VOL. XII.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1868.

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LITTLE BESS TO UNCLE BILL. [Respectfully dedicated to the Sgrap-Book of eve

Dear old Untie I dot our letter: My old mammy She ditten better. She every day Little bit stronger Don't mean to be sick Very much longer. Daddy's so fat Had a bad colic.

Had to take tree drops Nasty paragorici Toota does of Tataip, Felt worse than ever, Shan't take no more Tatnip neverl Wind on atomit,

Feit pooty bad; Worse fit of sitness Ever I had. Ever had belly ate, Old Untle Bill? Taen't no fun now, Say what oo will, I used to sleep all day And ky all night;

But I'm growing, Betting poety fat; Gains most two pounds, Only tink o' yat! Little femnin blankets Was too big before, Nurse can't pin me In em no more, Shirt so small Baby so stout,

In 'em all out. Dot a head of hair Jessas black as night, And big boo eyes Yat look very bright; My mammy says Never did see Any orner baby

Tan't yite no more, Wiz a glass eye!

A Story of the Days of Charles II

Caleb Pomeford-one of those anoma lies which unquiet times ever produced out of their tumuilt and capricious uncertainties-was an assute lawyer, a griping, avaricious man. He had learned the secret of power, and was in favor with the king, for the usurer's coffers could yield, on 'good security,' those supplies the lavish habits of Charles required.

He was potential-in an underhand way-with the Star Chamber; and at this very time, held a young gentleman on charges false and forged, in order to

Slighted on his appearance at court. the fiery soldier had resented the insult in words, which galled Charles, and by a public expression of his scorn at the unworthy treatment which he had received, had incurred his displeasure. The king forbade him to appear at court.

Has on hand a superior stock of Boots and Shoes the most of, and when occasion served

me further, sire.'

But the king broke forth with-

'God forbid, sire,' was the quick reply, 'For it's possible,' thought the usurer, that I may say too much."

·And the knight is very poor? Sire, he hath some lands in mortgage,

hath he?' continued the king. The usurer felt, by some instinct, that he was treading on dangerous ground.

'He hath-offspring,' he stammered forth at last.

a pertinacity unusual to him.

Can't hardly stagger Mammy says he jinks

Don't do so now Cause taint' yight!

Had to let the pleets

Half as sweet as mo. Grandma comes often, Aunt Sarah, too; Baby love sem, Baby loves 'oo. Baby sends a pooty kiss To his Untles all, Aunties and cousins Big folks and small,

SELECT STORY.

-ope Valentine Howard-in the Tower get the young man out of his path. We shall see presently what these charges

Among the long list of these noble gentlemen and bold cavaliers who, in the days of that terrible strife between the king and the parliament, had come forward with purse and sword to the assistance of the failing cause, none had been more liberal and lavish than Sir Mark Osborne-a man now bowed down with sixty years of age, broken-spirited, bankrupt in estate, and lying upon the displeasure of that capricious king whom the Restoration had given back to Eng-

The slight-the words-the quitting the precincts of the court, were things which Caleb Pomeford knew how to make him to meet the king, he led the way to an inquiry as regarded Sir Mark, to which the lawyer replied, in his surly way, that, being Sir Mark Osborne's solicitor, and having the whole management or his affairs, he, deprecated his majesty's anger, and under favor, as a man of trust, he begged to be excused

from answering the same.' 'Why, odds-fish, man,' replied Charles, stout Sir Mark was angry with us, no doubt, but what the plague wouldst thou have me infer fariher from that?'

'The Fifth Monarchy men are raising their faction, so please your majesty, and the disaffected join them.' And Caleb Pomsford added to this a look which meant to say, 'Do not question

'Hark ye, Master Caleb Pomsford, you are a keen man and a wary, and I suppose somebody must know a little of something that goes on. In word, does stout old Sir Mark Osborne, of whom I have heard speak so well, meditate treas-

hesitated Pomeford. 'Is he alone? I mean what family

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'A daughter! Is she fair? Marry, we thumbhath received some neglect.'

will go nigh to mar all." 'Where lodge they now? Quick, man ing ivy around it.' darkly upon him with one of those harsh | gages,' remarked the other. frowns he know how to put on.

Near Don Saltere's tayern-I know,' cried the king. 'Beyond the church, so please you,'

added the usurer. 'Whew!' and he the usurer; 'and since this will cease to breathe hard, 'what comes next, I wonder? 'But, hold-of this disaffection?' began Charles, turning round afresh.

safe to venture-'What proof hast thou? Speak out, man.

day in Birdcage Walk, a young gallant, with.' who is friendly with Sir Mark Osborne, 'Do not vilify him who may yet call hold of his arm. and hath worn his colors-

warrant me they are not on thy cheeks, his whole gaunt frame in a tremble. Well, one pang the more, and she will slander at the point of the sword. or she affects a color much washed out.' And Charles laughed gayly. gallant, one, Master Valentine Howard, Howard-

drew on my Lord of Rochester, because forsooth, my lord said that he misdoubted Sir Mark's loyalty, whereupon Master 'The hand of your fair daughter.' Valentine retorted upon him---'

thistles. What followed?' out a Star Chamber matter. On his ever were before.'

'A bad buisness for him; let me see ing that loan-" 'I shall wait upon your majesty with And your fair daughter will find that, if

'And the casket shall be thy security.'

in which, for the present, dwelt the cav- no more. alier and his daughter, Mabel Osborne. The usurer was alarmed. He waited

hastily and ill-assorted, with its tattered ed the knight. the river, as if in expectation of some a name at the foot of the parchment.

him. Brief and succient were the greet- can be done by my scribe.' ings between them, when the knight put the abrupt question:

hope for me-have you any news from and said; the court?'

'The ingrate!' murmured the old man. 'And the further loan you ask for 'How is that, man-how is that?'

Does your worship forget how deeply your lands are already pledged? I am sorely pushed now, and-and-' 'Ay! is it so?' cried Sir Mark sharply, given way in that ignoble strife.

thing lies behind that thou wouldst say. 'But this,' continued the usurer, gathering courage, 'that while I have made you great advances from time to time-'A tithe, man, a tithe-but 'tis the usurer's way.'

Caleb Pomsford winced. 'I have been forced to go to the Dombard merchants and the Jews, and to give the heavier mortgages on securityfor my means were straitened, and they look to the interest of present moneys rather than the untilled value of lands in the future.'

'The knaves-and-well then-thou hast vowed not to foreclose." But I must, Sir Mark. Nay, pray you patience-'

'And the brave lands will go. Well, we have the old hall yet., 'There is a seizure put into that for

loans due to Ben Simeon.' 'The murrain seize them and thee. first-grew purple, and next very pale.

er to him? And so he should have been vista before her.

Howard? Tell me that?' ashy pale with rage and jealousy. that robded her of her last friend, 'for Osborne, and was inexpressibly shocked ed anew.

far in thy power-so much beneath thy here with me-

will see her. We should take it well 'I am your friend, if you will let me ed Mabel weariy, and only seeing help Mabel did so. The brave knight's and so good?' that some should intercede for him, as be so, for all that's come and gone yet. where her heart was, though it made gradual fall to poverty under the insidwe feel for the stout cavalier that he I, alone, can san save you from the ulter the yellow face of Caleb grow white lous working of the usurer. The story ford, turning to the altar.

-you hesitate!' and the king turned 'And yet you have mortgaged the mor-'It will cost me much to do so-and if 'At an old house of mine at Chelses, you do not see that what I offer is worth ed, 'Do you know?'

conditions-for this is not fornaught-'So I guess, man. But, prithee, proce- slow emphasis. ed,' said the impatient knight. 'I can do it, and I will,' continued

be a mere matter of common business, your pride will take no fall.' ford?' asked Sir Mark.

usurer paused: 'Will he, i'faith?' and the cavalier doubt it may go hard with him.' laughed derisively. 'Then I envy not 'Why, please your majesty, the other the knigthood he will rub shoulders can you not stead him in this buisness?' whatever was believed or said of Charles, dazzling leveliness which shone through

you 'father! 'His daughter's colors you would say, What!' exclaimed Sir Mark, with while a fierce fire burned within his innucent young man be punished because 'and let the ceremony proceed.' 'I will free you from debt-again know my power.' He spoke aloud, 'And Mabel assented.

> 'Well-how-what? The conditions! shouted the knight.

'My Lord of Rochester should feed on | But there was danger in the old man's 'A guard was at hand, and I took the Give me Mabel for my bride, and I

'On the other hand,' continued the those papers. Do they smell of powder usurer, retreating, you will lose all. Not barrels? See you bring them, and, touch | a rood of land, a stick of timber, a stone | and I know, very poor and very helpless | of your ancient heritage will be yours! without your aid."

I would love, I can also hate! 'Dog! watch! scheming trickster!' thun-And, heedlessly waving the usurer dered the knight; was it to this brink away, Charles sauntered fourth to the you have led me, with your cunning lies, Mall, followed by his pet dogs, to play and your cheating fence? And then, half of Valentine! I should thank you chair of state, with Buckingham teside lating the name of Valentine! I should thank you at tinnis with Bockingham; and mean- with a sob and a deep groan, he murmer- for any help; my hope is in him now." time, Caleb Pomsford took his depar- ed, 'My child! oh, my Mabel, my lovely

daughter! to be at this man's mercy!' It was on the same afternoon that we And as the bitter sobs grew deeper, fine, imprisonment, mutilation.' find the usurer going by water to Chelsea, and the warm frame, shaken to its very where he landed at a huge old mansion, centre, sank on the couch, the gray old drawing a deep breath. bearing marks of great dilapidation, and head bent over the breast, and moved

In an appartment with some assump- A long pause of silence followed. Still tion of comfort, rendered sad enough of he waited, while an indefinable express.

man, whom sixty years, much grief, them on a table before the cavalier- her hand. straitened circumstances and present placed the pen in the hand-dipped it disgrace had broken down, wearily re- in the ink-and, holding the flaccid hand clined, and gazed anxionsly forth upon in his own nervous grip, made it trance 'So!' he muttered, folding it up, and He started as he heard Caleb Poms- putting it away in his vest, 'it is done!

ford announced, and half rose to receive It shall be witnessed, though-but that He went to the door-beckoned a weazel-faced creature of his own into the 'Well, Master Pomsford, is there any chamber-pointed to the reclining knight,

'You witness this signature. He sleeps | never never signed that.' 'Alas! no, Sir Mark. The king is so now-don't wake him. Good! Now, angry, he will not here you mentioned.' get you to the boat-and be silent as the you accuse, doubt me, defy me? Beware! be unprovided for, nor left to the charit- man." Then live more moderately, and

-dead. The silence af the grave was in the see his head on the block!' room. When Mabel come to seek her father, it was to start the house with her simply desire you to go.' shrieks and wild out-cries.

and eying him with a grim look. 'Some- Several days now passed by-the funeral took place. The keen, sharp pang of Mabel's grief had become blunted, not deadened-nor was the sorrow forgotten

> -and a variety of circumstances, besides this, had taken place, which need not be detailed at length. Though he had some dread, and not a little misgiving, the usurer, who would fain have avoided the place, felt that to absent himself from the present home of Mabel might give rise to questions-to disabused her of all.

doubts-to suspicions-and even to some-

thing worse-detection. and shocked, at hearing of Sir Mark's or would do. This terrible conjugation 'what of her?' sudden demise. He had left him, after was haunting her at the moment her some business transacted, and some little female attendent was praising the gen- not object.' altercation, composed and asleep. No erous heart of Cabel Pomsford in a manmarks of violence were seen, and none ner that savored of bribery, and decid-Art thou too, leagued with these leeches by any hap have attempted personal in- Misteress Mabel Osborne on matter of away when I think of the plotting against street.' have stood between you and ruin, as you late demands of the hour, were soon tone and gallantry in his manner at first, dence. know. have held back the king's hand—' passed over, and Mabel Osborne, her these speedily gave way beneath the in- 'I can prove him a discontented plotter, 'And what hast thou done with the superb and stately beauty clouded by the fluence of the sacred grief; the extraordi- haunting the society of the Fifth Mona-

'A daughter,' said Caleb, the usurer, ing a terrible look upon him; 'am I so the usuer, with an effort 'he left a paper commission to inquire into the careless priest, and the lady is at hand. We

'Oh, if Valentine were but here!' sign-

every debt, which hangs like downcling. could be of little service,' he replied of the charges against him. Caleb all her noble proportions; veiled from ate behavior the king had become so of power-his possession of a signed pa- statue was the veiled bride.

'The Tower. Oh, heaven!' and she have been united. But nowclsped her hands in fright. 'Why, how will that be, Master Poms- centrating all the helplessness of her position before her gaze, in order that 'Yes, your majesty, it might not be 'The king will knight me!' and the he might gather from her manner some tection, his escort? she should behold rule of conduct. 'Ah!' he muttered, 'I her lover that very afternoon, and the length

place you sole, undisturbed master of do you say nothing of yourself-you, When Caleb Pomsford got back late black bandage, and followed by Mabel's guardian?'

> 'Alas, I know not what to do, which way to turn! said Mabel mournfully, ed Caleb furiously. and deriving neither hopes nor encouragement from his words.

liberty of arresting him, as it may turn will make your fortunes firmer than they the Osbornes, replied the usurer, 'turn were not well (for the usurer) should 'Tut, tut,' cried the king; this accusing person were found some papers, which I A loud, ringing, bitter laugh was his and station; to higer rank even, and can ford received a command to attend the Oh, sire, have pity, and save me you not understand me?' She shook her head.

> Do not jest with me. I am an orphan, Which I offer you; and with outstretched hand he advanced toward her.

Something in his face made her shrink, and she hurriedly said: save him; save his life; save him from anon whispered and smiled.

'Is his crime so great?' cried Mabel, 'It is, and his fate lies with you and you

'With me! I do not understand you,' Mabel answered. 'All lies with you. In a word, read aspect by the heavy, broken furniture, ion crossed his face. Then he approach- that paper signed by your father's hand, the last he ever signed,' and Caleb Pomscarpet and torn hangings, a noble-looking He took a paper, pens, ink-spread ford opened the parchment, and put it in

> There it was, a contract of marriage duly signed, sealed and witnessed. The names, 'Mistress Mabel Osborne and Master Caleb Pomsford, scrivener.' Its promises were all that could tempt. compel or force a woman to assent.

She stood like a statue; ran it through; grew red, then pale, and became cold and she let the paper drop on the floor. 'I and-for the daughter?'

'What mean you?' he exclaimed. 'Do his behests. She shall not, therefore, "As you live!" exclaimed the countryif you would not come to beg for alms, or lies of the cold world."

'I say nothing, Master Pomsford. I its tone. Sir Mark Osborne was dead! The a mien resistless in its imperious air. - any paper of the old man's signing? stout heart was broken at least. It had she pointed to the door; and the baffled Thou art faithful and trusty, Master

brow beaten, crept to the door and vanish-

Something worse than the darkening Mabel now. Trusting in human nature and critically read it over. as she had seen it around her from childexperiencs, and the ill-omened usurer had, in the full display of his villainy, on him.

It is bad enough to find a sweet il- with some confusion, which might have dis well since I's out here last?" lusion dispelled, but there followed this arisen from his modesty. Of course he was amazed, astonished the shape terror of what he might, could 'And the lady,' continued Charles,

betrothed from childhood, well nigh. of this sudden death, without doubt,' said himself as a poor captain in the King's him abroad.' What hast thou done with Valentine Caleb Pomsford, during an interview Muskeeter Guads, a favorite regiment 'Enough; but first for the wedding!' with the pale but very beautiful orphan which Charles had formed. He said and the king paused. 'How now!' cried the cavalier, bend. I parted with him; in effect,' continued bimself (the stranger continued) had a in full canonicals. 'There stands the Lake,

Would she tell him her story? 'since it is in part through his intemper- Pomsford's proposals-his boast of head to foot, motionless and erect as a 'Impossible! where is he?' she exclaim- never have signed such, for she and by the hand. Put the question to her. 'In the Tower,' answered Caleb, with other for years, and it was the dearest iculties to our will. Go!'

'So, so, this is my money-lender,'

He questioned further: Would she put herself under his pro-'Oh, good, worthy Master Pomsford, them. He could answer for it that, seemed to confound the auditory by the go unrewarded, an unprotected maiden But she did not speak or move. 'She thinks of him,' he muttered apart. forced into a loathed marriage, or an 'One witness more,' said Charl

ner committed, as it were, to my charge and satellite, his wearle-faced scribe, vanced -assigned me in a manner to be your was not on the spot, which he otherwise never quitted save by leave and order. 'I'll starve him-he shall famish,' growl-

Alas! the poor scribe was at Whitehall | 'Sire,' was the firm but low-toned re-'Eurn your eyes to the ancient hall of of the rack and the gallows, which it and the signature is a-forgery.' your eyes to a brilliant future; to wealth be known. The next day Caleb Poms- my good friend here with a vengeance." king at the palace of Whitehall without from him!' cried Mabel earnestly.

Would the king but hear me on be- of the palace. Charles was seated in a countenance, the blushing maiden, ejacuhim, to whom the king, with something said: Opposite was a railed space, which

> bore marks of preparation for some ceremony. Bowing lowly to the king as he approached, and, with a feeling of ming- | breast. led apprehension and surprise, Caleb and left his daughter unprovided for.'

such honor to his remains as I was en- betrayed you; and you shall have the abled to do.' 'And his estates-his lands?' or overloaded with debt.' 'And do you possess-have you any

claim?' asked Charles.

in a worldly sense, to my sorrow." It is well, Master Pomsford,' and much money lent. Oh! is it so? Well, five shillings were demanded. He offerthink I understand you. My father | 'Sire, Sir Mark Osborne had faith in "As I live," said the Quaker," I cannot me. He believed that I would fulfill afford to give it thee at that price."

Beshrew me, man, but that's well hats for twenty years, and my trick was . And, with a commanding gesture and spoken; but possessest thou any anthority never found out before."

hand thou shalt have thy right.

'And Master Valentine Howard?'

man to the last?' and the angry cavalier quiry, the slight attedant bustle which A young, swarthy-looking, yet com- 'Can you prove him trustless, do you her service, inquired, -Well, Mary, where succeeded, and which Caleb Pomsford mading stranger entered the chamber, think?' demanded Charles, with an air 'Pray you, good words, Sir Mark. I conducted, settling and paying the immed- hat in hand. If there was levity in his that seemed to invite the fullest confi-

frank, brave lad-the son of my true wordless sorrow she felt, began to look nary beauty of Mabel, heightened by rchy men. I can prove him to be worthy friend, who made me swear to be a fath- with a stunned sensation to the darkening the circumstances of her case, disarmed of exile, if not of the block; yet, for the him at once, and he became grave, com- young lady's sake, I would intercede that my son. Why, Mabel and he have been He must have had some presentiment posed and respectful. He announced he be spared the latter, and I will fit

But the usurer was trembling-was girl, and speaking of the catastrophe that he had known the brave Sir Mark Sire! Caleb Pomsford seemed surpris- intent to kick. 'Look you, Sir Mark,' he said, 'these he alluded to your friendless position, to hear that he was dead, that he had died 'Lo there!' pointing to the rails, with. A colony of 'one-wife Mormons' is

statement, and to see justice done him. love to do justice to our friends-and why should I not favor thee, so honest

ath received some neglect.'

Perdition!' muttered Caleb. 'This incumbrances, and free the old hall from 'I fear that Master Valentine Howard Tower, add the utter groundlessness of ure, faultless in symmetry and grace in

incensed against your respected parent. | per. Her father, Mabel said, could Dost thou know her? Go, take her-Valentine had been betrothed to each It is possible she may surrender her diff-

wish of her dead father that they should | Obedient to the command, the usurer advanced, and sinking on one knee, said: 'Madam-Mabel Osborne, as I judge 'And he will soon be tried before the muttered the stranger captain of musk- -you hear what the king says. For Star Chamber for his offence,' continued eteers. 'The old scoundrell! Never heaven's sake-for Valentine's yield, the usurer, as if he were desirous of con- mind, odds-fish! we'll trounce him yet.' and be the mistress of me and mine; be the lady of Osborne Hall once more!'

> But the lady did not stir. 'Bid her unvail!' said the king at king should know all and judge between Unveiling at the command, Mabel

exclaimed Mabel suddenly, and catching he was not disposed to let ancient worth her pale countenance and downcast eyes. Master Pomsford. But, odds-fish, I fiery eyes, and springing to his feet, strong, beating heart, she thinks of him. he had shown courage enough to repel A bustle at the end of the hall took place, and a young man of a noble presence. his eyes covered with a thick

Your majesty is witty. Well, this Osborne Hall-be friend even young whom your dear father in a formal man- in the afternoon, he found that this slave waiting woman, in mourning weeds, ad-'Sweetheart,' said Charles, advancing. Master Pomsford here, by virtue of a paper having thy father's signature, and

duly attested, claims thy hand."

the while, divulging secrets, under threats | ply, 'my father never signed such paper,

'So, so! Well, look round, then, and Richly appareled, as fit and meet that claim thy husband where thou will; and a bridegroom should be, though Caleb |-stay, Master Pomsford, do not hurry. imagined he was playing the courtier Mabel did look round, uttered a joyrather than the bridegroom on this oc- ous exclamation, and, with a rapid step, casion, the usurer attended the sum- advanced to the figure who was blindmons, and passing through a throng of folded. Tearing the bandage from his nobles, found himself in a reception-room eyes, and revealing a frank and noble

'It may hap even so. I -I can help him, of a joyous twinkle in the eye, ever and Sire, this is the man my father had chosen for me.'

> 'And thy heart?' 'It is his.' And she bowed her head on her 'Be it so,' returned Charles; 'as well Pomsford obeyed the king's beckoning now as at any other time; and the nuptisummons, and drew nearer toward him. als shall go on. Afterward, Master 'So,' said Charles, half apart, 'I learn | Pomsford, we will look into your claims, that Sir Mark Osborne died suddenly, your accusations, and your charges. I need not say that we have secured a very vil-'Sire, the old soldier is dead. I did lainous-looking scree of yours, who has

once let Charles do an act of real justice 'Heavily mortgaged, sire. Confiscated and of human kindness. And odds fish! I'll give the bride away myself.' "There are tricks in all trades but 'Ay, sire,' was the subtle reply; 'and ours," as the lawyer said to his client. An honest rustic went into the shop of 'I see'-and Charles nodded-'too a Quaker to buy a hat for which twenty-

justice I promised to do for you. For

be hanged to you!" Caleb's voice grew quite virtuous in "Friend," said the Quaker." thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold

ed twenty shillings.

Some years since, a prominent business usurer, catching up the parchment, with Pomsford, and though tongues do wag man of Northampton, who began to "sow a wild fire in his heart, but dumb and evily of thee and about thee, by my his wild oats when a boy," and hasn't got through yet, attended a colored ball 'Oh, sire!' cried Caleb, kneeling in in that town. After each "breakdown" delight, and with an eager hand pluck- he noticed that a well near the house, ing forth the last signed document which which, by the way, was not a deep one. shade of sorrow fell upon the lovely he held forth to the king, who took it, was resorted to by the men to quench their thirst. Unobserved, while the dance 'Odds-fish, man! this seems straight- was going on, he slipped out of the house hood-kind voices whispering, fond eyes forward enough,' exclaimed the king; and moved the curb a few feet beyond glancing, with honest, loving hearts to and the old cavalier speaks highly of the well, and awaited the result. Presentpress her to them, these had been her thee, too. Is it writ at his dictation?' ly out came one of the dancers, and plump And Charles turned his keen eyes up- to the bottom of the well, he went.-Blowing and puffing he came to the 'Yes, your majesty,' replied Caleb, top, and exclaimed: "Gosh! who moved

A paper, given an account of Toulouse, France, says: 'It is a large town centain-'If your majesty condescemds, she will ing sixty thousand inhababitants, built entirely of brick. This is only equalled by a known description of Albany. 'Alba. 'Let him rot!' hissed the usurer, carri- by is a city of eight thousand houses. were likely to suspect that his friend ing upon some plan of action, when the ed away, the traitor! Pardon, sire, the and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and legal adviser of so many years could arrival of some person who would see warmth of my loyalty, that carries me with most of their gable ends to the

> do you he now?'-Please, ma'am, I don't live nowhere now,' rejoined the girl, 'I have got married!" Bridget has that blockhead cleaned off the snow from the parement? 'Yis,

> marm,' 'Did he do it with alacrity?' 'No

marm-wid a shovel.'

A lady meeting a girl who lately left

The last and most important case brought before the Mayor at Tinnecum. was that of an 'assault and battery, with

'How many?' presisted Charles, with tempers will not go down with me -' should such occur, on the very afternoon believing the king ungrateful, when he in which, at a given signal, stood a priest settling in Minnesota, near Otter Tail

Too much lager! Dear little baby

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