A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XVIII.



THE plantation of Silas Craig, at Iberville, was situated, as we have already said upon the borders of a wood; a luxuriant forest, stretching for miles upon the banks of the Mississippi, va-

ried every here and there by undulating dells and pools of water, lying hidden beneath the shadow of giant trees, whose branches had waved for centuries above a solitude, broken only by the fleet foot of the Indian.

It was in this forest that the unhappy and martyred quadroon Francilia laid in her quiet grave—a grassy mound, marked only by the rude wooden cross erected at its head by the faithful mulatto, Toby.

Here, at least, the lovely child of an accursed and trampled race was free. Here no master dared molest her tranquil slumber. Death sets the slave and the prisoner alike at liberty.

The red sun sank in crimson splendor beneath the purple waters of the mighty river; upon every forest-tree gleamed golden reflections of the dying light; upon the bosom of each quiet pool the last sunbeams faded and flickered in the shadowy twilight, while, calmly beautiful, the moon arose in her trenquil glory, bathing forest and river in a flood of silvery radiance.

The last glimmer of crimson light was slowly fading as two men advanced through one of the pathways of the wood-a pathway so overarched by the rich spreading branches of the trees, that it seemed one verdant areads.

Each of these men carried a carbine upon his shoulder, and a powder flask slung at his side.

The first was William Bowen, the second, who closely followed his companion, was Augustus Horton. They emerged from the arcade into an open piece of turf, around which the trunks of the giant trees formed a species of a wall. "Where, in the name of all that's diabolical, are you leading me, Bill?" said Augustus, looking about him.

"I guess you don't know your way in this here wood by moonlight, Mr. Horton," answered Bill Bowen, laughing; "but we're all right for all that. This is the spot where we appointed to meet young Englishman and your precious cousin, Mr. Mortimer Percy, who ought to be ashamed of himself for taking a Britisher's part against his own countryman and against his own flesh and blood, too, as far as that goes."
"Curse him!" muttered Augustus be-

tween his teeth. Curse him, and welcome, sir, for my part—but this is where we promised to meet him and his friend. We're close against Craig's plantation. You could see the nigger huts through the trees if

the leaves were not so tarnation thick." Hark!" said the young planter; "what's that?"
The rustling of the leaves announced the arrival of the two men for whom they waited. They approached by the same pathway as that by which Augustus

and Bill had come. "What's that?" echoed Bowen; "why its your cousin and his friend, I guess, so keep your powder dry."

Mortimer Percy and Gilbert Margrave

drew near them as William Bowen spoke. The four men bowed stiffly to each

"I fear that we have kept you waiting," said Mortimer. "We lost our way in the dusk, and have wasted ten mia-

utes in finding it." "Bowen and I have only just arrived," answered Augustus. "Have you brought your own weapons?"

'We couldn't get a pair of duelling pistols in the neighborhood," replied Percy: "but I have brought a case of revolvers."

"Revolvers be hanged!" cried Bowen. advancing between Augustus Horton and his cousin. "Fil tell you what it is, gentlemen; the best thing that you can do is to fight with these here carbines neither of which has ever missed fire since they came out of the gunmaker's hands. See yonder!" he added, pointing to a circular dell shut in by the trees which sheltered it, and light as day in the broad moonbeams; "see there, gentlemen, yonder bit of ground ain't above a hundred feet broad, take it which way you will, so my advice is this, take up your stand on each side of the circle, and at a given signal advance upon each other. That'll give your duel the additional charm of the chase. What say you?"
"You forget," said Mortimer; "Mr.

Margrave does not know the ground." Then we are perfectly equal upon that point," replied Augustus Horton, "for Bowen will tell you that I never set foot here until to-night."

"Come gentlemen," cried Bill, impatiently, "is it agreed?"
"It is!" answered Gilbert Margrave

and Mortimer Percy. "Then choose your weapon," said Bowen, handing Mortimer the two carbines. The young man carefully measured

the instruments of death, and returned one to his cousin's second. "Are they loaded?" he asked. "No," answered Bowen, handing him

powder and ball. "Will you remain on this side of the ground?"

"Good! then it is for you to cross over to the other side of yonder dell, I guess. Mr. Horton, come!"

"But the signal?" exclaimed Mortimer. "Shall be a shout from me," answered Bowen: "we'll give you ten minutes to load your weapon and bid your friend good-by, for if Mr. Horton's anything as good a shot a I take him for, there ain't much chance "your seeing the Britisher

The two men disappeared amongst the foliage, and the friends were alone. "Miss Leslie knows nothing of this duel, I suppose?" said Mortimer, busy

loading the carbine. "Nothing!' answered Gilbert. "Poor girl, I allowed her to believe that, for er sake, I had renounced all thoughts of vengeance upon the man who had in-

"Perhaps that's the wisest thing you could have done; for however this affair may terminate. I fear it will be a troublesome business for you. Men's minds are strangely excited just now; the Southern blood is up, and should you esdoubt but you will have to secure the

protection of the Biffish consulto save you from the fury of the populace.'

When a man sees a woman he loves insulted by a coward, he does not stop to reason," answered Gilbert; "the only thing that distresses me in this matter, is the thought that, instead of protecting my adored Cora, I have only brought upon her new dangers. You are the only man in America whom I call my friend. You have already given me such powerful proofs of your friendship, that I think I may venture to demand of you one last service.

"Speak, Gilbert, speak. We have in-deed been fast and faithful friends; tonight, above all other nights, I can refuse you nothing."

"Listen then. My first care on leaving the Selma, was to engage a boat, which is to carry us back to Lake Pontchartrain this very night. Promise me, that if I fall, you will yourself protect Cora, and restore her to her father's arms?" "I promise," answered Mortimer, fer-

"Thanks, thanks !"

The two men shook hands, both too much affected for many words. "But tell me, Gilbert," said Mortimer Percy, after a pause, "what was Miss Leslie's motive for coming to Iberville?" "Her mother died here. She comes to pay her first visit to the lonely grave of Francilia, the quadroon.'

"I left her with the mularto, Toby, who was to conduct her to the spot. At ten o'clock she will return to the landing place on the river where the boat will wait for us."

"Ah! I understand. Poor girl, poor

"Enough," said Mortimer, in a voice broken by emotion, "whatever happens I will be there to protect her."

At this moment a loud shout resounded through the stiliness of the forest scene.

It was the signal. "Take your weapon, Gilbert," said Mortimer, placing the carbine in Margrave's hand. "Augustus Horton is my ousin-you are my friend. I dare not pray for the safety of either, at the cost of the other's death. The moonlit heavens are shining down upon us, and the eye of Providence watches the struggle. Farewell?"

They clasped each other's hands once more in silence. Then Gilbert Margrave dashed forward through the brushwood, and disappeared in the dell

Mortimer Percy paced up and down the dewy turf, listening for the report of

"What is this?" he exclaimed as he laid his hand upon his beating heart. "For which of these two men do I trembie? This, then is America, of whose freedom her citizens so proudly boast! Here are two men met together to shed each other's blood, because one of them has dared to uphold the cause of a daughter of the despised race. Hark !"

It was for the report of the fire arms that he listened, but the sound which met his ear was of altogether a different nature. It was the evening chorus of the negroes, floating upon the tranquil air. A sweet harmonious strain of melody, which breathed of peace and repose:-

> "Day is dying, day is gone, Weary niggers, rest; Work all day, and toil and moan,

"Poor fellows," said Mortimer, "they are Craig's negroes, returning to their cabins after the day's labor. They sing, poor simple creatures. The overseer's lash cannot destroy the quiet content of their honest hearts. How easily might a good master make them happy." Again the voices rise upon the balmy

"Far from home, and child, and wife.

Weary niggers, weep.
Day goes by in toll and strife.
Night brings peace and sleep." The voices slowly died away in the distance, echoing mournfully through

the woodland glades, as the negroes passed out of hearing. Mortimer Percy still listened-eagerly breathlessly-for that other awful sound which would announce the commence-

ment of the combat. "Nothing yet!" he exclaimed: "if I turn the corner of yonder group of trees I run the chance of being struck by a random bullet; but come the worse, I must risk it, I can endure this suspense

no longer.' He sprang through the forest growth in the same direction as that taken by Gilbert Margrave.

He had not disappeared above three minutes when from the opposite side of the wood two figures slowly approached, easting long shadows on the mocnlit grass.

The first was a man, the second a woman. It was the mulatto slave, Toby, who came hither to lead the Octoroon to her mother's grave. "That song which you heard just now,

Miss Cora, has been sung many a night above your cradle to luli you to sleep. "My mother sang it?" exclaimed

Cora. "She did, she did! The sound of that song, my lady, will bring tears to Toby's eyes until the hour when they close in

"Faithful friend!" "You are sad, dear mistress, you are unea-y?" said the mulatto. The intense waterfulness of the slave's affection enabled him to detect every varying shade in Cora's manner. He saw that her mind was disturbed by some anxiety.
"I am anxious about Mr. Margrave,

Toby," she replied, "he promised to rejoin us ere this." "The English gentleman may have had some difficulty in engaging a boat, dear mistress. You have seen the poor cabin in which your mother passed the two last months of her life. It is near this spot

she reposes." The slave looked about him in the moonlight, and presently paused at the foot of an enormous oak. Pushing aside the wild overgrowth which obscured it he revealed a rough-hewn wood cross surmounting a humble mound of earth, which had been neatly turfed by the same faithful hand that had erected the

simple monument. Upon the cross this inscription had been carved in letters cut deep into the

"FRANCILIA. July 7th, 1845." Below this name and date were three

words. Those words were: "RLOOD FOR BLOOD." "See. Miss Cora," said the mulatto,

"this is a lonely spot, though so near to the plantation. Few ever come here, for yonder dell is said to be haunted by the spirit of an Indian who was cruelly murdered there a hundred years ago. No hand has disturbed this cross. It may be that no human eye has ever seen the inscription, but the all-seeing eye of Providence has looked upon these words

for fifteen weary years."
"Oh, spirit of my wardered mother!" exclaimed the young girl, lifting her clasped hands toward the effulgent sky. Spirit of the unhappy and injured one, look down upon your daughter! May Heaven forgive the sins of him who caused thy unhappy fate. May Heaven

pity and pardon my wretened father. cannot curse him. Here on the grave of his victim, on the grave of a victim of a wicked and cruel prejudice, I pity and forgive him, for he needs all pity since

he has sinned." At this moment the report of a gun sounded in the dell near at hand. Corarose suddenly from her knees, pale and terrified. "Toby," she cried. "Toby, did

you hear?" Before the mulatto could reply, Mortimer Percy sprang through the parted branches that bordered the dell, and rushed toward where they stood. He recoiled upon seeing Cora. "You here, Miss Leshe?" he ex-

claimed. "Yes, yes. Tell me what was that report?

"That! Some - some hunter, no doubt. He had scarcely spoken when a second

gun was fired. "No, no, Mr. Percy!" cried Cora, wildly, "it is no hunter's carbine. A woman's unfailing instinct tells me of danger to him I love. Gilbert Margrave has been fighting a duel with your

Augustus Horton appeared as she spoke, walking backward and gazing intently into the dell. "I must have surely hit him," he mut-

"See, see!" cried Cora, "his antagonist is safe. It is he who has fallen. Run,

Toby, run to succor him. Half fainting with terror and anguish, she would have fallen to the ground had not Mortimer's extended arm caught her in time. He carried her prostrate form to a rocky seat close at hand, on which she rested with her head still lying on his shoulder.

Augustus Horton advanced toward them, and recognized the Octoroon in the moonlight.

"She here!" he cried. "Cora!" The passionate love of his guilty heart returned as he gazed upon the unconscious girl, and a thrill of jealousy vibrated through the dark recesses of his soul, as he beheld the lovely head of the Octoroon resting upon Mortimer's shoul-

"I am not surprised, Percy, at your sympathy for Gerald Leslie's daughter," he said, with a sneer; "she is, of course, one of your friends, for she dared to turn me out of her house, dismissing me from her presence as if she had been a queen.

"You!" exclaimed Percy. "Yes," replied his cousts, "because I had the impertinence to pay her a few

idle compliments." "Augustus Horton," said Mortimer, gravely, "you remember a clause in our contract of partnership, which provides for the agreement being canceled at pleasure, by either of the two partners?"

"I do. "Then I am the first to cancel that bond. From this night I cease to be your partner." "So be it!" replied Augustus. "It is not for me to object to such a proposal, but have a care, Mortimer, and remember that by such a proceeding you lose

half your estate." "I shall have enough left to enable me to live far from a country which I henceforth renounce. As to your sister, you can tell her that I restore her her lib-

"That is needless," answered Augustus, haughtily, "for she herself has declared her intention of breaking with you

"How?" "She has presumed to fall in love with Mr. Gilbert Margrave, the gentleman who prefers an Octoroon to the heiress of one of the proudest families in Louisi-

"It was jealousy, then, that prompted her denunciation of Cora Leslie," said Mertimer. "It was.

"So much the better for her. That, at

least is some excuse for her conduct. Hush! here they come.' Bill Bowen and the mulatte appeared, as Percy spoke, carrying between them the prostrate form of Gilbert Margrave. The young man was quite unconscious, the breast of his shirt dyed crimson by the blood which welled from his wound.

Toby and Bowen placed him upon the rocky seat which had been occupied by "The ball has struck him in the side,"

said Bowen. "I guess it's about all over with the Britisher. At the sound of these words of evil import, Cora Leslie opened her eyes, and, beholding the bleeding and prostrate

form of her lover, flung herself on her knees at his feet. "Gilbert, Gilbert I' she exied; "dead; and I am the cause of this." The mu-latto placed his hand upon the breast of

the wounded man. "The heart beats, though faintly," he said; "dear mistress, he will be saved." "Will you allow him to be carried to your father's villa, Miss Leslie?" said Mortimer; "I will accompany you thither.

"Ah, Mr. Percy," exclaimed Cora, "you are all goodness." "A hundred dollars for your trouble, Bowen, if you'll assist us in earrying this poor fellow to the boat," said Mortimer. "A hundred dollars-I'm your man!" replied the American. "You'll excuse

me, Mr. Horton, business is business, you know," he added, to Augustus. Mortimer Percy and the mulatto gathered together several strong branches from the fallen wood lying beneath the trees, and twisted them

into a rude litter on which they laid the unconscious Englishman. One end of this litter was carried by Toby, the other by William Bowen, Cora

and Mortimer walking by the side of the wounded man. In this order they started for the landing-place, where Gilbert's boat was

await them. Augustus Horton stood for some moments watching their receding figures in

the moonlight. "My curses on them," he muttered; "I thought tonight's business would have settled for my proud Cora's English lover, and I have but favored my rival's chance by what I have done. If this Gilbert Margrave should recover, of course he will be all love and gratitude for his beautiful nurse, who will watch and tend him in his hour of danger. But, no matter, Craig and I have a powerful hold on Gerald Leslie, and his

She would not like to see her father penniles Or. If to the last she refuses to hear reason, the public auction will soon settle her scauples 1 r cannot win her as my mistress, I cad at 'east buy her as- my slave.

CHAPTER XIX.



HE morning after the duel, Augustus Horton returned to New Orleans. Even in his jealousy of Gilbert Margrave and his guilty passion for the beautiful Octoroon, he did not

thought of more ambitious schemes; and he was still determined to win the hand and the fortune of Camillia Moraquitos. The first intelligence that greeted him

on his return was the news of Paul Lisimon's escape from prison. The planter was furious. This dreaded rival was, then, at liberty.

The trial, which was to have ended in his disgrace and condemnation, would, perhaps, never take place, and Camillia might still believe in the honor and honesty of her lover.

That which he sought was to render Paul utterly contemptible in the sight of the haughty Spanish girl, and he felt that he had, in a great measure, failed. He dispatched a special messenger to Iberville with a letter for Silas Craig, informing him of the young Mexican's es-

Lose no time in returning to New Orleans," he wrote. "I need the help of your craft in this business. There must be some mystery in this Lisimon escape, and you are the man to unravel it.'

This done, he ordered his horse, and attended by his groom, rode at once to Villa Moraquitos. He was deterrained to precipitate matters, and enlist the Spaniard in his behalf. This he knew would be an easy matter, as Don Juan had always encouraged his addresses. Augustus Horton found the Spanlard alone in an apartment, which was called

his study, though little trace of studious habits was to be found within its walls. The paneling of this chamber was adorned with weapons of every kind, arranged in symmetrical order upon the walls. Cuffasses, pistois, and carbines, of polished steel, inlaid with gold and enamel, hung in glittering array side by side with charts of that ocean upon which, if scandalous tongues were correct, Don Juan Moraquitos had for many

years been a rover. When Augustus Horton entered this room the Spaniard was standing near an open window, his arms folded, his head bent upon his breast, moodily puffing a cheroot. He started as his visitor was announced, and, recovering himself as if by an effort, advanced to greet him.

said, "but I thought you had left New Orleans for Hortonville." "It is quite true-I left yesterday." "And returned this morning?"

'This is kind, my dear Augustus,

"Capricious boy! So soon tired of your rural retreat?" "You cannot guess the cause of my return?"

"No. indeed." "What, Don Juan! Can you not imagine that there may be a loadstar shining in this city, which draws me back to it in spite of myself?" "Ah! I begin to understand. And

that loadstar is-" "Your daughter, Camillia," The Spaniard was silent for some moments, as if absorbed in thought. Then, turning to the planter, he said gravely, 'Augustus Horton, I have long forseen this. I will freely own to you, that some time since, I cherished more ambitious views for my only child. We Spanlards are a proud race, and I once hoped that the husband of my daughter might be one of the haughty nobles of my distant land. But that is past now," he added, with a sigh: "your rank is as high as that of any man in Louisiana. You are no penniless adventurer who seeks to enrick himself by marriage. You are young, handsome, wealthy. Win her,

then, you have my free consent." "And your assistance?" "But if she should refuse?"

"I cannot force her wishes. She is my only child, the sole treasure of an old man's heart. If you cannot win her love, you must submit to her refusal of her hand."

Augustus Horton retired with many expressions of gratitude and affection, but once outside the chamber his brow darkened and he clinched his fist as he muttered with an oath-"This Spaniard is like some foolish old

woman. He cannot force his daughter's wishes, forsooth; and the double fortune of Don Juan Moraquitos and Don Tomaso Crivelli may go to any handsome adventurer, upon whom Donna Camillia chooses to bestow her affection." As these thoughts were busy in his brain, he crossed the spacious hall on

his way to Camillia's apartments. In the corridor leading to the young girl's boudoir, he met Pauline Corsi. He did not stop to speak to her, but eature as a man only bestows upon one

whom he thinks far beneath him. It did not escape the keen observation of the Frenchwoman. "So," she mur-mured, as she glanced back at the American, "I am a governess-a dependent - unworthy of your notice. Mr. Horton, the day may come when you will find me no weak enemy!"

She broke into the merry chorus of a gay French song, as she finished speak-ing, and tripped away, warbling like some joyous bird. None could have dreamed the dark thoughts that lurked beneath that joyous

Augustus Horton entered the boudoir. and lifting a rose-colored silken curtain which shrouded the doorway, gazed in silence upon the occupant of the cham-

The heiress was seated near the open window, her rounded elbow, firm and polished as unveined marble, resting on the cushion of her chair, her head leaning on her hand, her lustrous eyes veiled by the silken lashes that curtained them; her whole attitude bespeaking the pro-

foundest melancholy. The planter gazed upon her with admiration, but it was admiration unmingled

It was with the same feeling he would have experienced in looking at some gorgeous picture. His eye was bewitched by the exquisite coloring, the perfect form, but his heart

was untouched. Nothing could be more complete than

the contrast between the Spanish girl and the Octoroon. Both were beautiful-both had eyes of deepest black, but the orbs of Cora Leslie were soft and pensive, while those of Camillia Moraquitos flashed with the burning flames of a southern clime. Cora soval cheeks were pale as the un-sulfied lear of the water if y; Camillia s

glowed with the rice orimson blush of

that splendid bue, rarely seen save in the petals of the damask rose. But each had offended the pride of the planter, and he determined that each should pay a bitter penalty for having dared to prefer another. He told his suit and was rejected with

SCOTE. Nay, more, he saw that not only was he utterly indifferent to the Spanish girl-there was something beyond the indifference in her manner-something even more powerful than scorn-there.

Infuriated by this discovery, he determined to fathom her reason "Camillia Moraquitos," he said, with outward calmness, beneath which raged sup-pressed passion. "you have rejected the offer of a devoted heart. Be it so! I cannot force your compliance. You love another; no doubt some honorable man,

upon the woman he weds."

The Spanish girl's head dropped as Augustus said this, with chilling irony. She felt that he knew her secret, and the bitterness of the sneer wounded her to the heart.

"But this is not all," continued the planter; 'not only do you love another, but you hate me. I ask you why this is

"Shall I tell you?" she asked gravely, lifting her flashing eyes, and looking him full in the face.

"Heaven forgive me if I wrong you, Augustus Horton, but some secret in-stinct tells me that you were associated with that pitiful wretch, Silas Craig, in the plot which brought disgrace upon the name of one-

"Who is very dear to you! Is it not

so, Donna Camillia? 'Yes," she answered, proudly, "I have never before confessed my love to a mortal. I confess it now to you. It will at least prove my belief in his innocence." "Mr. Paul Lisimon is a very happy man to possess so fair a defender," said Augustus, with studied sarcasm; "no doubt the escaped felon, the runaway thief, will return to New Orleans ere long to claim his bride, though, I fear that the very first hour he shows his face in this city, he will find himself handcuffed and carried back to jail. In the meantime, I withdraw all pretentions to your hand. I cannot hope for success

against such a rival." He bowed haughtily, and withdrew, laughing bitterly. In the ante-room without, he found the negro, Tristan, lying on an embroidered rug, close against the boudoir door.

"Dog!" exclaimed Augustus: "you have been listening?" "Do not be angry, massa, with the poor nigger. What if the dog can help

"Help me?" "Yes, dogs are sometimes useful. Have you ever seen a bloodhound hunt down a runaway slave, eh, massa? Ah! you have seen that. Many a time, I dare say. Many a time have set the dogs on yourself to capture your lost property. There are human bloodhounds, massa, who can hunt down an enemy as the dog hunts the poor slave. Your enemy is Tristan's enemy too. Say, massa, shall

we work together?" The planter looked at the negro with a glance of contempt.

"What can we have in common?" he said, scornfully. "Love, massa, love and hate! We both love the same woman, we both hate the same man." Augustus laughed aloud, "You-you

love Camillia Moraquitos?" he exclaimed, with consummate disdain. "And why not?" cried the negro, strlking himself upon the breast; "the heart within is of the same form, though the skin is of another color. I love her, love her, not as you white men love-but with the passionate fury of the African, which is stronger than death or fate. A jealous fever, which is close akin to hate and murder. I love her, and I know that she would look with loathing on this black face. I know that she can never be mine-but she shall not be his. No, no! I could better bear to see her wedded to you, for she would not love you. She would pine and die, and I would kill myself upon her grave, and know that she never blest the man she loved. Say, massa, shall I help you?"

Augustus Horton gazed at the negro for some moments, with a look of mingled surprise and disdain. There was something almost terrific in the flery energy of the African. Something, which in its terror approached almost to "Shall I serve you, massa?" said Tris-

"Yes," exclaimed the planter, "you shall be my bloodhound, and help me te bunt down my enemies.

[To Be Continued.]

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS JOHN C. BONNELL will take charge of the Rock Island's advertising department with headquarters in Chicago, The Rock Island folks are to be congratulated on a most wise selecteon.

THE Atchison Patriot has been sold again. The average democratic dally changes hands with a frequency that has become the most prominent and irritating feature of westeen journalism. Nobody pretends to understand it, but it is a fact that democratic papers have a harder row te hoe than any other human institution. - Calhoun's Lincoln Herald .

Don't nominate "yellow dogs," is the significant advice of the leading democratic organ of Omaha to its fellow democrats Saturday morning. The World-Herald seems to feel that it is in the company of a large number of canines of the tabooed color, otherwise the neccessity for the advice would not have made the censorship neccessary.

PLATT-MOETH has suffered no uncommon loss in the death of J. V. Weckbach In him the city loses one of its most enterprising and progressive business men whose influence was always exerted for the good of his neighbors and friends regardless of personal cost. Wholesouled genial and obliging in an eminent degree his mourning friends in this city are limited only by the number who knew him.

THE National Banking system is having quite a boom. Notwithstanding the general reduction of bank circulation there were 296 new banks chartered for the year, which ended October 1st. Texas heads the list with 63 of these formerly hated institutions, capitalized at at \$6,290, 000. Missouri is second on the list with 20 of the new banks capitalized at over \$4,000,000, while Nebraska is a close third with 19 and a paid up capital of over \$3,000,000, a strong showing for the agricultural state of Nebraska, where the McKinley bill has threatened | Plattsmouth, - Nebraska. destruction for the last nine months. It is significant also that the west should be far in the lead with new banking in stitutions of sister states in the east where there has been an absolute falling off.

A concert will be given at the M. E. church on Tuesday evenining Oct. 14. Admission 10c. See program tomorrow. GOOD BAR CONNECTED.

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