

THE CHIEF

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Written for THE CHIEF.

What's in a Name?

BY BILL WILLOUGHBY

CHAPTER XI.

The day following our call at Mr. Moses Wharton's, we devoted mostly to the writing of letters acquainting our people with Dick's intentions...

"DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank you for the privilege of writing you 'freely and fully,' as you requested me to do, and in obedience to which kind request I now proceed to do: I am glad that you did not charge me with being heartless in the matter of the deception practiced by myself and friend Bill while in your city...

I say to you now—much as you may dislike to hear me—that I do hope for these clouds and shadows to be cleared away so that there may be no longer any prejudice in your minds against me.

Think of the fate that must be Naomi's and mine if we are never more to meet and love as we did during our short acquaintance.

Think of the life of a man whose heart is bound up in the person of a lovely and loving woman, and who must bury those feelings deep down in the soul.

O, think of all this, and then say that you can and do forgive me.

Say to me that as God forgives, even so do you forgive. I enclose a letter to Naomi, with the assurance that you will hand it her, in case my language therein employed may strike you as being entirely fit for her pure young mind to lay hold upon.

I think those of my readers who have followed me in my narrative thus far, will agree that Dick was no coward either in the rough and tumble affairs of life, nor yet in the affairs of sentiment.

But now the time had come when we must keep our appointment with Mr. Moses Wharton, and so we were on hand almost to the minute, and were received with hearty welcome, not only by that worthy himself but by his entire household.

We spent a most delightful hour at the tea table, enjoyed the conversation of our host, hostess and the daughter who we found to be a young lady of refined education, and who was at the time a teacher in one of the high schools of the city.

We talked of the people and scenes with which Mr. Moses Wharton and our two selves were so familiar; talked about the schools, great buildings, bridges and other points of interest in and about the city, and finally were treated to a song by the young lady, with an accompaniment on the piano, after

which Mr. Moses Wharton sang a plantation song, while the lad played the accompaniment on his guitar. As I now remember, one of the verses ran about as follows:

"An' we'll hunt no mo' fo' de possum an' de coon, O'er meadow, o'er hill an' sho; An' we'll sing no mo, by de gittern' ob de moon On de bench by de little cabin do'.

Chorus. Den weep no mo my lady, Den weep no mo' to-day An' we'll sing one song to de Ole Kentucky home Po' de ole Kentucky home far away."

I felt a thrill go through my heart such as the finest orchestral music had never been able to impart to the soul. I looked toward where sat Dick and beheld the tears trickling down his manly cheeks.

So touched were we by the rendering of this simple yet eloquent piece of plantation sentiment that we could not for some time regain sufficient control of our voices to venture our leave-taking. But, the emotion passed, we took our leave of these people but not before promising to call and spend an evening in future.

After reaching our quarters at the hotel, we fell into a train of thought such as may not have been usually indulged in by young men of our early experiences, and soon were debating the great question as to whether or not God had made the human family of one blood. We did not debate the subject for the purpose of argument simply, but that we might arrive at just conclusions in the premises.

Now neither of us had up to this time troubled himself to explore such a question, having lived as we had in a country where it went without saying that the negro was so inferior to the Caucasian as not to be classed with him in the same category when it comes to the question of superiority. I was, some how, not as clear on the subject as I would gladly have been, but Dick seemed to have thrown off the shackles and held forth, in the following impassioned strain: "Now, Bill, with what we have seen and heard to-night, can it be possible that you can not see that those people, with their faultless house-keeping, their music and their songs, are as intensely human as are we, or even Naomi?"

I must confess that I began to wonder what new freak would come next, but thought that I would hear him further.

So Dick continued: "Now, my dear fellow, do you not suppose that the young woman who played and sang for us to-night has as much refinement of sentiment as a white woman of equal intelligence can lay claim to?"

Do you not think her keen perceptions are equal to those exercised by any white woman, whose opportunities have been no greater than hers? Do you not think that this negro girl's love for her parents, her brother, and her friends is just as great as that of any white girl?"

Do you not believe that her reverence for her Creator is just the same in kind as that felt by the white woman? And do you not believe that if her reverence is the same in kind that it may be the same in degree also?"

Now, while the hateful color line is drawn so deep that centuries may come and go before we see the same obliterated, yet does it not seem fair to you that God, who is not a respecter of persons must yet wipe out this line before the glory of His creative power shall have become entirely manifest?"

But as I sat silent, and not knowing what reply to make the good fellow talked right on: "O, Bill, my best of friends, do you think the great Father of us all meant to propagate such a distinction as this one which we, as boys, have heard declaimed from the pulpit in our sunny South?"

I cannot believe it, and why should I longer try?" I felt ashamed, rebuked, and grasping him by the hand, I replied: Yes, Dick, God bless you, I do believe you are exactly right, and that the negro is as much a man by nature as you and I and all the world.

a commercial course in an institution in the city, for a six week's term, while I kept steadily on with my work of reporting for the press, and applied myself diligently at the study of stenography.

But, before we had been thus engaged for a great while, we were treated to a genuine surprise in manner and facts as follows:

One evening just as we had left the dining room and were buttoning up our heavy ulsters for an excursion round town in order that I might pick a few more locals, we were startled by hearing a voice so familiar that we both turned toward the clerk's desk where there were a score of new arrivals each in turn registering his name just in time to behold Uncle Pete as he, with head turned over on his shoulder, was slowly scrawling his name in the book.

Just as he had completed the finishing stroke, and with a sort of pious look, such as he thought appropriate to so great an occasion, he looked up into the face of the clerk and broke forth in the following choice bit of information for the edification, I presume, of the now greatly interested spectators:

"Yes, sah, dat's my name, Petah Morgan, sah, of Ole Kentuck, giat arrove, and come to see a couple of my bes' of friends: Mars. Bill Willoughby an' Mars. Dick Nailor, two of the bes' gen'lemen wat eber you see, sah. I reckon ye know 'em boaf, don't ye honey, an' is mighty proud, sah, to hab sich fine people stop at yo' hotel." But before the jolly fellow could further enlighten the now deeply interested spectators, Dick had made a swoop upon him and was hugging him and shaking his hand by turns, and plying him with questions concerning the folk at home in the most extravagant manner.

But, Uncle Pete finally got sufficient breath to enquire after me, and in answer to Dick's remark: "Why, for goodness sake, Uncle Pete, don't you see the bashful fellow standing at your elbow all this time and crying like a baby?"

It would be vain to here attempt to give anything approaching the real state of affairs. I was simply overwhelmed by this unexpected pleasure of meeting in this strange land one who had stood reverently, with hat in hand some twenty years ago, and touched my velvety cheek with the tip of his great stumpy index finger, and then shading his eyes with his broad, honest, black hand, pronounced a blessing upon the mother and her first born child. My mother had told me all about Uncle Pete's antics the morning following the night of my advent into this troublesome and yet very pleasant world, and I had treasured it all up as something too sacred to be forgotten.

I had grown up under the watch and care not only of my parents, but of this faithful old soul, and had reasons for thanking him all the days of my life for the many childish pleasures vouchsafed to me through his kind interventions.

There had never been a day, from my earliest recollections down to the time of his carrying the news to me of the impending danger to myself and friend, when Uncle Pete did not in some way contribute to my happiness.

The dear old fellow used to carry me about the yard and orchard and along the shady lane when I was but the tenderest of infants. And when I was sick he would lie of nights, with his clothes on, in the great old hall, ready, at the slightest warning, to bring the doctor, wake the nurse, or do anything within his power to alleviate my sufferings.

So true was Uncle Pete to his trust that, I firmly believe, he would have willingly sacrificed his life for my mother and her baby-boy.

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Notice of Sale. In the matter of the estate of Nels Poulson, deceased.

Probate Notice. In the county court of Webster county, Neb. In the matter of the estate of Edith Gertrude Wagner, deceased.

Publication Notice. Land Office at Bloomington, Neb., July 25, 1893.

Notice for Publication. Land Office at Bloomington, Neb., Aug. 5, 1893.

Notice for Publication. Land Office at Bloomington, Neb., Aug. 29, 1893.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Webster County, state of Nebraska.

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