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THE ADVERTISER

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Havingl n my employ Mr.

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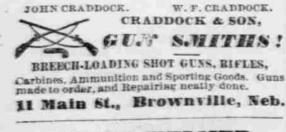
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WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Plows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaran-eed. Give him a call. 524-ly. ABBOTT

Wagonmaking, Blacksmithing, EMERY \$12n day at home. Agents wanted, Outfit and TRUE &CO., Augusta, Maine.

ETTER HEADS, Neatly printed at this office

OOTS AND SHOE

CUSTOM WORK

MADE TO ORDER.

Repairing neatly done. No. 58 Mainstreet, Brown ville, Neb.

Possibilities.

We cannot all be heroes And thrill a hemisphere With some great daring venture, Some deed that mocks at fear; But we can fill a lifetime With kindly acts and true,

There's always noble service For noble souls to do. We cannot all be preachers, And sway with voice and pen, The minds and hearts of men;

As strong winds sway the forest, But we can be evangels To souls within our reach, There's always Love's own gospel For loving hearts to preach.

THE

Who Will Save Her?

CHAPTER VIII .- (Continued.) "The enormous risk !" put in the

hips, should run in the event of discovery; ter's.' but I also saw---'

Robes in that."

'Well we saw that the game, under He popped it in a leather pouch slung almost any circumstances, must be in at his side, and was in the saddle in a our hands. Holding fast and sure the moment. winning card, it would be for us to decide when and how to play it.' 'A remarkable little womam!' said 64 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

iverse-a remarkable little woman!'

mous gleam the hospitable doors of the Windelstraw house.' 'To shut them as quickly,' laughed

crets and this will be one of them.' He paused for a moment, as if struck by some sudden thought, an words :unpleasant thought evidently, for af ter roosting uneasily first upon one CUSTOM WORK leg, and then upon the other, after MADE TO ORDER, AND FITS GUARANTEED. the fashion of that domestic fowl he at times so much resembled, he touched his wife on the arm, nervously. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

He did so two or three times before tive woman having possessed herself careful watching by the skilful nurse tive. 'They make me shudder.' of a bester of lawybod keys and a from Landon huge housekeeping book, into which, No. 47 Up stairs over Witcherly & I make every size or style of picture de sired. Life-size photographs a specialty Every pains taken to give pleasing and beitems of expenses.

'Well: what is it?' FIRST CLASS WORK allowed to leave my gallery. A full assort-ment of PICTURE FRAMES, of all styles and grades on hand, ALBUMS, LOCKETS at the doctor's face recalled her to it PLEASING ORNAMENTS FOR THE PARLOE again

'Sir Hugh-should he recover?' 'Sir Hugh will not recover.'

She had scarcely uttered the words than a great peal, as of a gate-bell, rung through the house, or, at least, through that part of the house with which it was more immediately con-

side of the bow-window. 'A telegram, perhaps,' ejaculated in the sick man's room.

the lady. minds.

with her countenance.

This was Mrs. Jane Murdoch, di-'I will ring for you, Mrs. Murdoch.' irrecoverably injured.'

Mrs. Murdoch dropped a slight | Doctor Malyon feared so too. curtsy, and left the room as sedately as she had entered. As the door closed, the telegram was

opened. 'From Dripsey Bridge?' And both man and wife read at the

'Sir Hugh Wentworth expired last night. We shall require every assistance. May we rely upon you? The answer, as the telegram said,

was paid for; and the boy, as Mrs. Murdoch had said, was waiting. The question has come, after all, more suddenly than expected. The answer must be equally decisive. Yes or no?

The husband alone shows signs of irresolution; the stronger mind has been made up long ago.

sharp-looking lad, with crisp curly sick-chamber. hair, and a snub nose, is rubbing down a pony, rough-haired, and streaming with perspiration. He is

the bearer of the telegram. wearing the Windlestraw livery. His small eyes gleam for a moment

and his huge mouth still further ex- highly approves of her. pands itself into a lengthened grin. It ing the lad. 'Boy !'

'Sir, to you! One couldn't say less, with Doctor Bowlby's approval.'

must have cost your master.'

away at his pony. 'What's your name?'

superciliously; for he was getting has just set his fork in it. much the worst of it. 'Here!' The lad paused, and look-

ment. 'Why, you don't think they ing. grow such as me in these parts? I you, my fine feller!

With the aspect of one who, think- licious.' ing to grasp a ball of wool, has unexpectedly laid hold of a hedgehog, the she came. footman, with a contemptuous shake of the head, slowly retreated, 'That will do-that will do! I'll what is on them.

go and get you your answer.' 'All right!' was the cheerful re- Malyon.' joinder. 'As you've got yours, old 'Just so; the enormous risk we Tiddlywinks, I can wait for the mas-

'Here it is;' said the servant, re-'we saw! I think, Popsy, I had a part Mrs. Murdoch, presented it to the conversation.

'Is that all?'

'That's all.'

the doctor, looking round, as if ap- twinkle in his eye at a buge inscrip- open window, hands deep sunk in follow suit. It's the nature of your clung to her like the serpents to the palpable to the touch as one of those

'Hydropathic Establishment, which tache. Theremarkable little woman's green means, I suppose, a tap of nutritious Bad news, and a few days' anxiety. 'That is not true,' was the quiet reeyes had a more than unusual veno- water always turned on at the prem- have worked a great and surprising ply. 'I have been your defender with and bent over Sir Hugh, who, with ises. Thank you for nothing, old change, in Mr. Philip. His easy, all- our father always." 'It's a safe speculation, Seppy,' she chap; of the two 'stablishments I knowing, 'up-to-everything' manner The dark shadow came back upon said. 'Let David and the rest do their prefer the workus' Pinto' beerreg'lar, has gone-his self-sufficient swagger his face. part of the work, and we'll open wide no end of skilly, with beef and pud- utterly departed. He seems suddenly, 'Who accused me? There must be

the doctor. 'Windlestraw has its se- dashed away in the direction of the expression of the face mean and sus- Your own bad conduct was your acrailway station.

CHAPTER IX.

'Every reliance!'

ONLY A DREAM.

And a very skuful nurse mared What have I done, Gertrude, that consultation; I fear your father's with an almost painful quickness of proved Mrs. Prudence. Wakeful and the door of my father's room should worse, movement, she, with a very hard-nib- noiseless, ever ready to the second be closed only to me? I have an equal He never once glanced at Gertrude bed pen, that scratched and splutter- with bandage or drug, smothing the right with yourself to stay by his speech and gaze were alike directed ed as she wrote, was jotting down pillow with a hand whose touch was as bedside and minister to his wants. to the young man, a falling rose-leaf, and a dozen times Not that that kind of business is 'Is my father worse?' cried Gerduring the long, long night arrang- much in my way, but the right exists trude, pale and trembling, asshe start-She asked the question as though ing and re-arranging the bed-clothes, the same ! she had dismissed all the previous which the sufferer tossed aside in evmatter from her mind, but a glance er-recurring paroxysms of pain. No wonder the sick man approved of Mrs Prudence; that by degrees he came to hand that was laid so coaxingly on attention, Gertrude passed quickly miss ber attention, and often asked his arm, that, but for back-biters and from the room. for her when she was absent from the room; not but that with the all-ab-

sorbing selfishness of an invalid, especially of an invalid of Sir Hugh's nature, he insisted upon Gertrude's presence also by his side; and it was only by kind Mrs. Prudence's insist-'Somebody from the station,' said ing that the young lady should have the doctor, peering out from the the rest, that she (the nurse) was permitted for some hours to minister alone

They remained thus, these two don nurse to the London doctor, my father will not see me; but that I musical laugh, as he glanced at Phil- phrased it, believed she had seen, in other kindred subjects that may sughirds of ill omen, anxiously peering Poor Dr. Bowlby was soon nowhere- have his kind permission to remain in still moody and silent. out, but neither by words expressing he, a good-natured, worthy creature in the house, as a guest, I presumethe one thought that agitated their enough, confessed as much to himself, as a guest!' while he bowed with ready humility 'I have pleaded for you, Philip. The door of the room opened at before the profound crudition and Night and day, I have pleaded for high scientific attainments of Doctor you-indeed I have! A tall, spare, hard-featured woman David Malyon, whose button he was 'Thanks!' presented herself, a telegram in her proud to hold while he dipped into a He looked down into the innocent well of science that seemed never to face, sneering sardonically. 'Waiting an answer,' she said in a run dry. 'Dip as you will,' Bowlby 'I say again, and will say it again do.' cold, harsh voice that accorded well would say, 'up it comes, the bucket and again, that my father's mind has brimful and running over.

'I fear, Dr. Malyon, there is but the victim of lies, lies, lies!' rectress, under only the doctor and small hope for our poor patient; the He struck his heel three times long bony hand upon his arm. his wife, of the Windelstraw estab- brain is-I say it with due deference down upon the floor, grinding it as

> than we choose to own, eh? Ha! ha! wiles!' give her a chance, and in nine cases out of ten she saves the patient."

Bowlby, shaking his head. 'Sad bus- me thus? gigantic pinch.

Outside the lodge-gate, a lithe, room in the Abbey, neighboring the showed the latent spirit of a wild That night, wearled with watching, A soft knock at the door.

'Come in !'

The 'nurse from London' enters. hate strongly; but oh! how she fear-Within the lodge-gates stands a tall to Dr. Bowlby, Very quiet and re- ly so passionless old man. from London.

considering your get up, and what it And so David Malyon, M. D., draws that it was Benjamine Darknoll's day-and Gertrude tried in vain, with phorically speaking, she sbecame a toward him paper and ink, and writ- business to do. And the lad continued to scrub es; his canfrere, meanwhile being A ready pupil and a bad teacher; The lamp had given its last despair- ure on a magic lantern slide. quietly talked to and patronized by but the careless father, who gave ing gurgle, its wick its last expiring "An awful man is Benjamin Darkthe 'nurse from London.'

'Tom Brompton. If you don't like 'Have you anything to suggest?' and dogs, was only too glad that old erouched up among the thick folds of young mistress, in those rare times it, you can have me re-christened- asked Malyon, throwing the slip of Darknoll should take care of his un- the curtains at the bed's head, dreamed when she permitted herself to talk of cakes and wine, and pay the charges.' paper across to Bowlby, who having ruly boy, and so an evil shadow was a dream. 'Born here?' asked the footman, set his heart on, the wing of a pheasant everywhere destroying all healthy The sick man still slumbered heav- knowingly cross for a great deal, not-'Nothing.'

'It is impossible to improve upon,

Mrs. Prudence retires, noiseless as so.

'With pleasure.' How devoutly he wished it was rum!

In another room of the ancient

Brother and sister. Philip and Gertrude Wentworth.

ground, and out into a prettily arranged garden. The lad looked up with a queer Philip stands leaning against the voice. 'My father hates me, and you and struggled with her sleep, but it tral old lady, seemingly almost as im-

pockets, fiercely biting his mous-So saying Tom Brompton shook the within himself, his features to have ed. reins upon the neck of the pony, and become thinner, sharper; the whole

nicious. One could almost imagine cuser:' but she only drooped her The return telegram contained these that the spendthrift had become a mis- beautiful head, flower-like, beneath a er in a few short hours. He strikes his foot savagely on the ground and swears an oath unneces-

upon his arm, looks up frightened into his face. We must go back some twelve days 'You must not say such things, he attracted her notice: that ever ac- trude was in part superseded in her so beautifully soft, so musically plain- Darknoll's.

> that forth any them! Why not? tp? The doctors have had another

'Undoubtedly.

roughly repulsing the little white fering man, who might require her mischief-makers, I should be as wel- The hunchbacked old man came come as I am now unwelcome.' 'I am here as a son should be,' he he cast into the room.

haps, dying father." 'Phillip!'

commands are given that I am not to bear the weight of three vast estates!' ment on the doctor's part to persuade favorable to fruit culture; fruit and

been poisoned against me-that I am into the garden, but treading in the Bowlby unhesitatingly agreed.

'And you think that I---'

do no more, we call that lady in and his face with a look of blank aston- their path.

it is with the son. A mad, head- she asked the question, the figure of a tention. strong race, the Wentworths-violent little bent old man-a man with A double shadow, cast by Philip men, violent ends!' and the little smooth, silky, white hair, shining and Darknoll, fell, black as night, as doctor passed his gold snuff-box to and soft as floss silk; a man with a death, across the stone escutcheon. Malyon, who near emptied it at one hunched back and a stooping figure, 'A black mark!' the old man said a manner gentle and caressing as that in his caressing voice. 'Bu it is not This conversation took place over a of a tame cat, with eyes deep sunk indellible. We can remove it, Philip. substantial little luncheon, in a snug and brilliant as diamonds, which and-we will!

> Benjamin Darknoll, in fact. It was not in Gertrude's nature to dream.

friend of hers; she knew, indeed, bedside. monotony of his existence by chaff- if there is any alteration in the pre- servant and slave. To all the cruel and he slept. it pleased Philip Wentworth to order, seems the parting breath of a dying tally, thinner and thinner, till, meta- he prayed with his legs.

slight heed to anything but his horses flicker, when Gertrude Wentworth, noll, my dear," she would say to her

'Who,' cried Philip, in answer to was pouring into the room in one His daughter, Mrs. Rockwood as is The doctor glanced down with a Gertrude's question-'who but those shower of cold, soft silver, when, be- now, was one not easily to be faced ed about him with a vague astonish- very profound look, but without read- who have my interest at heart, an see tween the moonbeams and the bed, when she was angered, but, for bless the trick I am to be played.'

'Brother! oh, brother! my dear like figure. ain't beet-root, and I ain't mangold- Doctor Malyon. Our double signa- brother! what wicked people they Had it walked upon air, its foot- her father, who never seems to get wuzzle. I'm London born and Lon- ture-yes, of course; very compli- must be who have told you all this!' steps could not have been more noise- angry at all." don-bred, which is a jovial state of mentary." Mrs. Prudence passes the She sought to encircle him with her less. It floated, rather than walked, In one of her hurried flutterings things not to be comprehended by pen, and the Doctor signs. 'Shall I arms, but he pushed her off, drawing and seemed to hover, with restless, from the door of Sir Hugh's room, carve for you? This pheasant is de- his brows fiercely together, and hard- bird-like haunt, over the confusion of back to where Gertrude, ever greedy

> The doctors pile their plate, and, for right in time, and, among the rest, drawn, cork after cork deftly removed. Darknoll coming out of the shadow of the time being, forget everything but you will get your deserts. 'There's a the contents held up to the moonlight, the long corridor. doom and a gloom over everything in and closely examined. 'A glass of sherry with you, Doctor this accursed house; but you'll please Then from the folds, as it appeared ed old man with the thin white hair

this, and could not help being struck to be an effervescing drink. 'We saw,' again put in the doctor- ceiving a packet from the hand of house, two others engaged in earnest by the agonized expression of her It was only now, as she turned, that the ancient walls.

> that bend before the storm, hoping it from London." The room is Gertrude's boudoir, will pass away; a thoroughly wo-The tall French windows open to the man's nature, trusting to the last. 'You know you hate me Gertrude!' an approached the bed he said, but in a somewhat milder

> > charming sex to go with the stronger party, you know.'

so to speak, to have shrivelled up an accuser for a defender to be need-Gertrude might have answered.

A step came crunching over the gravel, a man halted before the winsary to repeat. His sister, her hand dow, and, as he stood, blotting out

The shadow was long and crooked. to the time when poor, patient Ger- Philip,' she says in her pleading voice, The figure that cast it was Benjamin 'Can I have a word with you, Phil-

ed to her feet, 'My poor dear, dear papa! I will go to him at once!" 'And it's my belief, be went on, And thinking of nothing but the suf-

nearer to the window. Philip still standing sulkily within the shadow Darknoll),-'Gertrude knows her her bedside.

A valuable assistant was the Lon- be admitted to the sick-room-that The old man laughed a soft, almost her that what she had seen, or, as he forest tree and hedge planting, and

Gertrude marry, or you.' Philip stopped him with an impatient gesture.

Philip had stepped from the room al with all Dr. Malyon's opinions, Dr.

to your greatly superior knowledge- if grinding the forhead of an enemy. said, in a voice that trembled beneath er, willingly undertook to stay beside are hideous and unlovely? These its weight of feeling. 'I am three- her, receiving and transmitting to her forms of animal life-reptiles and 'Who else ?' and then his wild rage score years and ten, and the only hold young charge the news from the Bar-'All that remains for us to do, Dcc- bursts out in all its full cowardly I bave to life is the love I bear to you. tor Bowlby, is to soothe-to soothe force, 'Who else has had my father's They had quitted the little garden, and trust to time for the rest, and the ear from first to last? Oh! I've been when, shaking his silvery hair, the kept away: besides, her duties called to comprehend the whole where ours chapter of accidents-that chapter to well informed as to your doings, your old man, with a somewhat unpleaswhich we doctors are more indedted innocent ways, your cunning serpent ant, toothless mirth-a laughter that Mrs. Bleek received her reports, savored of the grave-pointed to a same time and under their breath :- Nature, sir, Nature; when we can Gertrude, who had risen, gazed into huge sun-dial, that stood directly in

A heap of carved stonework, bear-'Well informed !- by whom? who ing the escutcheon of the Wentworths 'She won't do it in this case,' said could have been capable of slandering in its midst. There was a shadow on the dial, but it was not to that the soft iness! As it was with the father, so And there arose before her, even as voiced old man directed Philip's at-

always, Gertrude Wentworth had a conscious, ally.

Like everyone else, Doctor Bowlby none could be ignorant of his blind Sir Hugh was sleeping. As Dr. over her shoulder, lacking, as Benja- he adds in truly thankful spirit, 'Ma devotion to her brother Philip; from Malyon said, the one great thing for min Darknoll would sneeringly say, aint I glad I don't have to sleep out A groom is going to ride into Drip- the latter's birth the old man him was to be soothed. The brain "even strength of mind enough to in the shed any more." has just occurred to him to vary the sey. Mrs. Prudeuce wants to know had been his faithful, much-suffering grew heavier-the Baronet was quiet, die."

shawl and wrapper, to keep it out. mere glimmer of a woman, like a fig-

fly-ah, so heavily! The moonlight withstanding his soft-speaking ways. glided into the room a small, gnome- you, darling, I would rather have to

ening his heart against her as he did phials which were gathered together of news, was tossing her pretty head on the table.

'Get away!' he said; 'all will come Stopper after stopper was with- Mrs. Bleek encountered Benjamin

to remember one thing-that whatev- to Gertrude, of her gray shadowy and stealthy tread; and this dim old er occurs to you, you've brought it on dress, she produced another phial. woman, who seemed but a gliding He looked askance at her as he said emptied into a glass of what appeared stitched and embroidered centuries

Gertrude's was one of those natures up and parchment-like, of the "nurse how different in thought and feeling!

Laocoon, and, do what she could, it chilly vapors that nestle over tombs. was impossible to throw it off. The woman approached the bed, noll, by a gesture, stopped her. that low, terrible, half-incudible

moaning, was tossing his head from

powerless to take effect. The woman, with a ready skill that

By a powerful effort Gertrude shook the sunlight, projected a shadow into

> upon the hoor; then Gertrude's over- their health, and help us in our task of taxed strength gives way, and, with a bringing these most unprincipled men

awakens, to find herself in her own

A voice speaks in her ear, and fin-

bed, in her own room.

tend to her."

confusion of voices about her, she to the bar of justice. Uniformly to

gers are upon her pulse. The voice and the fingers are the voice and the be reached. fingers of Doctor Malyon. "Fever, poor child!-fever! The strictest seclusion. You will attend

to her, Mrs. Prudence-you will at-

CHAPTER X.

SHADOWS ABOUT THE THRESHOLD. went on, speaking with hot vehe- 'Gertrude' (ceremony was a thing ered from her swoon, it was to find 7th, 1877, at two o'clock. This meetmence, 'to tender a son's affection, dispersed with in so old a retainer of herself in her own room, with Doctor ing will be devoted to discussions of and receive the instructions of a per- the Wentworth family as Benjamin Malyon, ever kind and attentive, by fruits best adapted to our soil and cli-

> her father's room, was but a dream, a gest themselves. Also to reception 'I am proud of the family-proud of mere delusion, arising from the ner- and reading reports from counties, its name, which expires, should Miss vous system having been over-taxed and a revision of our fruit list. It is by anxiety and lone watching. quired, and rest she must have; in-'There-that's enough! I am in deed-and the doctorstrongly emphayour hands, Daddy Darknoll. I think sised the words-without rest he you love me, whatever the rest may would not answer for the consequences; an opinion in which, as was usu-

shadow of the old man, who laid his And so Gertrude was forbidden, for that day at least, to rise from her bed, 'You think I love you, Philip!' he while old Mrs. Bleek, the housekeep-

> which were uniformly favorable to the Being, whose very nature is beauty, state of health of the patient. Poor Mrs. Bleek! A piece of antiquity crumbling away-a colorless. characterless old woman, as thoroughly "faded out" as one of the myriad

> figures in the tapestry which rotted on the Wentworth walls, she regarded the progress of events around her hanged in England was hanged 200 through a pair of weak, watery eyes. too utterly feeble to be even astonished, caring for nothing, talking of nothing, but the grandeur of the lected positively to the Returning Wentworths, and clinging to the 'old | Boards, they should not gone into the house' with the instinct of a cat.

Perepared to meet an opponent, Mrs. Prudence had found in the praying constantly, hoping, hoping housekeeper a ready, because an un-

The fire had crumbled down to its once before the irruption of "clever State lunatic asylum, in Harrisburg, She curtseys, first to Dr Malyon then ed that smooth-spoken and, seeming- last ash, and Gertrude, forgetful of folk" from London, was ready at beck Pa. He is 70 years old. her promise to Mrs. Prudence to retire and call, happy to do anybody's bidfootman, rural from head to foot, and spectful in her manner is the 'nurse | She felt instinctively he was no to rest, still lingered by her father's ding, as she glided about, a phantom of the past, her head always twisted phia boy has said his 'Now I lay me,'

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

him at all, "and one that I wouldn't do with her in ber wrath, than with

to and fro uneasily on her pillow.

A queer pair they were, this hunch-The phial-a very small one-she shadow of other dim old women, who ago the work now crumbling from

Gertrude recognized the face, dried Both far advanced in years, yet, -the man restless and eager beneath Slowly, and with no other light but his quietude of manner, busy with the moonlight to guide her, the wom- the present and full of schemes for the future; the woman only brooding Gertrude knew there was danger, upon what has been-a nervous, spec-

She was hurrying by, when Dark-

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A Card to the Public. side to side, not violently, but like For many years we have made two one under the influence of narcotics medicines suited to the ailments of a vast class of sufferers. Thousands of cures have been made by them, and could only come from long practice, in fact, the word failure could not be propped up the heavy head, and ap- coupled with them. But within the proached the half-filled glass to the last two years counterfeits of our medicines have sprung up, dangerous in their close imitation of our Trade off the lethargic fetters which had Mark. To secure the people we have bound her. An instinct of danger placed upon each genuine box of Holpossessed her-of danger great and loway's Ointment the fac simile of the signature of our agent, Mr. Jos. Hay-With a wild cry, she started to her dock. To counterfeit is felony. We shall relentlessly pursue any one who imitates this with the utmost vigor of The shadowy hands go up in a ges- the law. We must earnestly beg that the great mass of the American people There is a noise as of falling glass will aid us in our efforts to protect

> pot of Ointment, and the end will soon The public's obedient servants. HOLLOWAY & Co.

> > State Herticultural Society.

purchase Medicines purporting to be

ours unless Mr. Jos. Haydock's signa-

ture is attached to each box of Pills or

LINCOLN, NEB , Jan. 13, 1877 The winter meeting of the Nebraska State Horticultural Society ad-When Gertrude Wentworth recov- journed to meet at Lincoln, February mate; insects and other ills detrimenpower, and, like her sex, will hold it Weak and suffering as the poor tal to fruit culture; the bird question; 'What do I find? That positive to the last. A nice child, truly, to child was, it required but little argu- soils and other characteristics most hoped there will be a general atten-Rest, rest, was what Gertrude re- dance, and full reports from counties. DANIEL H. WHEELER,

> Secretary. An Unselved Question.

All this morning I have been trying to solve this question: If God's nature is perfect in its love and beauty, from whence comes these forms snakes, and huge monsters from whom we shrink-can these be beautiful to Him whose eye is vast enough her elsewhere; but it was from her fail to see even a beginning? If they are not beautiful to Him, how can a produce hideous forms? - Selected.

> years ago for forgery Bloggs says if the Democrats obelection. No use quarreling with Hoyle after the rubber is lost.

In London a Jew has been charged

with the murder of a Jew. It is said

this is the first time such a thing has

happened, and that the last Jew

Charles Fenno Hoffman, author of the familiar song, 'Sparkling and The poor old soul succumbed at Bright is the Rosy Light,' is in the

Her one fear was this same Benja- Frederick Douglas says he prayed

At bedtime now, after the Philadel-

caprices of the boy, the old man had There was a chillness in the air- min Darknoll. In his presence she three years to be delivered from bond-'Um! yes; perhaps it will be better given way without a murmur. What that very early morning air, which "faded out" still more, growing, men- age, but he never got any answer till

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