IN THE

Clutch of Rome.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

BY "GONZALES."

CHAPTER I.

THEY NEVER MET AGAIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 7, 188—

To Lady Rosaria, Abbess of the Convent of San Ignatius, Granada, Spain.

His Reverence, Cardinal Ximenes died in the faith at 8 o'clock P. M. today. "CEDE DEO."

In her cell-like apartment, in a high turret of the convent, which had stood for centuries in the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, the abbess read the telegram from America, and with a few murmured words of regret for the news it contained, dismissed the nun who had brought it to her, with instructions to have the bell of the convent tolled at once.

The abbess walked the limited confines of her apartments, with quick noiseless footsteps. As the first mournful tones of the bell vibrated around her, she paused before a narrow window, and her large Andalusian eyes, which sixty years of life could not rob of all their beauty, rested on the distant towers of the ruins of the Alhambra, with a look of deep melancholy. The tolling bell awakened the echoes of the past.

It was a mid-summer eve of long ago; and she was walking with her lover, Lorenza Ximenes, and the music of the Angelus bell floated around them. Oh! that never-to-be forgotten night, when she had awakened from her dream of love, to find that he, she lived for, was soaring away from her and earthly passion, as the great yellow moon rises away from the crest of the mountain she for an instant seems to caress.

They had wandered to the ruined Alhambra, they and their gay companions. Becoming separated from them, the two had found themselves in the Court of Lions. There, beside the fountain she had taxed him with cooling love. Leaning against a slender column, which supported the fairy fretwork of the dome above him, he had confessed his wish to absolve himself from all earthly ties, and to take holy orders.

"Not but what I love you well, Cara, mia, but the virgin needs votaries innumerable. She has called me." He led her, stunned and unresisting, to the "hall of justice."

"Here my very reverend ancestor, the grand cardinal of Spain, placed yon cross when first the heathen were driven from these walls," he said.

Kneeling before the broken altar, he crossed himself and murmured a prayer. Rising, and with the fire of ambition gleaming in his eyes, he had poured forth his hopes of future glory, to be attained by constant labor and devotion in the cause of the church.

"Over the water lies a land of promise; there duty calls me; and by the memory of my sainted ancestor, who chanted the Te Deum in this ancient hall, I swear I will obey the call."

White and silent, the girl had listened, while her once ardent lover pronounced the doom of their love.

The withered cheek of the abbess reddened and burned, as she remembered her passionate appeal to him to remain true to love and her.

"Together we will serve the holy church, and the virgin, and the blessed saints will smile benignly on our united efforts," she had pleaded.

Taking her by the hand, he had said, "No, Querida, it can never be. The virgin and the church demand my undivided love, and"——she flung his hand from her and hurled such a storm of reproach and angry invective at the young religeuse, that he stood before her pale and silent.

Hot, Moorish blood midgled with the Andalusian in her veins; pride had flown, and anger burned itself out at last, and she flung her arms around him, and sobbed forth broken, impetuous words of love. "You are mine, all mine. I will make this night one long vigil, and entreat the virgin to give you up to me."

The full moon was floating in the blue sky above them, floating the ruins, and bathing them in its intoxicating light. Clinging arms, and the pressure of warm, crimson lips, and love asserting itself in the large, dark eyes, looking into his own, had aroused for the time, all the human passion of the man in him; and yielding to its overwhelming power, he had returned her warm caresses with more than equal fervor, and half resolved to renounce all his cherished schemes of gaining religious fame, and to devote himself, while life should last, to the glowing form of beauty he held in his arms.

Suddenly, their merry comrades, gayly singing, burst in upon them. They never met again. Once away from the seductions of her powerful beauty and her magnetic presence, religious zeal and ambitious hope resumed its sway. At early dawn he left his native city, shortly afterwards his native land; and, as soon as it could be accomplished, took holy orders.

In a fit of desperation, the girl entered a convent, and, now, for many a year, had ruled with an iron will, where she had entered a rebellious and broken-hearted girl. She had always been kept aware of her lover's life in the new world, and had noted his slow but always progressive steps to the goal of his ambition; to be the first to wear the cardinal's cap in America. He had toiled in lonely missions, among stolid Indians, in tropic climes, or endured the cold of the north, with equal fortitude; and, step by step, through innumerable vicissitudes, he had, with the forbearance and eternal vigilance of the Jesuit, conquered all obstacles. And at last, an American ship bore a cardinal's cap over the water, and an American gun-boat steamed out into the harbor to meet it, and proudly carried him the crown which his faithful bearing of the cross had gained him.

A few short years he had worn it, and then a higher power than Rome bade him take it from his brows.

The long drawn out tones of the bell had, by degrees, aroused in the breast of the abbess the sleeping furies of vain and passionate regret. The first, faint shadows of coming night were falling around the convent. The tones of the bell were growing faint; soon it would cease, and the Angelus would ring out its sweet, conseling measure. Far beneath her, a man and woman were walking arm in arm, followed by a servant carrying a basket, while several children were running and leaping before them, their hats and garments decorated with wild flowers. It was only a family party returning from a little pleasure excursion, but to the overstrained nerves of the religious recluse watching them, they seemed as mocking fiends. "I, too," she exclaimed, in low, fierce utterance, "might have known all the joys of domestic life; and these empty arms have held babes to this empty breast. Empty, though filled to repletion with churchly lore, if I had not wandered within reach of this insatiate we call the holy church."

All the woman's pent-up feelings were boiling and seething through her, till her slight frame shook like some machine throbbing under too high a pressure of steam.

"Is my life over? Am I old and hideous, youth gone forever? Is it not a wretched dream of a night, and not the result of the progress of monotonous years, that holds me in a dreadful embrace? Shall I not wake tomorrow morn to find myself still young and beautiful, with all the promises and probabilities of a glorious womanhood mine? Will not Lorenza's arms again crush me in close embrace, and his warm kisses draw my very soul unto himself?"

Her eyes fell upon her brown, claw-like hand, and a bitter laugh gurgled over the pale lips.

"Ah, the present is the horrible nightmare, which will oppress me till for me time shall end; and the past is the beautiful dream. Oh, Lorenza, I could almost send my curse through the realms of space to your spirit, for the ruin you wrought my earthly, and, perhaps, my eternal life." Her burning eyes rested at last on the image of the virgin, in her oratory. With a sudden revulsion of feeling, she fell on her knees before it.

"Oh, thrice blessed lady, thou, who wert queen of heaven, forgive my wild words and blasphemous thoughts. Give a kindly welcome to my lover of long ago, who deserted me to serve thee. And, O, sainted mother, light the remnant of my lonely existence here on earth with thy gracious spiritual presence. And forgive, I beseech thee, Oh, holy virgin, my woman's weakness!"

The soft peal of the Angelus was filling the air as the abbess arose and devoutly crossed herself.

"After all," she softly murmured, "perhaps 'tis better so. All things of earth perish. Beauty and youth will fade, surrounded though they be by the fondest ties. And trouble and care walk side by side with love and hope and life itself." "Cede Deo."

Through the dim corridors of the silent convent, the pale nun glided on her way to the chapel to join the nuns and novices in their evening prayer. Once, during the service, she encountered the gaze of a pair of appealing eyes fixed intently upon her. They belonged to a young girl who had been torn from the arms of her lover, an American and a Protestant, who had wandered to Spain and gathered the fair, foreign flower, but cruel hands and subtle minds had protested. The girl had been placed in the convent with instructions that the term of her novitiate should be made as short as possible. Her lovely, sad eyes drooped before the cold regard of the lady superior. "A most reluctant bride-elect of Christ," mentally soliloquized the abbess.

The sonorous, indolent tones of the priest at the altar, as he prayed for the repose of the soul of the dead cardinal, aroused again sad memories in the mind of the abbess, but her pale face gave no sign. Late that night, the abbess visited the unhappy novice. What passed between them none but God knew. The night after, the girl mysteriously escaped from the convent and fled the country with her lover.

Meekly, the pale abbess bore the severe reprimand which she received from her superiors for her gross neglect of duty in allowing the relaxation of eternal vigilance, which should guard every avenue of escape from a convent. She argued with her somewhat uneasy conscience, "that it were better to risk storm and ship wreck out on the great ocean of life than to remain forever anchored in a dead, inland sea."

CHAPTER II.

THE WILY JESUIT.

In a private apartment of the vatican were assembled the pope and six cardinals. They were discussing the death of the captain of the Catholic ship in America.

"There must be no unnecessary delay in filling the vacancy," said Cardinal Betilino. "Our bright constellation, which sheds its ever-increasing light over the new world, must not be without a central star for long."

The pope, pale and careworn, was reclining in an easy chair, his head resting on a velvet pillow. He slowly raised his eyes, and fixed them, with a glance full of meaning, on the handsome, aristocratic countenance of the voluptuous prince of the church before him, who was mechanically turning a ring of dull gold, containing a blood-red ruby, round and round the third finger of his left hand, with the thumb and first finger of the right hand, and said, in a voice which age and mental care rendered weak and tremulous: "The brighter its light, the paler grows the great system here from which it sprung."

Cardinal Pizani, a tall, severe-looking priest, with a form spare to attenuation, a vivid contrast to the comfortable Cardinal Betilino, fixed his piercing black eyes on the pope, and said: "The time draws nigh when the central star of the whole grand system must change its position."

Swift, significant glances flashed from eye to eye. These of the pope rested an instant on the pale, eager face of the speaker, and a smile so faint and transient, that an ordinary person would have been in doubt as to his having smiled at all, passed over his lips. Faint, though the smile, and of lightning-like swiftness the glance, the wily Jesuit knew that the pope divined the ambitious schemes he had been carrying in his breast so many weary years. But he gave no sign. Secure in the personal friendship of the pope, and laboring constantly for the good of the church, he had no fear of opposition from his holiness. From his brother cardinals there might be much to fear. Rivalry as to place is ever to be found among the laborers of the vineyard of the Lord. The Romish priest early learns to "labor and wait," but the waiting is not idling.

True to the cloth, Cardinal Pizani had labored and watched and waited. For centuries the Pizani family had furnished priests and supporters of the faith, but their footsteps had always stopped just at the foot of the papal throne, or had stood behind it and silently swayed the wand of power. Pizani's education, from early childhood, had been under the guidance of a Jesuit priest, and he had sucked the blood of churchly lore, upon which he had been fed, with the avidity of a leech.

Very early in life he had taken holy orders, and had retired at once to snowy, lonely St. Bernard. In the isolated Hospice, he had given six years of his life to work in its frozen, snow-bound region, thinking ever of the future. And the beacon light, which glittered afar off in that future for him, shone before him, even when he strapped a blanket and flask of brandy on some great St. Bernard dog and sent him through the ice and snow to carry life and hope to some bewildered traveler.

Or, as so often happened, a great shaggy creature came bearing to the solitary building, whose door opened quickly on its hinges of everlasting charity, some poor wanderer who had yielded to the icy elements and had sunk exhausted on the soft, white, cruel bed of snow and allowed his spirits to escape and wander evermore in icy caverns and dance to the wild music of the winds on snowy mountain-tops.

The young priest would caress and care for his sagacious fellow-workers, and bear away the frozen thing and place it with hundreds of other ghostly relics of humanity, in the rocky morgue, behind the Hospice. The cold charnal had no terrors for him, for over the frozen things, some of them mere fragments of what once had been living, breathing men and women, who waited (not in vain) for the last trumpet to arouse them, and to be thawed to eternal bliss by the warm, perfumed zephyrs, or to endless horror, by the eternal fires of hell, shone the beacon-light which lured him on his way.

In leisure hours, and far into the night, he had pored over the history of the church. Her past, present and future were to him what love and beauty and all the wine of life, were to other men. He had served the church faithfully and with gratifying results, through the rank and file, from priest to archbishop; and now for several years he had been a cardinal and one of the six suffragan bishops in close and intimate attendance on the pontiff.

The long August afternoon was drawing to a close, and still the pope and his tried and trusted sat discussing church secrets, and planning the work which was to be given to the hands of humble architects for completion.

A knock sounded at a remote entrance to the room, and a slender, white hand lifted the folds of a portiere and a secretary, followed by a servant carrying a leather bag containing the papal mail, entered the room. Every paper or letter bearing an American postmark was taken from the mass of mail matter, and the secretary and servant withdrew.

The pope touched a bell, and motioned to the lamps when a servant entered. The lamps lit and the daylight excluded, the pope and his brilliant satellites drew close together around the table, on which lay the communications from a foreign and coveted land, and the business of the night began.

Tomorrow the sacred college would meet and tonight the power which would control it must fortify itself. The pope broke the seal of a large, thick envelope, and drew forth a letter of many pages, closely written in the Latin tongue. It was one of the large cities of the United States of America, and its subject matter was the result of a municipal election recently held in that city. As the pope read in clear, forcible tones, twelve glittering eyes fixed their steady gaze upon the letter he held in his hands, which were trembling slightly with surpressed nervous excitement. At its conclusion, Cardinal Betilino muttered a low but distinct malediction.

The pope's firmly compressed lips parted at last to say bitterly, 'Behold the result of giving woman too much liberty." "Pardon me, your holiness," said Betilino, in his soft, subtle tones; "let us reflect a little. This same liberty of speech and a right to vote, may be to our advantage in time to come. In this instance the Protestant women outnumbered the Catholics; hence, the result for us was disastrous. Controlled by the arm of the church, your holiness must know that women have carried us safely over many dark and dangerous roads."

"The charming Will O' the Wisp have guided thousands to dark and dangerous roads, also to everlasting destruction," said Cardinal Pizani.

"Nevertheless," retorted Betilino, "I still maintain that we should be like ships with officers, but no sailors, without them."

Ambiguous smiles passed over the lips of all except the pope and Pizani. The indulgent smiles and the stern expression on the pale face of the pope brought a red wave of color to the handsome, sensuous face of Betilino, and he was about to administer a bitter pill of words, swathed in the rich sweetness of his sonorous voice, to his clerical friends, when the pope said:

"Pizani, will you read that clause relating to the election of the school board again?"

Pizani had been reading the letter to himself during the little by-play which his reply to Cardinal Betilino's defense of women had invoked, and was oblivious to what was passing around him. He read the important clause according to the request of the pope, and his sibilant tones fell on the ear like a hiss of a serpent. Indeed, his long, sinuous neck, swathed in black, his small head, so destitute of all animal brain that it seemed abnormally long, surmounted by his priestly cap; his glittering black eyes, together with a nervous habit he had acquired of passing the scarlet tip of his tongue swiftly over his upper lip, might, as the final hiss of his last words cut the air, have made an imaginative person think of a hooded cobra ready to spring.

The holy father was the first to break the silence which followed the reading.

"The victory belongs to the heretics, certainly, in this momentous question of public schools in that particular city for the present time," he said, "but right and might must conquer in the end. For some time to come we shall take no active part in the municipal government of one of the most important cities in the United States. The worst feature of this defeat in our exclusion from the school board, and the consequent casting aside of our carefully selected text books. We are defeated for a time certainly, but we are not crushed."

"And is there no means, fair or foul," said Pizani, "by which we can secure or silence that reprehensible priest, Mac Neal? Or must we impotently watch him tear great holes in our fabric by upholding the godless public schools, which furnish the mental food upon which future rulers of the great republic from generation to generation are nourished? He is a towering volcano in our path belching forth hereti cal lava and sulphurous fumes of insubordination."

The thin, white hands of the priest were opening and closing nervously, and his eyes glowed from the reflection of the fire in his brain. Cardinal Betilino laid a quiet, elegantly formed hand, on which the ruby quivered in the lamplight like a drop of blood, on the arm of the zealous priest, who was vibrating from head to foot with the working of the intense nervous force within him, and said in dulcet tones:

"My dear friend, excuse my thrusting before you the thread-bare proverb, but out of yonder laboring mountain may simply escape a tiny mouse, and some patient, Roman cat, crouching quietly among the crowd, will catch and destroy it before its little teeth can fasten in the meshes of our closely woven web."

"But even a Roman cat," said Pizani, "may over or under-leap its distance, and the mouse pregnant with seditious doctrines, scatter its gnawing offspring far and wide."

"I have commanded and entreated in vain," said the pontiff, "and I also have held forth to him every inducement my power could grant him to make him retract; but he boldly denies the infallibility of the pope, and asserts that bishops and priests should be free and independent of papal authority; and while he claims that he believes in the dogmas and teachings of holy Roman Catholic church, he upholds the godless public school system of the United States, which is to us as a winter frost to vegetation."

The pale countenance of the pope, long schooled to suppress all signs of emotion, was dark and set with impotent wrath against this Frankenstien they had made.

"Oh, that we could again command the soul-subduing and all persuading truths of the Inquisition," said cardinal Pizani, who was pacing restlessly to and fro.

"Jesus forbid," said Verona, "at this day and age subtlety and ceaseless watchfulness must accomplish what force did in the old days."

"We have not the inquisition at our command, but once in Rome, I think we could find a chamber in St. Angelo where he would remain a guest in Rome indefinitely," said Betilino in his velvet voice.

"This traitor cannot be brought to Rome," said the pope, "but why need we fear him? Excommunicated, and no longer a priest of Rome, and protected by the civil law, he can only be reached by obscure means. Remember, Rome never lacks means. Shame to the children of men when they acknowledged a civil law to be higher than the ecclesiastical; and when it speaks all civil authority should be set aside. Tomorrow the question of filling the vacancy caused by the death of the American Cardinal Ximenes will be brought before the sacred college. I shall appoint you, Pizani, to that all important post. You must hasten to that distant land of promise, gather together the scattered jewels of our faith, and set them in a golden diadem, with which to crown the head of the church when she shall be firmly seated on the throne in the new world. There may be disappointed aspirants among our American bishops. I have in mind a certain archbishop of Irish extraction born in America, who has a right to expect this position of trust and honor; one who trod the burning sands of Africa, in supreme devotion to our true and holy religion. And at a later period, when death stalked through New Orleans in poisonous yellow robes, this self-sacrificing christian buckled on the armor of the faith and ministered to the sufferings of stricken humanity, regardless of creeds.

"On his last visit to the vatican, I led him to think that his devotion, an inestimable service which he has rendered the church, would at no distant day be rewarded with the scarlet cap; but let it pass. You, Cardinal Pizani, are the man to distil that subtle essence which must be wafted throughout the United States."

The other cardinals signified that they were of one mind with the holy father. A man with a weaker mind and more vanity than Cardinal Pizani would have indulged in flimsy protests and made a pretense of urging the pope to reward the life long service of the Irish archbishop. Not so this ascetic prince of the church. The long sinuous neck bent a little forward; the glittering black eyes flashed around the circle of priestly faces; and the scarlet tip of his tongue darted rapidly over his thin upper lip, [illegible] simply:

"With the help [illegible] ter Commi[illegible] sed lady and the saints, yo[illegible] virtue [illegible] never regret the faith and trust you have reposed in me."

And his thin, nervous hand rapidly made the sign of the cross, while the responsive "amens" still lingered on the air; the pope signified that the night session was at an end.

Left alone, the holy father drew aside the heavy draperies from a window, which opened on a balcony, and stepped slowly and wearily out, and looked down on the sleeping city. Some boats were moving slowly down the Tiber. The darkest shadows of departing night seemed to be grouped together over the grim towers of the castle of St. Angelo. A bell rang out the third hour after midnight and his holiness re-entered the room and the servant attended him to his sleeping apartment and gave the bowl of hot bullion, the only stimulant in which his holiness indulged. Soon after, silence and sleep reigned over the vatican; even the watchmen allowed their vigilance to relax with the coming dawn, and yielded to slumbers. Dark, though obscure threats of personal violence to the pope had penetrated the palace of the vatican, and trusted sentinels were placed at various places to watch through the dark hours of the night. Serious difficulties between the church and state made these precautions no idle form.

(To be Continued.)

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Articles of Incorporation.

We, whose names are subscribed to these Articles of Incorporation, do hereby associate ourselves for the purpose of forming a body corporate under the laws of the state of Nebraska.

ARTICLE I.

The name of this Corporation shall be "The Nebraska Cremation and Trust Company" of Omaha, Nebraska.

ARTICLE II.

The principal place of business of said Corporation shall be at Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska.

ARTICLE III.

The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be to advocate the substitution of incineration for the present system of earth burial; to purchase, lease, acquire or dispose of such real or personal property as may be deemed necessary or proper for the general business; to build a Crematory Temple and Columbarium when the funds on hand of the Company permit.

ARTICLE IV

To act as the Executor, Trustee or Administrator of the estates of deceased members of this Company, and others, so as to insure that the last wishes of Testators in reference to the disposal of their bodies be carried out strictly both in letter and spirit, and guard against any interference in this particular on the part of friends and relatives.

ARTICLE V.

The amount of capital stock authorized is fixed at twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000). The Company shall commence business when one or more shares are subscribed. Each share of the stock shall be five dollars ($5.00). The number of shares shall consist of five thousand (5,000).

ARTICLE VI.

The Corporation shall commence business as soon as the Articles are filed with the County Clerk of Douglas county, Nebraska, and shall continue for a period of twenty-five (25) years unless sooner terminated by the consent of the holders of two-thirds (⅔) of the subscribed shares of stock.

ARTICLE VII.

The affairs of the Corporation are to be conducted by the following officers, to-wit: A Board of Directors consisting of seven (7), who shall elect from their own number at their first regular meeting in each year, a President, Vice-President, a secretary and a treasurer. The Directors are to be elected at the annual meeting of the Corporation on the second Monday of January; the place and hour to be determined by the Secretary, who shall notify each Stockholder, and hold over until their successors are elected and have qualified. Until the first annual meeting shall take place on the second Monday of January, 1895, the following are and shall be Directors: Henry Ehrenpfort, Herman Reinbold, John O. Yeiser, Walter Breen, M. B. Atkinson, James R. Donnelly, Herman H. Ver Mehren; and the following shall constitute the officers: Walter Breen, President; John O. Yeiser, Vice-President; Herman Reinbold, Secretary; Henry Ehrenpfort, Treasurer.

ARTICLE VIII.

Conveyances of real estate held by the Corporation shall be made pursuant to resolutions of the Stockholders by a meeting called for that purpose, in the name of the body corporate, and shall be signed by the President and attested to by the Secretary. Also all cheques drawn upon funds deposited to credit of the Company in Bank shall be signed by the President and countersigned by the Treasurer

ARTICLE IX.

The highest amount of indebtedness to which the Corporation is at any time to subject itself is placed at a sum equal to one-fourth (¼) of the paid up capital stock. The private property of the stockholders and members shall be exempt from the corporate debts.

ARTICLE X.

By-Laws, not inconsistent with these Articles, shall be drawn up and adopted by the Board of Directors; the same may thereafter be changed, amended or repealed at any regular meeting of said Board of Directors, on a vote of not less than five (5) Directors in the affirmative. Likewise these Articles may be amended, added to or repealed, at any regular or special meeting, on a vote at which at least a majority of the stock subscribed shall be voted in the affirmative of the proposition submitted.

In testimony whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names this 31st day of December, 1894.

[SEAL.]

WALTER BREEN,
JOHN O. YEISER,
HERMAN REINBOLD,
HENRY EHRENPFORT

1-18-4

Special Master Commissioner's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale on decree of foreclosure of mortgage issued out of the district court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the fifth day of February A. D. 1895, at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the east front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot fourteen (14) in block seventy-five (75) of Dundee Place, an addition to the city of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska.

Said property to be sold to satisfy E. A. Stevens, plaintiff herein, the sum of five hundred fifty-three and 85-100 dollars ($553.85) judgment, with interest thereon at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from September 17th, 1894.

To satisfy The American National Bank of Omaha, Nebraska, defendant herein, the sum of four thousand four hundred forty-five and 96-100 dollars ($4,445.96) judgment, with interest thereon at the rate of eight (8) per cent per annum from September 17th, 1894.

To satisfy Paxton & Vierling Iron Works, defendant herein, the sum of thirty three and 90-100 dollars ($33.90) judgment, with interest thereon at the rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from November 3rd, 1892.

To satisfy the sum of thirty and 48-100 dollars ($30.48) costs herein together with accruing costs according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its September term, A. D. 1894, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein E. A. Stevens was plaintiff, and The Patrick Land Company, Robert W. Patrick, Vermont Investment Company of Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dundee Brick Company, John D. Montgomery, American National Bank of Omaha, Nebraska, George A. Hoagland, Paxton & Vierling Iron Works and Susan K. Wheat were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, January 11th, 1895.

GEORGE W. HOLBROOK,
Special Master Commissioner.

Saunders, Macfarland & Hickey, attorneys.
Doc. 44; No. 134. 1-11-5

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