From R. W. Furnas

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Published Every Thursday Morning
AT BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
One copy, one year.....$2 00
One copy, six months.....1 00
One copy, three months.....50
☞ No paper sent from the office until paid in advance.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1880. VOL. 24.—NO. 48.

THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Publishers & Proprietors.

ADVERTISING RATES.
One inch, one year.....$10 00
Each succeeding inch, per year.....5 00
One inch, per month.....1 00
Each additional inch, per month.....
Legal advertisements at legal rates—One square (10 lines of Nonpareil, or less) first insertion, $1.00 each subsequent insertion, 50c.
☞ All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

R. B. POUND.....Judge.
J. C. WATSON.....District Attorney
WILLIAM H. HOOVER.....District Clerk.

County Officers.

JOHN S. STULL.....County Judge
SAM'L CULBERTSON.....Clerk and Recorder
A. H. GILMORE.....Treasurer
J. M. KLECKNER.....Sheriff
C. B. PARKER.....Coroner
JAMES M. HACKER.....Surveyor
PHILIP CROTHER.....School Superintendent
JOHN H. SHOOK } .....Commissioners
JOHN H. POHLMAN }
FRANK BEDFERN }

City Officers.

J. L. CARSON.....Mayor
O. A. CECIL.....Police Judge
J. B. DOCKER.....Clerk
R. A. OSBORN.....Treasure
J. G. RUSSELL.....Marsha

COUNCILMEN.

W. HACKNEY } .....1st Ward
JOSEPH BODY }
A. ROBISON } .....2nd Ward
A. H. GILMORE }
C. NEIGHART } .....3rd Ward
E. HUDDART }

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. BROADY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

S. A. OSBORN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office, No. 81 Main street, Brownville, Neb

A. HOLLADAY,
Physician, Surgeon, Obstetrician.
Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, 41 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

J. S. STULL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office of County Judge, Brownville, Nebraska.

T. L. SCHICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office over Post Office, Brownville, Nebraska.

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

J. L. ROY,
UNDERTAKER,
Coffins made on short notice. Three miles west of Brownville, Neb.

J. W. GIBSON,
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOER
Work done to order and satisfaction guaranteed. First street, between Main and Atlantic, Brownville, Neb.

PAT CLINE,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
CUSTOM WORK made to order, and fits always guaranteed. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Shop, No. 27 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

B. G. WHITTEMORE,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
SEWING MACHINES
SEWING MACHINE REPAIRS A SPECIALTY,
will pay the highest market price for scrap iron and rags, Main st., West Brownville.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
OLDEST
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
IN NEBRASKA.

William H. Hoover.

Does a general Real Estate Business. Sells Lands on Commission, examines Titles, makes Deeds, Mortgages, and all instruments pertaining to the transfer of Real Estate. Has a
Complete Abstract of Titles
to all Real Estate in Nemaha County.

Aaron Palmer. Robt. Johnson

NEW RESTAURANT.
Palmer & Johnson.
First Door West of the Old National Bank Building.
This firm, having fitted up these rooms will run a first class restaurant, where good warm meals can be had at all hours. They give their customers the best viands in the market, including fresh oysters served in any manner called for.

Try the New Restaurant

All Orders for an Express Left with Them will be Promptly attended to

SICK HEADACHE
CURED BY
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
We Mean Cured, Not Merely Relieved
And Can Prove What we Claim.
☞ There are no failures and no disappointments. If you are troubled with SICK HEADACHE you can be easily and quickly cured, as hundreds have been already. We shall be pleased to mail a sheet of testimonials to any interested.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Also cure all forms of Biliousness, prevent Constipation and Dyspepsia, promote Digestion, relieve distress from too hearty eating, correct Disorders of the Stomach, Stimulate the Liver, and Regulate the Bowels. They do all this by taking just one little pill at a dose. They are purely vegetable, do not gripe or purge, and are as nearly perfect as it is possible for a pill to be. Price 25 cents, 5 for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., ERIE, PA.
Sold by A. W. Nickell. 27y1.

LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS
Neatly printed at this office.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL
TRADE MARK.
WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
CURES RHEUMATISM, CURES COUGHS and COLDS
CURES RHEUMATISM, CURES COUGHS and COLDS
Cures Sore Throat, Cures Diptheria
CURES LAME BACK & STIFF JOINTS
CURES LAME BACK & STIFF JOINTS
CURES BURNS, CUTS and BRUISES
CURES BURNS, CUTS and BRUISES
Sold by A. W. Nickell, Druggist, Brownville.

Go to Nickell's for Mrs. Freeman's New National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color they are unequaled. Color 2 to 5 lbs., price 15 cents.

AUTHORIZED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.
First National Bank
—OF—
BROWNVILLE.
Paid-up Capital, $50,000
Authorized " 500,000
IS PREPARED TO TRANSACT A
General Banking Business
BUY AND SELL
COIN & CURRENCY DRAFTS
on all the principal cities of the
United States and Europe

MONEY LOANED
On approved security only. Time Drafts discounted, and special accommodations granted to depositors. Dealers in GOVERNMENT BONDS,
STATE, COUNTY & CITY SECURITIES
DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and INTEREST allowed on time certificates of deposit.
DIRECTORS.—Wm. T. Den, B. M. Bailey, M. A. Handley, Frank E. Johnson, Luther Hoadley Wm. Fraisher.
JOHN L. CARSON,
A. R. DAVISON, Cashier. President.
J. C. McNAUGHTON, Asst. Cashier.

O. K. BARBER SHOP
The old Barbershop No. 47 is now owned and run by
HAWKINS & BERLIN.
It is the best fitted shop in the city, and the place is generally patronized by the people. This firm keep only
Experienced Workmen,
and gentlemanly and accommodating in their conduct. All kinds of
TONSORIAL WORK
done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
THE BEST DYES
made are always in preparation.
A Fine Stock of Cigars
always on hand.

CHARLES BODY
Hereby calls the attention of the people of Brownville and vicinity to the fact that he keeps a full line of the best
FAMILY GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
FLOUR,
CONFECTIONS, etc.
And sells at the very Lowest Living Rates. He also has a
RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT
Where Meals at all Hours are furnished upon the shortest notice. People from the country are invited to call and get a "square meal" for only
25 CENTS

TUTT'S PILLS!
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
A Noted Divine says:
Dr. TUTT.—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last Spring your Pills were recommended; I used them. I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and have gained forty pounds flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. E. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying.

[In compliance with the request of numerous readers we publish the following poetical gem from the pen of the lamented General Lytle.]

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows,
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, support me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets
Thou and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
Though my wrecked and shattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore,
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I will perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the Lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him;
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Here, then, pillow on my bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
Weeps within her widowed home—
Seek her; say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path of Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches;
Let his brow the laurels twine.
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! quick! my falchion,
Let them meet me ere I die!
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall his heart exultant swell.
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra! Rome! farewell.

Cleopatra's Soliloquy.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARK.

What care I for the tempest? What care I for the rain?
If it beat upon my posom, would it cool its burning pain—
This pain that ne'er has left me since on his heart I lay,
And sobbed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
O Antony! Antony! Antony! When in thy circling arms
Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred shrine
With living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?
O when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,
As a queen of love and beauty I lie in thy embrace—
Melting—melting—melting, as a woman only can
When she's a willing captive in the conquering arms of man.
I fear no Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid,
The world holds not the women of whom I am afraid.
But I'm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss,
And I would not that another should share with me the bliss.
No joy would I deny him, let him call it where he will,
So mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still;
So that he feels forever, when he Love's nectar sips,
'Twas sweeter—sweeter—sweeter when tasted on my lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine
Shall be unto my loved as 'water after wine.'
Awhile let Cæsar fancy Octavia's pallid charms
Can hold Rome's proudest counsel a captive in her arms,
Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine,
And for my warm caressed he in her arms shall pine.
'Twas not for love he sought her, but for her princely dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, and she brought him kingly power.
I should have bid him take her had he my counsel sought;
I've but to smile upon him, and all her charms are naught;
For I would scorn to hold him by but a single hair,
Save his own longing for me when I'm no longer there;
And I will show you, Roman, that for one kiss for me,
Wife—fame—and even honor to him shall nothing be?
Throw wide the window, Isis—fling perfumes o'er me now,
And bind the lotus blossoms again upon my brow.
The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm is passed,
And calm are nature's pulses, that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous phrenzy, and Eros reigns serene,
The only god e'er worshiped by Egypt's haughty Queen.
With Antony—my loved—I'll kneel before his shrine
Till the loves of Mars and Venus are naught to his and mine;
And down through coming ages, in every land and tongue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony be sung.
Burn sandal wood and cassia, let the vapor round me wreathe,
And mingled with the incense the lotus blossoms breathe.
Let India's spicy odors and Persia's perfumes rare
Be wafted on the pinions of Egypt's fragrant air.
With the sighing of the night breeze, the river's rippling flow,
Let me hear the notes of music in cadence soft and low,
Draw round my couch its curtains; I'll bathe my soul in sleep;
I feel its gentle languor upon me slowly creep.
O let me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy feel his presence, in fancy taste his kiss.
In fancy nestle closely against his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more—no more to part.
Hush! hush! his spirit's pinions are rustling in my ears;
He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears;
He comes upon the tempest in answer to my call.
Wife—fame—and even honor for me he leaves them all;
And royally I'll welcome my lover to my side.
I have won him—I have won him from Cæsar and his bride.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER.

A Tradition of Rome.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

The events I am about to narrate occurred in the years of 1584-85, A. D.

In a rocky valley spanned by a ruined aqueduct, a young painter, who was only known by the name of Adrien, had taken up his abode.

His hut, for it was little else, had been constructed in the two arches of the aqueduct, which still remained perfect. Within were half finished pictures and rude weapons. The painter was obliged to hunt for his daily sustenance among the wild goats of the mountains.

One day a man advanced in years, though still hale and hearty, clambered up the rocks to Adrien's abode, but he found only a young peasant there, a kind of dependent upon Adrien, who told him that the painter was absent hunting. The soldier, for the half armor and heavy sword he wore proclaimed him such, sat down upon a fragment of rock to await for Adrien's return.

This man was an adventurer, a soldier of fortune, and his name was Annibal Bonistalli. He had come there to fulfill a promise made to an old comrade, who, in dying, had said, "Annibal, I leave you my son." He accepted the trust. A tough old man-at-arms he made a poor nurse, so he had confided the boy to more tender keeping; but now he was a man, he had returned to watch over him.

"Halloo, youngster!" he cried, calling the peasant to him; "is there not a wooden cross on the roadside beyond? such a cross as they erect to mark the spot where a hero has been killed!"

"Near the convent of St. Ursula?' asked the peasant.

"Ay—is it still there?'

"No.'

Annibal breathed a sigh of disappointment—nothing to remind the world that his comrade had ever lived in it.

"But there is a small chapel,' continued the peasant.

"A chapel!' cried Annibal, in surprise. "Who built it?'

The peasant sank his voice confidentially as he answered:

"No one knows.'

"And is there a mass said for his soul?'

"Every year, the day of the—the—*accident*, a priest comes there in secret.'

"What priest?'

"Hush! The father Anselmo.'

"And who is he?' questioned Annibal, growing more and more surprised.

"Hush!" answered the peasant, mysteriously. "No one knows; he comes concealed in his long gown and cowl, and retires as he came, unquestioned and unknown.'

The peasant withdrew, leaving the soldier to muse over what he had been told, and to wonder who this father Anselmo could possibly be, who took such an interest in his dead comrade, when, looking up, he saw a monk, with bowed form and tottering steps, clambering painfully up the rocky ascent. The soldier, who appeared to have a tender heart, in spite of his rough-bearded visage, sprang to his assistance and helped him to a seat before the hut.

"Thanks, my son, thanks,' gasped the monk, who appeared to be in the last stage of senility, though his cowl revealed but a small portion of his features. "You too are a wayfarer. Have you come far?'

"From the Low Countries,' answered the soldier. "Twelve years ago I joined the Don John of Austria, and fought with him until his death—he died in his bed, poor fellow! and then I took the road back to Italy. Whenever I happened to pass any country where there was any fighting going on, I joined in it just to keep my hand in; consequently I have been just four years on my way home.'

"And what say they of Italy in the foreign countries where you have fought?' asked the monk, curiously.

"What say they?' repeated Annibal, scornfully. "Why, more truth than we Italians dare to say of it at home. They say it is the tomb of the Roman Empire, and, like all tombs, contains nothing but corruption.'

The monk arose and whispered, cautiously: "Not so loud, friend; you are on the demesne of the Orsini; beware, or you may spoil your chance of service in their house.'

"I serve the Orsini!" cried Annibal, indignantly.

"Wherefore not?' asked the monk, regarding him curiously.

"Wherefore! I will tell you,' answered Annibal in a low, concentrated tone of rage.

"Twelve years ago, not far from here, was committed the foul crime of murder; it was done in open day; the victim was my only friend, comrade, brother; my worthless life he saved a hundred times. O, what a heart was there; gentle, but terrible—a hero's heart! Well, this man, this comrade, basely trapped as he left the abby of St. Ursula, was by the Orsini traitorously assassinated!"

"Peretti!' cried the monk, quickly, and in a strong voice, greatly at variance with his apparent decrepitude.

"You knew him?' asked Annibal, in astonishment.

"I have heard of him,' returned the monk, in his quavering voice again.

Annibal bestowed a searching glance upon him, but he seemed nothing more than the aged monk he appeared to be.

"My son,' continued the monk, "you have a kind heart, frank and open; too frank, too open for Italy. But I must be stirring. Will you lend me your arm to the foot of the mountain?'

"Ay, father,' responded the soldier, readily, for he had conceived quite a liking for his venerable companion.

They descended the mountain together, toward Albano.

When Annibal returned to the hut he found Adrien at home, who gave his foster-father a glad welcome, after his long absence; but the old soldier perceived that this ward was ill at ease, and he soon ascertained the cause. Adrien was in love. He had dared to raise his eyes to Claudia Colonna, and though beloved by her in return, her father and her brother had branded him an insolent and nameless beggar.

Annibal became greatly excited at this.

"They lied!' he exclaimed, fiercely, "and you shall tell them so. Come with me to Albano, the place of the Colonnas!'

"Wherefore?' asked Adrien in surprise.

"To give them your name; the name of your father—a man as noble as their own—a name that ere now has made their order quake, and may again. Come, ADRIEN PERETTI!'

The nobles of the Colonna family were holding a council in the palace of the Guido Colonna, the father of Claudia, and the Cardinal Montalto (the aged monk whom Annibal had assisted) was present. He was an old friend and counsellor of the family, and his interests were considered identical with theirs. They had assembled to decide upon a matter of great moment. The Count Paulo Orsini had demanded the hand of Claudia for his son Octavio. This alliance would bind in one the two great feudal families of the Roman States. The nobles all gave their consent to this union, and it was destruction to all Montalto's plans; he dared not to raise his voice against the contemplated union.

His Holiness, the Pope, Gregory XIII., was sinking hourly. It was expected daily that the conclave would be called to name his successor. Montalto hoped for the Colonna influence. They thought this weak, infirm old man, whose form was ever bowed, and whose eyes ever sought the ground, would be but a puppet, crowned with the triple tiara, in their hands, and that they could rule in his name. So it was decided, in this family council, that Claudia should marry Octavio Orsini, and that Cardinal Montalto should be nominated to fill the papal chair, on the decease of Gregory.

Adrien Preetti and Annibal Bonistalli were received with scant courtesy, when they called at the Colonna palace; and when Adrien boldly proclaimed his name and demanded the hand of Claudia, they laughbd his pretentions to scorn, and Count Guido gave him a flat refusal. Swords were drawn, and the intercession of Montalto alone prevented bloodshed. He appeared to take a great interest in Peretti's son, and regarded him with a look of earnest attention.

Adrien withdrew with his trusty friend, but though baffled, he was by no means defeated. Love laughs at all obstacles; and finding that she was doomed to a man that she could not love, Claudia fled from her home to the man she could love.

Montalto met the fugitives, accompanied by the trusty Annibal, at a small holstery on the road to Albano. But they did not fear him, for the poor decrepit old man seemed very friendly to them. The fugitives were anxious to have the marriage ceremony performed at once.

"What priest would dare to bless the union?' asked Montalto.

"There is but one in Italy,' answered Adrien. "It is he, who, yearly, beside my father's grave, dares to celebrate the service of the dead, and call down Heaven's wakeful justice on the murderers.'

"The monk Anselmo,' responded Annibal. "Ay, but they say the worthy father is dead.'

"Dead!' repeated Adrien, with a blank look at the trembling girl who clung so confidingly to his arm.

"Be comforted, my son,' said Montalto. "If Claudia seeks your protection, Providence will find the means to sanctify the union, even though the monk Anselmo have to be received to perform the ceremony.'

With these mysterious words he hobbled away. They partook of some slight refreshment at the holstery, and then the landlord surprised them by informing them that the Father awaited them in the neighboring chapel to perform the ceremony. With great joy they hastened thither. The chapel was dimly lighted, and a tall form, clad in a monkish garb of black serge, stood behind the altar. His cowl entirely concealed his features. In a deep resonant voice he questioned them, and then pronounced the vows that made them man and wife.

Scarcely was the ceremony completed when they were surprised, on leaving the chapel, by the Count Guido Colonna, his son Lorenzo, and a number of retainers. A desperate struggle ensued upon the little green before the door. Claudia was torn from her husband's arms, and he struck down bleeding and senseless; Annibal passed his sword through Lorenzo's body—a fatal wound—and seized upon Adrien, dragged him into the chapel, where the monk Anselmo came to his assistance, and showed him a secret outlet behind the altar, into which they retreated with Adrien, and baffled pursuit. The Count Guido returned to his palace with Claudia and the dead body of his son Lorenzo. It had proved a bitter day for him.

It was considered that Claudia had disgraced her family, and was consigned to the convent of St. Ursula and doomed to become a nun. Montalto contrived to see her on the day her noviate expired, and advised her to take the vows, assuring her that her marriage with Adrien, which could be proved in good time, would render them null and void. But when he sought to leave the abby, he discovered that he was a prisoner. The Coronnas had suspected his amoitious designs, and as the Cardinals were in session, choosing a new pope, they determined to keep him a captive until the election was over.

Release came when he last expected it. Adrien, who had recovered from his wound, had found many friends among the mountains, and he and Annibal, headed by a band of Zingari from the Abruzzi, made a fierce onslaught upon the convent, which was garrisoned by Colonna's troops for the purpose of rescuing Claudia. The attack proved disasterous to the assailants. Annibal was taken prisoner, and Adrien and his followers forced to retreat. But in the confusion the wily Montalto escaped and made the best of his way to Rome.

The gentle loving Claudia was condemned to die. She had broken her vows, and the convent's laws were inexorable. The dreadful sentence had been passed upon her—the "Living Tomb." Here the victim is placed in a cell, and the wall built up around her. But Montalto interposed in her favor and had her brought to Rome, claiming her in the name of the Inquisition.

Adrine and his partisans mingled with the populace and loudly shouted for Montalto, whilst the Cardinals in their secret conclave deliberated upon the choice of a pope. The excitement ran high, and, thinking to still it, Count Paulo Orsini—Montalto's bitterest enemy—signed an order for her instant execution.

In a saloon in the Vatican Montalto awaited, with a feverish anxiety, the moment when the cannon of St. Angelo should announce that a pope was chosen, and the name of the successful candidate be pronounced. To his great surprise the governor of Rome brought Annibal Barnistalli to him, saying that he had demanded to see him. The governor then withdrew, leaving them together. Annibal was very pale and supported himself by the back of a chair. His right arm was bound up. Montalto scarcely recognized him.

"What has happened to you?' he asked.

"They put me to the torture to make me tell who the monk Anselmo was,' answered Annibal, with a grim smile; "what other name he bore, and where he was to be found.'

"But why did you suffer this?' asked the Cardinal; "why did you not confess?'

"Why did I not confess? Because I saw they meant no good to the monk Anselmo; and because it was that monk who caused a chapel to be built over the grave of my comrade Peretti; because that monk wept and prayed over the same tomb where I've prayed and wept; because he had aided Peretti's son; because the life of the poor broken soldier is ready to preserve the the secret and honor of the Cardinal Montalto.'

The Cardinal was deeply moved.

"Annibal,' he said, "forgive the suffering you have borne for my sake. Listen: this Peretti, your old comrade this Peretti, whose son has inherited the love you bore his father—this bosom friend of yours, cowardly assassinated by the Orsini, had a brother.'

"A brother?' cried Annibal in surprise.

"I am he!'

"You—the brother of Peretti—you?'

Annibal fell upon his knees and kissed the Cardinal's hand. It was all plain to him then. A tumult in the street now attracted their attention, and Adrien entered, bearing Claudia in his arms. He placed her at the Cardinal's feet.

"I have dragged her from the executioner's grasp!' he exclaimed. "Save her!'

An officer and file of soldiers followed him.

"Secure your prisoner!' cried the officer.

"Hold!' said Montalto, extending his hands over the kneeling girl; remember you stand on sacred ground.'

A sound now starteled them all. It was the cannon of St. Angelo. A pope had been chosen. The governor of Rome and a number of Cardinals entered the apartment, and the governor saluted Montalto and announced to him that he had been selected to fill the papal chair. Montalto threw off his decrepitude as if it had been a garment, and drew himself up to his full height.

"What does this mean?' cried the governor, in astonishment.

"It means that Montalto has no longer need to play the dying man,' answered the new pope, with a full and true accent of triumph. "That he can cast aside the mask. It means that Rome has now a master who dares to purge its nests of crime, and its refuges of traitors and assassins, be they as high as the Orsini, or as low as their hireling ruffians. The abbey of St. Ursula is hereby dissolved, its lands are confiscated—let the Orsini quit Rome within the space of twelve hours.' He raised Claudia gently up. "You are free, lady,' he continued, "for you are innocent. The vows were null and void. I know it, for it was these hands which joined yours in marriage.' And when they would have knelt gratefully at his feet, he caught them both in fond embrace, crying, "No, no, my children, on my heart.'

"By what name may we salute your holiness?' asked the governor.

SIXTUS THE FIFTH!" answered Montalto. And they all did him reverence.

"And wherefore did you assume the stooping gait and the appearance of age?' asked the Cardinal Farnese.

And Montalto answered him with a pleasant smile.

"*I was looking for the* KEYS OF ST. PETER, *and I have found them!*"

Insane Patients at the Circus.

Mr. Taylor, steward of the insane hospital, gratified three of the patients of the institution, by taking them to the circus, the other day. They enjoyed the performance very much, and begged to be allowed to remain for the concert. While Mr. Taylor was talking to a friend, the man selling tickets for the concert came along, when one of the lunatics asked for three tickets—the tickets were handed over and the patient proceeded to write out a check on the First National Bank for seventy-five cents. The concert butcher wanted money and not checks, and the crazy man insisted that his check for a million would be honored. It was only when informed that the three men were insane that he let them alone.

After the circus, they had their shoes blacked by one of the little boot-blacks of the city. When the job was performed, one of them pulled from his pocket a sheet of writing paper, and handing it to the boy, remarked, "There my boy is a deed of 160 acres of the best land in Nebraska, take it, secure a wife, be happy, and always remember your benefactor." The boy thought he was getting too much taffy, and was inclined to get mad, when some one whispered in his ear, "Those fellows are from the asylum, and are crazy." He did not stop to banter with his customers any longer, but picked up his box and brushes and hurried away.—*State Journal.*

Good Sense.

BROOKLYN, May 11.—"Robert Ingersoll," said Mr. Beecher, at Plymouth prayer-meeting, last evening, "is not a saint, but there is not a man on the continent, I suppose, to whom he would not give his hand, after putting it in his pocket and filling it with silver. I am not personally acquainted with him. I suppose this to be his disposition, and yet he kicks over the New Testament and the whole Bible. He swears at the ministers, and unjustly criticises them, but his whole nature couples him with his fellow-beings, and this marks him as a Christian. I say that the man who holds to the New Testament and passes by on the other side of the street when men need help and sympathy, is an infidel. He is orthodox for the outside of the Bible but an infidel for the inside. Those who despise their fellow-men and keep aloof from them, are absolutely infidel, and men who do this under a government like our own are piteously infidel."

A Strange Cure.

"Can you cure my eyes?" said a man to Dr. Brown.

"Yes," said the doctor, "if you will follow my prescription."

"Oh, certainly, doctor," said the patient; "I will do anything to have my eyes cured. What is your remedy, doctor?"

"You must steal a horse," said the doctor, very soberly.

"Steal a horse, doctor!" said the patient in amazement. "How will that cure my eyes?"

"You would be sent to State prison for five years, where you could not get whisky, and during your incarceration your eyes would get well," said the doctor.

The patient looked somewhat incredulous, but he did not adopt the doctor's remedy.

Politically, Grant is nothing to us, but when the rebels are beating their prunning hooks into swords, we feel more comfortable at seeing Grant looking over the fence smoking.—*Peck's (Milwaukee) Sun, Dem.*

Nellie's Proposal.

"Really, Catherine, I don't wonder at Mary's surprise at your behavior. You forget that you are Frank's widow. You are too forward." I hesitated a moment, really anxious to keep my temper; for I was Frank's widow, and the speaker was his mother.

"Forward!" cried Mary. "Indeed, you would have been shocked last night, mother. There was Mr. Vance urging her to sing, and acting as if Herbert Halstead was her only friend, when it was only as a married woman——"

"Yes," interrupted Julia. "I think mother, if you can't make Kate realize that she is married, with a daughter nearly six years of age, you had better——"

"Send me away." I broke in, unable longer to control myself; "it's not the first time that hint has been thrown out, and if it were not for little Nellie, poor child, I would go away to earn my living at once. You drive me desperate. I declare I will marry again, and get rid of all this——" and then I burst into tears.

"Marry again! How will you do it? Oh, yes! a good joke!" cried Julia, with a shrug at my tears. "Don't you see, Mary, it's leap year!" and she laughed derisively.

"Who'll you ask?" sneered Mary. "Herbert Halstead? Julia, you had better look out.'

"You may sneer,' I cried, checking my tears, I was now thoroughly angry. "But I tell you, if no one would ask me to marry him, I believe I should ask Mr. Halstead, and he'd have me!'

I had fairly taken up their own weapons of personalities which I scorned. The moment after, ashamed of myself, I ran to my room to put on my bonnet and get out of the house. I looked in the glass, as I put on the crape bonnet, with the widow's cap and heavy veil on my head, and I saw a face to which it was very becoming, though not a remarkable pretty face. It looked not more than twenty-one, some say not more than twenty; but I was really over twentyfour. Married at eighteen to Frank Stevens, I had been a petted wife for four years and now a widow of two. The thought of the happiness of the four and the loneliness of the two, as I looked at the face surrounded by crape, made the tears come again, but I brushed them away resolutely and went out, knowing that a brisk walk would do me more good than anything else. I went out without my darling, my inserarable companion, my little baby girl, Nellie. This alone showed how troubled I was. Truth to tell, I was too angry to trust myself with the little one, who might have asked to have our conversation explained, for she was in the room at the time. I could only hope that at five years old a child could not understand me.

Soon after I left, my mother-in-law and her daughters went out for a drive. They invited Nellie to go, but she, feeling, perhaps, that they had not treated mamma well, refused. Soon the front-door-bell rang, and like all children, Nellie must run to see who was there. She managed to open the door herself, and there stood her prime favorite among the gentlemen that visited the house, Mr. Halstead, or as she had called him since her babyhood, uncle Herbert. He had been her father's chum and dearest friend, and loved the child for Frank's sake.

"Ladies home, Nell?'

"I'm home,' she said, 'and I dess mamma 'll be in soon.'

'Very well. Let's go in the parlor and have a chat.'

Nellie sat in his lap discussing the merits of cocoanut cakes and sugar almonds a little while; but suddenly dropping her candies in her lap she asked, "What's leap—leap—leap, I fordot. Do you know what it is?'

"Leap, leap frog? leap year? Is that it?'

"Yes. What is it?'

"Why, it's a year when you ladies can ask the gentlemen to marry you. But you see, Nellie, you're too young, or wouldn't you ask me?'

"Oh, no! I wouldn't ask you. Mamma's going to ask you.'

The young man nearly dropped the child, and then folded her close to him, lest perhaps he should forget her again.

"What do you mean, darling?' he asked. "Now think, Nellie, but don't tell Uncle Herbert anything of your own make up.'

"Oh, no! really, truly, bless me, she's alive—isn't that what you say when you are true? Well!'

The little tot gave a long sigh and paused, Herbert not daring to interrupt her lest she should see his anxiety, and miniature woman that she was, should refuse to satisfy him.

"Well,' she repeated, "you see, they does scold mamma, so they does. To-day morning they maked mamma cry, to-morrow (she would call yesterday to-morrow) they scolded her again because she wouldn't sing, and then they said she was fordard. What's fordard?'

"Forward indeed!' ejaculated Herbert, under his breath. "If it had been some others, now. But, Nellie, how about leap year?'

"Oh, yes! I most fordot, didn't I? Well, you see, mamma said—but, oh, Uncle Herbert, I never showed you my two weenie new little kittens! They's only little sings, wivout eyes. Come out to the piazza and I'll show you.'

It was no use to be impatient. The young man knew the child too well for that, and so they went out and inspected the kittens. Then he tried to coax Nellie back to the subject.

"Oh, I fordot!' she said. "Only they made mamma say——'

"What did they say, darling? I'll give you a big doll——'

"With real hair?'

"Yes, yes! Real hair and eyes, and oh, nothing. But did they say I wanted to marry——'

'They say mamma wasn't a girl, and she was old; and mamma said—oh, there's mamma. Mamma didn't you ask Uncle Herbert to marry you? He wants to know."

I had come in, looking for the child, and that was the speech I heard. I felt ready to sink with mortification.

"Kate, darling, can't I hope you'll let me ask? You must know that I hoped, when these (touching my veil and black dress) were put aside, that I could ask you to let me care for you and at once. Come, darling,' as I hid my face in my hands. "You've asked me to marry you; and I must name the day; and I say now, at once. Let's give them a good thorough surprise. I can guess how they've treated you. Come, now, get this fairy ready, this blessed little darling, that has brought me my happiness, and we'll go to your own minister.'

I tried to refuse, but I was so weary of living with mother-in-law, that at last we three slipped out of the house; and dear Dr. S——, who had baptized me, married to Frank and knew Herbert well, married us.

We drove back and reached the front door as the family were returning. Julia, who would appropriate Herbert, stepped forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Halstead. So you met Kate on the steps? Strange!'—with a glance at me, as if I had planned to meet him.

"Not at all, Miss Julia,' said Herbert. "My wife and I just call in to receive your congratulations and to leave little Midget here for a few days.'

No tableau I have ever seen was half so comical as the one those three made. I really felt for Julia, for I knew she cared for Herbert. She gained self-possession quickly, and congratulated me, whispering as she kissed me:

"So you asked him?'

My husband heard and answered:

"No, Miss Julia, she did not ask me. Through other means, thank God, I learned the one I loved, was unhappy; and, as I hoped, for more than a year past, to soon ask her to be my wife, I pursuaded her to marry me at once. Leap year privileges are still open for those who choose to use them?'

We are quite an old married couple now; for three years have passed, but Herbert and I still often laugh over Nellie's leap year proposal.

Romantic Elopement.

The neighborhood of Elizabeth City, N. C., is in a state of great excitement over the recent elopement and marriage of a gushing young couple, Jonathan Ivy and Florence Seymark. The young lady's parents did not approve of young Ivy's advances and forbade him their house. The lovers, however, managed to meet clandestinely, and had made up their minds to an elopement, which was to have occurred one night Old man Seymark, by some means or other, got wind of the proposed escapade and went gunning that day for Jonathan. Coming up with the gay young lover, he blazed away at him, shooting him in the shoulder, and inflicting a painful, but not dangerous wound. Florence was overwhelmed with grief by her father's hasty conduct, and her passion for her wounded lover was intensified a thousand fold. She sent him a letter telling him she would fly with him that night if he would come for her. So that night young Ivy put in an appearance with a close carriage about 1 o'clock. Miss Florence was in a terrible dilemma, for her cruel parents, to insure against any escapade, had not only locked the girl into her room, but had also taken away every stitch of her clothing. But she was not to be baffled. She made a rope of the sheets of her bed and let herself down to the ground, with no other garment but a night dress. She told the coachman to "look the other way," and after her lover had helped her into the carriage and covered her with the carriage robes, she made him sit on the box with the coachman. They drove to the house of a friend, where Florence was attired in proper garments, and then proceeded to the house of a sympathizing preacher, where the lovers were speedily united in wedlock.

Circassian Story of a Kiss.

Chamber's Journal.

A man was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and reaching the point of junction at the same time, then walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken; in the other, a cane; and he was leading a goat. They neared a ravine. Said the woman: "I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force." Said the man: "How can I possibly overpower you, and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat. I might as well be tied hand and foot." "Yes," replied the woman. "But if you