

Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, NEBRASKA.

ALWAYS ONE VACANT CHAIR.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Among these earthly damps,
What seems to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

—Longfellow.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Bread, Cheese and Kisses."

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Henry, Henry!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Dalton, what, in Heaven's name, does this mean?"

"Nothing that in the least can affect you, Ellinor. A business disagreement between myself and Mr. Margrave; nothing more."

His wife looks away from him, scornfully, and turning to Horace Margrave, rests her hand on the scroll-work at the back of the chair in which he is seated.

It is so small an action in itself; but it says, as plainly as words could ever speak—"It is he whom I trust in spite of you, in spite of the world."

It is not lost on Henry Dalton, who looks a grave, reproachful glance, and says:

"Under these circumstances, then, Mr. Margrave?"

"I had no right to come here. Granted and I should not have come, but—"

He hesitated a moment, and Ellinor interrupted him:

"I wrote to my guardian, requesting him to call on me. Mr. Dalton, what is the meaning of this? What mystery does all this conceal? Am I to see my best and oldest friend insulted in my own house?"

"A married woman has no friend but her husband; and I may not choose to receive Mr. Margrave as a visitor in our house," Henry Dalton says, coldly and gravely.

"You shall not be troubled any longer with Horace Margrave's society, Mr. Dalton." The lawyer rises as he speaks, and walks slowly to the door.

"Good-morning." He has his hand upon the lock, when he turns, and, with a tone of suppressed emotion in his voice, says to Mrs. Dalton: "Ellinor, shake hands with me." She extended both her hands to him. He catches them in his, bends his dark head over them for a moment, as he holds them in his grasp, and then says: "Forgive me, Ellinor, and farewell!"

He is gone. She rushes out on the landing-place, and cries after him:

"Mr. Margrave, guardian; Horace, come back—if only for one moment, come back!"

Her husband follows her, and catching her slender wrist in his strong hand leads her into the drawing-room.

"Ellinor Dalton, choose between that man and me. Seek to renew your acquaintance with him, or hold any communication whatever with him, that does not pass through my hands, and we part forever!"

She falls sobbing into her chair.

"My only friend," she cries; "my only, only friend, and to be parted from him thus!"

Her husband stands at a little distance from her, earnestly, sadly watching her, as she gives passionate vent to her wild outburst of emotion.

"What wretchedness! what utter wretchedness!" he says aloud. "And no hope of a termination to it, no chance of an end to our misery!"

CHAPTER IV.

HORACE MARGRAVE AT BALDWIN COURT.

Henry Dalton prospered in his beloved profession. Gray-headed old Judges talked over their after-dinner port of the wonderful acumen displayed by the young barrister in the most important and difficult cases. One, two, three years passed away, and the name of Dalton began to be one of mark upon the Northern circuit. The dawn often found him working in his chambers in Paper Buildings, while his handsome wife was dancing at some brilliant assembly, or listening to the rapid platitudes of one of her numerous admirers and silent adorers. With Ellinor Dalton, to be unhappy was to be reckless. Hers was that impulsive and emotional nature which cannot brood upon its griefs in the quiet circle of a solitary home. She considered herself wronged by her husband's parsimony, still more deeply wronged by his cold reserve, and she sought in the gayest circles of fashionable London for the peace which had never dwelt at her cold and deserted hearth.

"His profession is all in all to him," she said; "but there is at least the world left for me; and, if I cannot be loved, I will prove to him that, at any rate, I can be admired."

At many of the houses in which she was a constant visitor, Horace Margrave was also a familiar guest. The fashion-

able and wealthy bachelor lawyer was sure of a welcome wherever mamma had daughters to marry or papa money to invest or mortgages to effect. To her old guardian Ellinor's manner never underwent the slightest shade of a change.

"You may refuse to admit him here; you may forbid my correspondence with him. I acknowledge the right you exercise so harshly," she would say to her husband, "but you cannot shake my faith in my dead father's friend. You cannot control my sentiments toward the guardian of my childhood."

But by degrees she found that Horace Margrave was to be seen less frequently every day at those houses in which he visited; it was growing a rare thing now for her to see the dark, handsome head proudly overtopping the crowd in which the lawyer mingled; and even when she did meet him, though his voice had still its old gentleness, there was a tacit avoidance of her in his manner, which effectually checked any confidence between them. This was for the first two years after her marriage; in the third she heard accidentally that Horace Margrave was traveling in Switzerland, and had left the entire management of his very extensive business to his junior partner.

In the autumn of the third year from that of her marriage, Ellinor was staying with her husband at the country house of his friend, Sir Lionel Baldwin. Since that day on which the scene with Horace Margrave had taken place in the little drawing-room in Hertford street, Ellinor Dalton and her husband had had no explanation whatever. On that day, the young man had fallen on his knees at the feet of his sobbing wife, and had, most earnestly, implored her to believe in his faith and honor, and to believe that, in everything he did, he had a motive so strong and so disinterested, as to warrant his actions. He begged her to believe, also, that the marriage, on his part, had been wholly a love-match, that he had been actuated by no mercenary considerations whatever; and that if he now withheld the money to which, in all appearance, she had so good a right, it was because it was not in his power to lavish it upon her. But he implored in vain. Prejudiced against him from the very first, she had only trusted him for a brief period, to doubt him more completely than ever at the first suspicion that suggested itself. Wounded in her affection for another—an affection whose strength, perhaps, she scarcely dared to whisper to her own soul—her feeling for Henry Dalton became one almost bordering on aversion. His simple, practical good sense; his plain, unpolished manners; his persevering, energetic and untiring pursuit of a vocation for which she had no sympathy—all these jarred upon her romantic and enthusiastic temperament, and blinded her to his actual merits. The world, which always contrives to know everything, very soon made itself completely acquainted with the peculiar conditions of Sir Arden's wife, and the circumstances of Henry Dalton's marriage.

It was known to be a marriage of convenience, and not of affection. He was a very lucky fellow, and she was very much to be pitied. This was the general opinion, which Ellinor's palpable indifference to her husband went strongly to confirm.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton had been staying for a week at Baldwin Court, when the young barrister was compelled, by his professional pursuits, to leave his wife for a few days under the protection of his old friends, Sir Lionel and Lady Baldwin.

"You will be very happy here, dear Ellinor," he said, "the house is full of pleasant people, and you know how great a favorite you are with our host and hostess. You will not miss me," he added, with a sigh, as he looked at her indifferent face.

"Miss you! Oh, pray do not alarm yourself, Mr. Dalton! I am not so used to usurp your time or attention. I know, where your professional duties are concerned, how small a consideration I am to you."

"I should not work hard were I not compelled to do so, Ellinor," he said, with a shade of reproach visible in his voice.

"My dear Mr. Dalton," she answered, coldly, "I have no taste for mysteries. You are perfectly free to pursue your own course."

So they parted. She bade him adieu with as much well-bred indifference as if he had been her jeweler or her haberdasher. As the light little phaeton drove him off to the railway station, he looked up at the chintz-curtained windows of his wife's apartments, and said to himself: "How long is this to endure, I wonder?—this unmerited wretchedness, this most cruel misconception!"

The morning after Henry Dalton's departure, as Sir Lionel Baldwin, seated at breakfast, opened the letter-bag, he exclaimed, with a tone of mingled surprise and pleasure: "So the wanderer has returned! At the very bottom of the bag I can see Horace Margrave's dashing superscription. He has returned to England, then!"

He handed his visitors their letters, and then opened his own, reserving the lawyer's epistle till the last.

"This is delightful! Horace will be down here to-night."

Ellinor Dalton's cheeks grew pale at the announcement; for the mysterious feud between her guardian and her husband flashed upon her mind. She would meet him here, then, alone. Now, or never, might she learn this secret—this secret which, no doubt, involved some meanness on the part of Henry Dalton, the apothecary's son.

"Margrave will be an immense acquisition to our party—will he not, gentlemen?" asked Sir Lionel.

"An acquisition! Well, really now,

I don't know about that," drawled a young Government clerk from Whitehall. "Do you know, S'Lionel?" (all the young men under Government called the old Baronet S'Lionel, any other pronunciation of his name and title involving a degree of exertion beyond their physical powers.) "do you know, it's my opinion, S'Lionel, that Horace Margrave is used up. I met him at—what-you-may-call it—Rousseau and Gibbon, Child, Harold and the Nouvelle Heloise. You know the place," he said, vaguely; "somewhere in Switzerland, in short, last July, and I never saw a man so altered in my life."

"Altered!" exclaimed the Baronet. Ellinor Dalton's face grew paler still.

"Yes, 'pon my honor, S'Lionel. Very much altered, indeed. You don't think he ever committed a murder, or anything of that kind—do you?" said the young man, reflectively, as he drew over a basin and deliberately dropped four or five lumps of sugar into his coffee; "because, upon my honor, he looked like that sort of thing."

"My dear Fred, don't be a fool. Looked like what sort of thing?"

"You know, a guilty conscience, Lara, Manfred. You understand. Upon my word!" added the youthful official, looking round with a languid laugh. "he had such a Wandering Jewish and ultra-Byronic appearance when I met him suddenly among some very uncomfortable kind of chromo-lithographic mountain scenery, that I asked him if he had an appointment with the Witch of the Alps, or any of those sort of people?"

One or two country visitors tried to laugh, but couldn't; and the guests from town only stared, as the young man looked round the table. Ellinor Dalton never took her eyes from his face, but seemed to wait anxiously for anything he might say next.

"Perhaps Margrave has been ill," said the old Baronet; "he told me, when he went to Switzerland, that he was leaving England because he required change of air and scene."

"Ill!" said the Government clerk. "Ah, to be sure; I never thought of that. He might have been ill. It's difficult, sometimes, to draw the line between a guilty conscience and the liver complaint. Perhaps it was only his liver, after all. But you don't think," he said, appealingly, returning to his original idea, "you don't think he has committed a murder, and buried the body in Verulam Buildings—do you? That would account for his going to Switzerland, you know?—he couldn't possibly stop with the body—could he?"

"You'd better ask him the question yourself, Fred," said Sir Lionel, laughing; "if everybody had as good a conscience as Horace Margrave, the world would be better off than it is with honorable men." He looked at the young military man, who had a mouth full of buttered toast and anchovy paste.

"And a first-rate billiard player," added his next neighbor, busy carving a ham.

"And one of the cleverest men in the law," said a grave old gentleman, sententiously.

"Extremely handsome," faltered one young lady.

"And then, how accomplished!" ventured another.

"Then you don't think, really now, that he has committed a murder, and buried the body in his chambers?" asked the Whitehall employe, putting the question to the company generally.

In the dusk of that autumnal evening, Ellinor Dalton sat alone in a tiny drawing-room leading out of the great saloon, which was a long room, with six windows, and two fire-places, and with a great many very indifferent pictures in extremely handsome frames.

This tiny drawing-room was a favorite retreat of Ellinor's. It was luxuriously furnished, and it communicated, by a half-glass door shrouded by heavy amber damask curtains, with a large conservatory, which opened on the terrace walk that ran along one side of the house. Here she sat in the dusky light, pensive and thoughtful, on the evening after her husband's departure. The gentlemen were all in the billiard-room, hard at work with the balls and cues, trying to settle some disputed wager before the half-hour bell rang to summon them to their dressing-rooms. The ladies were already at their toilettes; and Ellinor, who had dressed earlier than usual, was quite alone. It was too dark for her to read or work, and she was too weary and listless to ring for lamps; so she sat with her hands lying idly in her lap, pondering upon what had been said at the breakfast table of her sometime guardian, Horace Margrave.

Suddenly a footstep behind her, falling softly on the thick carpet, roused her from her reverie, and she looked up with a startled glance at the glass over the low chimney-piece.

In the dim firelight she saw, reflected in the shadowy depths of the mirror, the haggard and altered face of her guardian, Horace Margrave.

He wore a loose, heavy great-coat, and had his hat in his hand. He had evidently only just arrived.

He drew back on seeing Ellinor; but, as she turned round to speak to him, the firelight behind her left her face in the shadow, and he did not recognize her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for disturbing you. I have been looking everywhere for Sir Lionel."

"Mr. Margrave! Don't you know me? It is I—Ellinor!"

His hat fell from his slender hand, and he leaned against a high-back easy-chair for support.

"Ellinor—Mrs. Dalton—you here! I

—I heard you were in Paris, or I should never—that is—"

For the first time in her life Ellinor Dalton saw Horace Margrave so agitated that the stony mask of elegant indifference and gentlemanly sang froid, which he ordinarily wore, entirely dropped away, and left him—himself.

"Mr. Margrave," she said, anxiously, "you are annoyed at seeing me here. Oh, how altered you are! They were right in what they said this morning. You are, indeed, altered. You must have been very ill."

Horace Margrave was himself again by this time. He picked up his hat, and, dropping lazily into the easy-chair, said:

"Yes; I have had rather a severe attack—fever—exhaustion. The doctors, in fact, were so puzzled as to what they should call my illness that they actually tried to persuade me that I had nerves like a young lady who has been jilted by a life-guard, or forbidden by her parents to marry a country curate with seventy pounds per annum, and three duties every Sunday. A nervous lawyer! My dear Mrs. Dalton, can you imagine anything so absurd? Sir James Clarke, however, insisted on my packing my portmanteau, and setting off for Mount Blanc, or something of that kind; and I, being heartily tired of the Courts of Probate and Chancery, and Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, was only too glad to follow his advice, and take my railway ticket for Geneva."

"And Switzerland has restored you?"

"In a measure, perhaps; but not entirely. You can see that I am not yet very strong, when even the pleasing emotion of meeting unexpectedly with my sometime ward is almost too much for my ultra-ladylike nerves. But you were saying, my dear Mrs. Dalton, that they had been talking of me here."

"Oh, at the breakfast-table this morning. When your visit was announced, one of the gentlemen said he had met you in Switzerland, and that you were looking ill—unhappy."

"Unhappy! Ah, my dear Mrs. Dalton, what a misfortune it is for a man to have a constitutional pallor, and a head of dark hair! The world will insist upon elevating him into a blighted being, with a chronic wolf hard at work under his waistcoat. I use myself up by working too hard over a difficult will case, in which some tiresome old man leaves his youngest son forty thousand pounds upon half a sheet of note-paper; and the world, meeting me in Switzerland, traveling to recruit myself, comes home and writes me down—unhappy! Now, isn't it too bad? If I were blessed with red hair and a fat face, I might break my heart once in three months without any of my sympathetic friends troubling themselves about the fracture."

"My dear Mr. Margrave," said Ellinor, her voice, in spite of herself, trembling, "I am really now quite a married woman; and, presuming on that fact, may venture to speak to you with entire candor, may I not?"

"With entire candor, certainly." There is the old shiver in the dark eyelashes, and the white lids droop over the handsome brown eyes, as Horace Margrave looks down at the hat which swings backward and forwards in his listless hand.

"Then, Mr. Margrave, my dear guardian, for I will—I will call you by that old name, which I can remember speaking for the very first time on the day of my poor father's funeral. Oh!" she added, passionately, "how well—how well I remember that dreary, wretched, terrible day! I can see you now, as I saw you then, standing in the deep embrasure of the window in the little library, in the dear, dear Scottish home, looking down at me so compassionately, with dark, mournful eyes. I was such a child then. I can hear your low, deep voice, as I heard it on that day, saying to me: 'Ellinor, your dear father has placed a solemn trust in my hands. I am young. I may not be as good or as high-minded a man as, to his confiding mind, I seemed to be; there may be something of constitutional weakness and irresolution in my character, which may render me, perhaps, by no means the fittest person he could have chosen for your guardian; but so deeply do I feel the trust implied in his dying words, that I swear, by my hope in Heaven, by my memory of the dead, by my honor as a man and a gentleman, to discharge the responsibilities imposed upon me, as an honest man and an honorable gentleman should discharge them!'"

"Ellinor! Ellinor! for pity's sake!" he cried, in a broken voice, clasping one white hand convulsively over his averted face.

"I do wrong," she said, "to recall that melancholy day. You did—you did discharge every duty nobly, honestly, honorably; but now—now you abandon me entirely to the husband, not of my choice, but imposed upon me by a hard and cruel necessity, and you do all in your power to make us strangers. Yet, guardian—Horace—you are not happy!"

"Not happy!" He raises his head, and laughs bitterly. "My dear Mrs. Dalton, this is such childish talk about happiness and unhappiness—two words which are only used in a lady's novel, in which the heroine is unhappy through two volumes and three-quarters, and unutterably blest in the last chapter. In the practical world we don't talk about happiness and unhappiness; our phrases are, failure and success. A man gets the woollack, and he is successful; or he tries for it all his life, and never gets it—and we shrug our shoulders and say that he is unfortunate. But a happy man, my dear Ellinor—did you ever see one?"

"You mystify me Mr. Margrave; but you do not answer me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Era of Tornadoes.

It has been liberally prophesied that the years 1881, '82, '83, and even up to the year 1886, would be characterized by the existence of meteorological disturbances of an unusual severity. That there has been, within the last two years, a very exceptional era of storm, of extremes of heat and cold, and of other uncommon phenomena will not be disputed. How far this condition arises from the position of several great planets with reference to the sun will not be defined by this journal, for the reason that it would be an impertinence for laymen to pass authoritatively on points concerning which there is a difference of opinion among the astronomical profession. It is, however, to be said in favor of one class of the latter that they announced some three years ago that this planet would be visited by exceptional storms; and it only remains to complete their triumph that they should demonstrate that the "area of disturbance" is of sufficient dimensions to escape the charge of being no more than a local and an exceptional region which bears no considerable relation to the whole of the planet, which was to be affected.

But the main consideration of the people of this country, and particularly those who live in the West, where these tornadoes are of so frequent occurrence, is not so much as to whether these outbreaks are caused by the coincidence of the perihelia of several of the great planets, but as to what are their immediate cause, and the probability that something may be done to control them, either in their formation or their course. It may seem to many good people a presumptuous interference with the designs of Providence to suggest that something should be done to avert these calamities, as they look on them as punishments sent down for the correction of sinful men. Still, mankind has not hesitated to invent and employ the lightning-rod; and if we can do that and live, it may be that we should be justified in endeavoring to mitigate the calamitous severities of these errant cyclones. Science has determined the origin, the birth-place, the feeding-ground, so to speak, of these destructive agencies; their course after having once grown to full dimensions—that is to say, the general direction of their movement, their size, the speed of their march, the manner in which they affect annihilation of that which impedes their progress—all these facts are known. It would seem that we are a long way toward finding a remedy for a difficulty when we have so thoroughly mastered its character. When it was finally settled that the cholera had a specific birth-place, that it always moved from that point in a given direction, and at a measurable speed, the problem of how to deprive it of its deadly qualities was more than three-fourths solved.

It is said that waterspouts at sea may be shivered by the firing of heavy guns. We know that accumulated electricity may be drawn off harmlessly by the use of metallic conductors. In describing the movement of the late cyclone which devastated Grinnell, it is said that the serried ranks of the storm moved in a northeasterly direction till they crossed the track of the railway, when their course was changed to the southwest. Drowning men catch at straws—was there anything in this iron railway which induced this change of direction, or which brought the whirling vortices of the disturbance from the upper air till their ends trailed on the earth? Again, it is a fact worthy of note that these monsters rarely move across a country without taking in their course some of the settled places. Now, if it were the case that there is nothing in a town to attract one of these fatal camps, it would be more likely than not to miss striking a settled locality, for the reason that in any State like Iowa the areas occupied by the towns is so small compared with the unsettled portions that the chance of a cyclone striking the former would be almost infinitesimal. Who ever hears of a cyclone that confines itself to the open country? The last one reported from Iowa diverged from its original course as if for the express purpose of reaching the town which it destroyed. Cyclones are not sentient; they do not reason; they have no hatreds to gratify. If they change their course across the open country so as to strike a town, it is for some reason or cause which should be within the comprehension and, possibly, the control of the scientist.

If it shall be that the investigations of scientific men can find no protection against the attacks of these atmospheric squadrons; if they can discover no method by which their course can be diverted when it leads to a village, then it will be necessary for people to construct their houses so as to avoid some of the dangers by which they are now so constantly menaced and so often overthrown. There should be underground retreats constructed, whose coverings should present no opposing surface to the forces of the storm. During the season of the year when these aerial maelstroms are launched from the arid deserts of the desert plains, a sentinel should be on watch night and day, and who, when the convoluted masses are seen on the horizon, should signal the danger to the people. The plan is a feasible one; the cost of such a method of protection would be small; the few weeks during which the enemy may be expected are known; and in this way, until science has discovered a universal preventative, the men and women of towns like Grinnell can eat, sleep, worship, marry, knowing that they are measurably secure against instant, unexpected and most horrible death.—Chicago News.

—The gambler's wife refers to her husband as her better half.