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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1877.

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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 door to County Jail. Home Office, Brownville, Neb. J. S. Stahl, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office over Hill's store, Brownville, Neb. A. H. Brody, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb. E. W. Thomas, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office front room over Stevenson & Criss's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb. W. T. Rogers, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Will give diligent attention to all legal business entrusted to him. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb. PHYSICIANS. S. H. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon, and Osteopath. Graduated in 1861. Located in Brownville, 1855. Office, Lett & Tracy's drug store. McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. H. M. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 21 Main Street, Brownville, Neb. BLACKSMITHS. J. W. Gibson, BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOE. First Street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb. Work done to order and satisfactory guarantee.

OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET

BODY & BRO., BUTCHERS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Good, Sweet, Fresh Meat. Always on hand, and satisfaction guaranteed to all customers.

J. L. ROY, UNDERTAKER

Keeps a full line of BURIAL CASES & CASKETS. CONSTANTLY ON HAND. 56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

PAT. CLINE, FASHIONABLE. 39 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER, AND FITS GUARANTEED. 39 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY! Main Street, No. 47. Up stairs over Witchery & Stahl's Barber shop, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

FIRST CLASS WORK. Allowed to leave my gallery. A full assortment of PICTURE ALBUMS, of all styles and grades on hand. ALBUMS, LOCKETS, COLORED PICTURES, and many other.

PERSONS wishing Photographs work done in the best style, at lowest prices, should not fail to call and see for themselves. P. M. ZOOK.

A. D. Marsh DYING TO SAVE YOUR OLD CLOTHES. He will Color or Dye your COAT, VEST or PANTS, in the best style. Will dye Ladies' Shawls; will take all the Spots out of Gents' Garments, and press them up in good shape; will repair Garments, and warrant to give entire satisfaction; and will cut and make gentlemen's clothes.

Equalled by Few, Excelled by None. Shop in Alex. Robinson's old stand, next door to Roy's Furniture Store.

A. ROBISON DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES. CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER. Repairing neatly done. No. 21 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

E. HUBBARD'S Peace and Quiet Saloon! AND BILLIARD HALL.

Be Sure You're Right.

Adopt this beautiful motto— Write it in letters of gold; 'Tis a saying uttered in wisdom; Applies to the young and the old; 'Twill help us along in life's journey; Nothing like starting aright; Such action is pleasing to others; And fills us with inward delight. Who can compute all the trouble, The errors, disasters and woes; That occur from neglect of this motto? Their number but few of us know; Think and reflect before acting; Weigh well the project in view; Be sure of righteous decision; On wiser or wish to pursue. Those who've adopted this motto Seldom have cause to regret; It saves us a deal of misfortune; Relieves us from worry and fret. We go along, easy and happy; On a wide and a definite plan; Assured of success in our labor; By doing the best that we can.

THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY. Who Will Save Her?

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.) Philip took a long breath, as one about to faint. The woman looked at him pityingly, but yet resolved. "You had better drink some water, Philip," she remarked. But Philip had already seized a decanter from the table, from which he poured, not water, but half a tumbler of brandy, and swallowed it down at a draught. "Curse me," he said, in a manner very different from his usual drawl, "if I know what you mean! If there is any truth in this story you tell, which I doubt, who was this child—this false heir, who— He could say no more, for his words choked him; but he covered before Diana's pitiless pointing finger, with shudders, as she said, "Youself!" Always ungrateful, he began at once, blundering and blustering, to bully.

"A nice trick—if what you say be true—you've all played me!" And then, again turning fiercely upon her with the old bad scowl on his evil face, "Who may you be, that I'm to take what you say for gospel? You've got the story at your tongue's end, and are somebody, I suppose. Who—what?" "Your mother!" The words were calmly said, and expected by him. Yet Philip reeled before them. He staggered like a drunken man, catching at chair and table for support. "I don't believe a word of it," he repeated, mechanically,—"not one word! It's a clever trick got up between you, your old father, and money-making Mat. I must have proof of what you say—legal proof!" "I think you would hardly ask for that," she said.

He looked at her violently, but returned no answer. "Don't be a fool, Philip! But for stronger heads than yours, and stronger hands, you would long ago have floated down the stream to perdition. But why speak of this just now? I have told you—and her voice became musical in its softness—"that I am your mother—your mother! Have you no word to say to me?" He made no answer to this appeal, but stood, his head bent forward on his breast, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his hands again deep sunk in his pockets, his shoulders all hunched up—a picture of irresolution and impotent rage, none the less intense now that his more violent demonstrations had ceased.

"I signed for you, Philip. I was ready—am still ready to sacrifice everything for you—life itself, and, if necessary, more than that," she lowered her voice to a whisper,—"the lives of others. It was my pride to see you take the first places in your father's house—my ambition to know that my son should inherit all fortune and name. That ambition shall yet be realized, if you are wise. As yet, your enemy has been yourself." Still no word from Philip. He seemed to be slowly realizing, in its full force, his position and his was not a nature to rise up at once after so terrible a blow.

"It was to please your father that I married Mr. Rookwood," Diana went on, at last; "to prove that I meant to keep the oath I had sworn, and remove every obstacle between you and the estates. Hitherto Sir Hugh has kept his word to the letter, and owned you before the world as his son." "Sir Hugh hates me," blurted out Philip; "he has always hated me, and you know it." "The fault has been your own—entirely your own. The sort of life you have chosen to lead, your reckless extravagance, your studied neglect of Sir Hugh himself, absconding yourself for six months together from the Abbey."

"And what sort of a reception shall I get? The last time I saw Sir Hugh we parted with high words." "A far better reception than you deserve," answered the woman impatiently. "You will be governed in everything by my father. He loves you, though why," she added bitterly, "I can hardly tell, and can advise you better than I. There's a 'Bradshaw' on that side-table—give it to me." Her son obeyed her almost mechanically. His intellect had not yet recovered the series of crushing blows it had received; he spoke vaguely, like a man in a dream. "Gertrude never did any harm to me," he muttered, as, again obedient to a gesture of his mother's, he drew a chair up to the table, "and I won't have harm come to her."

Mrs. Rookwood laid down the pen she was using to tick off the departure of the Drispey Bridge train, and leaning forward, looked full in Philip's stolen face. "Listen to me," she said, "and take heart, or rather let me say to memory, every word I am about to utter. I am, I repeat, ready to sacrifice everything to you, out of the greatness of my love for you; but it is useless, to speak to you of that. There are others, also, whose interests are bound up in yours, in whom I, and therefore you, can trust. Our plans are formed, dare to disturb them, Philip, by action or word, and I leave you to a fool's fate—poverty and a nameless grave! Above all, remember one thing; that if you are but guided by me, no obstacle—no matter what—shall be allowed to stand long between you and fortune. As for Gertrude Wentworth, her future is in good hands. It is for you to be careful that no act of folly on your part destroys your own. Push that link nearer to me, and ponder over what I have said."

She had again taken up the pen, and now resumed her railway calculations, jotting down the figures on a paper by her side, without even glancing at her son, who sat stupidly gazing at her, wide-mouthed and open-eyed. By Jove! as he would himself have expressed it, one thing, at least, was certain—that Mr. Philip Wentworth (we still give him that name) was sufficiently "astonished" at last.

CHAPTER VII. THE TWO NURSES. "GERTRUDE!" "I am here, papa." The voice that first spoke was querulous and weak; the voice that replied was soft and musical—the ear of those pleasant voices to the ear that is ever suggestive of devotion and love. "Has the new nurse come?" "Yes, papa; she came down from London with Doctor Malton. Would you like to see her? I'll call her."

"Behave like a man," she answered, almost contemptuously, "and not pointing to the fragile gilt chair that was lying with a broken back in the corner." "Like a child. It may be that even now as we speak, Sir Hugh is by his side. You will not be alone there; she continued darkly and with a smile that was by no means an argument to her handsome face; "you will find friends to advise you and act for you; friends—do you hear me, Philip?—whom you must obey."

"I suppose you mean Mat, the money-spinner," said Mr. Philip, very graciously, and old Daddy Darknoll, I shan't get much of anything that is to be filtered through their hands." "Be governed by me, then, and you shall get all. Matthew Rookwood cares for but one thing—money; while my father, your grandfather,"—"Mr. Philip winced,—Benjamin Darknoll, has no other thought in life but—" "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to him. I was always fond of Daddy. I don't think I should ever have known how to read or write but for him; my tutors threw me over one after the other, and—" he suddenly stopped as a new light burst in upon him. "I say, if Sir Hugh has made another will, and Gertrude—"

"I know what you would say; but as yet we have every reason to believe no will has been made. A weak man in all things, Sir Hugh has always had a superstitious dread of all will-making. It was only after his last quarrel with you about your ever-accumulating debts, that he expressed to Mr. Midday his intention of journeying to London to visit some lawyer. My father was present, and heard him—his motive was plain enough. The estates are not entailed. He would, had he reached London, have made Gertrude his heir, and with a favorite term of his—what is called 'sufficient provision,' perhaps, have disinherited you." Philip groaned. He had now fully realized his position.

"Kind-hearted, amiable man!" repeated the sufferer, testily; "that's just where it is, my dear. The number of people that have been killed by kind-hearted, amiable practitioners would have made the Duke of Wellington stare. If one could only see old Bowly's case-book, I'm sure that Waterloo would be nothing to it."

"Gertrude, who knew her father's nature too well to oppose him directly in anything, did the next best thing—she changed the subject. "By the way, I forgot to tell you, papa, that Mr. Midday called yesterday; but, as you were asleep, I would not have you disturbed. You'll see him, won't you, when he calls again?" Sir Hugh, however, was in pain, and like most active men so prostrated was cross.

"Anxious! I don't see why he should be—we never ran our horses together but we jostled. A horse should be content to have all the talk to himself on a Sunday, and on other days give other people a chance, which is just what Midday won't do. By the bye, what has become of that nice lad, his pupil, and why hasn't he been to see me? It's most unkind of him. A finer, braver young fellow I never saw. He'd ride to the hounds with the best of us; and as for shooting, only ask that rascal, Peter Applethwaite, who is not only the most incorrigible poacher, but the best shot within a whole score of parishes."

It was lucky that Gertrude's face was in shadow, for she crimsoned to the neck, as she heard her father's praise of her lover. "What is gone?" asked the sick man impatiently, his brain again slightly wandering. "What were we talking about?" "Mr. Everard Corbett." "Where is he gone to—London?" "India." "Oh, ah! that's a long way; but that's no reason why he didn't come to say good-bye. Why, we were old friends, and being so ill makes me wonder the more."

"He wanted to come again and again, but Darknoll refused to admit him to your room; he said you could not receive any visitors." "Ah, well, I suppose old Benjy knew best!" said Sir Hugh, as, tired already of the subject, he let his head fall back among the pillows. A long pause; then suddenly, "Did any one tell me, my dear child, that Brown Robin was dead?" "None. He is alive and well."

"I'm glad of that; a better horse was never put at a fence. It was my fault, not his, that we came to grief. Gertrude, darling, lean over me for a moment; I want to say something in your ear." She leaned over, and after twice kissing her cheek, he said, "Are you sure—quite sure—that this Dr. Malton gave hope?" "The greatest hope—only he wished he had been sent for sooner."

"Yes, yes! that is all that ass Bowly's fault. I had something to say to you, dear—something that must be said, but not now—not now; I will keep for a time, and I want to sleep. Give me my medicine, and then draw the curtains close." Gertrude was by no means surprised at either her father's words or manner; of late she had become accustomed to both. His brain had been frequently wandered, and this secret so solemnly hinted at, she naturally attributed to have no other origin. Passing from the bedside to a small table, placed within the deep embrasure of the window, upon which were arranged that sad array of phials and bottles peculiar to a sick room, Gertrude took up a small phial and held it to the light.

"You will soon be out again, and on horse-back, too, if you'll have a little more patience. So Doctor Malton says; and so you must be a good papa, and not complain." "Patience!" moaned the sufferer; "I think I've had enough of that. It seems to me as though I had been lying here for ages—And did Doctor Malton really say that? He's a clever fellow, that London doctor," he continued, without waiting for Gertrude's reply; "can talk of a hundred things beside his profession, which is more than most of them can do. Look at Bowly!—(Bowly was the Wentworth practitioner)—"knows nothing beyond a pinch of jalap and an ounce of rhubarb. Even his best friends can't deny that little Bowly's an ass."

"Surely he's a very kind-hearted, amiable man!" said Gertrude. "Kind-hearted, amiable man!" repeated the sufferer, testily; "that's just where it is, my dear. The number of people that have been killed by kind-hearted, amiable practitioners would have made the Duke of Wellington stare. If one could only see old Bowly's case-book, I'm sure that Waterloo would be nothing to it."

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CHAPTER VIII. WINDLESTRAW HOUSE. "Bad news!" "May I ask what is bad news, Dr. Balm?" "For answer Dr. Balm folded down a portion of the newspaper, and indicating a paragraph, passed it over the breakfast table to his wife. With the aid of her glasses the lady read aloud:— "We are happy to announce change for the better in the condition of Sir Hugh Wentworth, M.P., for —, whose recent severe accident in the hunting field has caused such anxiety to his friends. His son, Mr. Philip Wentworth, has been summoned to his bedside, and all that medical science, combined with the most unremitting care and attention, can do, is being done, and the best hopes are entertained of the Baronet's ultimate recovery."

The lady put down the newspaper, and wiped her *lorgnon*, with a little mocking laugh as she did so. "Ah! these newspapers," she said, how amusing they are; and to think how many people in the world believe in them!" "But, my little Popsy, is seems by this that Sir Hugh—"

"Is in excellent hands!—in excellent hands!" chirruped the lady. "Do you see, Seppy, darling, that for once the newspaper is right; and with the medical skill of my brother, Doctor Malton, and the unremitting care and attention of Mr. Philip Wentworth and Mr. Mathew Rookwood, the very best hopes may be entertained by us!"

"And the little lady laughed—laughed contentedly, tapping the *Times* meanwhile frantically with her eye-glass. "It will be the making of us, Popsy—it will be the making of us!" "And of the young patient also," giggled the lady. "The air of Windlestraw is considered by the highest medical authorities as the most healthful in England."

"Quoting the prospectus, eh, my dear?" chimed in her husband. "It will be found beneficial, above all, to those suffering from nervous complaints, from hallucinations of the mind, and feebleness of the system." "In short," continued the lady, taking up the running, "Windlestraw will be found to combine health in its highest forms, and happiness in its most domestic character."

"I am proud of that paragraph," chuckled Doctor Balm, rubbing a couple of soft, plump hands together. "It breathes of the meadows and the downs, and the comforts of the fireside at the same time. If you will remember, my dear, when I wrote that paragraph, I observed, 'Popsy, that will fetch 'em'; to which you replied, 'Seemingly, if that doesn't nothing will!'"

"And it has fetched them pretty well," replied the lady. "Doctor Septimus Balm's Hydropathic Institution, Windlestraw. The tenderest family secrets respected—'silence' the motto of the establishment—all secrets deposited with Doctor Balm will be considered sacred as the umbra which is returned untouched upon departure." This little sally created great mirth. The mirth subsiding, the lady attacked a dish of ham and eggs, while her partner again buried himself in the *Times*, tilting his chair back, meanwhile, and throwing up his chin as if seeking a pose for his portrait.

"See the doctor when you might, he had always the appearance of being 'branded new'; exquisitely 'groomed,' from the tips of his trimmed and polished finger nails to the toes of his tight little lacquered boots. With the doctor, all was in order, shining, polished, and cold, like one of those steel surgical instruments which, lying so snugly in its velvet case, nevertheless suggests a creepy horror like a torpid snake. At Eton—for, as we have said, the doctor was a man of education—he had been known as Doll Balm, shortened in 'Dolly,' a term which his gushing little wife constantly applied to him; and in truth, as you looked at this ravenous old boy, in his painted waxen shell, he seemed a sort of link between the Burlington and Lovther Arcades.

And now a word or two—for the hurrying events that are crowding in upon us will not allow too long a pause—about the place itself,—this Windlestraw House—this Temple of Esculapius and well-spring of science and philanthropy. In the immediate neighborhood of a great commercial town, Windlestraw Downs had long enjoyed a reputation for their health-restoring powers; and for those who could stand the seasoning, a sojourn at Windlestraw was sure to bring back light to the dim eye, and color to the faded cheek.

It was, therefore, upon Windlestraw that these two birds of passage, Doctor and Mrs. Balm had made their descent. The Hydropathic Institution was the consequence. High, lonely, gusty, and 'abounding in the newest inventions,' Windlestraw House had all the elements for making money—by advertisement—and it did. It was supremely uncomfortable, both inside and out, new patients shivered through season after season. Health is not immediately at one's call, no more than Rome was built in a day; and if some of the patients returned—which some few did—surely that was no proof—see advertisement—of the institution's popularity.

A huge, bald, red-brick, rambling pile was Windlestraw House, suggestive of many things, but principally of the barracks and the penitentiary. But here we must pause for the present in our description, for Doctor Balm has again laid down his paper. "As you have seen her, my dear, what kind of a young lady would you describe Miss Gertrude to be? Would you call her pretty?"

Now, as there was only one person on the face of the earth to whom Mrs. Balm would have given that title, she gave a coquetish little shrug to her shoulders. "A tall girl, with large gray, sad eyes, a soft, creamy skin, but no color; and without color, another little shrug, 'what is skin or features?'"

As both the lady and gentlemen laid on their color pretty thick, hereupon followed nods of mutual approval. "Nothing like Windlestraw for restoring color!" said the doctor, in his most utterly respectable and vestry-board manner. "To the exhausted and weary it offers a drop of prospectus!"

And with a sharpness of manner which caused the doctor to nearly choke himself with a piece of toast was in the act of swallowing, Mrs. Balm rose to her feet. A small woman, as we have said, not insignificant, liesome as a lizard, compact and 'neat' as a dressmaker's model. "When my brother Malton spoke to me about this business, it was understood. It was now the doctor's turn to rise hastily. "Nothing was understood—nothing but the poor dear young lady's nervous suffering, and the consequent requirement of seclusion and care—the utmost care and the strictest seclusion!" Mrs. Balm surveyed him through her half-closed eyelids, and gave a little mocking laugh. "Why, bless me, Dolly dear, you are in a fright already. You silly little man; there is nothing less than a fortune before us—a large fortune, as I can manage it."

"It shall be left in your hands, Popsy—entirely in your hands," said the doctor, with a readiness that savored of relief.

"When," continued the lady, "I received the other day from my brother that mysterious message which took me to Drispey Bridge, I confess I was surprised, not having heard from David for some years."

"Except several applications for money," corrected the doctor. "Which were not replied to?" said the doctor's lady, sharply. "Upon explaining to me, without any circumlocution or holing-beak, what was required of me—I mean of us—"

"Entirely in your hands, my little woman—entirely in your hands," said the smiling doctor. "I saw at once the risk—the great risk!"

After pondering six years on the query: "Why do animals fear fire?" a Southern professor answers: "Because fire is hot."

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