WAVERLAND. A TALE OF GUR COMING LANDLORDS.

BY SARAH MABLE BRIGHAM.

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In a Short time we were specializ anay towards the reduction on, on, we went with feelings of elast and joy. Our little party was complete. Les cuits were comfortable, and the dining arrangements Satisfactory.

"Caicago!" rang out upon the air before we hardly real and it could be. As we left the train I sold to soll:

"How different Cours look to me new, Nulle girl, that I have found you on my arm."

"Melvorne," I said, as we entered a carriage, "would you like to see Potter, Palmer's residence now?"

"No," he said, laughing, "but we will sest at his hotel a few hours, however. Then if the ladies are not too much fatigaed we will start for New York.

They declared themselves ready for the journey. I believe that they enjoyed it. Our active English ladies are not sickly sentimentalists who think the crowning glory of womanhood is to be thought an invalid. They are brave, pure-hearted women. They can be independent of the eld oak, yet love and home are no less dear to them because of that independonce.

What happy hours we spent on that homeward journey. Stella never tired of asking questions about her father's childbood home, and Melvorne seemed to enjoy picturing the old place. He would give the most minute descriptions of everything about it. At last, on a beautiful day in July, we were on a great ocean steamer bound for home.

One evening as we were standing on deck Melvorne asked:

"Loyd, do you remember the day I found you dreaming?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I do! I little thought then that I was seeking a friend, to live in such a beautiful place," I said, and I found that he had lost the one he patting her hand upon my arm, as we held most dear."

"And did you expect to find us so far from home!" asked Lady Irving archly.

"No, my lady," said Melvorne, half playfully. "When I was in London I would not seek you for fear my sweet girl friend would be changed to a cold proud womma of fashioa."

"What do you think now?" she asked mischievously.

"I think," he said, catching her in his friends," said Melvorne. arms, "that I shall hold you a prisoner unil you name the day that I shall call you mine!"

"And I make the same demand," I said, bringing Stella to my side.

"We may as well present our flags of truce and surrender to our conquerers," said Stella to Lady hving.

"Yes," said Lady Irving playfully, "We expected that some day you would become grants and use the conqueror's right to command; so we prepared our weapons of war ready to surrender with grace! At the seventh of September, if you will agree to such a treaty of peace."

"Is that true?" I asked, kissing the lips I loved so well.

"Yes, Loyd, after meeting you in Denver, Lady Irving and I plaaned not to be married until our return to England. She made me promise to be married on the same day she was and at her home."

"Then, you little rogue, you had made most perfect taste. these arrangements when I urged you to sot the day that evening in Manitou." met after our return from the evening mmble. Cousin James had asked Lady leving the same question, and had urged a

one air was a nazy ugut very unterens | reached Waverland. f immediately see from the wonderful blue of a Colorado sky.

About noon we reached the mansion, which through Melvorne's generosity, was now the property of Miss Stella Everett, grand-daughter of the earl of York. It had been built in the olden days when British peers were fond of palatial mansions. It stood in a park surrounded by a royal forest. As we walked up the avenue lined with majestic oaks and lindens, Stella snid:

"Then this was the childhood home of my sample, loving father, who never gave me a bint that he beloaged to the English mobility. He was content to live a life of usefulness among the humble tenant people," and tears rolled down her cheeks from thinking of the past.

"Yes, cousin, this was his childhood home," said Melvorne. "It was almost my home too. I have passed many happy hours here with my grandfather. He never tired talking of Charlie. He was his father's pride and joy until, in a moment of passion, that father had disowned his son and sent him away, henceforth to be a stranger from his home. I was the only one that my grandfather would permit to mention Charlie's name in his presence. I was so small when Uncle Charlie left home that I cannot remember anything about him. But I believe my grandfather was always sorry for his hasty action, and if it had not been for his ungovernable pride, he would have called him back."

"I fear you may regret your hasty action, Cousin James," said Stella.

"I shall never regret that; but I would like to add a clause to the transfer," said Melvorne

"What would it be?" asked Stella. "That this shall be your Winter home,

as it is near to Blue Ridge." "I will grant your request," said Stella, offering him her hand as a pledge for its fulfillment. Then she turned to me, say-

ing: "You agree with me in keeping this promise?" "Most surely! I could not help agreeing

started to leave the fountain, where Lady Irving had been watching the little fishes, while we had been talking. As we entered the hall Lady Irving said:

"I think Stella and I might command quite a large circle of friends who would add much pleasure and enjoyment to all these fine arrangements."

"I am only too anxious to introduce the Duchess of Melvorne to a large circle of

Stella remained silent as we entered and passed through the old hall. What a grand place it is! Just the home for my darling, I thought. Pictures of aucestors for many generations hung on the walls of the long gallery; and, as we were passing along Melvorne stepped to one and paused.

"This," he said, with reverence, "was Sir Edward, our grandfather." Stella looked for some moments at the stately form with snow white hair and beard and bright blue eyes.

"My father had those clear blue eves Silver Dell, my home in London there and a broad smooth brow, but the expreswill be a double wedding on the evening of i sion of his mouth was not so hard and proud," said Stella as she moved away.

"This was my mother's room, "said Melvorne, leading the way into another apartment. The room was trianned in blue and white. The ground work of the carpet, the curtains and all the drapery of the room was blue, while delicate vines and about the room was in accord with the new mistress."

"This was your father's," said Melvorne, opening a door down the hall.

men to work repairing the place. The lodge at the gate I had taken down and set workmen to rebuilding it after the plan of one I had seen in Colorado. I had the lawn mowed, the walks re-graveled, the trees and shrubs trimmed and the old fountain once more gurgled forth its glee in silvery sprays. The sound of saw and hammer made music to my heart from every quarter, for I was preparing to receive my fairy star-my Stella!

The next day after my return I rode over to Sir Wren's to get Myrtle. When I came up the avenue I saw her in the poultry yard feeding the chickens, ducks and pigcons. The pigeons were flying about her, some of them even alighting on her head and shoulders.

What a picture of innocence and trust the group formed. Myrtle, with her sunny curls floating about her neck and shoulders, her rosy checks and laughing eyes and surrounded by the contented flock feeding from her gentle hands. But when she heard the horse's noofs on the hard walk she turned, and seeing me, down went the little apron full of seeds and she came running toward me. The pigeons flew away in alarm, the ducks waddled off with a quack, quack, and the turkeys gobbled their disgust at being disturbed at meal time.

"O Loyd!" cried Myrtle, putting her arms about my neck as soon as I had dismounted, "have you come for me?"

"You are very happy here I see," I said, taking her in my arms.

"I have had such a nice time. But do you want me to go home?" she asked, as though afraid of offending me.

"Yes I want you home if you are ready to go. Where is Annie?" "She is in the house," said Myrtle, running on to tell the news. As she opened the drawing room door she exclaimed, "O Annie, Loyd has come!"

I had followed her into the room where Annie lay upon a sofa. She seemed but a shadow of her own happy self.

"Why, Annie," I said, going to her, "are you ill?"



to bring back my roses." "Why, why Loyd, old boy, are you home?" said Sir Wren, coming into the room. "I had just heard that you were in leaves were traced in white. Every thing London; and that Waverland is to have a

"Then how came she to be in such a po-

"Her father, Charles Edward Everett,

married against his father's wishes and he

disowned him for that cause." I explained.

"How does she become to be known and

"The Duke of Melvorne in some way dis-

covered that she was his cousin. Then

Stella's father left her as a part of his will

a cryptogram, which when deciphered, ex-

plained who he was and where he came

from. Melvorne has reinstated her to her

rightful share as if her father had not been

"Strange," said Sir Wren, soliloquizing,

that I never thought of that. I knew

Melvorne's mother was an Everett. And

now I come to think of it. Stella looks

very much as Melvorne's mother did at

her age. You know we were great friends

at that time and I remember very well the

time Charlie left home," said Sir Wren,

"Have you found Stella?" asked Myrtle,

"I have found her pet, and she will soon

"And leave your pet pigeons?" I asked.

Her face clouded for a moment, then she

"Yes, for Stella would get me some

"Are you willing to leave Annie, when

"No. I will take Annie with me," she

"Never mind me, dear," said Annie, in

such a weary tone as though life was a

"Well, Loyd," said Sir Wren, taking my

hand in his. "I am glad Waverland is go-

ing to be reopened. Annie has been pin-

ing away ever since the old house has been

"I am having some improvements made.

"Yes, you need to make it fine to receive

"That may be true but I loved her just

as well as the simple governess as I ever

"Where is she now "" asked Sir Wren.

I said. "Well, Myrtle," I asked, "are you

like to stay a while longer until Stella

Continaed Tarsotrow.

"She is with Lady Irving at Silver Dell,"

"Yes, if you want me to, but I would

can," I answered, truthfully.

It will be quite a respectable place when I

be with us at Waverland again," I said.

"Then I want to go home," said said.

who had been standing at my side listen-

becoming excited with the news.

the has been so kind to you?"

said, going to Annie as she spoke.

ing very attentively.

said:

more.

get it finished."

men If she said

"Yes, I found my lost friend in the new world among the mountains of Colorado



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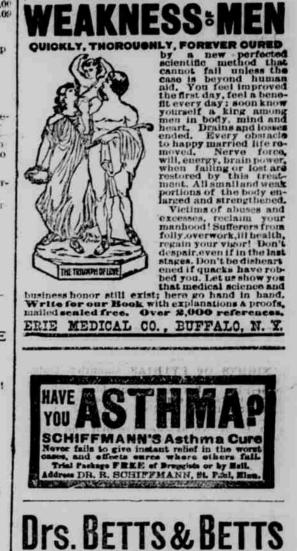
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C. MAYES

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time. gave myself up to my Saviour, de-termined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption coughs and colds. I gave it a trial took in all eight botdes; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at F. G. Fricke & Co.'s drug store, regular size, 50c. and \$1.00.

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roply," said Stella gaily. "Do you hear that, Melvorne?" I asked. "Hear what?"

"Why, these mischievous witches had freedom to our wills," I said. "Do you you were so blue, my asking you if you did not believe that they had some scheme

against us?" were going to carry out that plan if we waist remained silent. and remained in America a year?" he mked of Lady Irving.

"Most decidedly, my Lord," she said, making him a mocking courtesy.

"Then I am thankful for that telegram." "So am I, for now that the day is set, I

Lady Waverland at her new home," 1 said

"I claim the right to keep Cousin Stella my guest until that time," said Mel-VOTDO.

"No. I have a prior right to her for my companion," said Lady Irving. After some debating Lady Irving won

her point and Stella was to remain at Silver Dell until after the wedding.

The voyage was a most delightful one. yet we were glad when it was ended and we were quietly seated in Lady Irving's cious dining room. She had earnestly insisted that the first evening of our homecoming should be passed together at her home. Silver Dell is beautifully located on the Upper Thames not far from London. It is a grand old mansion, perfect in all its appointments.

It is always ready to receive its noble mistress and all her guests.

After dinner we spent a few hours talking over our plan for the future. It was agreed that Melvorne should attend to the business which had called him home and then we were all to visit Raven's Park together.

"Come Loyd," said Melvorne, "you are to be my guest while you remain in Eng-Land.

"Thanks," I said. "I was dreading a lonely lodging after so much pleasant com-DHELV.

It was hate when we reached Blue Ridge, but the great mension was brilliantly lighted. Lady Hortense had a gay party place. about her.

The following day we ran down to the city, and while Melvorne was attending to imagination, the mountains and glens of Colorado with Stells, and Lady Irving.

When Melvorne returned we decided to visit Raven's Park the following day.

"We almost need our business manager to keep us posted on the day's proceedings, said Melvorne

"I wonder where the Lollards are now," said Lady Irving. "Some time I am going beck to finish the tour your telegram cut Short."

"I nm going too," said Stella. "I am not satisfied with our short stay in the new world."

CHAPTER XXIL-BUSY DAYS. We drove to the depot as arranged, ready for a visit to Raven's Park. It was a delightful day. Every blade and leaf quivered with the gentle breeze, and in !

"Yes, and it was fun for us when we Here, rich, dark tints gave a warm glow to the room. "And these were his books when a school-boy," he continued, opening the doors of a bookcase.

Stella went to the open case and with a tender sadness on her face took one book after another from its old accustomed place and read with an aching heart the England to make us wait until we were in dear name now forgotten save by a few. England before they would yield their Tears fell on the open page as she looked upon the writing of the hand that had remember that evening in my room when been her guide from infancy. I longed to comfort her, as she stood there with the memory of a fond father's, kind, protecting love so fresh in her thoughts. I went turning to me with an inquiring look.

"Yes, I remember it very well. So you to her, and placing my arm about her "To think," she said, "that after all

York.'

sition in life?"

recognized now?'

disowned."

these years they are here to give me a welcome home. It seems like almost seeing my father to be among his books and see his own writing!"

"There is comfort in the silent messahave enough to do to get ready to receive ges," I said, as she stood reading from the margin of an old book. Then, as though speaking to herself alone she said:

> "O, loving father, fond and true Each silent book can speak for you. And with an eloquence most rare. Remind me of your tender care."

Then, as though some unseen comforter

had been near, Stella closed the doors of the bookcase with a gentle touch as though she felt that it was conscious of her love. Then we left the room and joined Lady Irving and Melvorne in the school room. Broken toys and torn books still told of children's wayward ways. But now, alas, how changed, as Longfellow so beautifully pictures life in the lines:

"All things must change To something new, to something strange: Nothing that is can pause or stay, Too soon to-day be yesterday. Behind us in our path we cast The broken pot shreds of the past. And all are ground to dust at last, And tradden into ous "

And trodden into clay.

It was a day of mingled joy and sadness for Stella. To her, this new revelation of her father's early life was a source of infinite pleasure, but it was mingled with regret because of her great loss in his death. With Melvorne the past was full of pre-

cious memories, and with thoughtful kindness he anticipated Stella's slightest wish. After lunch and a ramble over the velvety lawn and through the fragrant park, we returned to the city. In the evening papers we read the announcement of our

arrival and they also gave a lengthy description of a double wedding soon to take burden, "papa and I are going to travel."

When we parted that evening I bade Stella good-night, saying.

Good-bye, my darling, when we meet business I was traveling over again in again I shall claim you as my own. No more separations then. It is only for a | closed." short time, still it looks long and tedious.

You will write to me often. Stella dear?" I asked, as I held her to my heart in a close embrace.

"Yes, Loyd, I will write often, for letters so illustrious a wife. Quite an honor, I help to make time pass more quickly. But assure you, Loyd, to make such an alli-I hate to let you go," she said clinging to ance.' my arm.

"You know I must go to make Waverland ready for its illustrious little mistress!'

"Dear old Waverland, I shall soon see it once more! Kiss Myrtle for me. Bring her with you when-" then she paused | ready to go home with me now!" as though afraid to say more.

Yes, dearest, I will bring her with me when I come to claim my bright, my bonny bride," I said, giving her a parting embrace.

It was a beautiful morning when I

with Laty Irving. They had been travel-Hundreds of subtiaround us ready to attack wherever here is ing together for some months." "What is it, papa?" asked Annie, look-

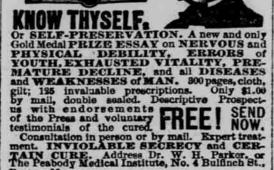
ing first at her father and then at me. "O. I remember now, my pet," said Sir Wren tenderly. "You have not heard the news yet."

around us ready to attack wherever here is a week point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure bloo and a properly nourished frame."— Civil Service Gazette, Madosi simply with boiling water or mik, Sold only in half-pound tins, by groceries, labelled thur: JAMES EPPS & DO., Homeopathic Chemist London, England

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