THE ADVERTISER.

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Proprietors.

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READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

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THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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12 inches	7 00	10 00	5 00	60 0
24 inches	12 00	18 00	8 00	100 0

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☞All transcient advertisements must be paid or in advance.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

SOCIAL DIRECTORY.

LODGES.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. J. C McNAUGHTON, C. C. F. E. JOHNSON, K. R. S.

Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week, in their new hall over Lowman's store. Visiting brothers cordially invited. HENRY COHN, N. G. B. R. Thompson, Secy.

Brownville Division No. 19, Sons of Temperance. Meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, over Thurman's drug store, Main street. Strangers of our order visiting the city are invited to meet with us. A. G. GATES W. P. G. W. FAIRBROTHER Sr., R. S.

Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings third Thursday evening in each month.

Brownville Chapter No. 4, R. A. M.—Stated meetings first Monday night in each month.

Furnas Council No. 3, R. S. & S. E. M.—Stated meetings fourth Monday in each month.

Mt. Carmel Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. & C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Monday.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month.

CHURCHES.

Methodist E. Church.—Services each Sabbath at 11:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. J. M. RICHARDS, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services each Sabbath at 11:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evenings. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p. m. J. T. BAIRD, Pastor.

CITY OFFICERS.

City Council.—Meets the First Monday in each month. Mayor, F. A. Tisdel, Aldermen—First Ward—W. T. Den, E. S. Wibley; Second Ward—F. S. Johnson, W. A. Judkins; Third Ward—Lewis Hill, Fredrick Parker. Marshal, D. Campbell. Clerk, J. R. Decker. Treasurer, J. Blake. Police Judge, J. S. Stull.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners—J. Higgins, Alex. McKinley, John H. Shook. County Clerk, Wilson L. Majors. District Clerk, W. H. Hoover. Sheriff, D. Plasters. Probate Judge, E. M. McCord. Treasurer, A. H. Gilmore. Surveyor, J. Gilbert. County Superintendent, D. W. Pierson.

GRANGE DIRECTORY

Officers of the National Grange.

D. W. Adams, Master, Wankon, Iowa. O. H. Kelley, Secretary, Washington, D. C.

Officers of the State Grange.

Wm. S. Porter, Master; Wm McCalg, Secretary; Lincoln.

Nemaha County Central Association.

Church Howe, President, Sherman; W. G. Swan, Vice-President, Howard; T. J. Majors, Secretary, Peru; S. W. Kennedy, Treasurer, Brownville; Wm. Bridge, County Deputy, Peru.

TRUSTEES.—Wm. Bridge, Peru; J. Marlatte Brownville; S. Robertson, Howard.

GRANGES.

GRANGE.	MASTER.	SECRETARY.
Amity	Church Howe	Wm. P. Friss
Bratton	G. P. Avery	R. H. Bailey
Clifton	J. Gilbert	
Charter Oak	R. V. Black	G. Wathan
Forest Grove	Wm. Hannaford	A. C. Leeper
Fairview	N. J. Harmes	Mrs. L. Schnyder
Grand Prairie	Eli Wood	Robt. Skillon
Highland	N. P. Meader	C. Meader
Honey Creek	G. Glasgow	W. W. Smith
Helping Hand	G. Lilly	S. Webber
London	J. H. Peery	W. H. Harris
Liberty	H. Childs	F. Patrick
Lafayette	J. H. Higgins	S. Robertson
Nemaha	W. M. Stokes	T. C. Kimsey
Nemaha Centre	Wm. Watkins	Thos. Burress
Nemaha Valley	A. Waltz	R. F. Seutor
Normal	T. J. Majors	J. M. Pettit
Pleasant Ridge	C. Campbell	Robt. Coleman
Pleasant Valley	Wm. Jones	J. Marlatte
Pleasant Hill	LeRoy Mason	L. L. Mason
Protection	John Strain	C. Barnes
Prospect	O. B. Hewett	J. B. Piper
Rosewood	Perry Buckels	
Rising Star	Wm. Bagley	W. Bridge
Rising Sun	Geo. Crow	A. J. Skeen
Security	Wm. F. Paris	H. O. Minick
Unity	S. Cochran	J. Maxwell
Washington	Chas. Blodgett	O. J. Matthews
Zion	J. A. Giel	C. M. Giel

TIME SCHEDULES.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES:

Burlington & Missouri River Railroad in Nebraska.

MAIN LINE.

11:25 a.m. leave	...Plattsmouth...	2:05 p.m. arrive
2:45 p.m.	.....Lincoln.....	11:15 a.m. leave
10:00 p.m. arrive	..Kearney Junc..	3:45 a.m leave

OMAHA BRANCH.

1:15 p.m. leave	...Plattsmouth...	12:15 a.m. arrive
2:00 p.m. arrive	.....Omaha.....	10:50 a.m. leave

BEATRICE BRANCH.

3:55 p.m. leave	.....Crete.....	7:45 a.m. arrive
6:05 p.m. arrive	.....Beatrice.....	4:45 a.m. leave

Chicago & North Western Railway.

Trains at Council Bluffs arrive and depart as follows

GOING WEST	ARRIVE	GOING EAST	DEPART
Day Express	10:35 p.m.	Day Express	6:30 a.m.
Night Express	9:15 a.m.	Night Express	4:05 p.m.
		Ex. Freight	10:30 a.m.

W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pas. Agt.

Kansas City, St. Joe. & C. B. Railroad.

Trains leave Phelps Station as follows:

Going North	5:30 a. m.	Going South	9:35 a. m.
Going North	4:35 p. m.	Going South	3:45 p. m.

A. C. DAWES, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Midland Pacific Railway.

9:20 a.m.	5:05 p.m.	Nebraska City	2:00 p.m.	4:50 p.m.
7:20 p.m.	8:35 p.m.	Lincoln	10:35 a.m.	12:00 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	8:20 p.m.		10:25 a.m.	10:10 a.m.
3:40 p.m.	10:15 p.m.	Seward	9:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.

J. N. CONVERSE, Sup't.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ATTORNEYS.

B. C. Parker,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, LAND AND TAX Paying Agent, Howard, Neb. Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. 16m6

E. E. Ebright,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary public and Real Estate Agent. Office in Court House Building, Brownville Neb.

T. L. Schick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—MAY BE CONSULTED in the German language. Office next door to County Clerk's Office, Court House Building, Brownville, Nebraska. 18-6y

J. S. Stull,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office, No. 70 Main street, (up stairs,) Brownville, Neb. 18-6y

J. H. Broady,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Office over State Bank, Brownville, Neb.

E. W. Thomas,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office, front room over Stevenson & Cross's Hardware Store, Brownville, Neb.

W. T. Rogers,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.—Will give diligent attention to any legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Court House Building, Brownville, Neb.

PHYSICIANS.

A. S. HOLLADAY, M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Graduated in 1851. Located in Brownville 1855. Office, Lett & Creigh's Drug Store, McPherson Block. Special attention paid to Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children. 10-6m

H. L. MATHEWS, Physician and Surgeon. Office in City Drug Store, No. 32 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

NOTARIES & COLLECTION AGENTS

L. A. Bergmann,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER.—Office, No. 41 Main street, Brownville, Neb.

LAND AGENTS.

WILLIAM H. HOOVER, Real Estate and Tax Paying Agent. Office in District Court Room. Will give prompt attention to the sale of Real Estate and Payment of Taxes throughout the Nemaha Land District.

BLACKSMITHS.

J. W. Gibson,

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

HOTELS.

AMERICAN HOUSE, L. D. Robison, Proprietor. Front street, between Main and College. Good Feed and Livery Stable in connection with this House.

LETTER HEADS, AND BILL HEADS

Neatly printed at this office.

Written for the Advertiser.

FILL YOUR STATION.

BY PLINN FORD.

Fill your station! fill it gladly!
Though it cause you earnest strife.
In this motto lies the secret
Of success in human life—
Let your deeds be good and noble;
Make your life-work one of love,
And your work shall be rewarded,
When your spirit rests above.

Fill your station! haughty rich man,
Though your paths be paved with gold,
Yet how useless are your riches,
When your life shall lose its hold,
Think how many starving children
Beg from day to day their bread;
And how many, poor and needy,
By your bounty might be fed.

Fill your station! humble poor man,
Tho' your life be fraught with care,
Yet your trials are recorded
By an angel bright and fair.
While your labors seem quite fruitless,
Strive however hard you may,
Try at all times to be cheerful,
While you work and hope and pray.

Fill your station! honored father—
On thy brow are marks of care;
And we count thy years of journey,
By thy silv'ry locks of hair.
Hast thou not fond sons and daughters,
Which are guided by thy will?
Then direct them by thy counsels,
That their stations they may fill.

Fill your station! gentle mother,
For if you fulfill your trust,
We shall cherish your remembrance
Till our dust return to dust.
For from childhood's happy hours,
Till our voices are not heard,
We are guarded by thy prayers,
And are guided by thy word.

Fill your station! sturdy farmer,
Yours is one of hardest toil;
Yet the type of Independence,
Is the tiller of the soil.
While many fain would scorn thee,
They forget by whom they're fed,
And that "Heaven gives the power
To the hand that holds the bread."

Fill your station! zealous christian—
Leave no deed of love undone,
Which will serve to help a brother,
While the race of life you run.
Then again shall speak the Master,
Unto you, when freed from sin,
"Well done good and faithful servant,
To thy joy now enter in."

Written for the Advertiser.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A True Tale Revised and Enlarged.

BY. U. K.

Texan steers were scattered on all sides. In some directions they were huddled close together, while in others those of more adventursome turn had stalked out some distance from the herd. The cornfield continued literally covered with them. This was the situation at the home of Mrs. Blaze, a small farm in the timber on the South side of a bluff of the Missouri river, in Nemaha county, near the Otoe line in Nebraska, one black December day. Mrs. Blaze stepped to the road a few rods in front of the house, to take the final view, before grappling with the difficulty. Just then came galloping around the turn of the hill towards her, a young man on a finely curried, spirited horse. He wore a plug hat, a flashy colored calico shirt, with standing collar, and ready made pants, checkered black and green, just from the store. A moment more and face to face we find Mrs. Blaze and Fredrick Spell. The one a woman of light, erect form, scarce the medium height, florid complexion, straight light brown hair, and dark gray eyes of withering expression; and the other a thick set young man, with large, short neck, beefy face, expressionless blue eyes, dark skin, tinged with muddy red from the fullness of blood, and stubby brown hair inclined to curl. With the woman everything succumbed to her will; with the man, the will succumbed to everything. The woman regardless of the opinion of others; the man's whole desire to acquire their approbation, and while the woman had more head, the man had more heart. The woman was moved by the passions of the mind; the man by the passions of the body; the latter like burning oil under a stream of water, and the former like prairie fire before a steady increasing gale.

"Do you know, sir, whose cattle these are?" said Mrs. Blaze.

"Good morning," said Fred, tipping his hat. "No, madam; I have only been in Nebraska three days, but I am at your service if anything is to be done about it; but on the old man's farm we wouldn't call such critters cattle. They look more like horns skutin' around on stilts. Are you a lone widow woman?"

"Sir," replied Mrs. Blaze, "my husband died a year ago, leaving this little farm, nothing coming, and I honestly believe, nothing owing, and four children, from Lucy, seventeen years old, down to Harry, eighteen months old, and myself his widow. He was a Baptist, and the Rev. old Uncle Solomon Bunn and Aunt Rachel, his wife, were at our house for a week, singing, haranguing and praying until I was almost distracted, and I dare say, actually prayed Mr. Blaze to death. But they did not stop at that, but kept coming to comfort me and the children, and blessing and eating my victuals all winter. In the spring I had little to live on and nothing to hire help with, so I took the team, and with the help of Lucy and sometimes old Aunt Betty Lumpkins yonder in the house, I managed to get the field planted in corn, and when finishing, Lucy and I came in about eleven o'clock in the morning and found aunt Rachel at the house waiting for her dinner, and so put out because of no prospect in that direction. She told me that this would never do, that Lucy and I should not work in the field any more. She would send her boys over to plow my corn, (and she has six great strapping lazy fellows) but I heard no more about it till one day in June, I came from the field, tired and dripping in sweat, when aunt Rachel broke out, telling me that I would kill myself if I kept on, and I must just quit. Says I, 'aunt Rachel, the empty barrel makes the most noise, you have bored me all I will stand, clear out and never darken my door again!'"

"And you fell out with your aunt?" said Fred.

"No," said Mrs Blaze, "she is not my aunt, nor is Aunt Betty, but that is what they are called. A kind of way we have of showing intimacy and respect."

Said Fred, "It's lucky there are no debts, so you have all you make to keep you."

"My dear sir," said Mrs. Blaze, "they prove up debts anyhow."

"How is that," said Fred, "I tho't a party was not allowed to swear against a dead man."

"Well sir, a note, they say, proves itself, where you prove the signature, and Mr. Grind has a note of seventy-five dollars against Mr. Blaze, that he fully settled and paid in their mutual transaction, for he told me so before he died, and I know it just as well as as I know I am standing here, for I know he would not tell a falsehood about it. Grind filed his note against the estate and when the day of hearing came on, I went up to Brownville thinking it would be no trouble to throw out that claim. When my time came I told the judge I wanted to prove that that note was paid. So I was sworn. I commenced: "Mr. Blaze told—" "Stop! stop!" said the lawyer on the other side, "we don't want to know what anybody said," and looked very wise at the judge. The judge then told me that I was not allowed to tell what any one said, only what I knew of my own knowledge. When the lawyer who told me to stop, asked me whose handwriting the signature to the note was, I answered, Mr. Blaze's. He thanked me for my evidence, and the court allowed the whole claim. Then there is old man Meaner who holds a note of $100 against Mr. Blaze, made about five years ago, and about the same time he contracted an account for work and other chores, to the amount of one hundred and forty dollars, owing from old Meaner to Mr. Blaze. So, when the claims were about five years old, old Meaner filed his note against the estate, and I filed the account to offset it, and offered to prove that Mr. Blaze told me that he and old Meaner had agreed that the note should be considered paid by the account, and have a balance due Mr. Blaze, of $40. But you see the same objection as in the other case stood in the way of my proving the agreement, and the court held that the account being four years old, was outlawed, and the note not being quite five years old was good, so the claim was allowed against the estate. Now old Meaner boasts that he will have it sold to pay the debts, and buy it in for a song, because in such sales the land does not have to sell for two-thirds of the appraisement, as in other cases. I was so worried about it, that as soon as corn plowing was over, I sold one of the horses to Mr. Kane for $100, in ten days, to pay off old Meaner, and save myself, but when the ten days were up, he failed to pay, and had sold the horse to Mr. Meaner. The whole thing was concocted by Meaner to force the farm to sale. And Kane tells me to sue, and he will stay it &c. And old Meaner intends in that way to get the farm yet. Mr. Blaze willed his whole property to me, and I am determined that the land shall not be sold. I have deprived my whole family of the necessaries of life to have all the proceeds of this years corn to pay off the debts with, and now where has it all gone? It was worth at least $350, enough to pay all claims, but the owner of these cattle now has it all, and I have none. They have continually pastured here until they have finished it, and torn down the lot fence and let my only horse out. A person dare not go near them on foot, so that we are hedged in with what you might call wild beasts. Nothing but Watch, our dog, has saved that little stack of sheaf oats, and if I mistake not, all these cattle belong to that rich old bachelor, Wiley, who has grown rich by robbing widows and orphans. But I will show him that he has his match for once, that there is one widow he will not rob."

"Now you're talkin', now you're talkin'", said Fred.

Just then out stepped Lucy, a little slim, nervous girl, with full forehead, finely shaped features, straight raven hair and two black eyes that danced like meteors. She went to the wood pile for wood, and there being none cut, she commenced pulling the bark from the old logs, and breaking the rotten limbs. Fred was struck with her appearance. He threw his bridle rein over a post' rushed up to where Lucy was and seized the axe to cut her some wood, and said:

"Do you have no one to cut your wood for you?"

Lucy laughed with her eyes, for she she was apt to give things a facetious turn, and see the ludicrous side first.

"No," said she, "I do it myself, and not only that, but often haul it from the woods."

Fred looked at her, and looked, and the more he looked, the more he admired, till he concluded that she was by all odds the prettiest thing the creator ever made, and determined on the spot that he would be a vallant knight, at her service, and said:

"Well I will put a stop to that."

Says Lucy, pointing to a Texan steer coming through the corn stocks toward the sheaf oats, "Will you stop that?" and laughed in her sleeve, for she was certain that Fred would not consider prudence the better part of valor.

Fred seized a limb and rushed for the steer, which, on noticing him, promptly reciprocated the rush, when Fred, recollecting what Mrs. Blaze had said, turned to run, but too late. The steer caught his horn in the leg of his pants, and tore it open almost full length. Watch had rallied to the rescue, and by his barking and snaping drew the attention of the steer.

Out come Aunt Betty with a "La me! what will this world come to anyhow? what in creation is the matter? be you hurt? Well! Well! these miserable cattle."

Fred promptly arose to his feet, somewhat amazed, and announced that he was not hurt.

"Dear me," said Aunt Betty, "just think, to have brand new breeches like that ruined."

Says Fred, "never mind that."

"But what a good thing it is they were rotten, shoddy goods, or you would have been killed."

"Blame the goods."

"But man alive, you will catch cold that way."

"Confound the cold."

"Why dear me, man, you aint got no darwers, neither."

"Blast the drawers" said Fred, with great vehemence, suffering the torment of the damned, for fear Lucy, whose face was turned convulsed with laughter, would turn toward him.

Fred, when raised by the steer, had fallen backward on the shivered stump of a corn-stock, and received a slight flesh wound. Aunt Betty now for the first time noticing blood on the mangled shoody goods, had all of her motherly nature aroused, and said:

"Why, dear me!—poor man, see the blood—we must do something. Lucy bring a tallered rag, we can put that on with no doctor."

"D—n the tallered rag, and you too," said Fred to Aunt Betty. "I'm gittin' out of this just as quick as the devil will let me. Where is my horse? My horse! in such excitement that he failed to hear Lucy echo back "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

But there was no horse. Mrs. Blaze, perceiving the danger to the oats, had mounted the horse, and as she rode by the oats seized a bundle, touched a burning match to one end, and charged onto the cattle, and threw the blazing sheaf, which lodged in the horns of one, scattering over its back, the blaze increasing until he was enveloped in flames, and ran snorting, and bellowing and burning through the herd, striking terror, and stampede through the whole, until the earth seemed to shake with the soundings and resoundings of thousands of hoofs. A moment more and the cattle, the woman and the horse had disappeared around the turn of the hill.

Language cannot describe the horrid feelings of Aunt Betty at this moment, nor the astounding amazement of Fred. When Aunt Betty had given vent to her first flood of feeling, she asked Fred to go into the east room and take off his pants and let Lucy mend them, which Fred sullenly declined, until Aunt Betty made this stronger appeal:

"You can't do nothing this way; and would you see a parcel of women in such a fix without doin' nothin' for 'em? No; not such a good looking man as you. Get your breeches mended, and get back your horse, and follow up them dreadful Texas cattle men."

"Now you're talkin'," said Fred, now you're talkin'."

"And tar and feather 'em," added Aunt Betty.

Aunt Betty proceeded at once to prepare the "tallered rag," and Lucy took the maimed pants to mend, and as she threaded her needle, sang aloud:

"The needle's eye will I supply
With thread that runs so true,
A many a beau have I let go,
Because I wanted you."

Fred, mistaking this for an outburst of affection, said softly to himself, "This is a right good place after all, if it was not for that son-of-a-gun of a Texan steer, and that old blizzard of an Aunt Betty, that aint got as much sense as a last year's bird's nest, and I reckon never will get that d—d "tallered rag out of her head."

Just then Aunt Betty's motherly hand reached the "tallered" rag thro' the door to Fred, as she said, "Poor feller, this may do you a power of good."

"Ugh! Ugh!! get *out*!" said Fred, as he stamped viciously, and slammed the door shut.

Mr. Wiley, with his hired man, was fast approaching the scene of action in search of the missing herd, when met by the frightened cattle, reined their horses to one side to avoid a collision with such fearful odds. With the rear guard of the flying herd they saw the mounted lady marshalling on the scattering steers; and the firmness with which she maintained her position on what they knew must be a man's saddle by the lone stirrup dangling loose on the off side, and the facility with which she handled the horse, as she reined him over the down brush and ditches, struck Mr. Wibley with surprise and admiration. Said he to his man while still he gazed, "A fair queen! look at her majesty, another Joan D'Arc. She rides 'like one born to rule the storm.'" On meeting her Mr. Wiley politely informed her that he was the owner of the herd, his name, and asked if she could tell him who was responsible for the stampede.

"Yes, sir," said she, "I can tell you. Thou art the man. You permitted them to trespass on me, and, in self defense, I frightened them off; but since you have obliged me by telling the name of the owner, I will reciprocate your self introduction. I am the one who sent you those messages telling you of the damage done to me by these cattle, and the condition of my affairs, and demanding redress of the owner, whoever he was; which you treated with the utmost silence. Further explanation is unnecessary. Your cattle, sir, have eaten my corn. It was worth three hundred and fifty dollars. Now I demand the money."

"Madam," says he, "it strikes me that you are out of your proper sphere. You may be sure that I will do whatever is right, but before I do anything I must learn how many of my cattle will be lost by reason of this stampede, and whether that burned steer dies, and the damage done to those we recover; the cost of recovering, and see my lawyer and learn my legal rights. I would now estimate the damage at $500, which, taking you at your word, would leave you in my debt $150."

"Pay me," she said, "or say you won't."

"Sue for it," said he, "and I will use my money to beat you."

"I will never sue."

"Nor I pay."

"You will, and that too by Christmas day, or I will make it hotter for you than I did for that steer with the burning sheaf," and with these words she turned towards home.

Fred, having his pants mended and dinner for himself and horse, started in search of Mr. Wiley for redress of grievances, first those of Mrs. Blaze, and then his own. He overtook him on the road to Nebraska City, and stated that he was the agent and trusted friend of Mrs. Blaze, (which the identity of his horse confirmed,) relating the injuries done to Mrs. Blaze and himself by the cattle, and said the matter must be fixed up right then. Mr. Wiley, who was a tall, slender man, of light complexion and blue eyes of that cast always accompanied with superior intelligence, dreaded to face a person in dispute; he equivocated as he had done before, stating that he was going to consult his lawyer at Nebraska City in whose hands he should leave the whole matter, to whom he referred Fred for all future dealings, and passed on to other topics, leading Fred's mind with him.

Fred went to Nebraska City, thinking he would see Wiley's lawyer that evening, but, stopping at a saloon at the outskirts of town, he took one drink, and was decoyed by the bar keeper into playing euchre for the drinks until past navigation, when the proprietor laid him, with some others, in a back room, where the votaries of the saloon frequently resorted. While Fred was sound asleep the bar keeper had a man to relieve him of the cash in his pocket, which was one hundred dollars, and take his horse to a stable in a remote part of the city. He did not wake until two o'clock in the afternoon of next day, for he had caroused until two o'clock in the morning. When he found he was penniless and horseless his spirits sank within him, and tears and vows of reform came simultaneously gushing forth. The bar keeper deeply sympathizing with him, thought the scoundrels who slept with him had done it all, and offered to help catch the rascals, and asked him if he had any more money to bear expenses. Fred said he had another hundred dollars in the bank in that place which was every cent in the world he had left. The bar keeper offered to make an effort on his own expense to recover the horse if Fred would pay fifty dollars if he succeeded, to which proposition Fred agreed with many expressions of gratitude. The bar keeper drew a check on the bank, endorsed with the condition of finding the horse, and Fred signed it. The bar keeper magnanimously gave Fred his dinner. Fred then thought of his mission, and with a heavy heart started to the lawyer's office.

The next morning after Mrs. Blaze met Mr. Wiley, she started early to Nebraska City, for she relied solely on herself from the force of habit, hence paid no regard to the part Fred was playing. On the way she concluded to stop at the house of Judge ——, who lived on the road, near the city. Stopping, accordingly, she met the Judge at the gate, and after rehearsing the story of her grievances, said:

"I come to you, sir, because I think you the greatest lawyer in this country, and will give an honest opinion. Now, what shall I do?"

"I should not express an opinion, consult, nor advise, in the matter, for the reason that the same questions may yet come before me as judge, and I must refer you to some attorney."

"But," she said, "is it necessary that I employ a lawyer at all?"

"Yes, if you sue."

"Is there no other way?"

"None, unless you and Mr. Wiley can agree."

"How long will it take to get my money by suit?"

"That depends upon circumstances. There may be circumstances that will delay it for years before judgment, and after judgment it may be delayed one year."

"Will it ever come?"

"O, yes; the law intends that the stay shall make it sure."

"What if he appeals?"

"Now you approach questions unsettled."

"What if he neither appeals nor stays, but puts the case off until he puts all his wealth in a quarter section farm and improvements, and moves on with a family before judgment?"

"In such a case you may be unable to collect anything."

"Judge," said she, "stop right there. I have heard all I want to know about suing, and it recalls to my mind the case when Smith sued Brown before a justice of the peace, and got judgment. Brown appealed, and the case went over, under the rule (or something they call it) for a year, and after that was continued for witnesses for another year before judgment. Brown had no land, and gave his brother, Peter Brown, for security for stay, and before the stay was out, both Browns sold out, and went to Arizona. After that Smith died, and his administrator spent half the amount of the judgment in suing on the stay bond, and at last finds that both Browns are totally insolvent, and wants to sell the land Smith left to pay himself back the expenses he is out. I know you recollect this yourself. Now, sir, I do not propose to leave any such inheritance to my children. It also reminds me of my Meaner-Kane horse sale. If the money at the end of the stay was as sure as death or taxes, I would have nothing to do with it. Kane has my horse and Wiley has my corn, and I ask you, sir, by what right the law tells them they may keep them, while my children go half fed, and half clad, my property sacrificed and my hopes blasted."

"Over these things," said the judge, "I have no control. Make your appeal to the legislature, and may God speed your petition."

"Good day, Judge," said she; "justice has gone to the dogs. I will be a law unto myself. I'll have my pay by Christmas day," and she rode on.

She saw Mr. Wiley's attorney, who informed her that Mr. Wiley had gone into the country where his herd was the evening before, and, with this exception, obtained no satisfaction from her interview with him. She then went to a friend and relative in the city of whom she borrowed a revolver, on pretext that she wished to shoot rats that were bothering her, and started to where Mr. Wiley kept his herd. On her way she stopped for dinner at the house of a lady cousin of hers, and was informed by her cousin that Mr. Wiley would dine there that day, and was expected within an hour.

The arrangement of the house was such that the room originally intended for a sitting room was used for a dining room, and a large room intended for a double bed room, entered by one door only from the dining room, was now used for a sitting room, where Mr. Wiley was to be received. Mrs. Blaze briefly explained to her cousin, and requested that her horse be stabled that Wiley might not suspect her presence, and then concealed herself in a bed room, awaiting the time when Mr. Wiley should be alone in the sitting room. During that time she loaded her revolver, seeing that the caps were sure and the priming good. In a few minutes Mr. Wiley arrived and was conducted to the sitting room, to remain to himself for the immediate present. He seated himself and took up the "Journal of Commerce" to look at the markets, when there came a tapping at his door, which he answered by an invitation to "come," scarcely taking his eyes off the paper. In stepped Mrs. Blaze and closed the door behind her.

"Mrs. Blaze, I believe," said Mr. Wiley, confusedly, rising from his seat. "Will you be seated?"

"Sir, Mr. Wiley, I came here for no ceremonies of etiquette, nor for pleasure. I mean business, which I see you already begin to understand. Pay me, sir, right here and now, what you owe me."

"I am surprised that one so fair and so attractive, should so far forget her sex, as to conduct herself in such a way. I must decline your request for many reasons, enough of which you already know."

"Once more I make the demand."

"Once more I decline."

Vengeance sparkled from her fiery eyes as she drew the pistol from its hiding place in her clothes and said, "Hogarth Wiley, the third and last time I say pay me my money," and leveled the pistol at his heart and drew back the lock.

"Ugh! Ugh! My God—"

"Silence, or I pull the trigger."

"But—"

"Hush! The time to talk is past. *This* is the time to *do*. I am a woman, but do I faint? My finger rests on this trigger, but does it tremble? I hold your life in my hand, but does it weaken? Speak to my demand."

"I have no money with me."

"I see on your finger a ring studded with diamonds."

"But that is my engagement ring of twenty years ago, which I sealed on that finger for life in my vow of celibacy and fidelity to her at the tomb of my betrothed."

"How much is it worth?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Let me have it and you may redeem it."

"When and how?"

"By paying me to-morrow."

"I cannot give it, but I will not oppose what you may do."

"Then I will take it," which she did with one hand, keeping the pistol in its position with the other, and then stepped back to her former position and added, "Now, promise me that you will never allege duress in this transaction; and that, if you do not pay me to-morrow, this shall be my property."

"I do most cheerfully, on condition that you never divulge what this day has brought forth between us; for I would not have the world to know that I have so cowered before a woman for as many thousands as you ask dollars."

"We are agreed," she said and left the room and ordered her horse and started home. But her cousin, who watched through the key hole, was not bound by the promise.

Mr. Wiley stood in a day dream. "He scarce believed the witness that his eyes received." Was it a witch or a woman? An angel or a fiend? Whoever it was he had told a lie. That ring was given in engagement to a fair young heiress of the East, but it had been returned by her to him nineteen years ago, in this note:

"MR. HOGARTH WILEY—*Sir:* I know all, and bless God that the truth was revealed to me before it was forever too late. I revoke my engagement, and return your ring, and in the day you shall offer it to another lady may a thunderbolt strike you.

"A. R."

Mr. Wiley had no appetite for dinner, but for the sake of appearance attempted a cup of coffee, but his stomach revolted. He mounted his horse and started towards the city. He had been unwell for several days. His nerves were of that fine strung kind that are easily wounded. His head was already aching. The subject of death, uncommanded, came into his thoughts. He fell into a soliloquizing, retrospective view: "Wonderful, wonderful woman. Yet more attractive than wonderful. Would that I had a son mothered by such an one. But my life has been a fitful waste. I am fifty-eight and I think I already feel the truth of eternity in every member of my body. Going down, unwept, unhonored and unsung, leaving nothing but dollar's worth, for distant kin to snarl over like dogs over a swine's carcass. Oh! for a continuation of my own name and blood in the next generation! A son of a heroine mother to develope me a Ceasar in the future, when this sickly frame is mingled in the dust. Is filthy lucre all that I have lived for? Yes, it *is* filthy lucre. Alas! it is too true! Never before have I seen it so. But better late than never. I will yet regain lost ground. From this moment I change my course. I will marry Mrs. Blaze if—but there's the rub. No; she must accept. She will accept. I have that which she most needs, and for the necessity of which she toils with such endurance and surprising fortitude. But I tremble to approach the subject. I know not how to deal in such matters. I have thought of it now. I will first show my regard for her, and magnanimity equal to her indomitable will. I shall will all my property to her and contrive to have her see the will before I see her. Then if she rejects my offer I will revoke the will—yea, revoke it anyhow. I will lose nothing. This is a chance to show magnanimity without danger of loss. Yes, this is the plan. I will execute it with a rapidity worthy of the theme"

He went straight to his lawyer and had the will drawn, at the same time directing his attorney to have a revocation drawn ready to sign by noon day after Christmas.

"Is the will ready to sign?" said he to his attorney.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Would that her friend, Mr. Spell, was here to witness it; that would show a guaranty of good faith."

Just then Fred stepped in on his errand to the lawyer's office.

"Mr. Spell, you are the man of all the world I most wished to see. I have settled the claim of Mrs. Blaze. Yes, I have done more; I have no children, so leave my kingdom, like Alexander of old, to the most worthy. I have willed all my property to Mrs. Blaze, and wish you to sign as a witness to the will."

"*Now* you're *talkin'*, by Jupiter *now* you're *talkin'*," was Fred's reply.

The will was properly executed, witnessed by Frederick Spell, the attorney, and a young man studying in the office. Fred went to his saloon friend, who had found the horse, and the hundred dollars was drawn from the bank and divided equally between them. Fred went home, on the whole, happy, and that night had pleasant dreams of the morrow, for he found awaiting him an invitation from Lucy to a Christmas dinner.

Mr. Wiley ate no supper and at night his rest was broken and disturbed. Towards morning he awoke in fright. "Humph!" said he, "how glad I am that it was but a dream. I thought it was to-morrow, and I was at Mrs. Blaze's and offered her that ring in engagement when a whirlwind in storm came on and carried me to an immense height, where I caught the top of a hickory tree and the wind passed on leaving me hanging to the bending limb, eighty feet from the ground. It broke; my head reeled dizzy and—I awoke." He rejoiced that it was but a dream. Still his mind was deeply impressed with a kind of superstition in regard to that ring. He felt that it must be recovered at once, and never again offered to lady. He rested little the remainder of the night and, arose and dressed long before day. When, however, the day came and he had taken brandy several times and breakfasted slightly, he conjured his despondency and rebuked his foolishness and determed at once to pay Mrs. Blaze and have the will shown her and offer her the ring in betrothal. He dispatched a man to Mrs. Blaze early Christmas morning with the will and money to pay her. As this solemn testament of his all—almost his God—was carried away, his eyes fondly followed as he muttered: "Go, swift messenger, on thy mission. Go like a meteor—streaming to please and be snuffed out. But, after all, how like thy author; man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble; he groweth up like a mullen stock and goeth out like a hollyhock."

In justice to Mr. Wiley be it said that he was not given to such contorted quotations. But high fever was already on him and delirium seized the unoccupied moments of his mind, bringing wild oats reminisences, wholly without premeditation, and almost unbidden.

Mr, Wiley determined to see Mrs. Blaze by three o'clock in the afternoon and bring to a crisis that all-important idea which now seemed to have full sway over his mind already fevered into a an abnormal state. He concluded that to leave the most favorable impression as to his age and vivacity, he should go in the saddle; so he made his arrangements accordingly.

Mr. Wiley's man arrived at the house of Mrs. Blaze about eleven in the afternoon and paid her claim.—She offered him the ring to return to its owner, but he refused, saying he was under special instructions to receive nothing. He then showed her the will.

Said she "I do not understand this. It must be a machine of cunning, or a timber of an air castle that I am to blow away at a breath. Return it and let its author burn it when he is sober.

The man answered that he was instructed to leave it with Frederick Spell, and after learning the course to Fred's house, started in that direction. He left the will with Fred and went on. Fred had an idea that if he could only get the will deposited in probate court at Nebraska City before it was revoked, it became irrevocable, and was afraid that it was one of Wiley's tricks and would be revoked.—He stopped his horse at right angles with the road and thus discoursed to Frederick Spell;

"If ever I am going to do anything, now is the time. I am a fool, or else I act like a fool. Just see how I kerflumixed at Nebraska City! This is a big thing for such a chap as me