

The Pilot's Story.

"She was as trim a litt'e craft as ever I see," said the pilot—"With her hair all fluffy and blowin' in th' breeze and a trustful way of lookin' at ye out of her big brown eyes that would melt the heart of a pirate; why, she hadn't been aboard two days 'till she was pop'lar with th' hull crew—even the deck han's used to draw back respect'ful like when the first mate took her below to see the propeller shafts driving th' big side-wheels, and our second mate—why I'll be blowed if he didn't swear at the roustabouts in a whisper when the gang plank was run out at a landing. You'd a laughed to hear him yell, 'Haul ay! haul ay there! Steady now! Heave to there! Heave away! Slack that line, I say!' with never an oath, and he told me afterwards he never struck one of the niggers with his club all one day 'till he said he was afraid he'd get to be a missionary or something, and went back and basted them a few times while they were putting lime into the hold.

"As I said, she was a general favorite, but th' second day she begun to be un-easy-like and ask about th' landin's, and where we expected to tie up next, and how long, and then she'd stand on the deck and watch everybody that came aboard, peered as though she was expectin' some one, and sure enough th' third morning about 8 o'clock we made another landin and the slickest feller you ever see walked up the gangway and registered as a passenger. She didn't see him until he stood in front of her, and then she gave a little smothered scream and went up to him and took both his hands. They spent nearly all day in the pilot house—that's always a great place for spooney couples on a stea.boat, anyway. I was at the wheel and didn't pay no attention to 'em—kind of got in the habit, you know, of being deaf and blind in such cases, but I sized them up before they had been there an hour, and I saw just how it was, and I was sorry for her because I had got to like her unusual. I had spotted him by his eyes, though he was the most genteel chap I ever see. She was runnin' away from her pa and her ma with this feller. He had put her aboard and then gone fa'ther up river by rail and there took th' boat himself. I felt like warning her but the feller was so genteel looking and so well dressed, and then I know'd it would be no use.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon we passed a small landing on the right bank where we most' allus stopped, but had no freight for it and no word of any passengers. As we plowed along in mid stream we could see four men standin' on the landing half a mile away waiving their hats like they wanted us to stop; when they saw us go by they got into a skiff and rowed for dear life and came alongside callin' for a rope; we stopped the wheels and took them aboard; th' feller and th' girl had walked out afore of the pilot house to th' front of the upper deck, and, when the men come within hailin' distance, th' girl screamed and they both run back into the pilot house, th' feller beggin' me to hide 'em away some place, but I just laughed at him. There was no place to hide, anyway, and I was glad of it. By this time the whole boat was in an uproar, a great noise below; then we heard men coming up the ladders. Th' feller was ter'ibly excited and I thought the gir'd faint, but she was plucky and the lover 'round th' neck and waited, crouched down in a corner. Pretty soon we heard th' noise of feet on th' sheet iron roof and then somebody called out, 'There they are.' The four men run up to th' o'cor and didn't say a word; the youngest one just collared that feller and th' old man and th' other one set down and held th' girl between them—it was th' girl's father and her three

brothers; th' two with the feller carried him to th' edge of th' upper deck—there was a yell and a splash and then a cry below among th' deck han's of 'man overboard'. The girl just writhed and screamed and said she would jump in the river with him, but they held her down and th' roustabouts threw a rope to th' feller in th' water and dragged him on deck dripping wet, to be sure, but genteel looking for all that. The cap'n put him under guard below to keep th' girl's brothers off'n him, and he sat shivering in his wet clothes 'till we made the next landin', when he give th' cab'n boy his measure and sent him out to buy some dry clothes and the best gait in the town. I wondered how he'd look in a ready-made suit, he was such a dandy—tall and 'bout as slim as that oar over there. When the boy came back with the clothes th' feller looked at the suit and said it was the right measure; then he went up to a state-room, still under guard to keep th' girl's brothers off and put on his new suit. Well, sir, th' minute I saw him I knew how it was. I told the cap'n, and he got th' girl's father to let her come down and see her lover. Well, she comes down all tears and trembling, but when she saw that feller in th' other suit, do you suppose she'd look at him? No, sir; went back on him flat right there, and cool as anything. I knew it, simply a case of clothes, that was all; what she thought was love was nothing but clothes—that feller wasn't fit for fish-bait without his swell suit, and I just walked over and got the wet duds, and blow me if they wasn't ready-made too—think of it—that feller, slim as a rail and too swell for anything—how he ever got a suit of clothes to fit him was more than I could tell; but a Lincoln man on board said they was a suit of the celebrated 'Slims' sold by Paine & Warfel, the big clothin' fellers, and that just start-d me to moralizin' a bit. When a measley lubber with snaky eyes and slim as a post, and no more moral character than a muskrat, can pass himself off for a gentleman by wearin' a certain brand of store clothes and win the innocent heart of the prettiest girl on th' hull length of th' Mississippi, simply on th' set of his coat and the hang of his pantaloons, I say there ought to be a law agin' it, and blast my eyes if ever I go to Lincoln if I don't look up that Paine & Warfel and tell them in good steamboat English what I think of them and their high-toned 'Slims,' you kin smother me with a tarpaulin."

Say boys, you see how fat I am; well, that Lincoln man said that they had suits that u'd make me look just as pearst as that snaky-eyed feller did afore he had the duckin'. They are the H. S. & M. brand.

MRS. INA DILLON TABER.

Voice Culture.

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SHERIFF SALE.

(First publication September 18.) NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Seaburg L. Sears is plaintiff, and Nils Blomstrom et al. defendant, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 19th day of October, A. D. 1897, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described lands and tenements, to-wit: The northeast quarter of section nine (9), in township twelve (12), north, range seven (7), east of the sixth principal meridian, in Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 16th day of September, A. D. 1897. JOHN J. TROMPEN, Sheriff.

Do not be misled by Cheap Stores and Cheap Goods now being placed on the market, but stay with the oldest and most reliable firm in the city.

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NOTICE.
(First Publication September 25.)
New England Loan & Trust Co., vs. Thompson—21-147.
To Thomas Jenkins, as executor of the last will and testament of John Thompson, deceased, Annie Pitts, William Pitts, her husband, non-resident defendants:
You and each of you are hereby notified that on August 5th, 1897, the New England Loan & Trust Company, an Iowa corporation, as plaintiff, began an action against you and other defendants in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, and on the 18th day of September, 1897, filed its supplemental petition therein, the object of which action and supplemental petition is to foreclose a certain mortgage on the following land in said county, to-wit: The southwest quarter of section number 21, in town number 12, north of range number 5, east of the 6th principal meridian, made by James Thompson and Sarah Ellen Thompson to the New England Loan & Trust Company, dated April 25, 1887, to secure the payment of promissory notes of said James Thompson to said New England Loan & Trust Company for the sum of \$1375, on which there is now due the sum of \$1343.99

with interest from May 1, 1897, at 10 per cent per annum, pursuant to coupons. Plaintiff prays for decree of foreclosure and sale of said land to satisfy said lien, for deficiency judgment and general relief.
You are required to answer the plaintiff's petition and supplemental petition on or before the first day of November 1897.
NEW ENGLAND LOAN & TRUST COMPANY.
By S. L. Gesthardt, Attorney.
Oct 16.

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