

Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, : : NEBRASKA.

IN DREAMS.

In dreams when nights are cold and winter winds are blowing,
When the hour frost on the house-top glitters in the pale moon's beams,
Old summer days come back, with June's gales roses glowing,
In dreams.

In dreams you wander with me beside the restless river,
Where the willows kiss the surface till the troubled water gleams;
And I watch the sunshine on it where the weeping willows quiver
In dreams.

In dreams your soft voice haunts me; and your love speech low and tender,
As I bend my head to listen, like an angel's whisper seems.
There is dew upon the grass there; and I catch the morning's spider
In dreams.

In dreams no fate divides us; you are mine to love forever,
How the wild birds sing around us, and the golden sunlight streams!
Love is mirrored in your eyes as the willows in the river,
In dreams.

In dreams, in dreams we part not. The day dawn and the morrow
May take you; but each morning with the dreamer's vision gleams;
You are mine when night recalls you with your young heart free from sorrow—
In dreams.

—A. C. Gordon, in Our Continent.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

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

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"By the train which arrives here at half-past five," he said, still not looking up; "or should reach here by that time, rather, for it's generally five minutes late."

"You have been here since six o'clock?"

"Since ten minutes to six, my dear Ellinor. I gave my valise to a porter, and walked over from the station in a quarter of an hour."

"You have been here since six, and have never told me of your arrival, never shown yourself in the house!"

"I have shown myself to Sir Lionel. I had some very important business to arrange."

"Important business?" she asked.

"Yes, to prepare for this journey to Paris, which you are so bent upon taking."

A crimson flush suffused her face, as she exclaimed:

"Mr. Dalton!"

"Yes," he said, quietly, folding and sealing a letter as he spoke, "it is very contemptible, is it not? Coming unexpectedly into the house by the conservatory entrance, which, as you know, to anyone arriving from the station, saves about two hundred yards. I heard, involuntarily, a part of a conversation, which had so great an effect on me as to induce me to remain where I was, and, involuntarily, hear the remainder."

"A listener?" she said, with a sneer.

"Yes; it is on a par with all the rest, is it not? An avaricious man, a money-grubbing miser; or, perhaps even worse—a dishonest speculator with the money of other people. O, Ellinor Dalton, if ever the day should come (heaven forbid that I should wish to hasten it by an hour) when I shall be free to say to you about half a dozen words, how bitterly you will regret your expressions of to-day. But I do not wish to reproach you; it is our bad fortune, yours and mine, to be involved in a very painful situation, from which, perhaps, nothing but a rupture of the chain which unites us could extricate us. You have taken the initiative. You would leave me, and return to your aunt, in Paris. So be it. Go!"

"Mr. Dalton!"

Something in his manner, in spite of her long-cherished prejudices against him, impresses and affects her, and she stretches out her hand, deprecatingly.

"Go, Ellinor! I, too, am weary of this long struggle; this long conflict with appearances, which, in spite of myself, condemn me. I am tired to the very heart of these perpetual appeals to your generosity and confidence—tired of trying to win the love of a woman who despises me."

"Mr. Dalton, if—I have misconstrued"—she says, with a tenderness unusual with her in addressing her husband.

"If you have misconstrued!" he exclaimed, passionately. "No, Ellinor, no! it is too late now for explanations; besides, I could give none better than those you have already heard—too late for reconciliations; the breach has been slowly widening for three long years, and to-night I look at you across an impassable abyss and wonder that I could have ever thought, as heaven knows I once did, of ultimately winning your love."

There are tears in his voice as he says these last words, and the emotion, so strange to the ordinary manner of the young barrister, affects Ellinor very much.

"Mr. Dalton! Henry!"

"You wish to go to Paris, Ellinor. You shall go! But the man who accompanies you thither must be Henry Dalton!"

"You will take me there?" she asks.

"Yes, and will place you under your aunt's protection. From that moment you are free of me forever. You will have about two hundred a year to live upon. It is not much out of three thousand, is it?" he said, laughing bitterly; "but I give you my honor it is all I can afford, as I shall want the rest for myself." He looked at his watch. "A quarter past twelve," he said. Wrap yourself up warmly, Ellinor. It will be a cold journey. I will ring for the

people to take your trunks down to the carriage."

"But Henry," she took his hand in hers; "Henry, something in your manner to-night makes me think that I have wronged you. I won't go to Paris. I will remain with you. I will trust you."

He pressed the little hand lying in his very gently, and said, looking at her gravely and sadly, with thoughtful blue eyes:

"You cannot, Ellinor! No, no, it is far better, believe me, as it is. I have borne the struggle for three years. I do not think that I could endure it for another day. Ellis?" he said, as the lady's maid entered the room in answer to his summons. "You will see that this letter is taken to Mr. Horace Margrave, immediately, and then look to these trunks being carried downstairs. Now, Ellinor, if you are ready?"

She had muffled herself hurriedly in a large velvet cloak, while her maid brought her her bonnet, and arranged the things which she was too agitated to arrange herself.

She stopped in the hall, and said:

"I must say good-bye to Horace Margrave, and explain this change in our plans."

"My letter has done that, Ellinor. You will not speak one word to Horace Margrave while I am beneath this roof."

"As you will," she answers, submissively.

She has suddenly learned to submit to, if not to respect, her husband. Henry Dalton is very silent during the short drive to the railway station, and when they alight he says:

"You would like to have Ellis with you, would you not?"

She assents, and her maid follows her into the carriage. It seems as if her husband were anxious to avoid a *le-tete-a-tete* with her.

Throughout the four hours' journey, Ellinor finds herself involuntarily watching the calm, grave face of her husband under the dim carriage lamp. It is impossible to read any emotion on that smooth, fair brow, or in those placid and thoughtful blue eyes; but she remembers the agitation in his voice as he spoke to her in her dressing-room.

"He is capable of some emotion," she thinks. "What if after all I should really have wronged him? If there should be some other key to this strange mystery than meanness and avarice? If he really loves me, and I have misconstrued him, what a wretch he must think me!"

The next evening, after dark, they arrived in Paris; and Ellinor found herself, after an interval of nearly four years, once more in her aunt's little drawing-room in the Rue Saint Dominique. She was received with open arms. Henry Dalton smoothed over the singularity of her arrival, by saying that it was a visit of his own suggestion.

"Everything will explain itself at a future time, Ellinor; for the present, let ours be thought a temporary separation. I would not wish to alarm your poor aunt!"

"You shall have your own bed-room, Ellinor," said her aunt. "Nothing has been disturbed since you left us. Look!" and she opened the door of a little apartment leading out of the drawing-room, in which ornate clocks, looking-glasses and pink curtains very much preponderated over more substantial articles of furniture.

"But you are looking very ill, my dear child," she said, anxiously, as Ellinor pushed away the untasted plate of cold chicken which her aunt had persuaded her to try and eat. "You are really looking very ill, my dear Ellinor!"

"My journey has tired me a little; if you will excuse me, aunt. It is nearly eleven o'clock—"

"Yes, and rest will do you more good than anything. Good-night, my darling child. Lisette—you remember Lisette—shall wait upon you exclusively, till your own maid gets accustomed to our foreign ways."

Wearied out with a day of incessant traveling, Ellinor slept soundly, and, waking the next morning, found her aunt seated by her bedside.

"My dear girl, you look a great deal better after your night's rest. Your husband would not disturb you to say 'Good-bye,' but has left this letter for you."

"Is Mr. Dalton gone?"

"Yes; he said he had most important business on the something, and a circuit," said her aunt vaguely; "but his letter will no doubt explain all. He has made every arrangement for your comfort during your stay with me, my dear Ellinor. He seems a most devoted husband."

"He is very good," said Ellinor, with a sigh. Her aunt left her, and she opened the letter—opened it with an anxiety she could not repress. Her life had become so entirely changed in these few eventful days; and in spite of her indifference, nay, dislike to Henry Dalton, she felt helpless and unprotected now that she found herself abandoned by him. She could not refrain from hoping that this letter might contain some explanation of his conduct—some offer of reconciliation. But the letter was very brief, and did neither:

"MY DEAR ELLINOR: When you receive these few lines of farewell, I shall be on my way back to England. In complying with your wish, and restoring you to the home of your youth, I hope and believe that I have acted for the best. How much you have misunderstood me, how entirely you have mistaken my motives for the line of conduct which I have been compelled to adopt, you may never know. How much I have suffered from this terrible misunderstanding on your part, it would be impossible for me ever to tell you. But let this bitter past be forgotten; our roads in life henceforth lie entirely separate. Yet, if at any future hour you should ever come to need an adviser, or an earnest and disinterested friend, I must implore you to appeal to no one but—"

HENRY DALTON.

The letter fell from her hand. "Now, now I am, indeed, alone. What have I done," she said, "that I should have never been truly and sincerely beloved?"

The victim of a marriage of interest! It is very bitter. And the man—the only man I could have loved—no, no, the thought of his indifference is too painful."

CHAPTER VI.

HORACE MARGRAVE'S CONFESSION.

Life in the Faubourg St. Germain seemed very dreary to Ellinor after the brilliant London society to which she had been accustomed since her marriage. Her aunt's visiting list was very limited. Four or five old dowagers, who thought that the glory of the world had departed with the Bourbons, and that France, in the van of the great march of civilization, was foremost in a demoniac species of dance, leading only to destruction and the erection of a new guillotine upon the Place de la Revolution; two or three elderly but creditably preserved aristocrats of the ancient regime, whose political principles had stood still ever since 1783, and who somewhat resembled ornate clocks of that period, very much ornamented and embellished, but entirely powerless to tell the hour of the day; three or four very young ladies, educated in convents, and entirely uninterested in anything beyond M. Lamartine's poetry, and the manufacture of point lace; and one terrifically bearded and mustachioed gentleman, who had written a volume of poems, entitled "Clouds and Mists," but who had not yet been so fortunate as to meet with a publisher—this was about the extent of the visiting circle in the Rue St. Dominique; and for this circle Ellinor's aunt set apart a particular evening on which she was visible, in conjunction with *cau sucrée*, rather weak coffee, and wafer biscuits.

The very first day of Ellinor's visit happened to be the day of her aunt's reception, and it seemed to her as if the tiresome hours would never wear themselves out, or the equally tiresome guests take their departure. She could not help remembering how different everything would have been had Horace Margrave been present. How he would have fought the battle of the *liers etat* with the white-headed old partisans of the departed noblesse; how he would have discussed and critically analyzed Lamartine's "Odes" with the young ladies from the convent; how he would have flattered the vanity of the bearded poet; and regretted the Bourbons with the faded old dowager. But he was away—gone out of her life, perhaps, entirely. "I shall never see him again," she said; "that dear and honorable guardian, in whose care my dead father left me."

The next day she went with her aunt to the Louvre, to see the improvements that had been made beneath the sway of that new ruler, who had already begun his work of regeneration in brick and mortar. The pictures only wearied her; the very coloring of the Rubens' seemed to have lost half its glowing beauty since she had last seen them; and Marie di Medici, florid and resplendent, bored her terribly. Many of the recent acquisitions she thought frightfully overrated, and she hurried her aunt away from the splendid exhibition before they had been there half an hour. She made a few purchases in the Palais Royal; and loitered for a little time at a milliner's, in the Rue de l'Echelle, discussing a new bonnet, and then declared herself thoroughly tired out with her morning's exertions.

She threw herself back in the carriage, and was very silent as they drove home; but suddenly, as they turned from the Rue de Rivoli into the open space between the Tuilleries and the Louvre, they passed close to a hackney coach, in which a gentleman was seated, and Ellinor, starting up, cried out:

"Aunt! my guardian, Mr. Margrave. Did you not see him? He has just this moment passed us in a hackney coach."

She pulled the check-string violently as she spoke, and her aunt's coachman stopped; but Horace Margrave was out of sight, and the vehicle in which he was seated lost among the crowd of carriages of the same description, rattling up and down the bustling street.

"Never mind, my dear Ellinor," said her aunt, as Ellinor, letting down the carriage window, looked eagerly out; "if you are not mistaken in the face of the person who passed us, and it really is Horace Margrave, he is sure to call on us immediately."

"Mistaken in my guardian's face! No, indeed. But of course he will call, as you say, aunt."

"Yes; he will call this evening, most likely. He knows how seldom I go out."

"What can have brought him to Paris?" thought Ellinor. "I knew he would rather shun me than seek me out; for, since the coolness between me and my husband, he has always seemed to avoid me; so I can have nothing to do with this visit. But surely he will call this evening."

All that evening and all the next morning she constantly expected to hear the lawyer's name announced, but still he did not come. "He had important business to transact yesterday, perhaps," she thought, "and he may be employed this morning; but in the evening he is sure to call."

After dinner she sat by the low wood fire in her aunt's little drawing-room, turning over the leaves of a book which she had vainly endeavored to read, and looking every moment at the tiny buhl clock over the chimney; but the evening slowly dragged itself through, and still no Horace Margrave. She expected him on the following day, but again only to be disappointed; and in this manner the week passed, without her hearing any tidings of him.

"He must have left Paris!" she thought; "left Paris without once calling here to see me. Nothing could better testify his utter indifference," she added, bitterly. "It was no doubt only for my father's sake that he ever

pretended any interest in the friendless orphan girl."

The following week Ellinor went with her aunt once or twice to the opera, and to two or three reunions in the Faubourg, at which her handsome face and elegant manners made some sensation; but still no Horace Margrave. "If he had been in Paris, we should have seen him, most likely, at the opera," thought Ellinor.

That week elapsed, and on the Sunday evening Ellinor Dalton sat alone in her own room, writing a packet of letters to some friends in England, when she was interrupted by a summons from her aunt. Some one wanted her in the drawing-room immediately.

Some one in the drawing-room, who wanted to see her? Could it be her guardian at last?

"A lady or a gentleman?" she asked of the servant who brought her aunt's message.

"A lady—a Sister of Mercy."

She hurried into the drawing-room, and found, as the servant had told her, a Sister of Mercy in conversation with her aunt.

"My dear Ellinor, this lady wishes you to accompany her on a visit to a sick person; a person whom you know, but whose name she is forbidden to reveal. What can this mystery mean?"

"A sick person, who wishes to see me?" said Ellinor. "But I know so few people in Paris; no one likely to send for me."

"If you can trust me, madame," said the Sister of Mercy, "and if you will accompany me on my visit to this person, I believe your presence will be of great service. The mind of the invalid is, I regret to say, in a very disturbed state, and you only, I imagine, will be able, under Heaven and the church, to give relief to that."

"I will come," said Mrs. Dalton.

"But, Ellinor!"—exclaimed her aunt, anxiously.

"If I can be of any service, my dear aunt, it would be most cruel, most cowardly to refuse to go."

"But, my dear child, when you do not know the person to whom you are going."

"I will trust this lady," answered Ellinor, "and I will go. I will throw on my bonnet and shawl, and join you, madame," she added to the Sister of Mercy, as she hurried from the apartment.

"When these girls once get married, there's no managing them," murmured Ellinor's aunt, as she folded her thin white hands, bedecked with a great many old-fashioned rings, resignedly, one over the other. "Pray do not let them detain her long," she continued aloud, to the Sister of Mercy, who sat looking gravely into the few embers in the little English grate. "I shall suffer the most excruciating anxiety till I see her safe home again."

"She will be perfectly safe with me, madame."

"Now, madame, I am quite at your service," said Ellinor, re-entering.

In a few moments they were seated in a hackney coach, and rattling through the quiet Faubourg.

"Are we going far?" asked Ellinor of her companion.

"To Meurice's Hotel."

"To Meurice's? Then the person I am going to see is not a resident in Paris?"

"No, madame."

Who could it be? Not a resident in Paris. Some one from England, no doubt. Who could it be? Her husband, or Horace Margrave? These were the only two persons who presented themselves to her mind, but in either case, why this mystery!

They reached the hotel, and the Sister of Mercy herself led the way up stairs into an inclosed hall on the third story, where she stopped suddenly at the door of a small sitting-room, which she entered, followed by Ellinor.

Two gentlemen, evidently physicians, stood talking in whispers in the embrasure of the window. One of them looked up at seeing the two women enter, and to him the Sister of Mercy said:

"Your patient, Monsieur Delville?"

"He is quieter, Louise. The delirium has subsided; he is now quite sensible, but very much exhausted," replied the physician. "Is this the lady?" he added, looking at Ellinor.

"Yes, Monsieur Delville."

"Madame," said the doctor, "will you favor me with a few moments' conversation?"

"With pleasure, monsieur. But first, let me implore you, one word. This sick person, for mercy's sake, tell me his name?"

"That I cannot do, madame; his name is unknown to me."

"But the people in the hotel?"

"Are also ignorant of it. His portmanteau has no address. He came most probably on a flying visit; but he has been detained here by a very alarming illness."

"Then let me see him, monsieur. I cannot endure this suspense. I have reason to suppose that this gentleman is a friend who is very dear to me. Let me see him, and then I shall know the worst."

"You shall see him, madame, in ten minutes. Monsieur Lerule, will you prepare the patient for an interview with this lady?"

The other doctor bowed gravely, and opened a door leading into an inner apartment, which he entered, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Madame," said Monsieur Delville, "I was called in, only three days ago, to see the person lying in the next room. My colleague had been for some time attending him through a very difficult case of typhus fever. A few days ago the case became still more complicated and difficult, by an affection of the brain which supervened, and Monsieur Le-

ruce, not feeling himself strong enough to combat these difficulties, considered it his duty to call in another physician. I was, therefore, summoned. I found the case, as my colleague had found it, a most extraordinary one. There was not only physical weakness to combat, but mental depression—mental depression of so terrible and gloomy a character, that both Monsieur Lerule and myself feared that should we even succeed in preserving the life of the patient, we might fail in saving his reason."

"How terrible! how terrible!" said Ellinor.

"During the three days and nights in which I have attended him," continued the doctor, "we have not succeeded until this evening in obtaining an interval of consciousness; but throughout the delirium our patient has dwelt upon two or three subjects, which, though of a different character, may be by some chain of circumstances connected into the one source of his great mental wretchedness. Throughout his wanderings one name has been incessantly upon his lips."

"And that name is—?"

"Ellinor Dalton!"

"My own name?"

"Yes, madame, your name, coupled with perpetual entreaties for pardon; for forgiveness of a great wrong—a wrong done long since, and scrupulously concealed."

"A wrong done! If this is the person I suspect it to be, he never, never was anything but the truest friend to me; but for pity's sake, let me see him. This torture of suspense is killing me."

"One moment, madame. I had some difficulty in finding you, but mentioning everywhere the name of the lady of whom I was in search, I fortunately happened to make the inquiry of a friend of your aunt's. This good, devoted Louise, here, was ready to set out on her errand of mercy, and I thought that you might feel, perhaps, more confidence in her than in me."

At this moment the door of communication between the two apartments was softly opened, and the other doctor entered.

"I have prepared the patient for your visit, madame," he said; "but you must guard against a shock to your own feelings in seeing him. He is very ill."

"In danger?" asked Ellinor.

"Unhappily, yes—in very great danger!"

"Throughout the brief interview with the physician, Ellinor Dalton had said to herself: "Whatever it is that must be endured by me, I will bear it bravely—for his sake I will bear it bravely." Her handsome face was white as death—the firm, thin lips rigidly locked over the closely-shut teeth—the dark and mournful gray eyes tearless and serene, but her heart knocked against her breast so loudly, that she seemed to hear the heavy throb of its every pulsation in the stillness of the room.

Her worst presentiments were realized.

Horace Margrave lay with his head thrown back upon the piled-up pillows, and his attenuated hand stretched listlessly upon the eider-down counterpane which was wrapped about him. His head was bound with wet linen, over which his nurse had tied a handkerchief of scarlet, whose vivid hue made his white face seem by the contrast still more ghastly. His dark brown eyes had lost the dreamy expression usual to them, and had the bright and feverish luster of disease. They were fixed, with a haggard and earnest gaze, upon the door through which Ellinor entered.

"At last!" he cried, with an hysterical cry. "At last!"

She pressed her hand tightly over her beating heart, and, falling on her knees by his bedside, said to him, very quietly:

"Horace—Horace! what is this? Why—why do I find you thus?"

He fixed his great lustrous eyes upon her, as he answered:

"What is it, Ellinor? Shall I tell you?"

"Yes—yes! if you can tell me without unnerving yourself."

"Unnerving myself?" He laughed with a bitter, unnatural cadence. "Unnerve myself—look at that!" He stretched out one thin, half-transparent hand, which trembled like an aspen leaf, until he let it fall listlessly upon the quilt. "For four years, Ellinor, I have been slowly burning out my life in one long nervous fever, and you tell me not to unnerve myself!"

He gave me a restless, impatient sigh, and, tossing his weary head back upon the pillow, turned his face to the wall.

Ellinor Dalton looked round the room in which this brilliant, all-accomplished, admired and fascinating Horace Margrave had lain for eleven dreary days—eleven dreary nights.

It was a small apartment, comfortably furnished, and heated by a stove. On the table by the bedside a Book of Hours lay open, with a rosary thrown across the page where the reader had left off. Near this was an English Testament, also lying open. The Sister of Mercy who had been nursing Horace Margrave had procured this Testament in his own language, in hopes that he would be induced to read it. But the sick man, when sensible, spoke to her in French, and when she implored him to see a priest, refused, with an impatient gesture, which he repeated when she spoke to him of a Protestant clergyman, whom she knew, and could summon to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—One of the effects of the intoxicating fungus used by the Tartars is an erroneous perception of space. A person under its influence will take a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree when he only wishes to step over a straw.