern girl to her adorer.

An international congress, to consider the best means of maintaining and extending the observance of the Sabbath, was held recently at Geneva.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, 'An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin.'

The Burlington Hawkeye tells of a surgical operation in which a Milwaukeean had to be amputated in order to save his ear.

Spurgeon says it is wicked to give money to the church, so long as you have a deserving relative in need.

moment supposing that he could receive any bodily harm from such a weak and fragile creature, he eagerly acceded to the proposal.

With a master-key she opened the doors that led into the left wing, and once more Charles stood in the illuminated chamber. There was the spring; advancing with an eager hand he pressed it, the panel flew back, but as he was turning to speak to her, she suddenly, by a violent effort, pushed him through the opening. Unprepared for such an attack, he lost his balance, and fell with a crash that laid him senseless at the bottom of the dark stairs which have been previously described. When he revived, he groped his way up again and sought for the spring. At last he found it, but it would not yield. She had doubtless, by some means hampered it from within; he tried to burst it open by main force, but the paneling was of strong oak, and resisted all his efforts. He next endeavored to discover a way of egress below, he felt sure that such existed; but it was all in vain. He shouted and battered against the paneling as long as he had the strength, hoping that his cries might be heard by the servants. At last, he resigned himself to the horrible death from which there seemed to be no escape. At this point, the story of Mrs. Gandy's proceedings is necessary to complete the explanations. From the moment he entered the lodge-gate Mrs. Gandy felt all but certain that the tall bearded man was no other than the boy she had reared as her own. His sudden disappearance confirmed this suspicion, and at once suggested the conviction that he had been the victim of foul play. It was impossible for murder to have been perpetrated at mid-day, and by a fragile woman upon a strong man, therefore he must be a prisoner. But where? Not in the inhabited part of the Hall, every room of which was open to the servants. Then it must be in that part already associated with such dark memories. But how could Helen Deerbrook possibly have got him there? Nevertheless in spite of such difficulties, this latter supposition was the only tenable one. That night, as soon as she supposed all to be safe within doors, she reconnoitered the position, examined every entrance and window, and even the walls, listening all the time for any sound that might guide her. At length at one particular spot she fancied that she heard a low moaning. Near about the spot was a door, which she never remembered to have seen open. There were several bunches of old, rusty keys in the lodge, left there by her mother, and which appeared to belong to some disused part of the building. Perhaps there might be among them to fit that door. She went back and fetched them; but when she returned, lights were still burning in the breakfast-room, in Robert's, and in Deerbrook's room. She watched for some long time for them to be extinguished; but when the clock struck two, and they still burned steadily as ever, she was fain to abandon her attempt for that night. On the next, the one at which we have now arrived, she was more fortunate. One of the keys did fit the lock, and after some considerable difficulty and exertion, she succeeded in opening the door. By the light of the lantern which she had brought concealed under the folds of her dress, she saw a large stone cell, to which, however, there appeared only this one way of egress or ingress; she had never known of the existence of this place before. While she stood hesitating at the door, a groan struck quite distinctly upon her ear; it seemed to proceed from immediately behind the wall facing her. Putting her lips almost close to the wall, she asked, in a low but distinct voice, 'Who is there?' A faint voice answered, 'For heaven's sake whoever you are, get me out of this place!' The words, though evidently spoken in a low tone, sounded wonderfully distinct. She struck the wall with her hand it yielded a hollow sound—it was wood plastered with dark cement to imitate stone. 'There is a secret spring somewhere, I think,' said the voice within; 'but I cannot find it in the dark.' Long and minute was the search she made; but she found it at last in what appeared to be a knot in the wood. For a time it would not work; at last it gave way, and there lying at the foot of a short flight of steps, in total darkness, exhausted by hunger and pain, was the man she sought. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The dog Bob, a wonderful fighter, was out short in his successful career in St. Louis. He won \$1,000 for his owner by killing another dog in a terrific contest, but soon died of poison that had been rubbed on his opponent's skin.

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