

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1876.

VOL. 21.—NO. 23.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS. S. A. Osborn, Attorney at Law, Office with W. T. Rogers, Brownville, Neb. T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law, MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office next to County Clerk's Office, Court House, Brownville, Neb. J. S. Stull, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb. J. H. Broadly, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb. E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law, Office front room over Robinson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb. W. T. Rogers, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb. W. J. Gibson, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

PHYSICIANS. A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in Ill. Located in Brownville 1856. Office, Lett & Craig's drug store, between Main and Atlantic. Specialties in Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon, Office in City Drug Store, No. 32 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

The death of Robert Blakely, and the new position of the several personages connected with the story, might remove the obstacles that formerly lay in the way of such a revelation. But, on the other hand, had not Wieland intimated that his, Charles', then only supposed birth was an insuperable barrier between him and Blanche? If such were the case—if Wieland obstinately preserved his secret, and Blanche could never be his wife—then let all go—let Helen's son hold his possessions, while he would leave England never to return to it, but, in the active duties of a soldier's life, seek for oblivion of the past.

Hence his concealment from the solicitor of the important evidence afforded by Helen's late diabolical conduct toward him—to have told the story of which would have involved a full account of his first discovery of the secret entrance to his mother's chamber—and these things again, would have led to the story of the undetected crime, and of the suspected man, and he could not endure the thoughts of reviving these suspicions against Blanche's father.

His wiser course would undoubtedly have been to delay all legal proceedings until he had fully determined upon his future course of action, rather than to have taken these half-measures, and it was more in compliance with his own after-thought, that he had done so.

A woman was standing at the door of the lodging-house when he arrived, who, in answer to his inquiry for Mr. Wieland, told him that he had better go up-stairs, and knock at the room-door facing him on the second floor. Nothing could have suited him better as he had some apprehensions whether, upon sending up his name, an interview might not be refused him.

To his hesitating knock a voice, that set his heart throbbing, answered, "Come in!"

He turned the handle of the lock, and entered.

Blanche was in the room, alone. Her back was toward him; she was busy copying music, and did not turn round until he had stood there several seconds. The color rushed into her pale face as she saw who the visitor was.

"I thought it was the landlady," she said confusedly, and then stopped unable to say another word.

"I trust I am not an intrusive visitor, Miss Wieland?" he said, with a touch of sadness in his tone.

"Oh, no!" she cried, eagerly, and stopped again for a moment, before she added, "My father has gone with Mr. Kaufman down to the City. I expect him back soon; will you sit down from the moment he has entered the room. She could, feel those dark, fiery orbs, although she had not dared to raise her glance. He thought she looked even paler and thinner than when he had last met.

He took the proffered seat. The situation was an equally embarrassing one to both parties.

"Pray do not let me interrupt your occupation," he said, seeing her still stand irresolutely by her chair.

"Oh, thank you! it is of no immediate importance," she answered, playing with her pen in embarrassed manner.

"I hope your father's health is improving with this fine weather."

"He is still very feeble," she replied, sadly.

"I am very grieved to hear it."

"And the least excitement or annoyance most seriously affects him."

To Charles' acute sensitiveness these words sounded full of meaning.

"I trust my visit will have no such result," he said, in a tone whose bitterness he tried in vain to control.

"Oh! I did not mean that," she answered, hastily.

"Perhaps it is the last time I shall ever see him."

"I have come to make one more appeal to him."

"Her eyes fell and the color mounted to her face again.

"And should it fail I shall leave England forever."

"For ever!" she echoed in spite of herself.

"Yes. Abroad I have friends; here I have none—nothing except bitter memories."

"You had friends once, and fled from them—must they not, she answered warmly.

"Oh, I know the fault is mine—that I have only myself to blame, and that the happiness of my whole life was wrecked upon the madness of one boy's act. I speak this in no bitterness, Blanche. I acknowledge the justness of my punishment, though I cannot help bemoaning it."

"We have all our crosses to bear in this life," she said, sighing.

"Would to heaven," he cried fervently, "that yours were a lighter one. To see you happier would lighten the weight of mine."

She did not answer, but drew figures with her pen on a sheet of blotting paper.

He watched her face, which looked cold and passive, until his blood be-

gan to rebel against what he believed to be her calm indifference.

"The cross has borne hardly upon you, Blanche, he went on. 'It has crushed out all your old nature, and left nothing of the Blanche that I knew five years ago.'

"You, also, are much changed," she answered, quietly.

"For the worst, do you think?" he asked, eagerly.

"I did not say that," she replied, blushing, and perceiving the embarrassing position into which her hasty words had placed her.

"I am changed. I was then a silly boy. I am now a man; and yet I would give a twelvemonth of my life to bring back one day of that old time when we were all in all to each other, and I possessed your love. Has all memory and all sympathy with those days passed out of your life? They are to me my realization of heaven, for I can conceive no happiness beyond it."

His voice trembled as he spoke; but he still went on drawing figures upon the blotting paper, and gave no sign.

"You were then warm, impassioned, full of impulse, full of heart. It is that image I shall cherish in my memory in the years to come—not the cold, changed image of to-day."

Still no answer.

"Can you not speak one word?" he cried, losing all control over himself.

"Are you transformed to marble?" she exclaimed, looking up; and now the spell being broken, the words came forth warm and impetuous. "Would you have me tell you that I still love you—have never ceased to love—shall never cease to love you while I have life? What would this serve? Only to increase your misery—to raise up hopes that can never be fulfilled. My father has in the most solemn manner impressed upon me that our union is impossible. Why it is so, I know not; but I feel assured that his reasons must be powerful indeed when he sets them against the happiness of—of any human being. Whatever they be, I know they are not selfish ones, and you ought to know the same. Be assured it is only of us that he thinks while putting what you fancy to be a cruel prohibition upon our happiness. You say I am cold, changed. Would you have me other-wise? Would it prove my love for you, in the face of its impossibility, to be warm, animated—to be Blanche of the old days when no shadow had fallen upon it—when the whole world lay before us bright and unreal as it is in the pages of Tasso and Spenser, that we used to read together? All that bright, ideal world has faded long ago, and I have lived for years now in the cold, dark, real world. I am changed; but I am not heartless—oh, no, I am not heartless!"

Her tears were flowing fast as she spoke—another moment and they were flowing upon her lover's breast.

"Forgive me dearest; you have well reprieved my cruel thoughtless words!" he cried. "All is not so hopeless as you imagine!" he said a few moments afterwards, as they sat side by side, and he clasped her hand closely in his.

"All depends, however, upon my coming interview with your father, in which—"

"Hush! he is coming!" she said, starting away, and composing herself as well as she was able.

Immediately afterwards, Wieland, accompanied by Kaufman, came into the room. He looked very pale and feeble, and exhausted even with his walk from the cab, which had brought him up to the door. A shadow fell upon his face as he saw Charles; but Kaufman warmly greeted the young man, for whom he had conceived a great liking.

"When you have recovered a little from your fatigue, Mr. Wieland," said Charles, "will you grant me a few minutes' conversation?"

Kaufman, taking the hint, did not prolong his stay beyond a few minutes; and, after having given her father some refreshments, Blanche went to her own room, and left the two men together.

"My visit is an unpleasant one," said Charles; "and only the most important reasons would have induced me to intrude upon you against your will."

"It is not that your presence displeases me—it grieves me!" answered Wieland gently.

"Since I was here last, I have heard most important news," Charles continued. "Robert Blakely is dead, and I have undoubted proofs of being his son."

"Robert Blakely dead?" cried Wieland, alternately flushing and turning deadly pale, and trembling with excitement. "Are you sure of that? You are not deceiving me?"

"He has been dead more than a twelvemonth, and the estates are in the hands of another."

"Of whom?"

Charles hesitated for a moment before he replied, "It appears that he married Miss Helen Deerbrook in Florence—of course the marriage is illegal,—but she has contrived that her son should inherit the estate."

"Helen Deerbrook married Robert Blakely?" he exclaimed wondering. "Can it be possible? No, no; you must be dreaming?"

"It is true, sir, I assure you."

"It is too horrible to believe!" he said, shuddering. "And you come to tell me this news?" he went on dreamily. "You could not have more amazed me!"

"To tell you the news, sir, and to ask whether it contains anything that will unseal your lips upon the one mystery that still remains unraveled—my mother's death!"

"In one sense, my lips are unsealed," answered Wieland, thoughtfully, after a silence of several minutes' duration. "I can speak now, but should I?"

"Let me implore you to heed no overstrained scruples," entreated Charles.

"Were it told you would wish it untold again. It is a dark and terrible story! Be warned, and rest in ignorance of it," replied Wieland solemnly.

"Impossible! The happiness or misery of my life depends upon its solution! Whatever it may be, my knowledge could not render me more wretched than will its denial."

"I must have time to think," said Wieland, after another pause; "return here at the same time to-morrow, and you shall know all. There, I promise you."

Charles eagerly grasped his hand.

"But you must leave me now; I am fatigued with my journey," he said, returning the young man's pressure, and sighing deeply.

There was something of his old affectionate gentleness in the tone of his voice, that made the young man's heart beat with vigorous hope.

Blanche's chamber was next to the sitting-room; she was standing at the door as he came out.

"Hope, dearest—hope!" he whispered, catching her in his arms; "the clouds are dispersing. I return at this time to-morrow. Fear not; all will be well yet."

He trod upon another earth—breathed another atmosphere—was a being of another world, as he strode joyfully home. But there important news awaited him.

Deerbrook, who had been watching for him at the kitchen window, rushed upstairs to meet him in a flurried, excited manner.

"Look here!" he cried, thrusting a telegram into his hand, before he could pass the door-way; "we must return to Blakely at once!"

The telegram was from Mrs. Gandy, and bore these words: "Mr. Robert has been found murdered; come back at once!"

"Great heavens!" cried Charles; and he almost staggered under the suddenness of the terrible news.

"We must start at once; there is a train in an hour from Shorditch" cried Deerbrook excitedly.

Charles thought of his appointment next day with Wieland, and would have hesitated, but Deerbrook, crouched for ones from his imperturbable coolness, impetuously hurried him away.

"Not an instant must be wasted!" he cried. "Everything now depends upon the promptitude of our actions."

"Another delay" murmured Charles. "Is this mystery never to be solved?" But nevertheless, the importance of his presence at Blakely was not to be denied.

A cab conveyed them to the station, and in another hour they were whirled along as fast as the Great Eastern was capable of travelling, on the road to Norwich.

CHAPTER XV. A TERRIBLE MEMENTO.

Great was the consternation at Blakely that day, for young Robert had been found murdered in the wood, off the Fridgeham road, by some boys gathering sticks. They had given the alarm at the nearest cottage, and brought the cottager with them to show the horrid thing they had found. He at once recognized the body and posted off to Blakely.

Mrs. Gandy was the first who was made acquainted with the ghastly news, and stopped the man from carrying it to the Hall.

She was not a sensitive or a sympathizing woman, as the reader well knows, but it gave her a great shock.

"Who is to tell her?" was the first thought that flashed upon her. "What an awful judgment!" was the second; for an instant a dreadful suspicion darted across her mind. "Had the two brothers met, and—No, that was not possible; Charles had taken the direct road; and besides, his uncle was with him. But how came Robert in that place? The coachman had deposited him safely in the Norwich hotel."

"You must be mistaken," she cried, turning to the man; "Mr. Blakely was driven to Norwich, where he was going to take the train to London yesterday afternoon. It can't be him; he wouldn't have any business on the Fridgeham road."

"Well, miss, I've worked on the estate ever since the young Squire came," replied the man, and I ought to know 'un by this time. However, the body 'll be brought here directly, and then you can see for yourself."

And a few moments afterwards a small cart, the top covered with potatoes, sacks, drew slowly up to the gate. And then two men took out of it a heap of stained clothes, out of which hung a livid, blood-besmeared head. They bore it into the lodge. One glance revealed to Mrs. Gandy the truth of the messenger's words. It was laid upon the sofa, and a white sheet was fetched from above and put over it, and the men were sent away again.

"I shall have to break the news to her, I suppose," muttered Mrs. Gandy. "You could not have more amazed me!"

At that moment a sudden thought

struck her. She ran to the gate, and called back the man belonging to the cart.

"Will you go to Norwich for me," she asked, "and take a letter to the telegraph office?"

"What office?" asked the man.

"I will write it down for you, and you can ask when you get to Norwich. Go there and back in three hours, and I'll give you five shillings."

"Give us hold, missus; I'll do it!" cried the man, waking out of his stupidity at the mention of such a sum for three hours' work.

She ran back into the lodge, wrote out the message, put it into an envelope directed to the Telegraph Office, Norwich, gave the messenger two shillings to pay for it, and saw him dash the miserable donkey into a gallop, and rattle up the road.

Then, with a white, troubled countenance, she walked slowly up the drive to perform her dreadful task.

The footman, who was standing at the door, and who informed her that Mrs. Blakely was in her boudoir, was struck with the pallor and strange expression of her countenance; and it was soon whispered among the servants that Mrs. Gandy was closeted with the mistress and that something was wrong. They were ever on the watch now for the strange and the extraordinary.

Having communicated his news, the footman strode back to the hall again, in the hope of hearing or seeing something that might give him a clue to 'what was up now,' as he phrased it.

He had not returned to his post many minutes before a wild shriek thrilled through his ears, followed the next moment by the sound of a door dashed open, hurrying footsteps, and the voices of two women—one in entreaty, one in lamentation.

"Stop, stop, madam, for heaven's sake!" cried one.

"My boy—my child! where is he?" shrieked the other.

Down the stairs, with her wild, burning eyes almost starting from her head, with frantic haste, past the affrighted footman, and out at the door rushed the grief-stricken mother—and after her, trying in vain to stop her, came Mrs. Gandy.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked James, as the lodge-keeper, perceiving the uselessness of the pursuit, tottered and sank trembling upon a chair.

"Give me some water!" she gasped.

He ran and fetched her a tumbler of water.

"The young Squire is brought home murdered!" she answered, as soon as her trembling lips could frame the words.

Through the great house, from top to bottom, as though it had been whispered by a hundred tongues, and echoed back by a hundred others, ran the terrible news, blanching every cheek, and striking fear to every heart.

The servants huddled together in awe-stricken groups like birds before a thunder-storm. Into the gardens, and the fields, and the cottages, and the roads, flew the dreadful fact, appalling the boldest as well as the most timid; and soon about the lodge-gate gathered a crowd of men, women, and children, speaking in awe-stricken whispers, straining their eyes toward one spot with the fascination of terror, and listening with chilled hearts to the shrieks and sobs of the wretched parent.

Within was a piteous spectacle,—Helen, her gray hair tangled about her face, as she had clutched in her anguish, clasping the dead body in her embrace, and besmeared her face with its dark stagnant gore.

In vain Mrs. Gandy and the lady's maid endeavored to draw her away; she fought and struggled like a maniac, hugging the lifeless child still closer to her breast at every effort made to separate her from it.

Suddenly springing up, with the face and gesture of an Ate, she cried, "Who has done this deed? Where is the destroyer? Bring him to me—give him into my hands!"

The woe-stricken back terrified before her furious looks and clenching hands.

"It is not known who's done it," began Mrs. Gandy, faintly.

"What!" shrieked the Fury. "My child lies massacred there, and the guilty wretch not captured, and you, all of you,—and she ran to the door, and looked out upon the crowd, who fell back with scared looks at the fiendish face,—all of you stand there like stocks and stones, never seeking him, while my darling's blood cries out for vengeance! Away with you!"

A hundred pounds—a thousand—all I possess, to the man who brings me this monster!"

Away fled the crowd, like a flock of vultures who scent carrion in the air. They thought not of the madness of the words—the impossible task they proposed to themselves; they thought only of the promised gold! Ah, could they but clutch it! And that thought converted every man, woman, and child into human bloodhounds on the instant.

Back to her mangled love went the w