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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS. S. A. Osborn, Attorney at Law... T. L. Schick, Attorney at Law... J. S. Stull, Attorney and Counselor at Law... H. H. Broadly, Attorney and Counselor at Law... E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law... W. T. Rogers, Attorney and Counselor at Law... A. S. Holladay, M.D., Physician, Surgeon... J. L. Matthews, Physician and Surgeon... BLACKSMITHS. J. W. Gibson, Blacksmith and Horse Shiner... J. W. Gavitt, General Auctioneer... J. Marohn, Merchant Tailor... HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT? LIVERY AND FEED STABLES... A. D. Marsh, Tailor... CITY HOTEL... B. Stroble, At City Bakery... FRESH OYSTERS... HOMEWOOD MILLS... HENRY SHIFFER... DENTISTRY. R. A. Hawley... IN BROWNVILLE THE LAST WEEK OF EACH MONTH. MATHEWS DENTIST...

Lips that Kissed Me, Long Ago.

Lips that kissed me, long ago, You were fair, and you were sweet! Tender lips, I loved you so; Mine eyes often used to meet. Then have you sung its gladder song; Then have you sung its blither smile; For you, my kisses, ring and long, Thrilled my being all the while!

THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY.

Who Will Save Her?

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Both started and drew apart, unpleasantly conscious of the presence of strangers. Everard made a clutch at his portmanteau. Gertrude lowered hastily the veil that was twisted round her hat. The intruders, if they could be called such, consisted of three persons, evidently just arrived by the railway. Two of them were gentlemen, judging by dress and appearance, who had halted a few yards from the spot where the lovers were standing. The third was a sort of body-servant or groom; who stood lazily balancing upon his shoulders a huge leathern trunk, with as much ease as if it had been a feather.

white gate for Dr. Malyon, the physician, and Miss Wentworth to pass through, while behind them shambled the man in groom's undress, with nothing remarkable about him but a scar and tinge of blue upon his face.

"As the light, diaphanous, figure of the beautiful girl he loves so much glides from his view, blotted out, as it seems to him, by the dark shadow which the men throw around her, a feeling of foreboding, almost of absolute terror, takes possession of Everard Corbett, the why or wherefore of it would be difficult to explain. A convulsive sob rose up into his throat and almost choked him, while a gush of warm tears bedewed his cheeks. "God bless her! It's been an sad thing—very sad!" he murmured; "but I shall soon be back!"—here he picked up his valise, and moved slowly down the road towards the railway station—"back with my kind father's consent. Oh, I know I shall have! To claim Gertrude's promise, and take her for ever from that house!"—he made a gesture towards the Abbey as he spoke—"where everything is gloom and mystery, and my angel has no more her proper place than a dove in a nest of hawks. Ah! what a happy fellow I should be if Bombay were only in Fleet Street!"

CHAPTER V.

A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD.

"And so, madam, I'm to be made a tool of—I'm to burn my pearls in plucking Mr. Rockwood's chestnuts from the fire! Not if I know it! I wasn't born yesterday, and rather flatter myself I know something of the world. People love to be fast now-a-days, and like to go the pace. The pace I've gone has been a killing one, but I can pull up upon occasions and bring my favourite horse, 'Go-ahead,' to a standstill!"

dogs fellows who write M.P. after their names, that never made speech yet which wasn't a brandy and soda."

"There was a pause—a long pause. Mrs. Rockwood lowers her face so as to let the red freight play upon it. Could it be that the crimson blood was also there? Certain it is the boom quickly heaves. At last, Mrs. Rockwood spoke. "Sit down, Philip," she said, in a voice which had in it far more of sadness than unkindness, and at the same time arranged her seat as to screen her face from the light. "I have something to say to you."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. PHILIP IS ASTONISHED AT LAST.

"There was a great Squire lying down in one of the western counties,"—it was this Mrs. Rockwood commenced her story—"who had a son, an only son—" "Is it a fair tale?" asked Mr. Philip, without looking up, and blowing a wreath of pearly smoke high in the air.

"Bravo, papa! That was dowsy of the old Squire, that was," ejaculated Mr. Philip, with an approving laugh.

"And when the young couple returned to England, I suppose, the loss of low degree—the fly of the valley—was found floating in some silent pool, while her aged parent drowned his sorrows after a different fashion at the 'Jolly Waggoners,' or the 'Barley Mow'?" "He did nothing of the kind," said the woman, with a laugh so abrupt and harsh, that it caused Mr. Philip to lower his legs and assume a sitting attitude. "They—the girl and her father—rightly estimated the character of the man they had to deal with. The old squire died in the hunting-field, having broken his neck, refusing with his usual obstinacy to turn from a fence which no other rider would take—a fence which it was afterwards discovered had been previously wired by some one. With his death came the triumph of the lodge-keeper and his daughter. The wife the young Squire had brought from France was a pale flower—a lily of the valley, if you will. She knew that her husband did not love her. That another influenced him in all things; as, indeed, the other had a right to do, for it was her feet that his faith was first pledged, that his vows were first made."

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"What do you mean by telling this to me?" Philip said; and, with all the violence of a weak nature aroused to rage, he hurried far from him light gilt chair, that came in his way as he strode backwards and forwards in the room. "Are you laughing at me, or do you want to drive me mad?"

"Foolish boy!" she said. Please to remember that the furniture you are destroying belongs to Mathew Rockwood; and his charge, you know, is three hundred per cent!" Philip paused in his walk, and turned to ward her. "Answer me one question. Of what family have you been speaking?" "The Wentworth!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIGER AND THE CHILD.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writing from Bolivia, South America, says: "As I came from Trinidad to this place, the boat stopped near a deserted Indian hut, and as the night was rainy, the crew slept in this hut; I slept on the boat. We had been joined by a Mejos Indian and his wife, and four or five children, who also slept in the hut. The youngest child was about one year old. During the night a tiger entered the hut, which had no door, and seized the infant and carried it off. The child was nearly the furthest from the doorway of anyone in the hut, and to reach it the tiger must have passed close to several of the men. No one saw or heard it until the child screamed, and then those who woke up only saw it bound away with the child in its mouth. It was probably a female with young ones, and for that reason was so bold. Nothing could be found of the child in the morning, but as the hut was in the midst of a dense thicket of tall reeds and rushes, it was impossible to search much; and we had no dog. A tiger hardly ever kills anything that he can carry away with ease, like a cat does a mouse. He does not want to eat it when he catches it. The above event happened on the banks of the Marmora River, near Trinidad. The next night all the Indians joined in a prayer to God for the soul of the lost infant."

parentage and that his mother shall see him no more."

"A tremendous noise, as of tumbling fire-irons, and a fender upset—a noise that is followed by a whirl-wind of passionate exclamations, causes Mrs. Rockwood to look up. Has Mr. Philip, ordinarily so languid and cool, gone out of his mind? It would seem so; for, suddenly seizing the Japanese fan from the lady's hand he threw it on the floor, and stamped it to pieces under his feet. Mrs. Rockwood's swarthy cheeks reddened, but thick brows knitted themselves into one hard line, and her breath came in hot gasps from between her parted lips. "Was it anger that moved her? Only such anger as a tigress might feel for some unruly cub she loves, and yet whom she intends to lick into shape. "What do you mean by telling this to me?" Philip said; and, with all the violence of a weak nature aroused to rage, he hurried far from him light gilt chair, that came in his way as he strode backwards and forwards in the room. "Are you laughing at me, or do you want to drive me mad?"

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NEWS ITEMS.

The Boston & Colorado Smelting Company, Colorado, shipped during the month of October, a total value of \$236,000; silver, \$115,000; gold, \$101,000; copper, \$120,000. The growth of Protestantism in Palestine is rapid. There are now 250 Protestant churches in the Holy Land, and the schools there have 7,600 pupils. The Illinois crop yield of the past season falls 50,000,000 bushels short of the estimate, making it about 112,000,000 bushels. The South Chicago Enterprise says, "In Chicago can be found 18,000 men out of employment. They can get from \$12 to \$35 per month and board in the Michigan pinneries, but that is too much like hard work these 'hard times.'" The debt of New York city is \$130,000,000, or over \$130 for every man, woman and child in the city. Still the people are not happy. A citizen of Clark County, Ky., last week killed a pig which had no liver. The animal was in good condition and weighed 300 pounds. The Burlington Cedar Rapids and Northern railroad has just effected a loan of \$6,500,000 from a New York corporation. The importation of tea into the United States for the season of 1876 was 56,399,274 pounds, 2,633,173 less than the previous season. An expedition sailed from San Francisco the other day to explore the Pacific ocean for guano islands, which some parties believe to exist. The English government has ordered the strictest care upon all vessels from this side of the water, when spring opens, to prevent the introduction of the potato bug. Janesville, Wis. has a shoe factory which during this year, has manufactured \$91,000 worth of goods. One hundred and fifty vessels and 250 lives were lost in the recent severe gale on the England and Scotland coasts. A dispatch from Madrid announces that the extradition treaty between Spain and the United States has been concluded. The treaty specifies 20 offences for which person accused may be surrendered, and is the most comprehensive which has yet been entered into by the United States. Railway passenger rates are gradually going up to prices which prevailed before the Erie and New York Central wars. A Chicago telegram says: rates to Syracuse was made \$17.00; Rochester, \$15.40 and Buffalo, \$14.00. It is anticipated that passenger rates to New York will soon be advanced to \$22. The fall of snow at Nashville, Tenn., on Friday was the heaviest experienced in 40 years. A Mrs. Field, of Rock Island, died in a dentist's chair in that city a few days ago, from the effects of chloroform administered by her family physician. Throw away your feather beds. A fire occurred from the spontaneous combustion of one of these articles at Hamilton, Ga., the other day. A Proposition will come before the Indiana legislature at the approaching session, to strike from the constitution and laws all distinction of color. In San Saba county, Texas, this year, the acreage of cotton will be doubled, while the amount of wheat sown will be one-third less than last season. The Edgar Thompson steel works, of Pittsburgh, are having a shear constructed that will weigh 35 tons. It is double acting; one end is to cut hot steel ingots and the other to cut cold steel rails. The farmers of Putnam county Ill. continue to lose large numbers of their cattle. The animals will be standing, chewing their cud, apparently all right, when suddenly will drop dead as if struck by lightning. The official compilation of the record of the admissions to the Centennial Exhibition show the number of cash admissions from May 10 to November 10 to have been 8,004,274; free admissions, 1,906,692; total 9,910,966; total cash receipts, \$3,813,724. Some one says: "Put 2,000 men together on an open prairie, and if they are panic-stricken they will trample one another to death. They will rush like a herd of frightened buffaloes, and you might as well think of reading the ten commandments to stop them as to control their flight." Taking a cigar out of his mouth, the minister said to one of his parishioners, fond of sleeping in sermon time: "There is no sleeping car on the road to heaven." "And no smoking car, either, I reckon," said the man, in reply, now wide awake. "Deserted by all except his bobtail dog, his life went slowly out as the shadow of the setting sun crept over the front stoop of Darling's grocery" is the way they express themselves in Georgia. The thermometer still runs up to the nineties in the middle of the day at Los Angeles, Cal. Swallowing the bristle of a tooth-brush has been known to cure diphtheria.