ESTABLISHED 1856.

Oldest Paper in the State.

Who Will Save Her?

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOUBLE FUNERAL.

The day for the double funeral had

arrived, and Mr. Crump's boast con-

Not only did the Wentworth ten-

farmers poured in, on horse or afoot.

of uncovered heads and streaming

But if respect was shown to Sir

eves, dragged its slow length along.

without a good foundation.

pompous homage.

whole country side.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

She had a great experience in the

A ghost, indeed! for as the fierce Malvon still busy with the pale, 'Eureka!' he said, addressing his wind tore at the folds of the mantle,

time of life, especially at so late an ing himself quickly), "is that pre- The bottle was produced, and the hour of the night. Come, I will see

The English are going wild over American beef and mutton. Of late of fare have been too expensive for the majority of people; and the efforts to import rabbit meet and beef from Australia, and cattle and beef from Brazil, have failed either to bring prices down or give satisfaction in the old man's skeleton grip impa- stored to life, as I promised; but the new form. American beef and mutton exactly meet the need of the hour mind-ah! with an expressive glance in every way. They reach England in splendid condition, and sell from 4d a pound for bits to 9d a pound for choice pieces, which is 2d or 3d less than the prices of the home article. Connoisseurs declare that American beef and mutton bear evidences of being better fed. The press is in rhapsodies, and cannot mention the subject without quotations from Virgi and Dickens. The trade is growing very large, 700 tons sometimes arriver have we? Philip is as ungrateful would term her 'intellectuals,' and ing at Liverpool in one day. It sells London, Liverpool, Manchester Shef-

> many other towns. A Silver City (Nev.) young lady, who has a passion for pretty babies, to you give me your baby sister? I love

> field, Birmingham, Nottinham, and

Young hopeful: 'No, I tant!' Young lady (winking at her young

Hopeful (indignantly): 'Fy she'd

'tarve to death; your dress opens be-

A small side door, studded with I should like very much to go with

full well-appeared to be open, and The young man thinks she offered and make a great marriage, adding figure after figure emerged, each cast- a sufficient excuse .-- Atchison Patriot

> found in wild ducks may be removed by by parboiling them previous to To what purpose in that lonely roasting with a peeled carrot placed inside. This will absorb the bad taste. Should she run towards the place Where the dressing is to be seasoned.

support herself on her legs, ricketty | So it was passed. Thus it was pass-

shaky now, she had only strength to So it seems. So we are euchred.

Singular coincidence - Hayes wears

-Ez. Does Bradley wear a No. 15? -Roston Post.

Corse and Cameron have 100,000 men who will now become lightningrod agents.-N. Y. Graphic.

We do not believe in immortality

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd; A Connecticut debating society is

asking, 'Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?' Perhaps not, but it isn't cus-

A Kentucky debating society has been discussing the question; 'Which is the bottom of a buck wheat cake?"

'When a dog Spitz, he may be con-

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BAUER, Hugh, the sympathy was all for Ger-



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PLEASING CRNAMENTS FOR THE PARLOR



MADE TO ORDER.

J. L. ROY, of adimiration and awe.

splendors in the spn.

The weatherwise, which meant about.

at the stage-door," is ever a hard and unfeeling landlord to the tenantry be satisfactorily "performed," entertains the cottage, tearing at the thatched seneezes through his agents in the a few newly made friends to a choice roof as if seeking to tear it off, and country. Many a "sold-up" farmer's little dinner at the "Arms." Every- wrenching, with a burglar's hand, at bones have rattled in the dice-box, where life is reasserting itself, and as each barred and bolted easement. and many a card incautiously turned the stormy night rushes down, the 'Don't go up to the Abbey to-night by the "fast" young gentleman, has only thing that symbolizes death is dear, urged kind Mrs. Jones. "Or, if necessitated more vigorous turns of the old church itself, "looking tran- you must go, at least wait for John; this kind of thing over again! It's fancies-which lead him to shrink the screw on struggling farmers and quility" amidst the driving storm, a can't be long." an already famishing peasantry.

The inhabitants of Dripsey Bridge and Wentworth dreaded the time when Philip would stand in his father's shoes, and be their lord and

No. 47 Up stairs over Witcherly & That time had come, but in each A wild night! away-no thought but of Gertrude. the oldest inhabitant.

small mites of humanity, whom Ger- ly burned wood in primeval Dripsey trude herself had nursed upon her on the hearth. Persons wishing Photograph work done in the sleek black horses bore their light bare by the fierce blast, and flooded the best style, at lowest prices, should not fair load, rough hands, but ten- by the ceaseless rain. The storm of fall to call and see for themselves.

der hearts, had worked all night and the day had become a tempest, and morning; and from the park gates, to all the demons of the air seemed holdthe gates of the Abbey Church, ing revel up among the wind-torn greenleaves and flowers were spread, clouds. The church, the gray old church, Nevertheless, light streamed from a grim old warriors, on their beds of life and warmth within, of pleasant sculptured stone, showed less grim, social intercourse when gossips hobcovered over as they were, from hel- nob over the fire, and not only the

ly-was Mr. Cromp.

other; and we go in for art." Wentworth property open their eyes the morning.

Velvets, silks, and gleaming metal; in a haze of drink and smoke the siprancing horses, black as night with lent dead were for the nonce forgot- ing the extinguished lantern, and girlish figure of Gertrude, now there be a resurrection angel; though a whole forest of waving feathers, ten. making Death itself seem rich and A wild night; yet, of all the people brave, as at each trained step of the in the world, poor Mrs. Bleek was storm is raging, is not an exhibitanting Mrs. Rockwood's shoulder, the eyes with a shudder. noble steeds, they tossed their sable abroad in it.

The sun! Ah! there was the one ways mystified lady, when the storm ing like willow wands around you. Malyon, who had drawn a small Rockwood laughed-not loudly, but around. great disappointment of the day, was at its very worst, and all doors and the burrying clouds descend low- phial from his pocket, poured a por- with a laugh that sounded out of 'Corpse-lights!' she murmured, Beautiful it shone forth when the and windows were hermetically seal- er, as though they would wrap the tion of its contents upon a handker- place, as its echo came back to them shutting her eyes first for a moment, great procession left the Abbey gates, ed to keep it out, was toddling thro' whole world in a pall of death. and, like some huge, black snake, the Abbey churchyard, with the in- Mary Bleek was not only superstito Mrs. Rockwood, together with the 'Well, Daddy, perhaps I am, looked It was a struggle between curlosity took its mejestic way towards the old tention of taking the shortest way tious, but, so her friends said, when phial, which he carefully recorked. at through your puritanical spectacles and fear, church; but as it neared that ancient across the park to gain her own snug talking among themselves, she stood "Apply the moistened handkerehief -but the line is so thin, in reality, woman-curiosity conquered. pile, the clouds gathered and gather- room at the Abbev. ed, lending an added gloom, a far If the truth must be told, the good self; a filmy old creature, who, at any There-there!" he added, gleefully; don't care if I sometimes pass it. again counted; then, with a start, sidered mad, remarked somebody

ever thus when a Wentworth died. it, "put another ten years upon her." worth Abbey.

ed reverently in his bat.

cerning the great ceremony was not Sir Philip sat beside him, and listen. Bleek allowed to remain, quite throws Was she asleep? Messrs. Hatband, Tressles, and Screwby, the eminent London firm, ed, with a shuddering emotion, to the me!" proved worthy of themselves and the occasion. Death had rarely, indeed never in those parts, received a more The long procession, blackening the sunshine, wound its slow way from

the Abbey to the Abbey Church, the vaults of which were to receive, in nected by blood, so far removed in floodgates of her grief. sad fate had excited the pity of the antry appear to take part in the sad solemnity, but for miles round the Every variety of vehicle crowded the roads leading into Dripsey, and long ers, many of whom had never been even on speaking terms with Sir

and light. Hugh, formed a part of the proces-

trude. Hers was the name upon every lip; for her the pitying tears and ofted bedewed the rougher cheeks could be sadder or more deserving of

A flower untimely nipped by Death's cruel frost, even before its beauty had fully opened upon the world. An exquisite piece of girl-

Dust to dust!" hood, whose innocence and goodness The dread words are spoken; the saving a mile, by the short cut thro' womanhood all had watched with a great doors of the vaults, so rarely the churchyard. opened, are flung wide and all is over. proud delight; for Gertrude's whole life had been passed at Dripsey and Wentworth, and the villagers knew her, and loved her as a something belonging, so to speak, to them-a being whose rare gifts and loveliness had a aloud the virtues, or whisper the em. special claim to their admiration and foults, of these who have passed homage; and the young mistress, sway. Those who have descended ed Mrs. Jones. who had grown up among them, had into the vaults, those "monumental been as much beloved by the simple peasants as Sir Hugh was feared, and her brother Philip hated or despised. The spendthrift in London, the free and juyous companion who tosses a sovereign to a Haymarket waiter, and rying the last of the loiterers home- fers it rumbustious." tells him to lay it out in soap, or pays

five pounds for a bouquet, to be "left hall and drifting rain. buried dead.

> CHAPTER XXVI. MRS. BLEEK MAKES A NIGHT OF IT.

honest heart there was no thought A night unparalleled in the memory but of their "young lady" passed of even that extraordinary personage,

Her coffin was covered with wreaths | All Dripsey Bridge and Wentworth of fresh-plucked flowers, and even as the sister villages, were indoors, talkit passed, more flowers were thrown ing over the great event of the day as

knee; and along the path over which | The streets were deserted, swept

met to pointed toe, with floral treas- "cup that cheers," but the foaming ures from without. The only object flagon or steaming glass, goes round.

tor-and be put in his protest private- The "Arms" was crammed from roof to basement. Sleeping rooms for "If the firm it was his happiness to the time being, were transformed into represent prided itself on anything, sitting-rooms, and these crowded with it prided itself upon being artistic. thirsty guests blowing clouds of rank Nature, sir, is one thing, and art an- tobbacco smoke, tossing down heavy drinks, and inhaling, amidst Homer-But good Mr. Crump was byper- ic laughter and thickening talk, an critical. There was enough of the atmosphere the quality of which may upholstery art, in all conscience, to be best judged by the fact that of sevgladden his soul, and make the great eral cages of canaries, not one of these Repairing neatly done. No. 55 Mainstreet, Brown! concourse of people assembled on the pretty occupants was found alive in

more awful grandeur to man's pagen- old creature was somewhat gone in hour, might pass away like the early "you perceive, already a change- Come, come! We are playing a bold 'six!"

prophesied an awful night; while her brain was weak. Ever ready to Wentworth loom, and which, if torn Rockwood, in a harsh cold voice; means an extension of my banking two of the others, and evidently that Mrs. Bleek, who was early at the receive and retain the saddest impres- away, would be utterly destroyed. church, wrung her thin hands and sions, the sudden death of her young She must go home; and her home, is dead-so peacefully dead," she ad-too, I can tell you! In such matters As moved by some instinctive feelwhispered to her cronies that it was mistress had, as she herself expressed for sixty-five years, had been Went- ded with a weary sigh, "that it seems as these, where the risks are equal, ing of curiosity over-mastering her

were there who had never before die-early's, for common stuffs oftenest herself down to rest a few moments, Here her husband's voice broke in, don't you see?" neither elever Doctor Malyon, who, -though striving to do my duty in the bones of men. Pale and silent, a figure of stone, such a bag of useless bones as Mary branches from the rain.

self, at times, breaking down, forced stant weeping, had made her way to yew tree, she saw a vision. to bend his kindly head, though not one Mrs. Jones, an old crony living And this is what she saw, or thought with shame, to hide the tears which near the lodge. At Mrs. Jones's she she saw. coursed each other down his cheeks, had met with other old cronies, and A sight for tears, those two coffins, there given way to hysteria, and, in placed side by side; so closely con- their sympathizing ears, unlocked the

years. A vista of heads craned them- The aged ladies, all born and bred what we shall still call Mrs. Bleek's selves forward, beneath mouldering on the Wentworth estates, made no dream, it is necessary to go back a litarch and crumbling aisle, to catch a endeavor to console their friend; on the and, the author being obniscient, glimpse of where the "dear young the contrary, after the fashion of their lady" rested; and as the sun, still class, they agreed with all she said, struggling against the sombre black. deepening the shadow here and there, the dead, the vaults beneath the Abness of the approaching storm, pour- till on horror's head horrors accumu- bey Church. ed in his beams, at intervals, i through lated to that extent, that no wonder the great painted windows of the an- rum was added to the tea. "The on- a woman grouped about it. cient church, they fell upon the cof- ly thing in such matters," said Mrs. Two of the men hold lanterns, fine, and glorified them with color Jones, "to tie up the nerves and whose light streams down upon the

squench the feelin's" And while the good rector read the Night was very far advanced, a shrouded figure, which the coffin nificent service of our Church "nearly at odds with the morning," within its walls, a great concourse when old Mary Bleek took her soli- The features are those of Gertrude stood listening, and waiting without tary way homeward. Companion- Wentworth, standing, most of the men uncovered, ship she had none; all the male sex The woman standing at the coffin's er, he pointed to where Mrs. Rock- themselves, and I'll trouble you for amongst the tombstones and grass- were down in the village, feasting at foot is Diana Rockwood. The service over, the new Baronet worthly represented by Mr. Crump; is among the first to hurry out, head and as for her cronies of the opposite bent, face still more livid, more like sex, not one was under sixty, with ing curiously down into the waxen that of a corpse, and eyes cast upon nothing active about them but their face, is Dr. Maiyon; while the bearer tongues, which, as if to make up for of the second lantern (Rockwood and casting ghostly shadows on the no longer inanimate form. 'Should Poor gentleman! who could have other deficiencies, seemed gifted with holds the first), is the hunchback, expected the blow would have struck prepetual motion. So the housekeeper took her way through the storm, "Earth to earth! Ashes to ashes! refusing, with persistent obstinacy, to leaning upon an iron bar, is the fourth take the main road, but bent upon

"I'm not afeard," she said, in ans-The vast assemblage disperses grad. | wer to her friends' expostulation, "of ually. Some lingering about the in- churchyards; ghosts won't harm a overheard. On such a night, and in terior of the church, at each medita- poor body like me, who, goodness tive step "setting their foot upon some knows, before the world's a year oldreverend history;" others proclaim er, may be a trudgin' about as one of

"Weather, Martha" (Mrs. Jones's caves of death," emerge with a shud- name was Martha) "has nothing der, as though the odor of mortality to do with supernaturals. They don't still clung about them. Then, in time regard it. Indeed," and here the the storm drew nearer, and the war- housekeeper added a little more rum fact by a fiction, the sad work apfare of the heavens commenced, hur. to her ten, "it is believed as they pre-

ward, and pouring down torrents of It was "rumbustious" this night in all conscience; for, while she Mr Crump, the cermony more than spoke, the wind came roaring about

heap of crumbling stones above the Mrs. Bleek waited, being prevailed

upon to take just a "leetle" more rum "It does me good to hear you express without ten; but John Jones haver came, nor did he come till morning Bradley. The respect you have for was far advanced, and then he was brought from the "Arms" in a wheel-

It was past midnight when Mary Bleek, lantern in hand, pushed open the churchyard gate, and came dreamily stumbling along among the graves. For once in her life the aged woman has all unconsciously, diverged from the path of strict sobriety, for her tea I crave your assistance, my dear madhad grown gradually weaker, and the infusion of rum stronger.

Yet to the Abbey she would go that night. She had left the whole houseduty, and at every hazard would per-And so the half-blind, half-deaf, but

armed with a lighted lantern and a huge umbrella, boldly made tracks She had not gone far before a treachfierce, bullying blast, tore the umbrel- in his time."

it far away to a distant horsepond. place and duty toset it in order. Like the doctor. ed with assassination at Worms, come | watchful, came to the rescue. what may, she "would on!"

night of drinking and feasting, and impeding her movements, the poor this place!" Yes, that always amiable and al- when the tall, spectral trees are bend- the awful sleep of death.

whose humble thread of life Fate had change that is perceptible."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT MRS. BLEEK SAW. For the better understanding of peep at a strange scene going on in those vast and dreary receptacles for

An open coffin, with four men and

pale and exquisitely beautiful face of

her husband.

Just within the circle of light, and man, Powder Blue, whose rullianly visage betrays an emotion but rurely They all speak in whispers; not

that they have any fears of being such a place, intrusion is impossible. Mrs. Rockwood, with a shudder. She addressed the doctor, who, the

of the party, smilingly replied, "True, my dear madam-quite true but appearances in this, as in very many other cases, are deceitful. You will remember, if I may illustrate a pearances made in that celebrated affair of Capulet versus Montague. The Have you opened the other coffin?" and the doctor turned to the man Bradley, still heavily lounging on his

"Yes" (sulkily); "and I'd rather my of peelers looking on, than do occasion. It is superstition-old world and Mrs. Bleek dreamily woudered.

worse than robbin' a church!" "Ha, ha!" chuckled the doctor. the institutions of your country is, to say the least, de-lightful! Now," he continued, turning briskly to Benjamin Darknoll, and at the same time consulting his watch by the light of the latter's lantern, "the exchange must be made at once, as the carriage must have arrived by this time, and we have not a moment to lose. May

Tenderly-very tenderly-a tenderness owing half its origin to fear-the lithe and graceful form of Gertrude hold in confusion. She knew her Wentworth was lifted from its ghastin all other respects worthy old lady,

strange company.

la from her feeble grasp, and carried The remark was repented of as then?" soon as uttered, for the proud face of 'It will not be opened,' said the old Twice she hesitated. Should she Diana Rockwood deepened to a dark man. 'Few inquiries are made afreturn? No: as she had truly said. red, and her eyes flashed with a- ter the poor as to their whereabouts, the entire household at the Abbey well, if a look could kill, there would and you are forgotten before the spiwas in confusion, and it was her have been there and then an end to der can spin his web over your epi-

"Most such likenesses are acciden- death's hand will do the rest."

keeping a frightened gaze around her. shrouded in the cloak, upon a sort of for my part-A churchyard by night, while a stone bench, the head reclining upon The old man drew back from him object of contemplation, especially closed-sealed, as it still seemed, in 'You are a bad man, Mothew !- a long weird shadows among the tombs

liquor, and this was how it came morning mist. A strange old woman, slight, but, to the experienced eye, a game, each with a different motive. Yes, another figure was there, wrap-Yours, I grant you, is the more un- ped in a thick horseman's cloak-a Sixteen blast-formaces are in opera-56 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB. more than half that vast crowd, Mrs. Bleek's heart was as tender as woven into therich embroidery of the "I see no change," said Diana selfish one. That's your affair !-mine figure that was carried in the arms of tion at the Vermont copper mines.

"and I feel no pulse. To me, the girl account, and a considerable extension of a woman. almost a pity to awaken her. Such there is nothing like frankness on all terror, the old woman crept a little The church was crowded. Many "I'm not," she added, "one of your Utterly exhausted at last, she sat quiet is only to be found in the tomb. sides. It clears away the cobwebs, forward. probably entered a sacred edifice; but last the longest; but I shall never be under the sheltering bows of a yew his words, as usual, when he address- Before Darknoil could reply, if re- supernatural world-had made it her not among that number was decorous the woman I was. Not that I was tree a yew tree, broad and vast, ed his wife, accompanied with a sneer ply he intended, to this very outspok- study in fact-but she had never heard

Mrs Prudence, silent and tearful, ever worth much-oh, no, far from it! whose roots struck deep down among "Yes, quiet is a difficult thing to en declaration on the part of his son- of ghosts who walked about carrying command in this noisy, pushing, in-law, both were summoned by a each other. seated in the great Wentworth pew, that station in which it has pleased Wet and shivering, she drew her brawling, work-a-day world, and the gesture to the side of the Doctor. A flash of lightning, and a cry from listened with a critical ear to the peal- God to call me. But to think that a thick shawl around her, leaning back holy bonds of matrimony have not whose large face were an air of tri- Mrs. Bleek-a low cry, almost inaudiing notes of the organ, while he gaz- creetur so full of life and beauty sgainst the huge tree trunk, and pro- been found particularly conducive to umph, while he rubbed his hands ble, but a cry of horror and astonishshould have been called away, and teeted by the outspread of the mighty its acquirement. Now, I place my briskly together, according to his ment. trust implicitly in the doctor."

fingers from her pulse. keeper. "I mean the body" (correct- you that case bottle about you?" ficantly towards Gertrude.

Gertrude Wentworth's coffin-plate." our highly respectable friend' (a bow sound and firm. Have no fear,' and

watched by the doctor. It was a strange scene-a terrible the Doctor, assisted by Mrs. Rockone-the figures of the conspirators wood, adjusted the heavy folds of the years these items of the Briton's bill humid walls, while the dark and si- her eyes open upon this place?"

away to the right and left.

go mad here, whatever you do!" "It looks terribly like death!" said pause, after which he added, 'The circle of light, spirits of evil render-

'Nonsensel' rejoined the other, in A storm of wind and rain, with the only thoroughly self-possessed person the same low tone, while neither re- lightning flashing at intervals, and

which, however, he immediately re- her to turn her head, and wender beat, is as surely here as in yourself. pressed. 'However, I grant that in vaguely, as people wonder under the some things his nature is weak, and I influence of a dream. fish, and always thoughtless."

'Bah! Philip can be as obstinate as more sensible men ignore. Saving played against the old church wall. yourself in the way you do, Mr. pleabout the rest. Sir Philip Went- they were from age, blinded as they hind.' Painful silence for the next the one thing, he made but little seruworth will prove hard in the mouth, and must have both hit and bridle. ment. He ought to become a great man, for he has neither heart, nor, as a natural consequence, gratitude,'

'Yes, yes,' said Darknoll, eagerly, ing to perceive the lawyer's sneer; 'Philip should become a great man, estate to estate. Money breeds mon. ing its shadow on the wall. ey; and"-with a deprecatory glance at the lawyer-'you know, Mathew, as it were from the tomb?

'Yes, the Doctor has not deceived ly couch, and immediately enshroud- us!" said Rockwood, who, perceiving place? ed in a large cloak by Mrs. Rockwood, that Old Bengy had mounted his hobwhose nerve, after the doctor's, ap- by, took but little heed of what he peared to be the least shaken of this said. 'The girl lives; and I for one would have had nothing to do with "It's a wonderful likeness!" said the business had I not believed in the doctor, again peering down into Malyon's skill, and his assurance that at the best of times, and more than ed.—Courier Journal. Rose Ayliffe's face. "In death, I it could not be otherwise. If the erous gust of wind, creeping behind should say, still more remarkable than other coffin should be opened behind should say, still more remarkable than other coffin should be opened. And now we her, blew out her light; and then a in life. Ah! Sir Hugh was a gay man bent his head till his lips nearly the dark trunk of the tree, and misti- all pass.'-N. O. Times. touched the lodge-keeper's ear-'what ly dream on.

taph. For the rest, there is no fear of brave Martin Luther, when threaten- The lodge-keeper, ever quiet and after recognition. You have seen

Pelted by the pittiless storm, her tal," he said. "This must have been 'Just so! A month, or two, or clothes so many water-soaked rags purely so, for, till within the last few three, and Rose Ayliffe is to all inwith wonder, and utter ejaculations The day of mourning had become a clinging to her shrinking figure, and years, Rose Ayliffe was a stranger to tents and purposes Gertrude Wentworth. I doubt if the resurrection old soul pushed forward, still grasp- While speaking they had placed the angel would know the difference-if

very bad man!"

chief, which handkerchief he passed from the labyrinth of vaults around. then opening them with a shudder. on the brink of the spirit world her- to the nostrils at intervals-see!- that divides bad from good, that I 'One! two! three! four! five!' she

habit when greatly pleased.

Only a partial sleep. Nevertheless, recumbent figure, laughed gently, as fellow conspirators in a low but as- tossing them for a moment aside, she service, which was interrupted with The double funeral over, the old seated on the wet churchyard grass, one who would say you cannot do sured voice; 'we have succeeded! saw, or dreamt she saw, the face of many a sob; the good old rector him- housekeeper, her eyes red with con- and under the dark branches of the better or otherwise, and the lawyer One is apt to be a little nervous at Gertrude Wentworth. first, you know, in such delicate ex- She remembered no more, but that "Balm and his wife must be wait- periments as these, and I can now she was lying among the wet grass ing in the carriage, by this time. You confess that I was just a little afraid upon her old lantern, which the accompany them, Doctor, do you not? myself. The quality and properties weight of her body in falling had Malyon nodded impatiently, for of the drug I was assured of, but the smashed flat, and that the hunchback now he never, even for a moment, re- present case, a most interesting one of the lodge, the white-haired and moved his eyes from the fixed face of to me as a professional man, was en- silvery-voiced terror of her life, was Gertrude Wentworth, nor took his vironed in difficulties, and, in point bending over her. of fact, was a matter for experiment 'What,' he said, 'my good Mrs. "And the other body," asked Rock - the experiment has proged a suc- Bleek, 'you have had a bad fall, I see: wood, in a whisper, to the old lodge- cess. My friend (to Darknoll), have It is ill walking among graves at our

> pared for its change of abiding place? Doctor, greatly refreshed, went on. you home. Don't be afraid; you're Benjamin Darknol! glanced signi- 'It now remains for us to get her out a little overcome, I see. Ab, yes! we of this place as quickly as possible. I support our grief as we create our gai-"First remove her, the rest you may shall accompany her and my worthy ety! Forgetfulness is always what leave to me. Rose Ayliffe will sleep relatives to Windlestraw. As for the we seek. Thers! on your feet again, none the worse for resting under rearrangement of matters down here, with a thuise or two, but otherwise He stopped suddenly, and laid one to Darknoll), 'with your athletic pro- his silvery voice became more musichand, with a frightened gesture, on tego' (a nod in the direction of Pow- al in its tone; 'it is my duty to take Rockwood's arm, while, with the oth- der Blue), "have taken that upon care of you!" wood was seated, supporting Ger- that bottle again. Everything is the expense of the eminent firm so Near to her, and for once silent, is trude; the latter still narrowly prosperous-thoroughly prosperous!" 'Make haste!' urged Rockwood, as

> > imperfectly illuminated by the light, cloak about Gertrude Wentworth's lent corridors of death stretched far 'Have no fear,' replied the Doctor in his gayest of tones, and speaking Rockwood started, then flung off over his shoulder. 'The body is re-

> > "What's the matter, Daddy? Don't around-that is quite another affair. A silence followed this speech, bro-She moved! I saw her move!' said ken only by the guarded movements the lodge-keeper, in a trembling voice, of the men, as they moved to and 'See-see! She lives!' There was a fro, gliding now in, now out of the one great error in our calculations, I ing still more ghastly the ghastly pre-

> > moved their eyes from the figure on Mrs. Bleek where we left her, thorthe bench. 'Without her what pow- oughly dazed in what she herself as he is cowardly; and such men are cowering for shelter under the huge 'Ever hard upon Philip,' muttered A noise of wheels heard approachthe old man, with a flash of anger, ing, in each full of the storm, causes

have grieved to discover it; but then Nearer and nearer the wheels ap- a little four-year-old angel who has a he is young, and youth is mostly sel- proach, till the noise ceases at the very bran new sister: 'I say, bub, won't gates of the churchyard.

A carriage at such an hour and in little bables. crack a dezen cribs, with a whole ar- a mule and as cruel as a tiger jupon such a place! Yet a carriage it was, Then a light rose up, as if out of the man): 'Why, sonny, why won't you before those ties of kindred, which earth, and flickering over the graves, give your baby to me?" Could she believe her eyes, dim as

> Across the light moved several He won't starve for a matter of senti- shadows, each rising as it were from One of the boys of the town wrote the earth, from, as it seemed to her, to his girl and asked her to go with beneath the old church itself-from him to the skating rink. The answer the Abbey vaults. in the bluntness of his devotion fail- nails, and clamped with iron-a door you to the rink to-night, but I have but rarely used, as the old lady knew too much \*

> > What were these phantoms, rising | The rank, fishy taste, sometimes Should she scream?

where she had heard the carriage with onions, use an onion instead of

Pror old soul! scarcely able even to

One, two, three, four, five figures, and one a woman's-she counted them on her thin fingers, trembling with fear the while, her whole mind -or rather what was left to her of

filled with a feeling of intense dread. Were they robbers of the dead, or what nature has already done, and were they the dead themselves, who came flickering about among the graves at such an hour and in such a

> "The wind blew as twad blawn tie last; The rattling show'rs rose on the blast:

that at all times hazy commodity-

That night, a child might understand The dell had business on his hand." The lights had danced up and down, hither and thither, throwing and hillocks which were everywhere

a No. 8, and Tilden a No. 7 boot.

because we have proved it, but we are forever trying to prove it because we

A down-east paper says there is a. fog hell that is of no more use than a boiled carrot hung in a boot-leg.

this morning. That's whelp put.

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flowed from the eyes of the women,

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