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My Flour is for sale at all the principal stores in Brownville. GEO. HOMEWOOD. Sheridan Mills, April 1st, 1875.

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ESTABLISHED 1856. Oldest Paper in the State. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1877.

To a Pair of Old Boots. Written seventy years ago by a gentleman now dead, and found among his papers.

Ye two companions of my wintry way. Through slop, and mire, and mud, and clinging clay,

Now sore against my will we part at length, For ye are both grown old and both worn

their strength. And waters pierce your soles that once was

What boots it now that you were boots of yields a cure !

come from Sir Hugh's room?" from the door of his room, Mrs. Pruvery properly, too, I'm sure, to cross

for no one, not even for Miss Gertrude whom such bread is life."

'Heaven forbid!' cried the house-

would be her death-the dear, loving Benjamin Darknoll had drawn

nearer to her, and was peering inquisitively into her face. 'Herstale! Is Misa Gertrude, then,

'Not ill, but suffering in mind as well as body, the darling! The doctor said a violent shock might have the worst consequences.'

ease, if I remember right. Such things are too often hereditary.' He did not remember right, as he was quickly reminded; for in touching upon the past, he had entered up-

on Mrs. Bleek's domain, and she was the best style, at lowest prices, should not proceeding to give a circumstantial account of the causes which had led to the late lady Wentworth's demise, when Darknoll interrupted her.

'There, there, the poor lady sleeps weakly flower, whose life the first rough blast may wither. Poor child!' the voice was, as usual, so soft as to be almost caressing, there was but little pity in its tone.

'Poor child!' he repeated : 'she will words, Mrs. Bleek ?"

must let no one, for the present, have another gasp. access to Miss Gertrude. Absolute But the two augurs, who did not necessary. Poor child! poor child! ow, so he was absorbed by it again babit of dissimulation. as he walked on, leaving Mrs. Bleek The Wentworth estate is not ento flit away on her errand more misty tailed, I believe?" than ever.

Darkpoll softly laid his knuckle against the panel.

It was opened quickly, and closed as noiselessly, by Mrs. Prudence. 'The same?' was his whispered

question. 'No alteration?' 'No alteration as vet.' 'The girl must not see him again.'

Mrs. Prudence shrugged her shoul-'It is perhaps, better that she should

'Who knows? Affection has sharp eyes, and father and daughter love lawn, each other well. Love will sometimes work miracles, Mrs. Prudence. That shrugged her shoulders again. 'Hate may do it' not love. If you

had seen as many death-beds as I have, Mr. Darknoll, you'd know what, even in the last agony, hate can do; how lips, with the coldness of the grave upon them, would spend their last breath to curse; how the hand already half clay, would claw hospital or almshouse, leaving kith or

Here the 'nurse from London' laughed-or, rather, the muscles of Mildmay? lated a laughter, that, though visible.

'Charity!' she went on, for Dark-nothing, thinks of nothing, but his rod and line, and,'—this with a sneer Nothing, if judged by line and rule has an owner! Here is Mr. Philip, you blue-faced, undersized scoundrel, noll, his head bent, his eyes search - perhaps the poor of the parish. was correct in form-in builder's whose father lies dying up at the Ab- that I will.

set up in marble! Love of their yond self-control. 'The rector was in neys, and there we have, embosmed ties a making a hog of himself be- His buildog visage, blue mark and And paced along with true pedestrian toll. species !- pity for the fallen !- above all things opposed to Sir Hugh.' all, pity for poverty! Bah! Hatred, 'And to Miss Gertrude?' malice, and all un-charitableness! This question came upon Mr. Ben- ana Darknoll.

Your tough tanned bodies have resigned 'good institutions' actively alive. And wasp. it's so throughout nature-all links in The rector adored Miss Wentworth; him, and glancing through the fast- tree. Family tree! They talk a without his host. A bully, a vulgar, a chain! Look at the herbs in my and it was in his house that she had rising mist, passed swiftly away; goodish lot about the family tree, but hectoring argressive fellow, a strong shop—the same that yields a poison, found a congenial society while her while the myriad rabbits still capering I finds, on inwestigation, (investigation, the same that yields a poison, found a congenial society while her while the myriad rabbits still capering I finds, on inwestigation,

> had evidently not been listening to a Arms,' down in the village, or busy and then disappeared in the ground ones-on the part of Mr Applethwaite) and London slum, he never dreamed word she was saying, 'had again on the nearest race course, preparing like plump little fairles. an interview with Sir Hugh ?" 'I believe the remaining strength self was whooping and halloaing, like at a side wicket, exchanging a few lower, which helps to build the par- the blow of Mr. Bradley was expendstill left the Baronet, if any, would a red-coated maniac, over hill and words with a sun-burnt fellow in a ish stocks and fashion the three legged ed on the empty air. be exerted to put him from the room.' down dale, after the brush of a fox. shabby velveteen coat, who was busy stools. I know who it was who A crushing retort came from the

> Darknoll muttered something be- 'It was beneath the kind rector's with a bill-hook trimming the hedges taught me to think like that,' he said, strong right arm of Peter, and as tween his teeth, and turned away, roof that Gertrude had met his pupil and cutting off the decay branches of with a hugh; 'it was young Mr. Powder Blue came stumbling forward Few things moved the strange old Everard; and love, whose seeds are trees. lodge-keeper out of his usual quiet, scattered by the winds of heaven, 'Any gentleman here Appleth- for the noblest, finest spirited feller It was rather a pleasant sight to see One thing always did so-an unkind grew up between them like a flower. waite?' inquired Darknoll. mention of Philip. 'He must have sinned grievously, Rockwood. I repeat, I am here as to consider.

the other's equally keen black ones. game is over, and the gamesters sold.' ly greasy handkerchief wiped his fore- You look after Miss Gertrude while better. 'His have been but the foibles of The lodge-keeper's eyes gleamed head slowly. vouth.' answered the lodge-keeper. savagely, as she turned almost con- 'Well, Mister Darknoll, there be no India I'll fill your pockets with ru- very gentle kick into the prostrate 'Prodical of money he never sweated temptuously away, and, with a slight denying that there be several persons pees;' hot that I know what those man's ribs. 'You ain't good looking to earn; careless of those attentions waveof the hand, repassed the thresh- here; but when you come to the ques- last things are, but sweets of some when you are up, but you're better on 'Yes, Mr. Darknoll-that is to say, which the selfishness of old age re-old of the room. quires; ever in love with a neat ankle A strange woman! A terrible discussion.' Repairing done on short notice. The cele-brated Vacuum Off Blackfifty, for preserving Har-ness, Boots, Shoes, &c., always on hand.

The desperate hard on toffey and brandy-dence not permitting any one, and ness, Boots, Shoes, &c., always on hand.

A strange woman! A terrible discussion.'

Quires; ever in love with a neat ankle of the cele-dence not permitting any one, and sparkling eye; bred up as one warder, whether watching at the 'Which isn't worth my time or balls; and so was you, Rummager, 'I'll have your life for this!' of the lilies who toil not, neither do threshold of life, when baby eyes yours to go into,' interrupted Dark- not forgetting myself, which I believe The 'free forester,' as Peter was they spin; gifted with but one open with wonder on a new and cruel noll, impatiently, 'Is Mr. Philip to have been the worst of all.

> 'There is no conceiving what an was beloved by some and respected of his hat, and laughed aloud. Nothing arouses him for more than amount of good your light gloved, del- by all. off again, sound as before. He asks into the laps of a thousand others, to her daily round of the hospitals, test- self.'

> > 'Philip will be rich enough in a her drugs upon the patients-if any ly. and sulkily.

'Are you sure of that?" on her sharply.

What you had best convey to Mr. | was a flendish test-each word a cal-Rockwood. I came here by his wish; culation to result in death? I take my orders from him, and no

'Her poor mother died of heart dis- Mr Rockwood, who, as you know, is, the dog that licked his hand beneath ly but surely from ear to ear. at the present speaking, a guest at the knife. you wish me to convey to him?" That it is my belief-nay, I have from him a reason for his wholesale

been written-that a will exists. Benjamin Darknoll gave a gasp.

didn't laugh aloud. 'Exists !-where! impossible!'

Mrs. Prudence gave her usual

possible, you are the best judge of

first shock may kill,-those were your are all knaves-but that he has taken noll's blood ran cold, but it did so as his mouth, whistled shrilly. care of that; that the wolves will be the little woman vanished once 'Ah! hereshe comes! What, Rumdisappointed of their prey; and that, more, ghost-like, into the sick man's mager, old gal, come at last? There of Sandy Peter, with a laugh. seems a very clever man - Doctor Mal- when he has gone, the lamb may turn room. and rend her pursuers." 'I don't understand what he means

ders must be implicitly obeyed. You by that,' murmured Darknoll, with

repose for both father and daughter is laugh, understood each other perfectly. It is so hard, even with those and, as he had come out of the shad- who know us best, to shake off the

> 'No. 'It is in the power of Sir Hugh to

leave it to you or me?" 'It was in his power to do so. A no valid will.

'Suppose the the will was made and witnessed before the accident. What

and amidst the gloom of the gatherembrasure of a window, looking out

viser, and confidant for long, long a fence as a thief does to gain his pro- bag. years. He would never have made motion on a gallows! For a great 'I'm off this job to-morrow,' said

all men, the weak ones are the most

the parish. Mr. Mildmay cares for nothing, thinks of nothing, but his

They feed the poor's box, and keep jamin Darknoll like the sting of a As the old man harried across the do, but I never yet saw you misbe- reader must have recognised a disrepbrother was playing billiards with the about, came to gaze at the intruder, tion and discussion being weak points who, by dint of manner and muscle, 'If Philip,' said the old man, who young 'squireens,' at the 'Wentworth showed their white scuts for a moment -he would have called them strong had ruled the roast in convict prison

a 'book,' or whilst the Baronet him- Arrived at the lodge, he passed in branches, and says nothing of the His antagonist swerved aside, and

this young man, said Mrs. Psudence, his servant, and it is only Mathew He placed his bill-hook on a hedge as Bleel, but you are one of those death. her keen red eyes watching closely Rockwood I obey. To my mind, the doffed his hat, and with an extreme- chaps as hasn't had their chances. Mr. Applethwaite, however, knew

own in the matter,' observed the old made round that he might roll it away dark portals of death. Yet, with The sunburnt man finished wiping dulging in a hearty laugh at the sacthose who knew this quiet little wo- his head-a good broad head it was, charine reminisence when Rumma- you're worsted in a fair stand-up

a few minutes at a time from his ter- icate, spendthrift hands may do. It would be a thing curious to know missing, from the top of his head to careless, jaunty manner, he plucked us, the readier we are to shake it." rible heavy sleep. He takes his drugs When they shake the tree, all unbe- If, when the French poisoner. Brin- the sole of his boots. And precious a dock leaf, and proceeded, with the Such were not the sentiments of as quiet as any babe, and then goes known to them, the bread-fruit falls villiers, passed from bed to bed, in tight he is, too-his boots and him- air of a Chesterfield, to dust his boots. Mr. Powder Blue.

and southing words, that each touch | Darkholl eyed him keenly. Of one thing we may be sure-that where else, I think,'

the withered old woman of the War- The sunburnt man, Applethwaite, a thrashing, take your courage in both 'I have neither the wish nor the ren cared no more for the 'departing or Sandy Peter' as he was called in the hands and come over yourself, and reply, which he was about to do in a

> 'The desire to kill!' was his reply. And the spirit of Lacenaire, the under a heap of leaves.

> said, 'I would trust her with any- other people will devour!'

goes the church clock, dang it! I might have guessed as much. It's I curiously. as am before time, old wench, not you as is after it.

heart that Benjamin Darknoll took Were all his plans to prove abortive, and Philip, the child of his blood, to The ambition he, an old, old man

had nourished for years, was it to muzzle into his hand. crumble from him as the earth crumbles beneath the foot on the edge of a

not respected. Still the old man held to his resolve, The pet of the village children, and that one of his blood should rule of course daintly fed by many of their mothers, Sandy Peter's doggle would have been ultimately killed by kind-'He promised me that,' he said, ness but for the thoughtful care of his when I threatened to expose him be- master, who, knowing that much food fore his new wife in his own house. requires an equal amount of exercise What! my daughter-my handsome to promote digestion, took Rummager upon ghostly tree and vanishing daughter wasn't good enough for him, out for an airing generally at nightthis creature of clay, who has taken fall, and always-so his enemies said 'I have been Sir Hugh's friend, ad- as much pains to break his neck over -in company with a gun and a game

ing the ground, did not immediately 'Mildmay is the name he constant- form; but oh! the delicious 'green- bey, has been a' drinking himself The aliusion to the blue face was speak. 'It would have a queer result, ly couples with the will. If a will ery,' that wanton and exuberant blind at the 'Wentworth Arms.' A made to a scar, a huge scar, disfigurcould one inquire how much of real exists it is your Mr. Mildmay who beauty which held everything in a wonderful 'arms' it be, crammed will ing a portion of the stranger's cheek : wild embrace.

'Carry what I have told you to Mr. The sunburnt man paused a moment said he to me the day that he left, ferns. He was very quiet, and spread

I'm gone, and when I come back from Get up!" he said, delivering a not

'A young man to be commended,' man only in her double vocation of full of natural sagacity—then east the ger rose to her feet, and uttered a pro- fight! For certain sure, you never smiled the cynical Mrs. Prudence, herbalist and nurse, Mrs. Prudence crumpled handkerchief into the crown longed and very threatening growl. | was born in our county. We gives 'He be all here; not a bit of him ed as if by magic; and assuming a the harder the fist that has malleted

ing, with tearful eyes or smiling face, 'Drunk?' asked Darknoll, sharp-field-

'And that is the message you are day or two, when Sir Hugh dies,' recognized in the beautiful, 'chari- 'Drunk?- well that is also a ques- of the hedge?' taking her?' asked the old man, in his said Darknoll, somewhat impatiently table' lady but another and more terikeeper, with a start. 'In her state, it woman laid a swift hand on his arm. the bed, felt, with instinctive shud- myself to the fore-always would thused to dust his boots. der, that the grave-clothes were being empty a bucket and coom out smilin'. 'Hilloh! can't you open your Peter Applethwaite laughed out-There was something in her voice fastened about them, and that as the Thust is a thing as is born with one- mouths?" a question this time accom- right, that caused the lodge-keeper turn up- lithe and serpent-like figure paused, we take to drink afore we take to panied by a shower of pebbles and . I? Why, man aloive, I never was bending over them, with velvet touch food.

'Better in bed, am I, Daddy? Well, a man burst through the hedge, and of your tricks, Bradley?' And leapmy humble house. What is it that When Lacenaire, the murderer, that's a matter as also admits of diswas examined, the judge demanded cussion. He crossed to the other side of the

He looked around him for a mo-

As this to his mind was a matter patient under the long survey. It was with a heavy and troubled

Years !- the years had become days, Dripsey Bridge-known and loved- puzzled him.

greatly loved-but we are sorry to say

such a will without consulting me. wrong there must be a great right, Sandy Peter as he sat down, taking and Philip shall yet be lord of this the beautiful black head of his dog Again the otherwise impassive place, upon which my grandfather between his strong hands, and kissing countenance of Mrs. Prudence rippl. and his great grandfather were born. it affectionately; 'and, to tell you the The evening had almost darkened the truth, Rummager, dear old gal, into night when Darknoll reached his I'm not sorry for it. I never did like daddy Darknoll, and I never shall. And a very pleasant home it was, It's a hard thing to say, but when two one short and strong, the other lithe that cosy old lodge, with its ivied such friends as you and me, Rumma- and muscular, hard, and spare of porch, that rose into a sort of a tower, ger, meets, there is no secrets atween flesh.

in a garden of flowers, the pleasant neath 'em. Rummager, my darling,' all, quivered with rage, and raising

place that was once the home of Di- and he continued to caress his dog's his hand, he struck out flercely. park, the chadowy deer ross before have yourself acos of your family utable acquaintance-had reckoned

tion of gentlemen, why that calls for kind, no doubt, for he and she were your legs than on your back."

ble form of death, who, when those a chap as would get drunk on a tea- questioner, Sandy Peter, with a ges- twenty pounds in any honest man's He was turning away when the delicate hands arranged the linen of spoonful of liquor, while t'other chaps ture to Rummager to keep quiet, con- hands, and fight you for it! Will

> 'Get home and close the gate after ter rose up in his wrath. you. You're better in bed than any- 'Is it at me or my dog that you are thrash you as often as you like for

right to command,' said the old man, spirit' in the bed than she would have village, looked after his temporary you'll get it." in his smoothest voice and softest done for some frog in an aquarium, or employer with a grin that nearly cut The invitation was no sooner given had approached unperceived by eithmanner. 'I also take my orders from than the great French chemist did for his face in two, elongating itsel, slow- than it was answered. With no slight exertion of strength

almost a certainty-that a will has and often unremunerative cruelties. hedge, and, with much chuckling, ment, but a kick from the new-comdrew forth a gun and game bag from er's boot heels sent her back to the upon Applethwaite, 'are you up to

Like the two augurs, the precious fiend sessessin, dwelt in this little rtd- Bed !-ah!' and he whistled cheert- but ready to renew the attack. pair understood each other but they eyed woman, who on ordinary days, ly. 'What a mee-raculous thing in 'I don't know whether your tailor with his usual amused grin, 'I dunsat in her shop sorting her herbs and this world is different ideas! I've got has ever taken your measure, said nut know what you mean by that, blinking, after the fashion of her mine, and he's got his'n. I'm goin' Peter Applethwaite, angrily survey. Mister Mathew; except, p'r'ape, in out on the 'loose.' I am; and oh !'- ing the stranger. 'But if you touch the way of a hare, or a rabbut, I Malyon knew her well. There two here Mr. Applethwaite drew a long my dog again I'll save him the troble, havn't got much on my conscience, 'As to the 'where,' that will be for things of evil had from natural affini- breath as he polished the lock of and make you take it with as much and I hope as you won't be troubled others to discover. As to its being im- ty, been drawn together. The man his gun with his coat-sleeve clay at your back as, dug deep en- with a worse digestion." of science, the disappointed and bit- - what splendacious words they are! ough, would serve you for a grave! Rockwood was about to make an ter student of the world, had under- 'On the loose !' Look at me, agoin' | 'Don't talk too quick, yokel; best angry reply, when he caught sight of 'But the reasons for your suspi- stood the woman thoroughly when he out like a roarin' lion, seekin' what look at me first; your eyes may have Darknoll, standing at the wicket, im-

more sense than your mouth." require careful tending! 'Whom the sleep about no need of lawyers—they It was seldom that Daddy Dark- ment. Then, placing two fingers to bow-legged, and strongly built, wear- other day, Mr. Applethwaite.' And

> stranger's question, growing impa- Rockwood, for nigh about my lifethat admitted of no discussion, he 'Well,' was Mr. Applethwaite's re- come to settle accounts, it means ruin stooped down and tenderly caressed joinder, 'I don't know as I should be to somebody!" inclined to; yours is not one of them She had come towards him sniffing faces as would be hung out as a signthrough the long grass, and with as board. I think, all things consider-

> much, and perhaps more, than hu- in', on seeing it, I should button up Beecher, in his Thanksgiving sermon man affection, thrust her cold black my pockets and go to another house The beetle-browed, ruffianly-look-A cross between the retriever and ing fellow seemed inclined to comthe Scotch colley was Rummager, mence hostilities at once, but the inwell known to every inhabitant of tence placidity of Peter's manner finding fault with these in power, but

> > 'Who is your master here?'

down on the ground, then up in the air, then all around, till his eyes came sisted in the reformation of the land slowly back to his questioner's face. will stand higher than the men who 'I can't find him. Can you?' 'For two pins I'd try.' "Twouldn't be worth the risk," re- with his sword put an end to the re-

n't afford to do it under.' The fellow, still menseing attack, scowled fiercely at the dog.

'That's a pretty our you've got there to go about a bitin' men's heels. How much do you reckon her life is worth? 'Pretty nearly about the same vally as yourn. You touch her agin', and I'll atrike the balance." The two men were close together

now, well-matched combatants-the and looked around. 'It's a precious hedge, 'without asking with your

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY all the comical animals in creation, a but the word 'scoundrel.' possibly as

head, 'you come of a good breed, you Alas! Mr. Powder Hive-for the 'that they mostly counts the upper of opposition among the 'rurals.'

Everard Corbett, heaven bless him! he felled him at a blow. that ever snapped a trigger. 'Peter,' Mr. Bradley lying there among the

'you're as brave as a lion, and as true out upon the grass looked very like

Still busy with his gun, he was in- plied to this threat by a laugh. Mr. Applethwaite's gun disappear- and takes a licking in good part, and

A voice sounded from the adjacent | Mopping the blood from his face, he stood, and lacking the congenial wall. 'Hilloh !-anybody alive that side furtively shouldered a tree.

> 'Look here!' he said. 'You don't you do as much ?"

possessed of twenty shillings in my Then, and not till then, Sandy Pe- life; but as you're strange in these parts, and don't know our wave. I'll throwing your brains? If you want nothing!"

Before the other man could make very practical manner, a rider, who er, thrust his horse between them.

swaggering up, stood before his ques- ing from the saddle, Mathew Rockwood tossed the reins to the now ob-

'Well,' replied Mr. Applethwalte,

ing the undress of a groom. He Rockwood, followed by Bradley, who looked at the sinewy but lank figure was leading the horse, strode away. Mr. Applethwaite's face was again Peter surveyed him carefully and divided by an excess of mirth. 'Settle accounts! That's what you

[TO BE CONTINUED.] SECOND ONLY TO LINCOLN .- Mr.

whose hands the government has been for fifteen years. I hear men to-day was there ever an administration that had such difficulties to settle? Peter Applethwalte looked first By and by, when it is all past, then the lives of these men who have asformed the constitution, and not far from a martyr will be that man who orted Peter, 'unless they was di'mund | beilion; and who has been for eight pins, the Kooinor and his twin years at the head of an administration brother, some such trifles-you could in peace and silence. He will stand second only to Lincoln.

> A reverend writer asks: "If evointion rests on a basis as sure as astronomy why do we not see one species passing into another now, even as we see the motions of the planets through the heavens?" To this question, which has been asked a dozen times by clerical critics of Huxley, the obvious answer is, says The Popular Science Monthly, that what requires a very long time to produce cannot be seen in a very short time. Has the writer ever seen the production of a geological formotion? That he has not seen the evidences that would have prevented him from askhe is not a student of nature, and had

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> Who Will Save Her? CHAPTER X .- (Continued.) 'Good evening, Mrs. Bleek. You

'Mrs. Prudence has no will of her knowledge of money-that it was world, or whether standing by the here?' man, quietly. 'She acts under the the faster.' doctor's instructions. How is Sir The houskeeper shook her head.

'Ab, yes, I understand!' said the old man shaking his white head.

her last sleep! Let her rest! I fear Gertrude has her mother's nature-a shruw The words were kind, but though

'They were Doctor Malyon's. He A man of vast experience. His or-

Arrived at Sir Hugh's room-door,

not, though the result would be the

convulsively at the pen that was to dangerous-the least to be relied on. enrich, by one expiring stroke, some A weak man has the heart of a rab-

charity there was behind the 'chari- has witnessed it.' table donations' we see blazoned out 'It is impossible!' exclaimed the A curtain of verdure broken by clawing and a grinnin' at each other, being too appropriate, aroused to the Oft have we trudged it many a tedious mile on parchment, carved in brick, and old man, moved for the first time be- twinkling windows, a forest of chim- with the young heir to all their beau- full extent the man's fury.

'What do you mean?'

'His continual muttering in his thing-but my life.'

man not in his right mind can make hours, almost minutes, and the danger he had most feared was at hand. They had long ago withdrawn from where he had served-at Wentworth the threshold of the sick man's door. Abbey. ing shadows, seemed but shadows themselves, as they stood in the deep

ed with a silent laugh. 'You surprise me. Mr. Darkpoll-a man of your experience! Why, of home.

bit, but the cunning of a fox : and if with a great escutcheon of the Went- us. I would sooner be a chisselin' his 'I don't know who you are, or what his best friend should lean upon him worths over the doorway, covered tombstone as a cuttin' down his trees you are; but one thing I do know. he breaks beneath him like a rotten with drooping masses of wild hop, -much sooner. His trees!' and the that if you come through a hedge in stick. Do you know a man called and, sweetest of creeping plants, the tall, strong fellow drew himself erect, that manner, pointing to the broken lady of the bower. her generally immovable face simu- How could be help knowing him? A place it was for an artist to sketch, queer world for a feller to be pitched leave, or by your leave, to anyone ing such a question is probably because 'Another weak man, and rector of for a poet to visit, and afterwards to into, when not only the birds of the who may happen to be on the other

namesake, in the sunlight.

CHAPTER XI.

PETER APPLETHWAITE.

his way home across the Park.

be cast out shamed and a beggar?

revisit again and again in his dreams. air, but every leaf and blade of grass, side of it. I'll fling you back again.

desperate hard on toffey and brandy- Powder Blue rose, sulkily enough. sometimes called in the village, re-

'What's the row here? Up to some

Rummager was on to him in a mo- sequiously attentive groom. 'Or,' and the lawyer turned sharply side of her master, angry, snarling, some of yours?"

patiently beckoning. The speaker was a muscular fellow, You and I will settle accounts an-

'You'll know me again?' was the are up to! I've known you. Mister time, and I know this, that when you

> thus refers to President Grant : "I come now to regard the party in

- School Books at Nickell's