

Joshua Smith, OR THE MAN OF HONOR.

(CONTINUED.)

"My stars, how it does come down! If I get there in time it will only be an accident," remarked Uncle Joshua.

But he trudged along in the dark until he felt certain he must be in the immediate vicinity of the treacherous Joan, so he stopped to listen.

No sound save that of the wind whistling through the trees was heard.

"Curious," he muttered, "it seems to me if I were in that place I would be waking the echoes around here. I will invite them to answer."

So saying he stepped near the edge of the canon and called:

"Hello!" but the only answer he received was the echo of his own voice as it went down the canon or up the mountain side.

"Possibly the water has risen and carried them off, and if it has, there is no hope of their being saved. I wish it were daylight."

"Hello!" came from down the canon at this moment.

"Just like me. I'm about half way, and if I don't make better progress the next half, or if it don't stop raining, they will all be washed three days out to sea before I can get within easy hailing distance."

With that he started off on a brisk run, which was turned into a walk, for he was liable to stumble and roll into the rushing waters, at any moment.

"I must be there by this time, or else I am not acquainted with this locality. Hello!"

"How are you by this time?"

"Wet, and almost exhausted. How are you going to get us out of this?"

"Throw you a rope and let you climb out."

"We can't do it. There are three of us, my wife and my child."

"There is only one other way. I will make one end fast and you can all hold on to it while I return and get a mule."

"Is that the only plan you can devise?"

"It will be a little risky, but then it's not half as bad as staying there. Will you try it?"

"Yes; anything to get out of this."

As quickly as possible, Uncle Joshua returned to his cabin, threw a strong set of harness on one of his mules, and then retraced his steps.

It seemed a long time to Uncle Joshua, but to those who were waiting his coming, with the angry roar of the water, and the dull grating of logs as they crashed against the boulder and the sides of the canon, it seemed an age.

But even as the water rose higher and the sharp snap of falling trees grew more frequent, the anxious cast-aways—such they must be termed—believed that the stranger who came to their aid would not be longer than was necessary. And he was not. After a short time they heard him cry:

"Hello! down there!"

"Alright; we are ready."

"Be sure you brace your feet against the side of the gulch, or you may get hurt."

Slowly the mule walked from the edge of the gulch, and the first person to land safely was a little girl of ten, without the sign of a bruise.

Again the rope was lowered, but as often as Uncle Joshua would call to know if they were ready, as often would he receive an answer that they would be in a moment.

CHAPTER III.

Below a heartrending scene was being enacted. Husband begged wife to be the next to ascend, but with as much fervor she urged him to go.

Gradually the water was rising, and there was hope for but one to be saved.

"You must go, Marie. Think of our darling child. She needs you to guide her. Go, as you love her and me, before we are both washed from this rock."

"She needs you as a protector, Jules, and that is what she needs most in this rough country. No, you must go."

"Then I will. Farewell, we shall meet in that other land," and, stooping, he imprinted a kiss on her lips.

A long, vivid flash of lightning immediately lighted up everything, and two anxious faces that were turned toward the occupants of the boulder assumed an ashen hue, as they saw the husband and father deliberately throw himself into the rushing torrent.

Then a startled face was upturned in prayer, which looked as white as marble to Uncle Joshua and his young charge. Only a moment did the woman remain in that attitude, then she mechanically reached for the rope, tied it securely around herself and gave the signal to be drawn up.

Again the mule was started, and in a short time the unconscious form of the wife appeared above the edge of the canon.

Uncle Joshua knew it would not do to let her remain out of doors in her

present condition any longer than was absolutely necessary, but it would take some time to carry her almost lifeless form to his cabin, and when they should arrive there he could give her only the poorest accommodations, to say nothing of the treatment, medicinally, she would receive.

It never takes a man of Uncle Joshua's temperament long to discover the best way out of a difficulty, so when he had concluded that she must be taken to his cabin, he also realized the fact that he would have to convert himself into a packmule, for, while he had such an animal at hand he could not use it in this case as he could not act as guide and keep the inanimate form upon the beast's back at the same time.

There was only one other way to reach shelter soon, and that was to let the child follow with the mule while he led the way with his unconscious burden.

Slowly he led the way past huge boulders, around fallen trees, over deep gullies, and through miniature forests, until his strong arms were almost breaking, and his load seemed ten times its weight. Then a short halt would be made, until he felt he could proceed.

Occasionally his foot would slip as he stepped on a huge stone, and as it became detached from its resting place it would go crashing down the mountain side, gathering force as it went, and unloading others in its transit, until it would seem that the whole mountain was moving, then, as quick as lightning, all would be quiet as the grave, save for the whistling wind and reverberating thunder, until the unloosed mass struck either the water with a dull splash or a projecting ledge far down the canon, with a sharp, rifle-like snap.

Then, again, the whole universe would seem to be wrapped in a brilliant, dazzling light, succeeded by a darkness thick and oppressive, until it would seem next to impossible for a person to remain self-possessed and keep his bearings.

But through all this confusion Uncle Joshua plodded onward, only stopping for short rests, and it was less than an hour after he left Joan canon that he laid the small, limp form on his hard pallet and began applying restoratives.

Every effort was fruitless for a time, but finally she slowly opened her eyes, looked about her in a dazed way, closed them again and was soon sleeping.

Seeing that nothing more could be done for the patient, he turned his attention to the child.

"You must have your clothing dried, child, so I will build a fire; but first tell me your name."

"My name is Jessie. Jessie Jacquet."

"Well, Jessie, you remain by your mother until I put my mule away and build a fire, then you must stay by the fire until your garments are perfectly dry, else you may contract a cold."

But a few moments elapsed before Uncle Joshua returned, or before he had a bright fire blazing up the chimney.

"Jessie, child, come and sit here, and I will find you something to eat," said Uncle Joshua, as he drew a rude three-legged stool in front of the fire, so that the greater part of the warmth would reach her. Then spreading what few provisions he had cooked on a table, he told her to eat whenever she felt like it. He then turned his attention to Marie Jacquet, who was still sleeping, but not restfully, for every now and then she would moan, and incoherent words would tremble on her lips.

"Poor thing, she is again going over that terrible trial in the canon; but no, what was that? Surely I did not mistake that name! Marie Tabor? Not the Marie I knew?"

Unconsciously he turned and bent nearer the face of the woman as he uttered the last words, and as if she had been startled, the sleeper opened her eyes, and as she caught the steady gaze of Uncle Joshua centered upon her, she passed her hands over her eyes, and then glanced again into his face.

As though she had done something terrible to this man who was a total stranger a moment before, she extended her hands and wailed:

"You know me? Then forgive me the past."

"The past, of which you speak, has been dead for years—though not forgotten. I, rather, should be the one to ask forgiveness. You were too young then to care for anyone, but I never could see it until I was from you. But if you will consent, we will not review the past, it will do no good, besides, it is always painful. Chance has thrown us together after years of separation, but under peculiar circumstances. Let us not go back."

"You will not refuse to listen to what I have to tell you?"

"Yes, for your present condition will not allow you to exert yourself. For the present remain quiet. Sometime when you are well you may tell me, but not now."

"One moment; one word! I may never be able to speak again."

"No; you must not talk. Rest, and to-morrow—"

"Will be too late."

As if to make her words true, she fell back on the pallet and remained motionless.

CHAPTER IV.

If the reader will go back twelve years with me, I will take him to the home of Marie Tabor, a strikingly handsome girl of seventeen, the reigning beauty of the little town in which she lived. Her face was faultless in its every outline; light blue, dreamy eyes lent an additional charm, while soft, hazel hair, falling in wavy masses over her perfect shoulders, made her simply bewitching.

Not a few were her admirers, but not one of them ever dared to hope to claim her as his wife.

It never entered their heads that she was no greater personage after her return from the great city, where she attended school, than they; but they all looked upon her as a superior being, and there was not one in town that would not have done her bidding at any time.

When she had been home about three months, and time was beginning to hang heavy on her hands, a new arrival was announced in the town.

Her desire to return to the city vanished when this piece of information was brought, and she began planning to see how she could get an introduction at once, for, as she expressed it, "she was just dying out of curiosity and loneliness."

Fate seemed against her, for a week had passed since the stranger's arrival, and she had not even had the pleasure of seeing him, let alone of being introduced.

The following Thursday evening, however, was to witness one of the grandest social events of the season, a party in honor of the return of Judge Eagle's son from the west, and on that evening she felt certain of making a conquest.

She was, by nature, a perfect coquet, and never let a chance slip to add a new victory to her already long string.

Gifted as she was, with the easy, unpretentious, yet captivating powers of a ready conversationalist, it was no easy task to lead a man from stage to stage, and then laughingly cast him aside.

She was fully determined to practice her art on the new comer. He should be her slave for a time.

At last the looked-for night came, and leaning on the arm of the judge's son, Marie Tabor glided into the already well-filled parlor.

Without any show of expectation she glanced around the room, giving particular friends a nod and a smile, but at the same time she detected a stranger in animated conversation with a number of young people in the further end of the room.

"How pleasant everything is, and how those young folks are enjoying themselves. Who is the strange gentleman?" she soon after asked her escort.

"Joshua Smith. He was formerly a college chum of mine, but I have not seen him for three years, until my return from the west. Shall I introduce him?"

"Not now. Later in the evening. He seems to want to talk now, and you know I generally want to do that, so I will wait."

A short time after Joshua craved an introduction to the blue-eyed girl and was soon seated beside her, telling of the times he and the judge's son had had together.

She sat and listened, as he related the many ludicrous scrapes he had been in, unable to break the hold he seemed to have upon her.

Finally he asked her questions about herself. It was then she began trying to charm him as she had charmed other. Her silvery laugh, musical voice, expressive eyes and studied gestures were freely bestowed, but they made no impression on him whatever. He was an attentive listener, but not an enthusiastic one.

"I must not monopolize your company, Miss Tabor," he was soon saying, "there are others here who are anxious to share your smiles. I shall bid you good evening, requesting, however, the privilege of calling on you."

"Yes, you may call, Mr. Smith. If you had not asked I would go to extend an invitation to you, for it's so dull here. Don't you find it so?"

"Indeed I have not. In fact I have been kept so busy ever since I arrived that I have had no time to think of how the town was running."

"You legal men are always busy, so an invitation to come over and have a few games of croquet to-morrow evening with a party of young people would be lost, no doubt. But won't you come? I won't take no for an answer."

"In that case I shall have to be present, but it will be late before I can be one of the party."

"Very well. We shall expect you."

"You have my word."

With that he left her, and finding the judge, took his leave, expressing himself much pleased with the people and the party.

Late the following evening Joshua—Uncle Joshua—made his way to the Tabor residence.

With that evening began a friendship that soon ripened into something deeper, and finally was looked upon by outsiders as an engagement; but the old saying that "true love never did run smooth," was soon verified in this instance.

CHAPTER V.

Nearly three months had passed since their first meeting, and Uncle Joshua was just about making up his mind that he was getting too old to live single any longer—though he was not yet twenty-five—and that he knew a little girl who would make an excellent Mrs. Smith, when some trifling thing came between them.

He never tried to make up, but left soon after for Oakdale, where he first made his acquaintance. He followed his calling there and soon had accumulated considerable real estate.

Very few about Oakdale knew of his disappointment, and they often wondered why he never married.

But what became of Marie Tabor? The question is easily asked but hard to answer.

When she learned that Uncle Joshua had left without so much as bidding her good-by, she became depressed and began to wear a melancholy expression. Then she was taken sick, and for weeks she laid at death's door, finally opening her eyes to the light of a New Year's day.

It is not necessary to dwell on the days of her convalescence. They are uninteresting. They are usually replete with cross and petulant words, barren of even a smile. And Marie's experience was not an exception.

When she was fully recovered, however, she was her old, bright, vivacious self again.

Once she was out riding with Jules Jacquet, and he began to make profession of his love.

"You know, Marie, how I love you, how I long to make you my wife; so why will you keep on saying 'Wait?'"

"If you must know, I do not—never can—care for you as a wife should for her husband."

"Am I not willing to sacrifice my happiness to try and drive that sad look from your eyes? Come, now, let us be common-place and talk this matter over sensibly."

"I will not. You may drive me home. I am tired, almost sick."

"Will you not listen to me?"

"Not a word on that subject."

"Then we will return."

It took but a few minutes to reach home.

"Good afternoon, Marie," he said as he resumed his seat after helping her to alight.

"That was the last he heard from Jules Jacquet for several days.

One evening she was seated on the porch, reading, when a boy ran up, breathlessly, and handed her a note, and without even waiting to see if there was an answer, tore off down the street like wild fire.

Upon opening the note, she discovered it was written in Uncle Joshua's hand, and read as follows:

"WATKINS GLEN, June 23, 1844.—MARIE: Come at once to No. —, I am sick, probably dying, and wish to make an explanation. Do not fail, or we may be parted forever."

JOSHUA SMITH. (To be Continued.)

CITIZENS IN EMBRYO.

Our Schools Should be Nurseries of Patriotism.

A few weeks ago we had the privilege of publishing some extracts from an address by Prof. W. H. Shahan, of Pacific Lutheran University before one of our patriotic societies, which were copied by some of our patriotic exchanges in the east. We again take the liberty to give our readers portions of some extempore remarks made by him before the pupils of the Parkland public school at their recent closing exercises. The professor is a thorough American patriot, and never loses an opportunity to give utterance to his patriotic sentiments. We regret we have space only for that portion of his very interesting remarks which pertain especially to patriotic principles.

"I cannot close this talk without one more thought (and may it fall as good seed in productive soil), as to your duty, as citizens in embryo, to this nation—the most splendid republic the sun has ever shown upon. As I said in the outset, the youth of this land are to me the star of hope for our future. Our public schools to-day contain the boys (and here in the progressive west it may be the girls, too) who are soon to take charge of the public affairs of the nation; and in view of the present state of national unrest and discontent, in view of the almost countless numbers of the people already here and who are out of employment and many of them in actual want, in view of the hundreds of thousands more, and that too of ignorant, vicious foreigners, who are being annually unloaded upon our American shores, and vested with the rights of citizenship before the smell of the 'briny deep' is out of their hair and clothes; in view of the constant, seditious usurpation of our political rights and the nefarious attempts to crush out our dearest free institutions—a miserable travesty on American liberty—tirelessly practiced by the selfish sectarians who have come down upon us as did the 'Goths and Vandals' upon peaceful, unsuspecting civilized Europe in the centuries gone—in view of these and other serious men-

aces to the stability and perpetuity of our common country—this 'Republic of the West'—what a deep meaning is there to the youth of this land soon to be clothed in the royal garb of citizenship! I tell you our schools should be not only schools of science and literature, but as well, nurseries of patriotism and training schools where science of government and political ethics should have a conspicuous place. The children should be taught to become wise and intelligent American citizens as well as scholars. Here in your childhood schools, here in the nursery of moral and intellectual culture, here in the cradle of liberty and country's love, it seems to me, the supreme opportunity to enunciate a pure, dignified, positive and enduring patriotism for our common country. What a splendid, what a significant time in life to call forth from the children of the schools throughout the land the highest, tenderest expressions of loyalty and devotion to our American institutions.

I can but speak in hearty commendation of those patriotic orders which make it a special part of their work to plant the American flag on the public buildings of our country, and in this way impose upon themselves the duty of holding the youth of the land loyal to the American flag as the symbol of American patriotism. This is certainly full of deep and suggestive meaning. It means to me genuine loyalty to country on the part of the orders and a proper recognition of the necessity of that same spirit of loyalty being awakened and nourished among the American youth, soon to be entrusted with the positions of trust and honor.

It means that they believe the dangers (and they are many and ominous) now threatening our country may be averted, if the rising generation be sufficiently grounded in virtue and patriotism to do fearlessly and faithfully their whole duty. It was therefore an inspiration to me to-day as I walked in here to your beautiful, secluded park, to behold the Stars and Stripes floating in peaceful splendor above the Parkland school building. And ever since, this thought has been running through my mind: "How much, Oh, how much do these boys and girls owe, like myself, to our country for the blessings of its free public schools! They are the priceless inheritance from our fathers. They contain the patriots, statesmen and sages who are to be the political saviors of the second century of American nationality. Our children should be made to feel this. They should be taught to regard the American system of free public institutions as just as sacred and as essential a part of our free Republican government as is the American Constitution itself.

Neither teachers, parents nor pupils can afford to be passive or indifferent on this point.

Ours is the one great nation of this vast continent; the mother of republics, whose lullaby has been sung over every cradle of liberty in the New World. Under the influence of her glorious example the last thorne, the last crowned despot, has disappeared from the Western Hemisphere; and if our youth, our noble, generous boys and sweet, lovable girls, are faithfully nurtured in a pure, sound morality and lofty, unselfish patriotism the Old World's dominion over American territory and American affairs, in North and South America, will not outlast the morning of the twentieth century.

The God of nations has made our country great and strong and free. Ours is the only American power able to stand as protector for the entire New World; and that same Providence which has blessed us with such gracious favor in national might and grandeur, has also placed upon you and me the sacred obligation, the awful responsibility, of keeping and preserving this and all the New World republics free and independent.

We can not ignore or shrink these obligations except at our nation's peril. We cannot absolve ourselves from the obligations which Providence imposes without incurring divine displeasure. The Lord is the God of men. It would be nothing but the meanest selfishness and most inexcusable cowardice that could induce us to desert the present post of leadership we have fairly won in the Western Hemisphere, and which it is our manifest duty, and may Heaven grant, our glorious destiny, ever to retain.

Oh, if only all the teachers in the schools throughout this broad land could but be made to realize this as I feel it, and would then work accordingly, in a faithful, loyal, conscientious discharge of clearly defined duty, in building up in the minds and hearts of the children of this magnificently rich, far-reaching land a firm fortress to our liberty and our American homes, what imperishable monuments would posterity erect to our memories!

God help us all to see our duty clearly in this direction, and then be brave enough, loyal enough, and faithful enough to discharge that duty. *Travoma Citizen.*

The annual teachers' examinations are now being conducted by the county superintendent at the Central school.

W. H. RUSSELL, Attorney, 616 New York Life Building.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—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 21st day of July, A. D. 1896, at 10 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the north front door of the county court house in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described in said order of sale as follows, to-wit:

Lot three (3) in block nine (9), Park Forest, an addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, and lot two (2) in block three (3) in Vandercook's Terrace, an addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, all in Douglas county, state of Nebraska.

Said lot three (3) in block nine (9), Park Forest addition to the city of Omaha, to be sold to satisfy The Mutual Investment Company, plaintiff herein, the sum of seven and 4-100 dollars (\$7.40) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from February 4th, 1895.

Said lot two (2) in block two (2) in Vandercook's Terrace addition to the city of Omaha, to be sold to satisfy Julia Vandercook, defendant herein, the sum of twenty-eight and 9-100 dollars (\$28.90) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent per annum from February 4, 1895.

Said lot two (2) in block two (2) in Vandercook's Terrace addition to the city of Omaha, to be sold to satisfy Julia Vandercook, plaintiff herein, the sum of twenty-eight and 9-100 dollars (\$28.90) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent per annum from February 4, 1895.

To satisfy John E. Oxnard, defendant herein, the sum of one hundred and eighty-five and 4-100 dollars (\$185.40) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent per annum from February 4, 1895.

Both of said lots to be sold to satisfy Julia Vandercook, defendant herein, the sum of thirty-one and 62-100 dollars (\$31.62) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent per annum from February 4, 1895.

To satisfy the sum of forty-seven and 4-100 dollars (\$47.40) costs herein, together with accruing costs according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its February term, A. D. 1895, in a certain action therein, and there pending wherein The Mutual Investment Company was plaintiff, and Jacob Myers and others were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, June 18, 1896. HARRY E. RUSSELL, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. W. H. Russell, attorney. Mutual Investment Company vs. Myers. Doc. 46; No. 130. 6-19-96

SAUNDERS & MACFARLAND, Attorneys, 1404 Farnam Street.

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Lot seventeen (17) in block ten (10) of Briggs' Place, an addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded, all in Douglas county, state of Nebraska.

Said property to be sold to satisfy Philip L. Johnson, plaintiff herein, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from February 11th, 1891, which said amount is a second valid and existing lien upon said above described real estate, and the Briggs Place partnership, defendants herein, the sum of one hundred and sixty-one and 92-100 dollars (\$161.92) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from February 11th, 1891, which said amount is a second valid and existing lien upon said above described real estate, and the Briggs Place partnership, defendants herein, the sum of one hundred and sixty-one and 92-100 dollars (\$161.92) judgment, with interest thereon at rate of seven (7) per cent per annum from February 11th, 1891, which said amount is a second valid and existing lien upon said above described real estate, and the Briggs Place partnership, defendants herein, the sum of one hundred and sixty-one and 92-100 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