

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. CHAPTER IX—Continued.

He related that no obstruction had been offered on the short excursion to Culmore, where he found a bishop of his church, who received him with much kindness, congratulating him on having escaped the hands of his enemies, and strictly enjoining him not again to hazard himself among them. After some discourse, in the progress of which Magrath baffled several attempts at obtaining information concerning Derry, the bishop recommended his confessing to a priest, just arrived to hold a station there. Magrath obeyed; but, on coming to the confessional, honestly apprised the priest that he should give no information on anything that did not concern himself—a plan in which the other refused to concur, indignantly assuring him that any concealment on points where he might be questioned, would burden his soul with mortal sin. Finding his penitent still refractory, he changed his tone, and pathetically appealed on behalf of the "persecuted church, representing the Protestants, especially those of Derry, as children of perdition, obnoxious and detestable both to God and man, and with whom none could keep faith without incurring the contamination of their damnable heresies."

The failure alike of his eloquence, and of the menaces with which he interspersed it, soon overcame his small stock of patience, and, seizing Magrath by the collar, he dragged him towards an adjoining room, the door of which he threw open, and, in violent wrath, denounced him as a pestilent heretic to the bishop, who was seated at breakfast with a party of his clergy around him. Every eye was turned on Magrath, who presently recognized in one of them the ominous twinkle of Father Peters, under whose careful superintendence he had been sent on a pilgrimage just previous to his grandfather's death.

The recognition was mutual, notwithstanding the lapse of eight years since their last meeting; and the priest, expressing great pleasure at beholding him again, assured his brethren that he was a faithful son of the church, long under his care, and one who would gladly receive wholesome admonition from his ancient pastor.

With Peters, therefore, Magrath withdrew, and had to maintain his post against every mode of displaying that authority to which he had once paid such unlimited obedience.

"I could his reverence that I came to confess all my own sins and get absolution; but the Derry men hadn't put it upon me to fetch them a penance, and I couldn't in conscience betray them. 'Conscience,' says he, 'and who's to look after your conscience, barrin' the clergy that has you under his knee?' 'Oh, sure,' says I, 'and isn't it myself that must give account of myself to God? Mustn't I stand before the judgment-seat of Christ?' Then to see the face of him when he axed me, 'And who would you all that stuff?' 'Stuff is it?' says I; 'sure, and it's in the blessed book of God's truth.' And then I gave it him in Irish clane and entire, as it was on my memory."

"And how bore he that?" asked Bryan.

"Bear it he didn't anyhow; but he clenched his fist in my teeth, and cursed me for as big a heretic as ould Dennis himself, that was burning like a dry sod in the fire of hell. I axed him how long had he known that the sow was there? 'How long is it?' says he; 'it's ever since I put my curse on the ould heretic for sticking to the truth that has poisoned you all. Didn't he tell me the rites of the church couldn't bring him to heaven? Troth, and he went fast enough to hell without 'em. 'Why, then,' says I, 'it's your reverence that's going to do the just and generous thing, giving back to my father's son the mass-money that went to fetch Dennis out of purgatory, and he in hell, the comfortless creature!'"

Unmoved by the burst of laughter which this shrewd turn drew from Ross and Bryan, Magrath went on to describe the augmented rage of the priest, who swore that, unless he gave full information on every point required, and amply atoned for his sacrilegious insolence, he should be turned out among the faithful army as an excommunicated traitor. Left to himself in a small apartment, of which the grated window and iron-clenched door bespoke it a prison, Magrath had leisure to reflect on the probable termination of his adventure; while the pacing of a sentry at a short distance proved that he was carefully guarded.

"And didn't you repent of your stoutness the while?" asked Shane, the intoneness of whose interest struck all the party.

"I didn't repent of my honesty, anyway," answered the other with strong emphasis; "but Father Peters' blarney had put me on thinking over past times; and sure it was I that had sinned

to confess, and wouldn't be let tell them to mortal man." He paused, his heart seemed full and his downward looks bespoke deep thought. Then suddenly raising his eyes with a bold and frank expression, he fixed them on Basil, saying, "I'll tell you what myself did: I couldn't well bear the weight that was on me, for somehow, talking of ould Dennis brought back the remembrance of the lone tower where the bishop was pent, and I couldn't but think a curse was upon me for that sake; so I knelt down and confessed to the Lord Jesus Christ, without priest or patron; and when I was in it, somehow I couldn't leave off, but confessed for ould Dennis and all the race, and asked Him would I get absolution that way? Why shouldn't I? for sure the words were clear in my mind;" and he recited in Irish, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Bryan started from his chair, and, repeating the text in English, paced the room, absorbed in mental thanksgiving; while Basil, suppressing his emotion, asked Magrath whether he experienced any comfort from this, to him, novel mode of confession.

"Sure and I did, sir. A feeling came over me as if the great God looked and listened, and I cannot say but I trembled. Yet, comfort it was to think that He heard me, and I got up with a lighter heart." He then related that another attack was made on his constancy by one of the servants, who, coming as if by stealth, set before him the certain death which awaited him, should the priest denounce him from the altar on the morrow, as he would do, unless a timely submission averted the fate. Magrath, however, described the report of the pieces which sent shells and shot into Derry, as assisting to harden him against all pleading; and he made up his mind to brave the worst, passing the night in painful reflection, not unmixed with joy, as passages from the Irish Scriptures were forcibly brought to his remembrance.

At early morning Peters once more appeared, accompanied by the bishop, and armed with all the artillery of expostulation and thundering menaces, both as regarded this world and the next. He stood firm, and they left him for the first mass, giving him until noon to consider the consequences of such unheard-of pertinacity. Peters had informed the bishop of old Dennis's refractory end; and the virulent abuse heaped on the Word of God by these soi-disant ministers of His truth, operated to strengthen Magrath against the utmost that their malice could achieve. Through his narrow window he saw the men crowding to mass, and not wishing to be behind-hand in devotion, he knelt down to pray, as before.

The sentry had been frequently relieved; and about noon, when, after a short query, to which an equally short negative was given, the priest had left his door, Magrath recognized in his new guard one whom he well knew as an active emissary of his party, high in the confidence of some leaders among the native Irish clans. Magrath called him by name; and the other, much surprised, advanced to the grate, inquiring by what means he had been placed in such a dilemma.

"For my honesty," was the reply; and before he could proceed, the other burst into low but bitter invectives against the French party, who, he said, were using the Irish as tools, to gain a footing in the land at the expense of their blood, and afterwards to enslave them. The priests then at Culmore, he said, were all in the plot, and would, no doubt, make away with every honest man who sought to maintain his country's independence. He then inquired if it was by their means that the prisoner lay under sentence of death, as he understood. Magrath simply gave an affirmative; which drew from his friend renewed expressions of indignation. As, however, the time for relieving him approached, he hastily desired the prisoner to watch until he should see a sentry on guard wearing a green ribbon in his button-hole, and then to try the door of his cell, and make what use he could of the opportunity. He finished by directing him to seek out their former employer, and apprise him that those in authority were deeply plotting the subjugation of Ireland beneath the yoke of France; and was gone before Magrath could answer a word, leaving him doubtful whether he should avail himself of the succor given under so evident a misconception.

Connellan, his ancient comrade, he knew to be a man of dark and stern resolve, in whatsoever regarded the exclusive interests of the native race. Religion formed with him only an inferior branch of patriotism, and his was the hand that would stab on the high altar even a sovereign pontiff capable of conspiring against Irish ascendancy. Called from a distant post to take his turn in guarding a prisoner whose safe-keeping was only entrusted to men of tried resolution, he knew no more than he had fallen under the displeasure of their leaders. His former experience of Magrath's devoted attachment to his native cause, brought at once his impetuous mind to the conclusion that for it he was now about to suffer; nor would he regard the representations subsequently made in answer to his inquiries as any but the artful

inventions of his enemies. Hervey prevailed throughout the camp, while, in honor of Columbkille, a high feast was kept; and this disorder made fair to facilitate the plans of Connellan, whose fixed resolve it was to liberate the captive.

Magrath, meanwhile, ruminated on the strange event, opening so unexpected a way of escape. With characteristic scorn of consequences, he resolved to undeceive Connellan, rather than bear the brand of treachery to any party; at the same time not purposing to lose any hope of an honorable retreat from the grasp of those against whom his patriotism was rising into active hostility. Some hours elapsed, and several times had Magrath taken an anxious survey of some new guard, before the welcome sight of an end of green ribbon, drawn out through the button-hole of his vest, apprised him that a confederate of Connellan had assumed his office. This man took a wider range than his predecessors, whistling a national melody as he paced the ground, and while observing him, Magrath distinctly heard a key turn in the lock of his door. At the same time, the sentry ceasing his tune, stood stationary with his back to the building.

Magrath opened the door; all was clear; he turned the key again to secure the entrance of his prison, and slipping it into his pocket, passed swiftly round a projecting angle of the wall, and descended a bank overhanging the lower ground—a rude natural rampart—under which he paused, stooping low beneath its level, to ponder on the next movement in his novel and perilous expedition. At any other time, such an escape would have been morally impossible, nor could he have occupied his present position for three minutes undiscovered; but all bonds of discipline had been loosed, and every military precaution sacrificed at the shrine of drunken revelry. In fact, the army had long manifested symptoms of disgust, and even of an insurrectionary spirit, under the severe privations imposed by their arduous task before the stubborn walls of Derry, and it was wisely counselled by the crafty priesthood, that a day of unlimited enjoyment should be conceded, to restore in some measure the good-humor of the troops; while by an extensive application of that invaluable engine, the confessional, they should themselves be able to ascertain that nothing like an organized plan of mutiny existed among the complainants. Always ready to take full advantage of such festive seasons, the men were continually assembling in that part of the camp where liquors abounded; and no such attraction residing in Magrath's present vicinity, he was comparatively safe while screened from the view of the sentinels, whose measured tread still vibrated before the empty guard-house.

In deliberating on his future course, Magrath decided on that from which a mind of ordinary nerve would most intuitively have shrunk. With care and circumspection he might have won his way back to the walls of Derry, favored as he was by circumstances that would speedily be changed into double vigilance; but he resolved on gaining some further insight into the condition of his countrymen, and with this intent he prepared to throw himself into the midst of that confused company, which, like the mixed multitude that went up out of Egypt, still hovered about the regular camp, and anticipated, if not a share of the future spoil, yet, at least, a sanguinary participation in the meditated carnage of the devoted city. The better to avoid such suspicion as his decent garb would perhaps excite, Magrath divested himself of his coat and shoes, which, with his hat, he buried under some loose earth; then, having torn his waistcoat, and otherwise damaged his remaining apparel, he placed the fragment of a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and sallied forth, exposed to any eye that might be roaming thitherward, and deliberately passed on towards the outermost part of the encampment.

Bryan could not refrain, from expressing some astonishment at a proceeding so manifestly imprudent; but Magrath assured him that, barring Father Peters, he could have faced any man who had seen him during that or the preceding day without apprehension of discovery. Adding that at first he had assumed somewhat of a staggering gait, as though intoxicated; but some passage which came into his mind, bidding him abstain from every appearance of evil—and he quoted it in the Irish—induced him to lay aside the semblance of that sin which he would not actually have committed, and to trust to such disguise alone as his conscience could not condemn.

Arrived among the wild stragglers of his race, he was allured by the savory steams of a pot, which promised some relief to his hunger; and which, as he approached, was just taken from over a fire of turf, where it had hung suspended from sticks, and carried into a sort of cabin, or rather shed, most rudely constructed for the shelter of as many human beings as chose to congregate beneath its roof. His wistful looks were remarked by one who seemed to exercise some control over his surrounding companions; and who, as a matter of course, proffered a welcome to the stranger in that tongue which was almost exclusively spoken around

him. Magrath thankfully accepted the invitation, while his host remarked that it was a long lost some of them had kept adding, that probably Magrath, like himself, had been with the priest that day; a fact which the visitor readily confessed.

"I could not get to the blessed sacrament," said the other, crossing himself, "until just now; and that is the reason that I am fasting still. Oh, it's a comfortable thing to come under the priest's hand, and to know that all is right between God and your soul!"

"Ay, Corry," remarked another, "you are the most religious man among us. I don't believe you ever put your head down without prayers."

"Never without an act of faith, and of hope, and of charity," answered Corry. "How could I get my rest, if I was not in peace with God and all the world?"

(To be Continued.)

ALTGELD AND THE ROMANS.

An Illinois Correspondent Has a Few Words to Say Against Them.

"The fact is, it is time our people were developing a little more state pride." So says the honorable Gov. Altgeld.—Chicago Record, August 31. Oh, wad some power the giffie gie us To see ourselves as others see us! It wad free monie a blunder free us, And foolish notion.

Can it be possible that Mr. Altgeld had in mind the election of 1892, when Illinois elected her governor? If so, there are many people of all political parties that agree with him; for his election, by his acts as governor, has brought the state pride to a low ebb. But every ebb-tide has its flood. The rise is already perceptible.

Does this honorable governor expect to raise the pride of the state by making himself supreme judge, by discarding and criticizing the opinions and decisions of juries and supreme judges of our courts, by pardoning criminals, who, as soon as pardoned, are again apprehended in crime, by allowing our state flag to be discarded for the green, by making the pope's secret service men part of our state guard? If so, there are citizens of Illinois from all parties who will develop a state pride opposed to that of its present governor; a pride that will call for justice, for freedom of speech, for the protection of our free schools, for our rights as Americans to rule and not simply to be ruled, for officers who are Americans at heart, for the separation of church and state. This state pride should be developed by the next gubernatorial election.

Americans, is it state pride to discard our state flag and use in its stead the green of Roman Catholic Ireland? O, great pride this Altgeld hath for his native(?) state!

How much more pride he would have developed had he preceded the green flag with the red flag of anarchy and discarded the stars and stripes, and he leading it all! How grand the combination would have been! How the pride of the state would have been raised! O, Americans, where is "Old Glory," the stars and stripes of which we love to boast? Buried! Buried under the green field of Ireland!

There is one consolation left us, for some day in the not far off future it may become a patron saint, to which all Americans may look for protection. Rejoice, ye, Ireland, for Ireland shall (?) rule America. Rejoice, ye, Romans, for the pope doth rule Ireland! Spread your colors to the breeze while yet 'tis morn, for fast comes the noon-day hour, when in the broad light of free education, America's sons shall reveal your character and purpose.

A few more Chingquys, Slattery, Radolphs, Whites, Mertzes; a few more assaults, parades and congratulatory letters, and America's patriots will be awakened; and great shall the awakening be. AN AMERICAN OF ILLINOIS.

Here's Your World's Fair Opportunity!

Rates cut in two! On and after Tuesday, August 1st, the Burlington Route will sell round trip tickets to Chicago, with a return limit of thirty days, at \$14.75.

One way tickets on sale at \$7.50. Tickets sold at rates indicated above are free from restrictions of any kind and entitle holders to the fullest enjoyment of the Burlington's superior service.

See the City Ticket Agent at 1324 Farnam street and arrange to make that long-planned trip to Chicago.

American Orange Knights' Meeting.

The adjourned meeting of the supreme cabinet, American Orange Knights, will be held at the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago, Tuesday, September 19th, at 9 o'clock a. m. A full attendance of the members of the cabinet is desired, as matters relating to the beneficiary and other departments will come up for consideration. By order of the commander-in-chief, M. L. ZOOK, Sec'y.

After the Chief.

THE AMERICAN, of Omaha, is getting after the chief of police of that city in a manner that bodes no end of explaining on the part of that individual in order to set himself right before the people. Verily, the way of the transgressor is hard.—Grand Island Mail.

Go to 2223 Leavenworth for estimates on carpenter work. DILLENBECK & CO.

WATERMELON PARTIES.

They Give Rise to a New Question of Etiquette in Mayland.

One of the things in society is the watermelon party. The new diversion was indulged in in Howard county, just above Elliott City, the other night, and from the latest accounts it has broken out and promises to become epidemic down in Anne Arundel, where the melons grow in all sizes, species and flavors. Just how a watermelon should be served at a watermelon party is a knotty question, and it has caused considerable debate and some little unfriendly controversy among the Four Hundred of the melon growing counties.

Some contend that it should be cut crosswise. Others say it should be split longitudinally and eaten without fork or knife. This diversity of opinion may relegate the melon party to the rear of the picnic for the present season, as the time of the fruit is limited now to a few weeks, but the latent element in favor of the pastime may break out again next season, just as the ague does every year down in Piney woods.

Another difficulty in the way of eating a watermelon artistically is to get clear of the seeds. It is said that on one occasion a guest at one of the parties insisted that it was proper to pick the seeds out with the right index finger, and if by accident one should get into a guest's mouth it should be swallowed. A debate followed the proposition, in which one man said he did not propose to make a watermelon patch of his internal makeup by planting seeds in it. The party broke up, and the hostess had a lot of melons and an antipathy to such parties left on her hands.

The outcome of the new fad is puzzling the people in uppertendium in the cities and villages and rural districts. From what could be gathered in the last few days on the subject, the watermelon party does not promise to be a pronounced success. One of the great objections is the uncertainty to what they may lead, for if the watermelon party takes with society it may in time be followed by a squash party, or a yellow pumpkin party, or a green tomato party, or a saffron root or tea party, or some other thing just as erratic, and the Four Hundred it seems, would rather content themselves with the pink tea and other diversions whereof they are familiar than rush into new ones that might lead to an endless amount of unrest.—Baltimore American.

A Bear, a Cab and a "Sergot."

On Sunday evening an amusing incident occurred in the Champs Elysees quarter. A man named Haja, employed by M. Marselle, a wild beast tamer, thought he had a right to assist his wages by exhibiting his master's bear in the streets. With this object in view he installed the bear in an open cab, and taking his seat beside the animal told the coachman to drive to the Champs Elysees. The vehicle reached the Avenue Victor Hugo, followed by a crowd of boys and young men, who by their derisive shouts attracted the attention of two sergents de ville. They stopped the cab, and after ascertaining the truth one of them got into the vehicle and ordered the cabman to drive to the nearest police station. The presence of a stranger beside it so excited the bear that by its swaying backward and forward it very soon upset the vehicle. The merriment caused by the sight of the cabman, the sergents de ville and the tamer sprawling on the ground, with the bear almost under the upset cab, can easily be imagined.—Paris Cor. London Standard.

Old Songs Before the Queen.

A very pleasing innovation was introduced in a musical programme rendered before the queen at Osborne house a night or two since which deserves note. Mrs. Nordica and Mr. Plunket Greene were the vocalists, with Sig. Tosti as accompanist on the piano, and in addition to the accustomed repertory there were given two old Irish songs arranged by Dr. Villiers Stanford, an old Scotch song arranged by Miss Lucy Broadwood and an old Cornish song, "Where Be Going" arranged by Mr. Arthur Somervell, all being sung by Mr. Greene. The introduction of this last into a royal programme may be considered due to the labors of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, the well known novelist, whose collection of the words and tunes of the half forgotten songs of the west country deserves all praise.—Birmingham Post.

Inspectors Pay to Enter a Postoffice.

Postoffice Inspector Fleming has a \$1 bill which he says he will have framed. He got it from the bureau of admissions at the fair on demand for the return of money paid at the gates. Nearly a month ago the inspector and Andrew Irie of the inspector's office had a special call from the office inside the grounds. It was a case of stay out or pay to get in. They paid under protest and got a receipt. "This bill is a curiosity," said Fleming as he opened a letter from Horace Tucker, "because it represents the first case on record where a postoffice inspector had to pay to get into a postoffice."—Chicago Times.

A Silver Statuette of Sunol.

The Ames Manufacturing company of Chicopee, Mass., has completed a coin silver statuette of Sunol hitherto to a sulky, upon which is seated an equally well-known driver. The piece of statuary is one-fifth life size and is mounted upon a bronze stand. The sculptor is C. E. Dallin of Salt Lake City. The whole piece of statuary was molded from silver dollars. It required 331 ounces of silver. The sulky is an exact facsimile of the one in which the mare made her record of 2:38. The piece is to be presented at a coming banquet in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

On Baker's island, where ex-President Harrison went fishing recently with his grandson, there stand two lighthouses of irregular height and clear white light known familiarly to dwellers on the north shore as "Mr. and Mrs. Baker."—Boston Transcript.

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Notice of Final Settlement.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, 1st Douglas County, 1st in the county court of Douglas county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Michael Egan, deceased: Estate of Marcella K. Curran, Douglas County, Neb., and St. Philomena's Catholic Church, of Omaha, Neb., and all other persons interested and claiming as hereby notified that on the 17th day of August, 1902, Ann P. French filed a petition in said county court, praying that his final administration account filed heretofore be settled and allowed; that proofs of heirship be taken and decrees rendered thereon; that allowances be made for children under seven and fourteen years of age respectively; that a decree of distribution and assigning the residue of said estate be entered; and that such other and further orders and proceedings may be had in the premises as may be required by the statutes in such cases made and provided, to the end that said estate and all things pertaining thereto may be finally settled and determined, and the said administrator discharged.

You are hereby notified that if you fail to appear before said court on the 25th day of September, 1902, at 10 o'clock a. m. and contest said petition, the court may grant the prayer of said petition and decree as above and further orders, allowances and decrees as to this court may seem proper, to the end that all matters pertaining to said estate may be finally settled and determined, and the said administrator discharged. Witness my hand and official seal this 25th day of August, 1902. J. W. ELLER, County Judge.

Sheriff's Sale.

In pursuance and by virtue of a judgment and decree of the district court for Douglas County, state of Neb., rendered on the 26th day of June, A. D. 1902, in a certain action wherein Omaha Savings Bank was plaintiff and William H. Wilbur and others were defendants, and of an order of sale issued thereon, and of said district court, bearing date the 12th day of August, 1902, and as therein decreed, I will on the 19th day of September, A. D. 1902, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the East front door of the county court house, in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described lands and tenements, all situated in the county of Douglas, and state of Nebraska, to-wit:

Lot four (4), in block two (2), in Paddock Place, an addition to the city of Omaha, as surveyed, platted and recorded in Douglas County, state of Nebraska, said property to be sold to satisfy Omaha Savings Bank the sum of \$100.00, and as therein decreed, twenty-nine and 65-100 dollars (\$129.55) with interest thereon at rate of eight (8) per cent per annum from May 1st, 1902, until paid, and thirty-eight and 100-100 dollars (\$38.38) costs, with interest thereon from the 1st day of May, A. D. 1902, together with accruing costs, according to judgment rendered by the district court of said Douglas county, at its May term, A. D. 1902, in a certain action then and there pending, in which the Omaha Savings Bank was plaintiff, and William H. Wilbur and others were defendants.

Omaha, Nebraska, August 14th, 1902. GEORGE A. BENNETT, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. Francis W. Wessels, attorney.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an execution on transcript issued by Frank E. Moore, clerk of the district court within and for Douglas county, Nebraska, upon a judgment rendered on the 19th day of August, 1902, by Eben K. Long, a justice of the peace in and for said county in favor of the Central West Land Company and against John A. Tucker, a transcript of which judgment was on the 11th day of August, 1902, duly filed and docketed in the district court in and for said county, I have levied for want of goods and chattels upon the following described real estate as the property of the said John A. Tucker, to-wit: Lot six (6) in block three (3) in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, as surveyed, platted and recorded in Douglas county, Nebraska, and as therein decreed, on the 19th day of September, 1902, at 10 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 amount due thereon being one hundred, one and 25-100 dollars (\$101.25) judgment, four and 25-100 dollars (\$41.25) costs of suit, with interest thereon at rate of ten (10) per cent per annum from the 19th day of August, A. D. 1902, until paid, and also the further sum of one and 25-100 dollars (\$1.25), the costs of increase on said judgment, and the accruing costs thereon.

Omaha, Nebraska, August 14th, 1902. GEORGE A. BENNETT, Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska. George W. Poynton, attorney. 8-15-2

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, 1st Douglas County, 1st in the county court of Douglas county, Nebraska, July 29th, A. D. 1902. In the matter of the estate of Aaron H. Egan: The creditors of said estate and all other persons interested in said matter will take notice that the creditors of said estate will appear before this court on the 29th day of September, 1902, on the 29th day of November, 1902, and on the 29th day of January, 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for the creditors to present their claims and one year for the administrators to settle said estate from the 29th day of July, 1903. This notice will be published in THE AMERICAN for four weeks successively, prior to the 29th day of September, 1902. All claims not filed on or before the 29th day of January, 1903, will be forever barred from consideration in the final settlement of said estate. Witness my hand and official seal this 29th day of July, 1902. J. W. ELLER, County Judge. 9-1-4