

WAVERLAND.

A TALE OF OUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER I.—MY FIRST LESSON.

The morning was very cold. The ground was frozen and covered with a white frost. I had been out riding, and as I was passing through a little village of tenant houses I saw a man with a club in his hand standing at the door of one of the buildings talking to some one outside. I could not hear the words, but soon a man came out of the house carrying a woman in his arms, followed by five little children. He took the woman to a little old building near by and laid her down. Then the man with the club and some men in red coats put all the furniture into the yard and nailed up the door.

It was on my father's estate and I thought if he knew of this horrible cruelty he would help the poor woman who was sick. So I rode home as fast as I could. I found my father just mounting his horse to ride away, but in my excitement I rode up to him, saying: "Oh father, they are turned out of the house and the woman is so sick and helpless!"

"Out of what house? Where have you been?" he asked.

"Down there," pointing to the tenant houses, "but you will do something for them, she is so sick!"

"There, take that, you meddling fool," he said, striking me with his riding whip.



Take that, you meddling fool.

Can words picture the burning sense of wrong and wild desire for revenge that raged within my heart? I was but a child, scarce ten years old, when that sharp blow fell upon my face, but I feel it still, as though the spirit of evil had lurked within the blow. Mad from disgrace and smarting with pain, I sought my mother. Her quick eye caught the mark, and holding me in her arms to soothe me, she said, "What is it, my son?"

Her motherly sympathy calmed my wrath and I wept.

"Tell me all, my son," she said, with a loving accent in her voice, that is still sounding in my ears.

As soon as I could speak I told her what I had seen and that I had asked father to help the poor people. She held me still nearer to her heart, as though to make amends for father's cruelty.

"Never mind, my son, she said, "when you are a man you can try and remedy the evils you have seen and will continue to see for many years to come."

"O mother, why are people driven from home?" I cried, between the sobs that still shook my frame.

"They are sent away because they cannot pay the rent."

"What is rent?"

"It is money that men promise to pay for the use of land."

"But why do people have to pay for the land they work?"

"Because a few men own the land and the many must work it."

"But they will freeze to death," I said, my mind returning to the little children, barefooted and almost naked, in the bitter cold.

"We can do nothing to help them," said my mother. "I have often tried, but it always vexed your father."

I was the only son of Lord Waverland, who owned a large estate in the southwest part of Ireland, near the beautiful lake Killarney. My father was a cold, proud man, who never loved anyone but himself. My mother was an heiress when she married him. He soon gained possession of her wealth, for she was of a loving, trusting nature, and having made him her ideal, she was slow to realize that she was little more to him than the lowest servant in his house.

I remained at home under the direct influence of my mother until I was sixteen years of age. She had given to me and my baby sister all the tender love of her noble heart. From her I had learned lessons of temperance and virtue, and a holy reverence for the Bible. How pleasant to my memory are the hours we passed reading and talking, together of the lessons taught in the sacred Word, or the troubles of our people. The scenes that first called my attention to their sufferings had become an every day occurrence, and from my mother's teachings I had learned to feel more acutely than ever the injuries done me. Often from my childish purse had I relieved want and suffering, but I never interfered in Lord Waverland's business again. His first cruel blow had left a life-long impression.

The only way my father had ever cared for me was in fitting me for a country gentleman. Under his direction I had taken lessons in shooting until I was one of the best shots for miles around. I could ride as well and fearlessly as any of his noble galls at the fox hunts. I could swim and dive in the beautiful Killarney as easily as the great white swans that had been my playmates. And I could drive four in hand with the coachman himself. For all these things my father would pat me on the shoulder and exclaim with pride: "You do credit to the old family of Waverland!"

I was nearly six feet tall, with a good share of activity and strength, with blue eyes, a fair, full face and open brow, shaded by dark brown hair. My great delight was in riding. The glad free sense that came with being in the saddle seemed a part of my very nature.

The country around was wild and mountainous in some directions, in others we could see the beautiful lake. I often rode over the moor, which spread away in the distance without a house or track, nothing but the tufts of purple and black heather, till the mountains far away seemed to roll up toward the sky in folds and peaks, lined by silvery thread-like cataraets, too distant to be heard.

My companions were few, for I had loved solitude better than society. But there was one family with whom we were on very friendly terms. Sir Wren owned

land and taking your stand by an organ. So, one bright June morning, with a heavy heart I bade good-bye to my mother and my little sister, who was my mother's companion and comfort, and started out to see the world.

CHAPTER III.—THE GOVERNERS.

I had been from home two years, and as I came up the avenue to the Waverland mansion I could not help thinking what a deserted old place it was. The gate lodge was in a dilapidated condition; the gate itself hung by one hinge. The avenue was covered with weeds. The young forest, once the pride of Lord Waverland, was open to the cattle, and the park about the house was used for a horse pasture. The venerable old house itself, built a century ago, with tower and turret, was going to ruin. The windows were filled with boards or rags to keep out the weather, and the steps were hardly safe to mount.

"By the ghost of St. Patrick if there ain't Sir Loyd!" said Michael O'Shane, the old butler, who, with an enormous wig, high coat collar and stiff cravat, met me at the door.

"Yes, Mike, this is Loyd," I said, shaking his hand with real pleasure. "I am glad to be at home again. So this is Waverland!"

"This is Waverland," he said; "and it's right glad we are to see you home again!" I found the inside of the house in as great disorder as the out. The elegant old furniture was moth eaten and covered with dust; and the musty smell that greeted me when I opened the drawing-room door, was enough. I did not care for a closer acquaintance. I finally made my way to my mother's room. It was the only place that seemed inhabited. My dear, dear mother! How my heart yearned to cheer her life!

"Good morning, mother; here's your big boy back again!" I said, as I came to her, where she sat by the window busy with her thoughts.

"Oh, my son, my son, are you at home once more?" she cried, throwing her arms about my neck and indulging in tears of joy. And, I confess, my own eyes were dim for a moment, for two years had made a great change in the face so near my own. The dark brown hair was lined with gray, and the pure white brow was marked with care. I folded her in my arms, saying, "How is this? you seem almost an invalid!"

"I have suffered a great deal of late, but now you are at home I shall soon be well again. I think this dreary old house makes me feel blue." And she drew a long sigh, half pleasure, half pain.

"Where is Lord Waverland? The old place seems going to ruin."

"He is in Paris; he has only been at home for a few weeks at a time for years. He says the old place is too dull for his high temperament," said my mother in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Here is Myrtle, your little sister," she said, as a young girl with bright blue eyes and flaxen hair came bounding into the room. "She is my little sunbeam. Myrtle, your brother."

The child paused a moment, giving me a searching glance as though asking herself if we could be friends. Then she came to me, and clasping her arms around my neck as I stooped toward her, put up her full red lips for a kiss. She was small for her age, looking far younger than she really was.

Taking a chair by my mother's side, with Myrtle on my knee, we began to fill the space our letters had left vacant. While we were busy talking of the past, a young lady came into the room. She was plain looking, with soft brown eyes that had a pleasant look, and silken brown hair that lay in natural waves above a clear white brow. As she came to my mother's chair, I thought to myself, "You are a girl of independence, whoever you are," indicated by her firm, elastic step and noble carriage.

"Miss Everet, my son, Sir Loyd," said my mother as she came to her side.

"She gave me a modest greeting, then after asking some questions of my mother, left the room.

"Myrtle's new governess. She only came last week, but I am very fond of her. She inspires me with comfort," said my mother, with some animation.

"Oh!" exclaimed Myrtle, "she can tell beautiful fairy tales, but she makes me study first."

"Who is she? Where did she come from?" I asked, interested.

"Annie Wren recommended her. She is an orphan, you know."

"Know? how should I know?" I asked.

"Well, Annie said she had a good education and was looking for a place as governess, and she thought I would like her, so she brought her here. You remember Annie Wren?"

"Why, yes, we have always known each other. I wonder if she would know me now?" I said, fondly stroking my famous mustache, which I thought had greatly changed my looks.

Before I had finished the contemplation of myself in the large mirror opposite, the door opened and a lovely young lady entered.

"Annie!" exclaimed Myrtle, jumping from my knee and giving the new comer a loving kiss. "Could that be my old playmate? I never knew she was so beautiful. Mother turned to me saying: "You see, my son, Annie and I never stand on ceremony. She always comes to my room unannounced," said my mother, giving her a friendly greeting.

"So this is my little playmate," I said, offering her my hand.

"Yes, Loyd, this is Annie," said the young lady, shaking my hand with the freedom of old. She seemed just as frank and happy as ever, only so much more handsome. It did me good to hear her cheery voice and see her laughing face in the gloomy old room.

"Is your pony at the gate, the same as usual?" I asked, remembering olden times.

"Yes, Loyd, and I long as much as ever for a wild gallop over the moor," she said, playfully.

After lunch, which was served in my mother's room, I went down to the stable, and fluffing my favorite horse there, I returned, saying:

"Miss Annie, I will accompany you home, if agreeable, and try the wild gallop you suggested."

Thus we took up the old life just where it had broken off, when, at the age of sixteen, we had parted. No embarrassment, no restraint, but glad companionship, as in childhood.

[Continued on 7th page.]

In police court this morning in the case of Neville vs. Billstein, Judge Archer rendered a verdict in favor of Neville for \$60 for rent.

Mrs. G. W. Colvin, who has been visiting with the family of Edwin Davis, for some time past returned to her home in Arapahoe, Nebraska this morning.

Real Estate Transfer. Following are the real estate transfers compiled by Polk Bros., abstracters and publishers of the Daily Report:

J. W. Quackenbush and wife to W. E. Graddy, w. d. real estate and \$1, lots 251 and 252, Greenwood.

J. W. Smith and wife to Ellen Preston, w. d. \$600, lot 11, block 1, Elmwood.

Chas. H. Teale to U. H. Norris, w. d. \$3,500, w 1/2 of sw 1/4 29 and e 1/2 of sw 1/4 30-12-9.

Wm. Oscar H. Goodwin to J. W. Craig, w. d. \$1,000, lot 3, block 8, Plattsmouth; lot 3, block 1, Donegan's addition to Plattsmouth.

Benj. R. Hearson to H. W. Stearns, w. d. \$1,000, lot 11, block 138, Plattsmouth.

Wm. Barnes and wife to M. H. Gilbert, w. d. \$300, lot 8, block 98, Weeping Water.

Rebecca Carroll and husband to Thos. Standley, w. d. \$100, pt sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 30-12-9.

Thos. Standley and wife to Geo. Estes, w. d. \$200, pt sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 30-12-9.

J. H. Bellows to M. O. Wood, release, s 1/2 of sw 1/4 34-11-9 and n 1/2 of nw 1/4 3-10-9.

Lombard Investment Co. to same, release, same deac.

A. L. Munger to Chas. A. Murray, w. d. \$125, lot 6, block 2, Alvo.

U. S. to W. B. Boobe, copy of patent, sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 15, ne 1/4 of ne 1/4 22 and nw 1/4 of nw 1/4 23-10-11.

Same to same, copy of patent, e 1/2 of sw 1/4 and sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 14-10-11.

Same to same, copy of patent, e 1/2 of nw 1/4 and sw 1/4 of nw 1/4 23-10-11.

Same to G. W. Norton et al, copy of patent, nw 1/4 22-10-11.

Same to same, copy of patent, sw 1/4 22-10-11.

C. H. Parmele and wife to J. V. Carnes, w. d. \$800, lots 633-639 and 690, Greenwood.

A. L. Munger and wife to Samuel Cahner, w. d. \$150, lot 10, block 2, Alvo.

Thompson Fulton to Wm. Roles and wife, release, e 1/2 of sw 1/4 6-11-4.

E. M. Smith and wife to R. B. Wallace, w. d. \$125, lot 14, block 5, Lynn's Add. to Union.

E. J. Norton and wife to R. B. Wallace, w. d. \$55, lot 15, block 5, Lynn's Add. to Union.

Joshua Lynn and wife to R. B. Wallace, w. d. \$15, und 1/2 lot 12-13, block 3, Lynn's Add. to Union.

Lucy S. Root and husband to H. H. Jeffers, w. d. \$1,400, lot 5, block 97, lot 8, block 98, Weeping Water, lots 7-8, block 4, Carter's Add. to Weeping Water.

Geo. H. McCain and wife to S. Hulfish, w. d. \$250, pt lot 10, block 2, Wabash.

Chas. Kuakie and wife to Peter Ruetek, w. d. \$4,000, e 1/2 of nw 1/4 20-11-11.

S. G. Bogenrief to Sarah J. James, w. d. \$130, lots 8-9, block 5, Elmwood.

Sarah J. James to James Durbin, w. d. \$150, same desc.

John A. Hagee and wife to George Hagee, w. d. \$3,000, n 1/2 of sw 1/4 24-10-10.

B. A. Gibson to L. Wilson, release, pt w 1/2 of nw 1/4 33-11-10.

Edwin Jeary and wife to James Rivett Jr., w. d. \$300, und 1/2 lots 10-11, block 1 and und 1/2 lot 11, block 2, Alvo.

B. S. Thompson to Clark, Howard & Wright, release, sw 1/4 of nw 1/4 1-10-11.

T. H. Howard et al to Byron Clark, q. c. d. \$1, same desc.

Thirty-Fifth Anniversary. On the 25th day of December 1856, Joshua Gopen came to Nebraska and located on his farm five miles south of this city. On January 8th 1857 he was married to the lady who is now Mrs. Gopen and as yesterday was their thirty-fifth anniversary their friends and neighbors planned a surprise.

Yesterday at noon there assembled about twenty-five couple at the commodious residence, bringing with them baskets well filled with things good to eat. The invaders took possession of the house and set the tables for dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Gopen were the recipients of a fine set of silverware, consisting of knives, forks, cake-basket, castor, spoons, etc. At a late hour in the afternoon the assemblage disbanded and returned to their respective homes, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Gopen that they might live to enjoy thirty-five more anniversaries. Following are a list of those present:

Messrs. and Mesdames A. B. Taylor, Stephen Wiles, Isaac Wiles, Anderson Root, Jas. Walker, Henry Eikenberry, Nelson Jean, Chas. Jean, Wm. Snyder, Henry Snyder, Wm. Gilmore, R. Dean, Mr. Amick, J. C. Eikenberry, F. Young, Jr., F. Young, Sr., D. Young, Emmet Countryman, Sam Gopen, of Geneva, Nebraska; W. J. Hesser, Wilber Cole, Henry Boeck, John Holmes and Geo. Snyder. In the evening a large party of young people assembled at their home and spent a very enjoyable evening.

Jones & Fitzgerald sent two teams to Orepolis this morning to move three car loads of grading implements for Templeton & Morrow, the contractors on the Missouri Pacific bridge, from Orepolis to the bridge site.

Howard Shryock who has been here from the east for some time the guests of his uncle, Thos. Shryock, left Tuesday for Plattsmouth where he has accepted a position in Julius Pepperberg's cigar factory.—Louisville Journal.

Commissioners' Proceedings.

PLATTSMOUTH, Jan. 5, '92. Board met pursuant to adjournment; present, A. B. Todd, A. C. Loder and Jacob Tritsch, county commissioners, and Bird Critchfield, county clerk, when the following business was transacted in regular form:

OFFICIAL BONDS APPROVED. Overseers: Sam'l Cashner, district 29; A. Sutton, district 48; C. T. Richards, district 8; David Albin, district 40; S. Long, district 15; M. B. Williams, district 53. Charles S. Twiss, assessor, Third ward, Plattsmouth; H. J. Edson, constable, Tipton; Jos. Wilde, justice of the peace.

Action in regard to the acceptance of the public road given by the M. P. R. R. Co. (O. S. branch) in lieu of road No. 243 taken by said road, was ordered as follows:

Ordered that the same be accepted except that part near Allen Beeson's residence, which must be graded wider.

BILLS ALLOWED. Weldman & Breckenfe d... \$ 18 45 Wm Tighe, g'dng pris, etc... 331 25 John Tighe, bailiff's fees... 74 00 Ford Murkin, same... 74 00 Ira Searles, same... 74 00 Ed Fitzgerald, same... 74 00 Gerat & Emmons, mdse to poor... 2 15 C C Parmele, exp acct... 23 50 Bank of Cass County, rent treas's office... 210 00 Neb Tel Co, rental... 30 85 E G Dovey & Son, mdse to county... 44 20 Leinhoff Bros, stationery... 6 00 D A Campbell, rent reports... 17 50 Mrs Black, rent on judge's office... 30 00 A B Emert, printing... 30 00 C E Wesscott, clothing for paupers... 2 00 F D Bate, sup't court house... 81 00 Co treasurer, redemption of taxes G A R... Weeping Water... 46 25 A C Mays, surveying ditch... 10 15 Lon Todd, wood to poor house... 24 00 Leach & Peck, team to commons... 2 00 J C Eikenberry, k'g poor hou, e less rent... 137 45 W J White, coal to office... 69 48 W H Millets flag po e on court house... 30 00 Same, frame for court house clock... 22 50 A Clark, mdse to county... 5 55 Wm Herold & Son, mdse to county... 5 00 State Journal Co, stationery... 5 00 Omaha Printing Co, stationery... 54 75 Simon Clark, work on road dist 4... 5 00 C D Dundas & Son, bridges... 674 45 M W Morgan, deposit on road returned... 20 00 H E Pankonin, spikes... 3 75

Board adjourned till to-morrow.

JANUARY, 6, 1892. Board met pursuant to adjournment; present, A. B. Todd, A. C. Loder and Jacob Tritsch, county commissioners, and Bird Critchfield, county clerk.

This being the last day of the term of office of Commissioner Todd and Clerk Critchfield, it was ordered that all business under consideration by the board be brought to a close as far as possible before the new board is organized to-morrow.

BILLS ALLOWED. Standler Bros mdse to poor... \$ 13 65 H A Waterman & Son in. ber... 32 00 A C Loder sal and expense... 47 00 Jacob Tritsch sal and expense... 75 90 A B Todd sal and expense... 86 50 Bird Critchfield sal and expense... 175 00 H D Travis salary... 250 00 South Platte Lumber Co lumber... 8 33 C D Dundas & Son building bridges... 970 75 Murey Bros Alvo lumber... refused

Board adjourned till January 7, 1892.

BIRD CRITCHEFIELD, county clerk.

No. 64 A. O. U. W. At the regular meeting of No. 84 A. O. U. W. last evening, after initiating a candidate into the mysteries of the order, the following officers were installed by Past Master Workman Frank Morgan:

P. M. W.—C. W. Sherman. M. W.—M. Vondron. Foreman—Richard Hines. Overseer—A. F. Groom. Recorder—F. P. Brown. Financier—D. C. Morgan. Receiver—Geo. F. Houseworth. Guide—Wm. Jaquette. I. W.—Frank Jaquette. O. W.—Chas. Rydberg. Trustee—A. C. Murray.

For some time past F. H. Ellenbaum has been missing cattle out of his feed yards and has been on the lookout for the cause of it. Last evening he caused a search warrant to be sworn out to search the meat market of R. Bilstein for the hides, but failed to find them. This morning he caused another warrant to be sworn out to search Mr. Bilstein's house and cellar. Last evening he replevined the beef that Bilstein had in his shop and the sheriff took it at 9 o'clock. The trial will come up next Friday. Mr. Ellenbaum claims that one of his men found the head of one of his cattle at Bilstein's slaughter house the other day and he now has it in his possession.

F. G. Fricke & Co., Druggists & Pharmacists, Union Block, Plattsmouth, Neb. desire to inform the public, that they are agents, for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced for coughs, colds and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine that has won fame and popularity on its merits and one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 50 cent and \$1 bottles.

CHAPTER II.—AN HEIR.

When my course at the University was completed, I came home for a vacation to strengthen the Land League and work among the people of the country.

All this time the war on rents was growing fiercer and was daily threatening the poor and the middle class of England.

My father's estate was a large one, and I had inherited it from my mother. I had been educated at the University, and I had a good knowledge of the law.

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Gladstone and Forster were carried in effigy through the streets.

or were burned in public. The priests took active parts in these meetings. They uniformly used their influence against violence and crime. But many were too wild to heed the admonitions of cooler heads. Throughout Ireland and England the fear of dynamite was strong in every landlord's heart.

This state of wild excitement lasted until May, when, at last, after many overtures and efforts to gain concessions from the prisoners, the English government was glad to release them on any terms. When news came that the prisoners were released, there was great rejoicing. Bonfires blazed in every village and enthusiastic meetings were held in honor of the event.

Then, for the first time, I felt that there was safety. Lord Waverland had been away all winter. Early in the fall, foreseeing the trouble that was coming, he said it was too warm for him in Ireland, and he would go to Paris where he could have some comfort. I believe, myself, that it would not have been safe for him at home.

He was stubborn and would not lower his rent, or abate one iota of his inherited pride.

As soon as quiet was restored in the spring and early summer, I prepared to leave home, for my two years' travel. The thought of leaving my mother made me sad. Her life was lonely in that old prison house, known as the Waverland Mansion, with no visitors except little Annie Wren.

Lady Wren died while I was at college. I tried to win my mother's consent to travel with me, but she would shake her head and say, "It would never do for me to leave Waverland without my lord's consent. He might come at any time and I fear his wrath. Go, my son, and the kind Father who watches over the sparrows will not leave me to parish."