

"And your lovers, Mother Arsene?"

"Lovers! Oh, yes! I was too ugly for that—and too well taken care of."

"Your mother looked after you, then?"

"No, my girl; but I was harnessed."

"Harnessed!" cried Rose-Pompon, in amazement, interrupting the dealer.

"Yes—harnessed to a water-cart, along with my brother. So, you see, when we had drawn like a pair of horses for eight or ten hours a day, I had no heart to think of nonsense."

"Poor Mother Arsene, what a hard life," said Rose-Pompon, with interest.

"In the winter, when it froze, it was hard enough. I and my brother were obliged to be rough-shod, for fear of slipping."

"What a trade for a woman! It breaks one's heart. And they forbid people to harness dogs!" added Rose-Pompon, sententially.

"Why, 'tis true," resumed Mother Arsene. "Animals are sometimes better off than people. But what would you have? One must live, you know. As you make your bed, you must lie. It was hard enough, and I got a disease of the lungs by it—which was not my fault. The strap with which I was harnessed, pressed so hard against my chest, that I could scarcely breathe; so I left the trade, and took to a shop, which is just to tell you, that if I had had a pretty-face and opportunity, I might have done like so many other young people, who begin with laughter and finish—"

"With a laugh 't'other side of the mouth—you would say; it is true, Mother Arsene. But, you see, everyone has not the courage to go into harness, in order to remain virtuous. A body says to herself, you must have some amusement while you are young and pretty—you will not always be seventeen years old—and then—and then—the world will end, or you will get married."

"But, perhaps, it would be better to begin by that."

"Yes, but one is too stupid; one does not know how to catch the men, or to frighten them. One is simple, confiding, and they only laugh at us. Why, Mother Arsene, I am myself an example that would make you shudder; but 'tis quite enough to have had one's sorrows, without fretting one's self at the remembrance."

"What, my beauty! you, so young and gay, have had sorrows?"

"Ah, Mother Arsene! I believe you. At fifteen and a half I began to cry, and never left off till I was sixteen. That was enough, I think."

"They deceived you, mademoiselle?"

"They did worse. They treated me as they have treated many a poor girl, who had no more wish to go wrong than I had. My story is not a three volume one. My father and mother are peasants near Saint-Valery, but so poor—so poor, that having five children to provide for, they were obliged to send me, at eight years old, to my aunt, who was a charwoman here in Paris. The good woman took me out of charity, and very kind it was of her, for she earned but little. At eleven years of age she sent me to work in one of the factories of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. I don't wish to speak ill of the masters of these factories; but what do they care, if little boys and girls are mixed up pell-mell with young men and women of eighteen to twenty? Now you see, there, as everywhere, some are no better than they should be; they are not particular in word or deed, and I ask you, what an example for the children, who hear and see more than you think for. Then, what happens? They get accustomed as they grow older, to hear and see things, that afterwards will not shock them at all."

"What you say there is true, Rose-Pompon. Poor children! who takes any trouble about them?—not their father or mother, for they are at their daily work."

"Yes, yes, Mother Arsene, it is all very well; it is easy to cry down a young girl that has gone wrong; but if they knew all the ins and outs, they would perhaps pity rather than blame her. To come back to myself—at fifteen years old I was tolerably pretty. One day I had something to ask of the head clerk. I went to him in his private room. He told me he would grant what I wanted, and even take me under his patronage, if I would listen to him; and he began by trying to kiss me. I resisted. Then he said to me—'You refuse my offer? You shall have no more work; I discharge you from the factory.'"

"Oh, the wicked man!" said Mother Arsene.

"I went home all in tears, and my poor aunt encouraged me not to yield, and she would try to place me elsewhere. Yes—but it was impossible; the factories were all full. Misfortunes never come single; my aunt fell ill, and there was not a sou in the house; I plucked up my courage, and returned to entreat the mercy of the clerk at the factory. Nothing would do. 'So much the worse,' said he; 'you are throwing away your luck. If you had been more complying, I should perhaps have married you.' What could I do, Mother Arsene?—misery was staring me in the face;

I had no work; my aunt was ill, the clerk said he would marry me—I did like so many others."

"And when, afterwards, you spoke to him about marriage?"

"Of course he laughed at me, and in six months left me. Then I wept all the tears in my body, till none remained—then I was very ill—and then—I consoled myself, as one may console one's self for anything. After some changes, I met with Philemon. It is upon him that I revenge myself for what others have done to me. I am his tyrant," added Rose-Pompon, with a tragic air, as the cloud passed away which had darkened her pretty face during her recital to Mother Arsene.

"It is true," said the latter thoughtfully. "They deceive a poor girl—who is there to protect or defend her? Oh! the evil we do does not always come from ourselves, and then—"

"I spy Ninny Moulin!" cried Rose-Pompon, interrupting the greengrocer, and pointing to the other side of the street. "How early abroad! What does he want with me?" and Rose wrapped herself still more closely and snugly in her cloak.

"It was indeed Jacques Demoulin, who advanced with his hat stuck away from his rubicund nose and sparkling eye, dressed in a loose coat, just covering the rotundity of his abdomen. His hands, one of which held a huge cane shouldered like a musket, were plunged into the vast pockets of his outer garment.

Just as he reached the threshold of the door, no doubt with the intention of speaking to the portress, he perceived Rose-Pompon. "What!" he exclaimed, "my pupil already stirring! That is fortunate. I came on purpose to bless her at the rise of morn!"

So saying, Ninny Moulin advanced with open arms towards Rose-Pompon, who drew back a step.

"What, ungrateful child!" resumed the writer on divinity. "Will you refuse me the morning's kiss?"

"I accept paternal kisses from none but Philemon. I had a letter from him yesterday, with a jar of preserves, two geese, a bottle of home-made brandy, and an eel. What ridiculous presents! I kept the drink, and changed the rest for two darling live pigeons, which I have installed in Philemon's cabinet, and a very pretty dove-cote it makes me. For the rest, my husband is coming dack with several hundred francs, which he got from his respectable family, under pretence of learning the bass viol, the cornet-a-piston, and the speaking trumpet, so as to make his way in society, and a slap-up marriage—to use your expression—my good child."

"Well, my dear pupil, we will taste the family brandy, and enjoy ourselves in expectation of Philemon, and his seven hundred francs."

So saying, Ninny Moulin slapped the pockets of his waistcoat, which gave forth a metallic sound, and added: "I come to propose to you to embellish my life, today and tomorrow, and even the day after, if your heart is willing."

"If the amusements are decent and paternal, my heart does not say no."

"Be satisfied; I will act by you as your great-grand-father, your family portrait. We will have a ride, a dinner, the play, a fancy-dress ball, and a supper afterwards. Will that suit you?"

"On condition that poor Cephyse is to go with us. It will raise her spirits."

"Well, Cephyse shall be of the party."

"Have you come into a fortune, great apostle?"

"Better than that, most rosy and pompous of all Rose-Pompons! I am head editor of a religious journal; and as I must make some appearance to so respectable a concern, I ask every month for four weeks in advance and three days of liberty. On this condition, I consent to play the part of editor twenty-seven days out of thirty, and to be always as grave and holy as the paper itself."

"A journal! that will be something droll, and dance forbidden except alone on the tables of the cafes."

"Yes, it will be droll enough; but not for everybody, not for the sacristans, who pay the expenses. They don't look to see whom the journal bites, tears, burns, pounds, exterminates and kills. Upon my word of honor, I shall never have been in such a place," said Ninny Moulin, with a loud, hoarse laugh. "I shall wash their hated adversaries with venom of the finest vintage, and gall of the bitterest kind."

For his peroration, Ninny Moulin imitated the pop of a bottle of champagne—which made Rose-Pompon laugh.

"And what," resumed she, "will be the name of the play?"

"It will be called 'Neighborly Love.'"

"Come! that is a very pretty name."

"Wait a little, there is a second title."

"Let us hear it."

"'Neighborly Love; or, the Exterminator of those

(Continued on page 5.)

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SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a 2nd pluries order of sale issued out of the district court for Douglas county, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will, on the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1898, at ten o'clock A. 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:

The east one-half of the southwest quarter (E 1/2 S W 4) and the west forty-nine and 36/100 (49 36/100) acres of the west one-half of the southeast quarter (W 1/2 S E 1/4) in section number eight (8) and the north nineteen (19) acres of the west twenty-four and 65/100 (24 65/100) acres of the northeast quarter of the northeast quarter (N E 1/4 of N E 1/4) of section number seventeen (17) all in T. 16 N. 16 S. 16 W. 16 R. 16 E. Range thirteen (13) east of the Sixth Principal Meridian, containing one hundred and forty-eight and 36/100 (148 36/100) acres more or less as surveyed, and recorded all situated in Douglas county, state of Nebraska.

Said property to be sold to satisfy Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co. v. plaintiff herein, the sum of four thousand eight hundred and thirty-six and 67/100 (\$4,836 67/100) dollars judgment, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from May 3rd, 1895.

And to satisfy said Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company, plaintiff herein, the further sum of one hundred and thirty-nine and 96/100 (139 96/100) dollars judgment for taxes paid thereon by said plaintiff in order to protect its lien thereon with interest on forty-six and 95/100 (46 95/100) dollars from July 3rd, 1894, at ten (10) per cent per annum, and interest on the sum of ninety-three and 91/100 (93 91/100) dollars at the rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from December 27th, 1895.

To satisfy the further sum of one hundred and eighty-two and 35/100 (182 35/100) dollars costs herein, together with accruing costs, according to a judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1896, in a certain action then and there pending, wherein the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company is plaintiff and John E. Vandercook, James E. Vandercook, The Mutual Investment Company, John L. Pierce Receiver of the Mutual Investment Company and Saloma Bowman are defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, April 15th, 1898.

JOHN W. McDONALD,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.

W. H. Russell, attorney.
Mich. Mut. Life Ins. Co. vs. Vandercook et al.
Doc. 34; No. 181. 4-15-6

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