

Published Every Thursday Morning AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA. TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, one year, \$1.00; one copy, six months, 50c; one copy, three months, 25c.

Nebraska Advertiser.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1877.

VOL. 21.—NO. 40.

Advertising rates: Copy, one year, \$1.00; one copy, six months, 50c; one copy, three months, 25c.

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THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY. Who Will Save Her? CHAPTER XXV.

The day for the double funeral had arrived, and Mr. Crump's host concerning the great ceremony was not without a good foundation. Messrs. Hatband, Tressles, and Sorowby, the eminent London firm, proved worthy of themselves and the occasion.

The long procession, blackening the sunshine, wound its slow way from the Abbey to the Abbey Church, in the portion allotted to the great family, the father and daughter whose sad fate had excited the pity of the whole country.

CHAPTER XXVI. MRS. BLEEK MAKES A NIGHT OF IT. A wild night! A night unparalleled in the memory of even that extraordinary personage, the oldest inhabitant.

The church, the gray old church, was all alive with flowers. Even the grim old warriors, on their beds of sculptured stone, showed less grim, covered over as they were, from helmet to pointed toe, with floral treasures from without.

A wild night; yet, of all the people in the world, poor Mrs. Bleek was abroad in it. Yes, that always amiable and always mystified lady, when the storm was at its very worst, and all doors and windows were hermetically sealed to keep it out, was toddling thro' the Abbey churchyard.

her brain was weak. Ever ready to receive and retain the saddest impressions, the sudden death of her young mistress had, as she herself expressed it, "put another ten years upon her."

The double funeral over, the old housekeeper, her eyes red with constant weeping, had made her way to one Mrs. Jones, an old cronie living near the bodge.

It was "rambustious" this night, in all consciences; for, while she spoke, the wind came roaring about the cottage, beating at the thatched roof as if seeking to tear it off, and wrenching with a burglar's hand, at each barred and bolted easement.

It was past midnight when Mary Bleek, lantern in hand, pushed open the churchyard gate, and came dramatically stumbling along among the graves. For once in her life the aged woman has all unconsciously, divined from the path of strict sobriety, for her tea had grown gradually weaker, and the infusion of rum stronger.

She had not gone far before a treacherous gust of wind, creeping behind her, blew out her light; and then a fierce, bullying blast, tore the umbrella from her feeble grasp, and carried it far away to a distant horsepond.

Mary Bleek was not only superstitious, so her friends said, when talking among themselves, she stood on the brink of the spirit world here, a filmy old creature, who, at any hour, might pass away like the early morning mist. A strange old woman, whose humble thread of life Fate had woven into their embroidery of the

Wentworth loom, and which, if torn away, would be utterly destroyed. She must go home; and her home, for sixty-five years, had been Wentworth Abbey.

CHAPTER XXVII. WHAT MRS. BLEEK SAID. For the better understanding of what we shall still call Mrs. Bleek's dream, it is necessary to go back a little, and, the author being oblivious, peep at a strange scene going on in those vast and dreary receptacles for the dead, the vaults beneath the Abbey Church.

At the head of the coffin, and peering curiously down into the vacant face, is Dr. Malton; while the bearer of the second lantern (Rockwood holds the first), is the hunchback, Benjamin Darknoll.

"Yes," said Darknoll, eagerly, in the bluntness of his devotion failing to perceive the lawyer's sneer; "Philip should become a great man, and make a great marriage, adding estate to estate. Money breeds money; and—with a deprecatory glance at the lawyer—"you know, Matthew, that will be better for all of us."

"Yes, the doctor has not deceived us," said Rockwood, who, perceiving that Dr. Henny had mounted his hobby, took but little heed of what he said.

"The remark was repeated as soon as uttered, for the proud face of Diana Rockwood deepened to a dark red, and her eyes flashed with a well, if a look could kill, there would have been there and then an end to the doctor.

Rockwood, in a harsh cold voice; "and I feel no pulse. To me, the girl is dead—so peacefully dead," she added with a weary sigh, "that it seems almost a pity to awaken her. Such quiet is only to be found in the tomb."

CHAPTER XXVIII. MEANS AN EXTENSION OF MY BANKING ACCOUNT, AND A CONSIDERABLE EXTENSION TOO, I CAN TELL YOU! In such matters as these, where the risks are equal, there is nothing like frankness on all sides.

One of the boys of the town wrote to his girl and asked her to go with him to the skating rink. The answer came back:

So it was passed. Thus it was passed.—Corrier Journal. So it seems. So we are enchained. Thus we are enchained. And now we all pass.—N. O. Times.

Singular coincidence—Hayes wears a No. 8, and Tilden a No. 7 boot.—Ex. Does Bradley wear a No. 15?—Boston Post.

Corse and Cameron have 100,000 men who will not become lightning-rod agents.—N. Y. Graphic. We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but I have forever trying to prove it because we believe it.

means an extension of my banking account, and a considerable extension too, I can tell you! In such matters as these, where the risks are equal, there is nothing like frankness on all sides.

"Make haste," urged Rockwood, as the Doctor, assisted by Mrs. Rockwood, adjusted the heavy folds of the cloak about Gertrude Wentworth's no longer inanimate form.

A Silver City (Nev.) young lady, who has a passion for pretty babies, to a little four-year-old angel who has a bran new sister: "I say, bub, won't you give me your baby sister? I love little babies."

Young hopeful: "No, I tant!" Young lady (winking at her young man): "Why, sonny, why won't you give your baby to me?"

Hopeful indignantly: "Ey she'd tarve to death; your dress opens behind." Painful silence for the next fifteen minutes.

One of the boys of the town wrote to his girl and asked her to go with him to the skating rink. The answer came back: "I should like very much to go with you to the rink to-night, but I have too much."

Two of the others, and evidently that of a woman. As moved by some instinctive feeling of curiosity over-mastering her terror, the old woman crept a little forward.

It was a struggle between curiosity and fear, and—for Mrs. Bleek was a woman—curiosity conquered. "One! two! three! four! five!" she again counted; then, with a start, "six!"

Yes, another figure was there, wrapped in a thick horseman's cloak—a figure that was carried in the arms of

When a dog Spitz, he may be considered mad," remarked somebody this morning. That's what put

Sixteen blast-furnaces are in operation at the Vermont copper mines.

When a dog Spitz, he may be considered mad," remarked somebody this morning. That's what put