

A SET OF ROGUES.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXX.

"What!" cries Dawson, catching his daughter in his arms and hugging her to his breast, when the first shock of surprise was past.

"And my own," says she tenderly, "which I fear hath grown a little wanting in love for ye since I have been mated. But, though my dear Dick draws so deeply from my well of affection, there is still somewhere down here" (clapping her hand upon her heart), "a source that first sprang for you and can never dry."

"Aye, and 'tis a proof," says he, "your coming here where we may speak and act without restraint, though it be but for five minutes."

"Five minutes!" cries she, springing up with her natural vivacity. "Why, I'll not leave you before the morning, unless you weary of me." And then, with infinite relish and sly humor, she told of her device for leaving the court without suspicion.

I do confess I was at first greatly alarmed for the safe issue of this escapade, but she assuring me 'twas a dirty night, and she had passed no one on the road, I felt a little reassured. To be sure, thinks I, Mr. Godwin, by some accident, may return, but finding her gone and hearing Captain Evans keeps me to my house he must conclude she has come hither and think no harm of her for that neither, seeing we are old friends and sobered with years, 'tis the most natural thing in the world that, feeling lonely and dejected for the loss of her husband, she should seek such harmless diversion as may be had in our society.

However, for the sake of appearances, I thought it would be wise to get this provision of ham and birds out, for fear of misadventure, and also I took instant precaution to turn the key in my street door. Being but two men, and neither of us overnice in the formalities, I had set a cheese, a loaf and a bottle betwixt us on the bare table of my office room, for each to serve himself as he would, but I now proposed that, having a lady in our company, we should pay more regard to the decencies by going up stairs to my parlor, and there laying a tablecloth and napkins for our repast.

"Aye, certainly!" cries Moll, who had grown mighty fastidious in these particulars since she had been mistress of Hurst Court. "This dirty table would spoil the best appetite in the world."

So I carried a fagot and some apple logs up stairs and soon had a brave fire leaping up the chimney, by which time Moll and her father, with abundant mirth, had set forth our victuals on a clean white cloth, and to each of us a clean plate, knife and fork, most proper. Then, all things being to our hand, we sat down and made a most hearty meal of Mrs. Butterby's good cheer, and all three of us as merry as grigs, with not a shadow of misgiving.

There had seemed something piteous to me in that appeal of Moll's that she might be herself for this night, and indeed I marvelled now how she could have so trained her natural disposition to an artificial manner and could no longer wonder at the look of fatigue and weariness in her face on her return from London.

For the old reckless, careless, daredevil spirit was still alive in her, as I could plainly see now that she abandoned herself entirely to the free sway of impulse. The old twinkle of mirth and mischief was in her eyes, she was no longer a fine lady, but a merry vagabond again, and when she laughed 'twas with her hands clasping her sides, her head thrown back and all her white teeth gleaming in the light.

"Now," says I, when at length our meal was finished, "I will clear the table."

"Hoop!" cries she, catching up the corners of the tablecloth and flinging them over the fragments. "This done. Let us draw round the fire and tell old tales. Here's a pipe, dear dad. I love the smell of tobacco, and you," to me, "do fetch me a pipkin that I may brew a good drink to keep our tongues going."

About the time this drink was brewed Simon, leading Mr. Godwin by a circuitous way, came through the garden to the back of the house, where was a door, which I had never opened for lack of a key to fit the lock. This key was now in Simon's hand, and putting it with infinite care into the hole he softly turned the wards. Then, with the like precaution, he lifts the latch and gently thrusts the door open, listening at every inch to catch the sounds within. At length 'tis opened wide. Then, turning his face to Mr. Godwin, who waits behind, sick with mingled shame and creeping dread, he beckons him to follow.

Above Dawson was singing at the top of his voice a sea song, he had learned of a mariner at the inn he frequented at Greenwich, with a troll at the end, taken up by Moll and me, and to hear his wife's voice bearing part in this rude song made Mr. Godwin's heart to sink within him. Under cover of this noise Simon mounted the stairs without hesitation, Mr. Godwin following at his heels in a kind of sick bewilderment. 'Twas dark up there, and Simon, stretching forth his hands to know if Mr. Godwin was by, touched his hand, which

was usually cool and quivering, for here at the door he was seized with a sweating faintness, which so sapped his vigor that he was forced to hold by the wall to save himself from falling.

"Art thee ready?" asks Simon, but he can get no answer, for Mr. Godwin's energies, quickened by a word from



Simon pushes wide open the door.

within like a jaded beast by the sting of a whip, is straining his ears to catch what is passing within. And what hears he? The song is ended, and Dawson cries:

"You han't lost your old knack of catching a tune, Moll. Comè hither, wench, and sit upon my knee, for I do love ye more than ever. Give me a buss, chuck. This fine husband of thine shall not have all thy sweetness to himself."

At this moment Simon, having lifted the latch under his thumb, pushes wide open the door, and there through the thick cloud of tobacco smoke Mr. Godwin sees the table in disorder, the white cloth flung back over the remnants of our repast and stained with a patch of liquor from an overturned mug, a smutty pipkin set upon the board beside a dish of tobacco and a broken pipe—me sitting o' one side the hearth heavy and drowsy with too much good cheer, and on t'other side his young wife, sitting on Dawson's knee, with one arm about his neck, and he in his uncounted seaman's garb, with a pipe in one hand, the other about Moll's waist, a-kissing her yielded cheek. With a cry of fury, like any wild beast, he springs forward and clutches at a knife that lies ready to his hand upon the board, and this cry is answered with a shriek from Moll as she starts to her feet.

"Who is this drunken villain?" she cries, stretching the knife in his hand toward Dawson.

And Moll, flinging herself betwixt the knife and Dawson, with fear for his life, and yet with some dignity in her voice and gesture, answers swiftly:

"This drunken villain is my father."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Stand aside, Moll," cries Dawson, stepping to the fore and facing Mr. Godwin. "This is my crime, and I will answer for it with my blood. Here is my breast" (tearing open his jerkin).

"Strike, for I alone have done you wrong, this child of mine being but an instrument to my purpose."

Mr. Godwin's hand fell by his side, and the knife slipped from his fingers. "Speak," says he thickly, after a moment of horrible silence, broken only by the sound of the knife striking the floor. "If this is your daughter—if she has lied to me—what, in God's name, is the truth? Who are you, I ask?"

"John Dawson, a player," answers he, seeing the time is past for lying.

Mr. Godwin makes no response, but turns his eyes upon Moll, who stands before him with bowed head and clasped hands, wrung to her inmost fiber with shame, remorse and awful dread, and for a terrible space I heard nothing but the deep, painful breathing of this poor, overwrought man.

"You are my wife," says he at length. "Follow me." And with that he turns about and goes from the room. Then

Moll, without a look at us, without a word, her face ghastly pale and drawn with agony, with faltering steps passes, catching at table and chair as she passes for support.

Dawson made a step forward, as if he would have overtaken her, but I withheld him, shaking my head, and myself seeing 'twas in vain he dropped into a chair and spreading his arms upon the table hides his face in them with a groan of despair.

Moll totters down the dark stairs and finds her husband standing in the doorway, his figure revealed against the patch of gray light beyond, for the moon was risen, though veiled by a thick pall of cloud. He sees, as she comes to his side, that she has neither cloak nor hood to protect her from the winter wind, and in silence he takes off his own cloak and lays it on her shoulder. At this act of mercy a ray of hope animates Moll's numbed soul, and she catches at her husband's hand to press it to her lips, yet can find never a word to express her gratitude. But his hand is cold as ice, and he draws it away from her firmly, with obvious repugnance. There was no love in this little act. 'Twas but the outcome of that chivalry in gentlemen which doth exact lenience even to an enemy.

So he goes on his way, she following like a whipped dog at his heels, till they reach the court gates, and, these being fast locked, on a little farther to the wicket gate. And there, as Mr. Godwin

is about to enter, there comes from him a voice, that startles Puritan hiebing of old Simon's.

"Thee canst not enter here, friend," says he in his canting voice as he sets his foot against the gate.

"Know you who I am?" asks Mr. Godwin.

"Yea, friend, and I know who thy woman is also. I am bidden by friend Simon, the true and faithful steward of Mistress Godwin in Barbary, to defend her house and lands against robbers and evildoers of every kind, and without respect of their degree, and with the Lord's help," adds he, showing a stout cudgel, "that will I do, friend."

"'Tis true, fellow," returns Mr. Godwin. "I have no right to enter here."

And then, turning about, he stands irresolute, as not knowing whither he shall go to find shelter for his wife. For very shame he does not take her to the village inn to be questioned by gaping servants and landlord, who, ere long, must catch the flying news of her shameful condition and overthrow. A faint light in the lattice of Anne Fitch's cottage catches his eye, and he crosses to her door, still humbly followed by poor Moll. There he finds the thumbpiece gone from the latch, to him a well known sign that Mother Fitch has gone out a-nursing. So, pulling the hidden string he wots of, he lifts the latch within, and the door opens to his hand. A rush is burning in a cup of oil upon the table, casting a feeble glimmer round the empty room. He closes the door when Moll has entered, sets a chair before the hearth and rakes the embers together to give her warmth.

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" cries Moll, casting herself at his feet as he turns and clasping his knees to her stricken heart.

"Forgive you!" says he bitterly. "Forgive you for dragging me down to the level of rogues and thieves, for making me party to this vile conspiracy of plunder! A conspiracy that, if it bring me not beneath the lash of justice, must blast my name and fame forever. You know not what you ask. As well might you bid me take you back to finish the night in drunken riot with those others of your gang."

"Oh, no, not now—not now!" cries Moll in agony. "Do but say that one day long hence you will forgive me. Give me that hope, for I cannot live without it."

"That hope's my fear!" says he. "I have known men who, by mere contact with depravity, have so dulled their sense of shame that they could make light of sins that once appalled them. Who knows but that one day I may forgive you, chat easily upon this villainy, maybe regret I went no farther in it?"

"O God, forbid that shall be of my doing!" cries Moll, springing to her feet. "Broken as I am, I'll not accept forgiveness on such terms. Think you I'm like those plague-stricken wretches who, of wanton wickedness, ran from their beds to infect the clean with their foul ill? Not I!"

"I spoke in heat," says Mr. Godwin quickly. "I repent even now what I said."

"Am I so steeped in infamy," continues she, "that I am past all cure? Think," adds she piteously, "I am not 18 yet. I was but a child a year ago, with no more judgment of right and wrong than a savage creature. Until I loved you I think I scarcely knew the meaning of conscience. The knowledge came when I yearned to keep no secret from you. I do remember the first struggle to do right. 'Twas on the little bridge, and there I balanced awhile 'twixt cheating you and robbing myself. And then, for fear you would not marry me, I dared not own the truth. Oh, had I thought you'd only keep me for your mistress I'd have told you I was not your cousin. Little as this is, there's surely hope in't. Is it more impossible that you, a strong man, should lift me than that I, a weak girl—no more than that—should drag you down?"

"I did not weigh my words," says she. "Yes, they were true," says he. "'Tis bred in my body—part of my nature, this spirit of evil—and 'twill exist as long as I. For, even now, I do feel that I would do this wickedness again, and worse, to win you once more."

"My poor wife," says he, touched with pity, and holding forth his arms she goes to them and lays her cheek against his breast, and there stands crying very silently with mingled thoughts—now of the room she had prepared with such delight against his return, of her little table in the corner, with the chimney image atop, and other trifles with which she had dreamed to give him pleasure—all lost! No more would she

sit by his side there watching, with wonder and pride, the growth of beauty 'neath his dexterous hand, and then she feels that 'tis compassion, not love, that hath opened his arms to her; that she hath killed his respect for her, and with it his love. And so, stifling the sobs that rise in her throat, she weeps on till her tears, trickling from her cheek, fall upon his hand.

The icy barrier of resentment is melted by the first warm tear—this silent testimony of her smothered grief—and bursting from the bonds of reason he yields to the passionate impulse of his heart, and clasping this poor sorrowing wife to his breast he seeks to kiss away the tears from her cheek and soothe her with gentle words. She responds to his passion, kiss for kiss, as she clasps her hands about his head, but still her tears flow on, for with her reader wit she perceives that this is but the transport of passion on his side and not the untaxed outcome of enduring love, proving again the truth of his unmediated prophecy, for how can he stand who yields so quickly to the first assault, and if he cannot stand her can he raise her? Surely and more surely, little by little, they must sink together to some lower depth, and one day, thinks she, repeating his words, "we may chat easily upon this villainy and regret we went no farther in it."

Mr. Godwin leads her to the adjoining chamber, which had been his, and says:

"Lie down, love. Tomorrow we shall

see things clearer and think more reasonably."

"Yes," says she in return, "more reasonably," and with that she does his bidding, and he returns to sit before the embers and meditate, and here he sits, striving in vain to bring the tumult of his thoughts to some coherent shape, until, from sheer exhaustion, he falls in a kind of lethargy of sleep.

Meanwhile Moll, lying in the dark, had been thinking also, but, as women will at such times, with clearer perception, so that her ideas, forming in logical sequence and growing more clear and decisive, as an argument becomes more lively and conclusive by successful reasoning, served to stimulate her intellect and excite her activity. And the end of it was that she rose quickly from her bed and looked into the next room, where she saw her husband sitting, with his chin upon his breast and his hands folded upon his knee before the dead fire. Then, wrapping his cloak about her, she steals toward the outer door, but passing him she must needs pause at his back to stanch her tears a moment and look down upon him for the last time. The light shines in his brown hair, and she bending down till her lips touch a stray curl, they part silently, and she, with yearning affection, bids him from her very soul a mute "Fare thee well, dear love!"

But she will wait no longer, fearing her courage may give away, and the next minute she is out in the night, softly drawing the door to that separates these two forever.

(To be Continued.)

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A Physician Prescribes Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.: My daughter Mattie, aged 14, was afflicted last spring with St. Vitus dance and nervousness, her entire right side was numb and nearly paralyzed. We consulted a phy-



sician and he prescribed Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. She took three bottles before we saw any certain signs of improvement, but after that she began to improve very fast and I now think she is entirely cured. She has taken nine bottles of the Nervine, but no other medicine of any kind. Knox, Ind., Jan. 5, '95. B. W. HOSKOTTER.

Physicians prescribe Dr. Miles' Remedies because they are known to be the result of the long practice and experience of one of the brightest, members of their profession, and are carefully compounded by experienced chemists, in exact accordance with Dr. Miles' prescriptions, as used in his practice. On sale at all druggists. Write for Dr. Miles' Book on the Heart and Nerves. Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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LORD OF 70,000 ACRES.

ONE OF THE LARGEST LAND-OWNERS IN THE SOUTH.

Twelve Hundred People Pay Him Rent—Decree of the Court Awards Him Right of Way Granted a Railroad Years Ago.



NE of the biggest land cases ever litigated in Alabama has been decided in the federal court, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. It was the case of the United States against Hugh Carlisle and the Tennessee and Coosa railroad company. The defendants won and the chief party in interest, Major Hugh Carlisle, of Guntersville, Ala., is receiving congratulations from far and near over the happy issue of what had long been to him a great vexation.

The land involved consists of about 70,000 acres, which were originally granted by act of congress in 1856 to aid in construction of the Tennessee and Coosa railroad. A bill was filed in November, 1891, to forfeit the grant. This bill alleged that the road had not been completed in the ten years prescribed by the grant of the act. The bulk of the land had been conveyed to Major Carlisle in payment for constructing and equipping the road. The government contended first that the road had not been constructed in the ten years required and that the deed to Hugh Carlisle was colorable only, and that he really held the land as trustee for the road. The court in its final decree decided that the Tennessee and Coosa railroad company sold to Major Carlisle and other bona fide purchasers, prior to September 26, 1890, the date of the passage of the forfeiture act, all the land embraced in the first 120 sections, which, by the terms of the granting act, it was authorized to sell in advance of the construction of the road or any part thereof. The court also found that the road from Gadsden to Littleton had been completed and was in operation by September 29, 1890, and the lands opposite that part had not been forfeited, and for that reason the court held that none of the land had been forfeited; that the sale to Carlisle was bona fide, based on a good consideration, the proceeds being used for the construction and equipment of the road.

Something like 1,200 squatters and purchasers had settled upon the land, many of them being purchasers from Major Carlisle or the railroad company, but had refused to make payment, hoping to get possession and title by entry from the government. Some of these had employed F. S. White of this city to assist the district attorney, Major Carlisle was represented by Amos E. Goodhue, Esq., of Gadsden, and the railroad company by Judge R. C. Brickell and the Hon. Oscar Hundley of Huntsville. The court's decision directed the receiver, Owen T. Holmes, to place the property immediately in the possession of Major Carlisle.

With the 70,000 acres go about 800 notes, with interest, ranging from \$100 to \$400. In the territory is comprised some of the best mineral lands in the state, as well as valuable farm lands. In a wonderfully beautiful and picturesque region. Included in it are the ore mines of the Etowah Mining company (the Crudups), which has been for the last eight years turning out from 400 to 500 tons of red hematite ore, which has been generally shipped to South Pittsburg, Pa. Another large body of the land adjoins the big Dwight cotton manufacturing plant at Alabama City. The litigation over this property has been a stumbling block in the way of its development to many an anxious investor, who had no doubt of its valuable possibilities. It has thousands of acres of valuable iron ore lands, such as are utilized by the furnaces of the Birmingham district, and a vast area of good coking coal lands, where coal can be handled to water transportation by the simple aid of gravity.

Old citizens of the state have been long familiar with Major Carlisle and his Coosa River railroad. The road was first one of the dreams of the late Judge Louis Wyeth of Guntersville, whose memory is yet blessed in all north Alabama. He often expressed the hope to live to see the day when the waters of the Tennessee and Coosa would be united by this road. With him were associated such well known citizens of Marshall county as Alfred G. Henry, Dr. Joseph Bivins, General S. K. Rayburn, Sam Henry, Gabriel Hughes, Henry L. Miller and Wendolin Siebold.

Major Carlisle's estate is now as grand as any of the titled lairds of his native country, Scotland, whence he came to be a sturdy American citizen and a valued and honored Alabamian. His triumph will be glad news to his hosts of friends and well wishers all over Alabama. He was one of the unlagging pioneers of progressive industrial Alabama. He showed his zeal and proved his faith in the Coosa railroad by spending \$250,000 in it and sticking to it after it had been abandoned by every one else. On account of the heavy grading it was an unusually difficult road to build, one mile of it costing as much as \$110,000. Major Carlisle will be a generous and forbearing landlord and creditor to his numerous tenants and debtors, and expressed the opinion that honest purchasers of the land ought to be satisfied at least that all doubt as to the title is now removed.

So It Is. Millby—Why do all the scrawny old birds object to bloomers? Agnee—Oh, it's all a matter of form, you know.

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Ross Sammons, eight-year-old son of J. B. Sammons of Riverdale township, Buffalo county, mounted a pony to go to the pasture after the cows. While on the errand the pony began to "back" and threw the lad to the ground with great force. His arm was broken between the elbow and shoulder, the force of the fall pushing the end of the bone through the flesh, shirt and coat sleeve and into the ground. The little fellow was just learning to ride.

Secretary Williamson of the Nebraska club says the impression has gone out that the club was organized in the interests of certain corporations. He desires to correct the impression. The club had originated in the minds of certain members of the Nebraska manufacturers' and consumers' association and no one could question their sincerity. Neither was it organized, he says, to further the interests of Omaha. Of course there are Omaha men in it, but it is natural they should be. He believes the club can do more for the state and assist in concentrating its interests than any other movement possibly can.

The Star of Jupiter is a new order in the state. Wakefield will have wide open saloons this year. The Niobrara creamery has begun active operations. In Banner county hay is worth but 75 cents per ton. The M. W. A. organized a camp at Malcolm Tuesday.

Curtis was incorporated as a village ten years ago this month. Boyd county boasts of a calf that at birth weighed 175 pounds. Cass county is banking on an unusually large peach crop this year.

The independent voters of Platte-mouth have organized a club. The soil in Nuckolls county is well soaked to a depth of three feet. The Blue Springs roller mill has shut down on account of high water.

The Burlington is preparing to lay new and heavier steel between Seward and Malcolm. Harry Peacock of Superior disabled one of his best fingers by the careless handling of a hatchet. A North Platte marble man advertises "tombstones on easy terms." That sounds euphonious.

The baseball enthusiasts in the northeast Nebraska circuit are warming up and clubs are being organized. The irrigation fair will attract more attention to North Platte as the center of a rich agricultural community than any other event in its history. Tobias trustees have passed an ordinance that no barbed wire fences shall be harbored inside the village limits.

A new biography of the later years of Col. W. F. Cody has been begun by Col. Prentiss Ingraham in the Duluth Times. One Nebraska paper thinks a man who cannot afford 3 cents a week for his home paper must chew a great deal of tobacco. The Oxwards have contracted with Hall county farmers for 600 acres more of beets than were ever before planted in that county. The cows and hens are running this country now, nearly every article of food or clothing that's bought is taken in exchange for butter and eggs.

Mrs. W. M. Mears of Wayne has a broken shoulder blade. Her son was driving and turned an acute angle, upsetting the buggy. "That's why." The marshal of York has notified the citizens to repair their sidewalks and clean the alleys, or he will have it done and add the expense to their tax account. The school people of Fremont are this thinking of chartering a special train to take their crowd to attend the state declamatory contest which occurs at Ashland on May 1. Joe Roberts, the little step-son of W. C. Britton of Beaver Crossing attempted to hold a team of runaway horses, but was finally spilled out and suffered a broken arm. D. A. Cochran of Banner county has been arrested on a charge of cattle stealing. He lately shipped a car load to St. Joe that Alonzo Piffier claims were rustled from his herd. The mill dam at Ansley couldn't stand the high pressure from the recent rains, and went out with a rush. The mill wheels of the mill are at rest while a new dam is being constructed. The stone basement foundation of the new Methodist church at York was condemned by the building committee as no good and ordered torn down. Other stone masons, who understand their business, have been engaged to build it. Ira Hamilton of Plainview has a broken arm. He was amusing himself heaping contumelious epithets upon Philip Sires, which were born in silence until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Besides a broken arm, Ira has a very sore nose. A few weeks ago Steve Scales of Minnesota purchased a ranch at Newcastle. Last week an irate maiden whom he had promised to marry traced him up. He immediately fled for Iowa, and taking a ferry went to Elk Point. Nothing daunted, she followed him and at the latter place had him arrested. Ross Sammons, eight-year-old son of J. B. Sammons of Riverdale township, Buffalo county, mounted a pony to go to the pasture after the cows. While on the errand the pony began to "back" and threw the lad to the ground with great force. His arm was broken between the elbow and shoulder, the force of the fall pushing the end of the bone through the flesh, shirt and coat sleeve and into the ground. The little fellow was just learning to ride. Secretary Williamson of the Nebraska club says the impression has gone out that the club was organized in the interests of certain corporations. He desires to correct the impression. The club had originated in the minds of certain members of the Nebraska manufacturers' and consumers' association and no one could question their sincerity. Neither was it organized, he says, to further the interests of Omaha. Of course there are Omaha men in it, but it is natural they should be. He believes the club can do more for the state and assist in concentrating its interests than any other movement possibly can. This paper and the Silver Knight both for one year for \$1.15. See our clubbing list for rates with other papers.