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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. A. OSBORN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with W. T. Rogers, Brownville, Neb. T. L. SCHICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

J. S. STULL, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, over Hill's Store, Brownville, Neb.

J. H. BROADY, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, over Hill's Store, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in front over S. H. S. Jewelry Store, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. ROGERS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care.

A. S. HOLLADAY, Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville, 1855.

H. L. MATHEWS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in City Drug Store, 52 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

P. T. CLINE, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

J. W. GIBSON, BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER.

J. H. BAUER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Harness, Saddles, Whips, Robes, Collars, and other articles.

HUDDART'S GROCERY & PROVISION STORE.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY Main Street.

No. 47 Up stairs over W. T. Rogers & Smith's Barber Shop.

FIRST CLASS WORK allowed to leave my gallery. A full assortment of PICTURE FRAMES.

A. ROBISON, DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. L. ROY, UNDERTAKER.

NEW MILLINERY STORE

No. 54 Main Street, Brownville, Neb. Misses WILSON & FLOA. Have opened a new Millinery Store at this well-known stand.

BAKERY, Confectionery and Restaurant.

W. H. WESTFALL, Roswell's old stand, Brownville, Nebraska.

WARM MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. FRESH PIES AND CAKES.

AT CITY BAKERY. WOODENWARE, BRUSHES, CANDIES AND RED FRUITS AND NUTS.

OLD RELIABLE MEAT MARKET. BODY & BRO., BUTCHERS.

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

E. HUDDART'S Peace and Quiet Saloon!

AND BILIARD HALL. FRANZ HELMER, WAGON & BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

ONE DOOR WEST OF COURT HOUSE. WAGON MAKING, Repairing, Painting, and all work done in the best manner and on short notice.

HOMEWOOD MILLS. Having in my employ Mr. HENRY SHIFFER.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELEPHANT? Having purchased the "ELEPHANT" LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

J. M. ROGERS. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry. JOSEPH SHUTZ, No. 59 Main Street Brownville.

MERCHANT TAILOR, Fine English, French, Scotch and Fancy Cloths, Vestings, etc., etc. Brownville, Nebraska.

B.F. SOUDER, Manufacturer and Dealer in

HARNESSES, SADDLES, WHIPS, COLLARS, BRIDLES, ZINK PADS, BRUSHES, BLANKETS.

ROBES, &c. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

MATHEWS, DENTIST, BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, LINCOLN, NEB. SNIDER & WRIGHT, PROPRIETORS.

CITY HOTEL, Omaha, Neb.

BURIAL CASES & CASKETS. CONSTANTLY ON HAND. 55 Main Street, BROWNVILLE, NEB.

Written For The Advertiser. A Question.

"Churning to do!" I know it; And I've only just this much to say—I want to go out on the hill-side, And live in that grove this one day.

White with rage, Sir Phillip, but for Darknoll and his mother, would have made a rush on the lawyer, who, laughing in his jangling odd way, snapped his fingers with contempt unspoken.

"Honored Sir and Doctor: 'I make no comment upon the way I have been treated after so many years of faithful service.

"Who knows, Popsy dear," said the doctor, rubbing his hands, "but it may turn out a good thing for us after all!"

"The nature of the answer returned to Mrs. Prudence's message has already been conveyed to the reader through Doctor Malyon."

"Not but that, in her queer way, she had shown him kindness—may, once when the cholera was busy with the Warren's foul and criminal population."

"But Malyon?—your brother David?" he hesitated the doctor.

"Most look after himself," was the firm reply. "He shall be warned in time—leave that to me. He has wriggled himself clear ere now of a worse mess than this."

"Nor was he far wrong in his resolve. 'Tiny,' as he called her, was a woman to develop, upon an emergency, extraordinary firmness of character."

"It was no secret at Drispey Bridge, and therefore it was no secret to thee—Balm and his wife—that a love-entanglement had existed between Everard Corbett and Gertrude Wentworth."

"The results will prove that she was right. To Everard Corbett, then, the Balm's determination to apply, and in the race for betrayal come in at least second."

Direct her note to Doctor Balm was as follows:

THE WENTWORTH MYSTERY; Who Will Save Her?

CHAPTER XXXVI. (Continued.) Diana Rockwood and old Daddy Darknoll, comforted Sir Phillip as best they could, and in the depth of their love made every allowance for this creature, whose blood was theirs.

"From Mrs. Prudence. It seems, on its first discovery, the doctor and his wife had departed in hot haste to London, having, they thought, some clue to the fugitives."

CHAPTER XXXVII. COMMOTION. It had not taken long for Jane Murdoch to make up her mind and decide upon a plan of action.

"While Doctor and Mrs. Balm were taking their after-dinner nap; while Mr. Joe Bradley was drinking out of a beer-shop (there was no inn on Windlestraw Downs), situated some mile or so from the house (he had left Mr. Murdoch to look after the corbett boxes); and while Mrs. Prudence Cabb was busy in what the doctor called his laboratory, sorting herbs and compounding drugs—a labor of love with her—the discharged nurse sought Gertrude Wentworth in her room."

"I do mean you—and the lawyer rose to his feet. 'But for your profligacy and folly—but for your cowardice and—'"

"Come, come! And the old steward hurriedly interposed. 'For every one's sake, let there be no quarrelling. Phillip means well—he always meant well.'"

"'I'll not be bullied by any one,' said the Baronet, blustering; especially under my own roof."

"'Your roof!' laughed the lawyer. 'Why, but for my money when your father turned you adrift, your roof would have been the parish workhouse. A dog-kennel, as regards property of your own, was then beyond your reach.'"

"'It's a lie! You first lured me into every sort of extravagance, and then, when a fellow was hard up and desperate, furnished the means for more extravagance, but at what a price you know! But for you, things might have gone better with me—must have gone better; for, by Jove! they look bad enough now.'"

"'You ungrateful, ill-conditioned cur!' cried Rockwood, making a step towards the Baronet, but pausing as Malyon laid a hand upon his arm. 'The terms were all too easy. To buy a bracelet for some painted creature, who laughed at you and despised you as you clasped it on—to pay some debt of honor to a billiard-sharping lord, who patronized while he swindled you—you would come groveling at my feet; nay, to gain an extra few hundreds, would have fallen on your knees and licked my boots had I permitted it. You a gentleman!'"

"You are mad?" "Keep your temper, Rockwood," said Malyon, his hand still firmly grasping the lawyer's arm. "No good got by falling out."

"No; but much harm may come of it," said Darknoll, who, at the very gesture of menace on the part of Rockwood, had thrown his deformed figure in front of Phillip, and now, his black, bead-like eyes flashing like steel, stood scowling at the lawyer.

A servant enters, delivers a paper, and departs. "A telegram from Windlestraw House—from Mrs. Prudence, to Doctor Malyon."

"Bad news! It needed but one glance at Malyon's face to convince his fellow conspirators of that. No more thought of private quarrels as they gathered round him. There is no person-maker like a general danger where unity alone is strength."

"The doctor's face grows white, the paper is dropping from his hand, when it is snatched by Rockwood. All read it again and again, and consternation reigns in Wentworth Abbey."

"Septimus," said his wife impressively and raising her pale green eyes to the doctor's face, "self-preservation is the first law of nature."

"A true, true, tiny; very true! and, as a man of principle and a household, I reverence the law wherever I find it. Shall we consult with Mrs. Prudence—a most valuable woman?"

"No!—and the little lady made the negative most emphatic. 'For my own part, I have already given the matter ample consideration. We must take measures—strong measures—to protect ourselves. I respect the world, and I hope I have love for my species; but when it becomes a question of self-defence, I regard the world and my entire species as nowhere!'"

"'My sentiments, little woman! My sentiments to a comma!'" said the doctor, who was, however, half out of his senses with fright, and trembled in his vishish boots. "It is, as you put it, Popsy, a question of selling or being sold!'"

"'And I sell!' and sell at once, Seppy! To lose a moment is to lose ourselves!' And the doctor's wife clasped a tiny fist, and smote it down into the open palm of the other hand in order to give additional force to her words."

"'Most look after himself,' was the firm reply. 'He shall be warned in time—leave that to me. He has wriggled himself clear ere now of a worse mess than this. David's a slippery eel, that it is hard to hold. He must take his chance.'"

"'Quite so, my little dear,' assented the doctor, who at the bottom of his mean soul cared not a jot what became of his respectable brother-in-law, provided he was in safety himself. 'We live in a world of chances and changes, and David, like others, must go with the stream.' After which not very clear utterance, the doctor continued to rub his plump hands, and glance nervously at his wife, whose guidance he was prepared implicitly to follow."

"Nor was he far wrong in his resolve. 'Tiny,' as he called her, was a woman to develop, upon an emergency, extraordinary firmness of character. The doctor, who at the bottom of his mean soul cared not a jot what became of his respectable brother-in-law, provided he was in safety himself. 'We live in a world of chances and changes, and David, like others, must go with the stream.' After which not very clear utterance, the doctor continued to rub his plump hands, and glance nervously at his wife, whose guidance he was prepared implicitly to follow."

"The results will prove that she was right. To Everard Corbett, then, the Balm's determination to apply, and in the race for betrayal come in at least second."

"The doctor, rubbing his hands, 'but it may turn out a good thing for us after all!'"

"A worthy creature, with nothing beyond her duties. It was a pleasure to have so trustworthy and good a manageress as Mrs. Prudence."

"While the philanthropists of Windlestraw were so congratulating themselves, as in all the comfort of a first-class carriage, they flew along the iron road that led to London, there was flying by them, on faster wings, on those so silent-working but ever-acting wires, a full description of their two selves, directed to a friend of Mrs. Prudence in London, with instructions to watch them wherever they went, and to communicate at once."

"The fact being, that on the departure of the doctor and his wife, trustworthy Mrs. Prudence had driven herself over to Cinderdville (she was too careful to have anything to do with the Windlestraw Station), for the sole purpose of forwarding this message."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. POWDER BLUE MAKES A SAFE INVESTMENT. The nature of the answer returned to Mrs. Prudence's message has already been conveyed to the reader through Doctor Malyon."

"Without any of that uncertainty of movement which so often marks the actions of nervous people when they find themselves in a 'fix' without any fuss, in fact, but in an utterly calm, orderly, and wholly collected manner, the head matron of Windlestraw set leisurely to work to 'make up' her boxes."

"To do so, she invited him into her private room, placed a bottle and glass on the table, and bade him be seated. Now, next to Matthew Rockwood, Joe Bradley stood in mortal fear of this diminutive woman, whose acquaintance he had made years back in the Warren."

"Not but that, in her queer way, she had shown him kindness—may, once when the cholera was busy with the Warren's foul and criminal population, it was to her skill and courage he owed his life."

"But gratitude was not one of Mr. Bradley's weaknesses, and he had long ago forgotten that fact. Sufficient that he held her in mortal fear (there being a very prevalent rumor in the Warren that the muffled little herbalist was of the witch breed, and had secret dealings with Satan). Bradley was never hisling, blustering self in her presence; on the contrary, he was all humility, holding himself ready to fetch and carry at command."

"She knew this, and knew how far she could trust Bradley. It was not far, perhaps; but, as far as it went, the man had often proved useful, and she intended to make use of him on the present occasion."

"'Sit down, Mr. Bradley.' 'Yes! but art you is manners?' and, as usual, he knuckled his ill-looking forehead."

"'Will you take a glass of this?' and Mrs. Prudence indicated the bottle. Mr. Bradley was always somewhat suspicious of the herbalist's concoctions, and there was a tremor in his tone as he asked, 'What is it?'"

"'It does contain more,' she said. 'And poor Powder Blue, the instincts of the Warren spring upon him, gave a plaintive gasp as she returned the bag to her pocket.'"

"'I'll see to all you want,' he said, briskly, with an air of cringing apology; for it had required some minutes for him to master his feelings. 'You can make allowances for a covet, Mrs. Prudence?'"

"Leave Windlestraw? When?" "And with a look of loss, startled cunning, he waited for her answer."

"The woman went on quietly, her eyes never leaving his face. 'That is to say, at dusk. I wish my departure to appear as little like a flight as possible—a jaunt, in fact, to a neighboring town, on business.'"

"'Ah!'—and Mr. Bradley rubbed his chin reflectively; 'but there's the luggage?'"

"'Get it privately into the stables, and run it down to the station in your light car. I can put the labels on there as I choose. This must be done and done well, Powder Blue; and don't forget, if you come to trouble, that it was I who gave you the office.'"

"'Is the whole business bust up?'—Mine's but poor brains alongside of yours, Mrs. P., and I don't think when things is at the wick you'd leave a h'extra workin' cov, who in his time has struggled 'ard for a livin', to go to the wall, 'specially when that wall's the wall of a prism.'"

"'You're right there, Bradley. You ought to know me by this time. I know you for one of the rarest scoundrels on earth!'"

"'Oh!'" "But I am a woman without prejudices. They are the only weeds the algae of the Warren does not foster."

"'You must help get me out of this—swifly, secretly.'" (She took out her watch.) "The train I want to catch starts at seven p. m., just one hour from this.'"

"'All right. But how about me?' he asked, with a whine. 'Act up to your noble words, missus, and don't let one as you've known in h'earlier 'applier days go to the wall.'"

"He seemed to like the words 'go to the wall'; and moved by his old, crouching, animal instinct, fell back against the side of the room, and began to shoulder it, his ruffian face expressive of much alarm; but it was evident at the same time that he trusted in the 'good faith' of the woman."

"'I shall not desert you, because I want you now, and shall want you again. That address will tell you my whereabouts in London. You had better not leave immediately at my heels; there is an early morning train at 5.30. Go by that.'"

"She drew from her pocket a leather purse, or pouch (she clung to old ways, did Mrs. Prudence), and counted out ten sovereigns, which she pushed to him across the table."

"The fellow's eyes glistened at the sight of the gold coin, and for a moment they rested with an indescribable expression upon the bulky purse. The expression had not escaped the awfully sharp eyes of Prudence Catt."

"She thoroughly understood it and she laughed. 'None of that, Powder Blue; It wouldn't pay you in any way. You are just the very man to get into trouble, and the very last to pull yourself out of it. Besides, you forget Mr. Rockwood! Your only hope is in me. There!'—and she placed the leather bag on the table—"Ito continue to trust in you or not?"

"do!" he murmured, admiringly. "Them bamboozlers, the Q. C.'s—queer cusses, as I call 'em—might jaw their precious wits off their ends afore they made much out of her."

"The head matron of Windlestraw House was well on her way to London, with an amount of luggage which Powder Blue, an efficient judge in such matters, had pronounced to be 'vast,' when that gentleman, plunged in the deepest thought, sat brooding over the lodge-fire."

"Mr. Bradley was not what is called a companionable man; he preferred to vegetate alone. What good things he could command in this world he very naturally—taking his point of view—bestowed exclusively upon himself."

"A man must love something," he would often say; "and to love a person you should know him, and who can a man know better than himself? Besides," he would add, when in a cynical mood, "it's the sort 'o' love in which you're sure to have no rivals.'"

He sat alone in his gate-house, and ruminated profoundly. "I wouldn't cross that old woman—no, not for any amount of swag!—She's viper all over; there's poison in her from her toe to top-koft; and the more she's quiet and soft-spoken, the more I want to evaporate. But I owe something to my reputation, and ain't a-goin' to leave this 'onorable' 'ouse, as the M.P.'s say, h'empty 'anded. There's not a man in these parts who has made a bigger ready-money pile than old Balm. It was only last week he put up that new safe from London in his bedroom. New iron safe! Patent-undiscoverable-everything-defying B'yaly Safe, never to be opened 'cept on the day o' judgment! I think these could do it though.'"

"He had opened a drawer, and now took from it several curiously-fashioned instruments, which with admiring eyes and almost tenderness of touch, he laid out upon the table."

Carefully drawing the curtain of the window, he lighted a candle, and proceeded with his inspection. "There they are, the beauties!—brass and bit, drill, file, and skilling-ton's (skilling keys), 'all complete!—If a thing isn't to be done scientific, 'tain't worth the doin' at all! Science is what I goes in for when I do go to work. A man without science is a disgrace to the profession.'"

"He took some pieces of oiled leather from the same drawer, and proceeded carefully to polish each one of the queer-looking instruments, talking the while in an under-tone to himself."

"'He has put most of the plate there, I know—the genuine 'all mark, and all right! The h'electro is locked up in the pantry, and there it may stop for me! The h'electro—yay! 'ow I 'ates such sneakin' deception!' And this virtuous admirer of the benefits of science polished viciously at a peculiar sort of counterfeit he was holding."

"There must be some of the brads too!" he continued meditatively. "'He's been drawn' out of the bank pretty heavy, in case o' h'accidents, I s'pose. Lor', lor! what a world it is! If I was to be burned over again, and had my eh'ole, it should be in some other planet, where there 'warn't no temptations, and consequently, no perlice!'"

"He continued his rubbing for some time; then pronouncing everything in 'first rate' condition, put the tools into a bag."

"'Unless this wonderful safe as I've heard the doctor brag o' much on is something as 'was never heard on here, the job oughtn't to take me long. I can get into the room by climbin' o'er the verandah. It's altogether too 'eas' a crack for a man o' my intentions!'"

"He glanced at a saw-like Dutch clock that was ticking sullenly in a corner. 'I shall 'ave more time to pack the swag, and take morsel of breakfast, for next to a 'empty 'ouse I 'ates a 'empty stomach; and then I starts by the 5.30 as I promised the old 'un.'"

"So saying, he blew out the light, after having first of all provided himself with a dark lantern from his seemingly inexhaustible drawer, opened the door of the lodge, and sneaked off on his burglarious errand. [TO BE CONTINUED]