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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1877.

VOL. 21.—NO. 32.

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 Building, Brownville, Nebraska.

J. S. Still, Attorney and Counselor at Law—Office over Hill House, Brownville, Neb.

J. H. Broady, Attorney and Counselor at Law—Office over Hill House, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. Thomas, Attorney at Law—Office from room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. Rogers, Attorney and Counselor at Law—Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to him. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M.D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1853. Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Neb. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children.

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon, Office in City Drug Store, No. 2 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. GIBSON, BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOEER. First class work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. W. GAVITT, GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

Postoffice address, HUMBOLDT, NEB. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

J. MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

and dealer in Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, Etc., Etc. Brownville, Nebraska.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT?

Having purchased the "ELEPHANT" LIVERY AND FEED STABLES. I wish to announce that I am prepared to do a first class livery business.

A. D. MARSH, TAILOR.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. Cutting or Cutting and Making done to order on short notice, and at reasonable prices. Has had long experience and can warrant satisfaction. Call at his shop at residence on a Atlantic street.

CITY HOTEL.

Teach street, between Farnam and Harney, Omaha, Neb. IS NEAR THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF THE CITY, open day and night; houses running to and from the depot, and at reasonable rates. Has had long experience and can warrant satisfaction. Call at his shop at residence on a Atlantic street.

B. STROBLE, AT CITY BAKERY.

Dealer in FAMILY GROCERIES, TEAS, CANNED FRUITS, CANDIES, GLASSWARE, TOBACCO, CIGARS, KEESBAUM PIPES, AND FINEST TRINKETS.

FRESH OYSTERS.

HOMWOOD MILLS. Having my employ Mr. HENRY SHIFFER, acknowledged to be the best miller in the state, I am prepared to furnish GOOD FLOUR in any quantity. Every sack warranted.

DENTISTRY.

R. A. HAWLEY, An experienced practitioner, will fill and extract teeth for all who wish, at reasonable rates, at his residence on Main street, next door to Dr. Matthews's store.

IN BROWNVILLE THE LAST WEEK OF EACH MONTH.

MATHEWS DENTIST.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. West side Main Street, over Shute's Jewelry Store. In his absence, all orders left at Sheridan House, City Drug Store, Lett & Gibson's or Shute's Jewelry Store, will be responded to without delay on his return to Brownville. Notice of absence and return duty given in THE ADVERTISER.

GUY SMITHS!

BRECK-LADING SHOT GUNS, RIFLES, Cuckoo, Ammunition and Sporting Goods. Guns made to order, and Repairing neatly done. 11 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

FRANZ HELMER, WAGON & BLACKSMITH SHOP.

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Flows, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. 18-21.

ABBOTT Wagonmaking, Blacksmithing, EMERY.

12 days at home. Appointments, Outfit and 25 cents free. TRIPLE CO., Augusta, Maine.

OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET.

BODY & BRO., BUTCHERS, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

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

J. H. BAUER, Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLES, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Robes.

Blankets, Brushes, Fly Nets, &c. Repairing done on short notice. The celebrated Vacuum Oil, for preserving Harness, Boots, Shoes, &c., always on hand. 64 Main St., Brownville, Neb.

PAT. CLINE, FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER. CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER, AND FITS GUARANTEED. 29 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!

Main Street. No. 47 Up stairs over Witherly & Smith's Barber Shop, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. I make every size or style of picture dark street. Life-size photographs a specialty. Every pains taken to give pleasing and becoming positions. None but

FIRST CLASS WORK

allowed to leave my gallery. A full assortment of PICTURE FRAMES, of all styles, COLORED PICTURES, and many other

PLEASING ORNAMENTS FOR THE PARLOR. Persons wishing Photograph work done in the best style, at lowest prices, should not fail to call and see for themselves. P. M. ZOOK.

A. D. Marsh DYEING

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.

He will dye for you, Mrs. Murdoch's. Mrs. Murdoch dropped a slight curlew, and left the room as sedately as she had entered. As the door closed, the telegram was opened.

"From Dripsyey Bridge?" And both man and wife read at the same time and under their breath:—"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.

Outside the lodge-gate, a lithe, sharp-looking lad, with crisp curly hair, and a snub nose, is rubbing down a pony, rough-haired, and streaming with perspiration. He is the bearer of the telegram.

Within the lodge-gates stands a tall footman, rural from head to foot, and wearing the Windlestraw livery.

His small eyes gleam for a moment and his huge mouth still further expands itself into a lengthened grin. It has just occurred to him to vary the monotony of his existence by chaffing the lad.

"Boy!" "Sir, to you! One couldn't say less,

considering your get up, and what it must have cost your master."

And the lad continued to scrub away at his pony.

"What's your name?" "Tom Brompton. If you don't like it, you can have me re-christened—cakes and wine, and pay the charges."

"Born here?" asked the footman, superciliously; for he was getting much the worst of it.

"Here!" The lad paused, and looked about him with a vague astonishment. "Why, you don't think they grow such as me in these parts? I ain't beet-root, and I ain't mangold-wuzzle. I'm London born and London-bred, which is a jival state of things not to be comprehended by you, my fine feller!"

With the aspect of one who, thinking to grasp a ball of wool, has unexpectedly laid hold of a hedgehog, the footman, with a contemptuous shake of the head, slowly retreated.

"That will do—that will do! I'll go and get you your answer."

"All right!" was the cheerful rejoinder. "As you've got yours, old Tiddlywinks, I can wait for the master's."

"Here it is," said the servant, receiving a packet from the hand of Mrs. Murdoch, presented it to the boy.

He popped it in a leather pouch slung at his side, and was in the saddle in a moment.

"Is that all?" "That's all!"

The lad looked up with a queer twinkle in his eye at a huge inscription over the gates.

"Hydrophobic Establishment, which means, I suppose, a tap of nutritious water always turned on at the premises. Thank you for nothing, old chap; the two establishments I prefer the works 'Pint of beer' 'lar, no end of skilly, with beef and puddin' of a Sunday!"

So saying Tom Brompton shook the reins upon the neck of the pony, and dashed away in the direction of the railway station.

The return telegram contained these words:—"Every reliance!"

CHAPTER IX. ONLY A DREAM.

We must go back some twelve days to the time when poor, patient Gertrude was in part superseded in her careful watching by the skilful nurse from London.

And a very skilful nurse indeed proved Mrs. Prudence. Wakeful and noiseless, ever ready to the second with bandage or drug, smothering the pillow with a hand whose touch was as a falling rose-leaf, and a dozen times during the long, long night arranging and re-arranging the bed-clothes, which the sufferer tossed aside in ever-recurring paroxysms of pain. No wonder the sick man approved of Mrs. Prudence; that by degrees he came to miss her attention, and often asked for her when she was absent from the room; not that with the all-absorbing 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 insisting that the young lady should have rest, that she (the nurse) was permitted for some hours to minister alone in the sick man's room.

A valuable assistant was the London nurse to the London doctor. Poor Dr. Bowlby was soon nowhere—a good-natured, with the all-absorbing 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 insisting that the young lady should have rest, that she (the nurse) was permitted for some hours to minister alone in the sick man's room.

"I fear, Dr. Malyon, there is but small hope for our poor patient; the brain is—I say it with due deference to your greatly superior knowledge—irreversibly injured."

Doctor Malyon feared so too. "All that remains for us to do, Doctor Bowlby, is to soothe—to soothe and trust to time for the rest, and the chapter of accidents—that chapter to which we doctors are more indebted than we choose to own, eh? Ha! ha! Nature, sir, Nature; when we can do no more, we call that lady in and give her chance, and in nine cases out of ten she saves the patient."

"She won't do it in this case," said Bowlby, shaking his head. "Sad business! As it was with the father, so it is with the son. A mad, headstrong race, the Wentworths—violent men, violent ends!" and the little doctor passed his gold snuff-box to Malyon, who near emptied it at one gigantic convulsion.

This conversation took place over a substantial little luncheon, in a snug room in the Abbey, neighboring the sick-chamber.

A soft knock at the door. "Come in!"

The nurse from London enters. She utters, first to Dr. Malyon then to Dr. Bowlby. Very quiet and respectful in her manner is the nurse from London.

Like everyone else, Doctor Bowlby highly approves of her.

A groom is going to ride into Dripsyey. Mrs. Prudence wants to know if there is any alteration in the prescriptions.

"Um! yes; perhaps it will be better with Doctor Bowlby's approval."

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, As strong winds sway the forest, The minds and hearts of men; But we can be evangelists To souls within our reach, There's always Love's own gospel For loving hearts to preach.

THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY.

Who Will Save Her?

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"The enormous risk!" put in the doctor.

"Just so; the enormous risk we should run in the event of discovery; but I also saw—"

"We saw," again put in the doctor—"we saw," I think, Poppy, I had a part in that."

"Well we saw that the game, under almost any circumstances, must be in our hands. Holding fast and sure the winning card. It would be for us to decide when and how to play it."

"A remarkable little woman!" said the doctor, looking round, as if appealing to the four corners of the universe—a remarkable little woman!"

"The remarkable little woman's green eyes had a more than unusual venomous gleam.

"It's a safe speculation, Seppy," she said. "Let David and the rest do their part of the work, and we'll open wide the hospitable doors of the Windlestraw house."

"To shut them as quickly," laughed the doctor. "Windlestraw has its secrets and this will be one of them."

He paused for a moment, as if struck by some sudden thought, an unpleasant thought evidently, for after roosting uneasily first upon one leg, and then upon the other, after this fashion of that domestic fowl he at times so much resembled, he touched his wife on the arm, nervously.

He did so two or three times before he attracted her notice; that ever active woman having possessed herself of a basket of household keys, and a huge housekeeping book, into which, with an almost painful quickness of movement, she, with a very hard-nibbed pen, that scratched and spluttered as she wrote, was jotting down items of expenses.

"Well; what is it?" She asked the question as though she had dismissed all the previous matter from her mind, but a glance at the doctor's face recalled her to it 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, rang through the house, or, at least, through that part of the house with which it was more immediately connected.

"Somebody from the station," said the doctor, peering out from the side of the bow-window.

"A telegram, perhaps," ejaculated the lady.

They remained thus, these two birds of ill omen, anxiously peering out, but neither by words expressing the one thought that agitated their minds.

The door of the room opened at last.

A tall, spare, hard-featured woman presented herself, a telegram in her hands.

"Waiting an answer," she said in a cold, harsh voice that accorded well with her countenance.

This was Mrs. Jane Murdoch, directress, under only the doctor and his wife, of the Windlestraw establishment.

"I will ring for you, Mrs. Murdoch," Mrs. Murdoch dropped a slight curlew, and left the room as sedately as she had entered.

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"Um! yes; perhaps it will be better with Doctor Bowlby's approval."

And so David Malyon, M. D., draws toward him paper and ink, and writes; his confidante, meanwhile being quietly talked to and patronized by the nurse from London.

"Have you anything to suggest?" asked Malyon, throwing the slip of paper across to Bowlby, who having set his heart on the wing of a pheasant has just set his fork in it.

"Nothing."

The doctor glanced down with a very profound look, but without reading.

"It is impossible to improve upon, Doctor Malyon. Our double signature—yes, of course; very complimentary." Mrs. Prudence passes the pen, and the Doctor signs. "Shall I carve for you? This pheasant is delicious."

Mrs. Prudence retires, noiseless as she came.

The doctors pile their plate, and, for the time being, forget everything but what is on them.

"A glass of sherry with you, Doctor Malyon."

"With pleasure."

How devoutly he wished it was rum!

In another room of the ancient house, two others engaged in earnest conversation.

Brother and sister. Philip and Gertrude Wentworth.

The room is Gertrude's boudoir. The tall French windows open to the ground, and out into a prettily arranged garden.

Philip stands leaning against the open window, hands deep sunk in pockets, fiercely biting his moustache.

Bad news, and a few days' anxiety, have worked a great and surprising change, in Mr. Philip. His easy, all-knowing, 'up-to-everything' manner has gone—his self-sufficient swagger utterly departed. He seems suddenly, so to speak, to have shriveled up within himself, his features to have become thinner, sharper; the whole expression of the face mean and suspicious. One could almost imagine that the spendthrift had become a miser in a few short hours.

He strikes his foot savagely on the ground and swears an oath unnecessary to repeat. His sister, her hand upon his arm, looks up frightened into his face.

"You must not say such things, Philip," she says in her pleading voice, so beautifully soft, so musically plaintive. "They make me shudder."

"But I say them! Why not? What have I done, Gertrude, that the door of my father's room should be closed only to me? I have an equal right with yourself to stay by his bedside and minister to his wants. Not that that kind of business is much in my way, but the right exists the same."

"Undoubtedly."

"And it's my belief, he went on, roughly repulsing the little white hand that was laid so coaxingly on his arm, "that, but for back-biters and mischief-makers, I should be as welcome as I am now unwelcome."

"Oh, Philip!"

"I am here as soon should be," he went on, speaking with hot vehemence, "to tender a son's affection, and receive the instructions of a perhaps, dying father."

"Philip!"

"What do I find? That positive commands are given that I am not to be admitted to the sick-room—that my father will not see me; but that I have his kind permission to remain in the house, as a guest, I presume—as a guest!"

"I have pleaded for you, Philip. Night and day, I have pleaded for you—indeed I have!"

"Thanks!"

He looked down into the innocent face, sneering sardonically.

"I say again, and will say it again and again, that my father's mind has been poisoned