

A FIGHT FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

It was night in the camp of Maximilian's army, and sounds of merriment were heard upon all sides, for soldiers were ever wont to indulge in pleasure, regardless of what the morrow will bring forth.

In a tent in the inner circle of the camp, sat two officers at a rude table, upon which was marked with led pencil a chess, or checker board, while black and white buttons served for the 'men.'

Around the tent were stationed guards, and both of the officers were unarmed, while not a weapon of any description was visible in their canvas room.

They were prisoners; soldiers in the service of Juarez, captured the day before; but their appearance indicated that they were not Mexicans.

Both men were of tall, commanding forms, and of easy, graceful address, but where one had dark blue eyes, and light hair and mustache, the other had eyes that were large and black, with brown hair and mustache.

Both men were exceedingly handsome, and upon their faces bore the impress of noble souls and hearts that knew no fear.

A love of adventure had caused them to leave their homes in the north, after the close of the civil war, in which both had fought bravely, and cast their swords with Juarez, to aid in driving from Mexican soil a German Emperor.

Capoul Monteith, the blond officer, was a young man of wealth and good family, a New Yorker, and a pet in society.

Garnet Weston, the brunette, was a poor man, a young lawyer in New York, of good though poor parentage. He was possessed of superior intelligence, and was fast winning a name, when he crossed the path of Mabel Monteith, the sister of Capoul, and a beauty and an heiress.

So deeply did Garnet love Mabel, that he was miserable when in her presence, and he believed she cared for him; but his pride was great, and he would not offer a pauper hand to a belle and so struggled hard to win fortune and fame in his profession.

One day, an evil day for Garnet, a pretended friend told him that Mabel was his promised wife, but that their engagement had not yet been made public.

Like one in a dream Garnet Weston listened, and in despair determined to seek some more stirring field, where the image of his lost love would be ever before him.

A month later, found him a cavalry Captain in the army of Benito Juarez where, a few weeks later, he was surprised to be joined by Capoul Monteith, who had also offered his services to the Mexican President.

In an engagement, two days before they are presented to the reader in their tent, they had been captured, and carried into the lines of Maximilian.

That night in camp they were playing a game of checkers, pour passer le temps, and Capoul who was an expert player, was surprised to see how readily he was beaten by Garnet.

Suddenly a heavy tread resounded without, the sentinel challenged, and there was a response, and the next instant three of Maximilian's officers entered the tent, one of whom was an American, a Republican fighting for Imperial Mexico, against the Republic; another was a flashy-looking Frenchman; the third was a Mexican Colonel.

'Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you; but news has come to-night that Benito Juarez has executed a Captain of our army, and I have orders to select one of you, and march you forth to die in retaliation; and the American Imperialist looked sad over the duty he had to perform.

'You cannot mean that one of us must die for an offense against Maximilian, said Capoul Monteith, rising.

'Even so are my orders, sir; but I know not which to select, for my duty is most painful.'

The Master of the Nebraska State Grange.

'My God! Garnet, old fellow, I feel for you from my heart,' cried the winner, the tears starting to his eyes. Garnet pressed his friend's hand, the same smile upon his face, as he said, quietly:

'I was ever a poor, unlucky dog, Capoul; but, my friend, when I am dead, look in my saddle-roll, hanging there, and the papers you find please deliver to the proper address, and—Capoul, say to—Miss Mabel, I left a farewell for her.'

'Gentlemen, I am ready.'

'Curses on your Imperial inhumanity! Will you slay a man as though he were a hound?' cried Capoul, angrily turning toward the officers, for it cut him to the heart to thus part with his friend.

'I yield to the fortunes of war, Capoul, and these gentlemen but do their duty.'

'Come, let it be over,' replied Garnet, and shaking the hand of his friend warmly, he was marched away.

Half distracted with grief, Capoul Monteith paced his tent, his thoughts whirling, and his brain on fire, as he gazed at the stool where a short while before poor Garnet had sat.

An hour passed, and the American officer of the Imperial army stood before him.

'Well?' said Capoul, hardly daring to ask the question.

'God have mercy upon him!' groaned the sorrowing friend.

'Yes, Captain Monteith, he is dead; and though I have seen many men die, I never saw one face death with such perfect calm indifference, as did your friend.'

'He gave the order to the platoon to fire, and fell instantly; but, ere he died, he wrote this note to you,' and the American Imperialist handed a slip of paper to Capoul, and turning left the tent.

In Garnet's bold hand, was written:

'CAPOUL—I gave my life away to save you, for I loved Mabel too dearly ever to let her brother die, where I could be sacrificed instead.'

'I dare tell you this now, for I stand on the brink of my open grave. Farewell.'

A bitter night of sorrow passed Capoul Monteith in that lonely tent, for well he knew his friend had spoken the truth; and when, months after the star of Maximilian's crown had set in gloom, and he resigned from the army of the successful Juarez, he wended his way homeward with a sad heart, for he could not forget that Mexican soil covered the noble man who had fallen a sacrifice to save his life.

Three years passed away after the game for life or death, and one pleasant evening, toward the sunset hour, a horseman was riding slowly along a highway, traversing a fertile valley of a Southwestern State.

Three years had added more dignity to the face, and perhaps saddened it; but otherwise no change had ever come over Capoul Monteith's fine features.

Upon his right sitting back from the road, was a pretty little farmhouse, surrounded by fertile fields, and as the sight promised, well for a night's lodging 'for man and beast,' Capoul turned in at the white gate, and rode up to the front door, and dismounted.

The Master of the Nebraska State Grange.

The "onpleasantness" between Church Howe and Rice Eaton, is styled by the Omaha Republican as a pot-and-kettle feud of words between a dog and a coyote. It will be remembered that Eaton, the editor of the Kearney Press, charges Howe, the Independent, the granger who parts his hair in the middle, with accepting money as a bribe from Mat Patrick to vote for him, he, Patrick, being an aspirant for the Senate at the last session of our Legislature. The simple assertion from Howe that he did not accept money is not sufficient with people who know him. Of any man who parts his hair in the middle we are suspicious, and have but little faith in his principle as a politician, granger, or as a man. Church Howe is at present the chief officer of the Grangers in this State, and the motive for crowding himself in this position is very apparent. If it will be any information to Church, we can tell him that no straddle-of-the-fence, milk-and-water, dough-faced puppet can ever gain a prominent position in Nebraska, and that it will be a difficult matter for him to convince the people of anything. If the Grangers of Nebraska cannot find any better man as their chief officer, we have lost all our former respect for that organization. We do not believe that the Grangers are altogether to blame—as it is known that Church crowded himself upon them—yet it is well enough for them to be warned of whom they have selected. We shall believe him guilty of accepting the bribe from Patrick, as charged by the Kearney Press, until he is proved innocent. If the Press has circulated a libel, there is a remedy in law—and the excuse that it would be "suing a beggar and catching a louse," is very much "too thin."—Columbus Republican.

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The owner of the mansion descended the steps to greet him, and Capoul Monteith stood face to face with Garnet Weston.

'My God! has the grave given up its dead?' cried Capoul, in dismay.

'No, old fellow, you find me flesh and blood, ready and willing to give you a hearty welcome to this, my home, left me by an old bachelor uncle, a few months since. But come in; I will tell you all.'

The surprised and delighted Capoul willingly accepted, and around a well spread table that evening he heard how Garnet had been carried forth to be most bunglingly executed; but a squadron of Juarez's cavalry had appeared and frightened off his executioners, ere the first platoon had retired, and that a watchful ranchero had seized him and borne him to his rancho, where, through months of suffering, he recovered, and was able to depart from the house of his good friend.

But it was long ere he could gain strength enough to reach Galveston, Texas; and there he met an old uncle, who carried him to his comfortable home with him.

The kind old bachelor was one day thrown from his horse, and night and day Garnet had watched by his bedside, until death relieved him of his suffering, and the young man found that his uncle had left him all his wealth.

'But, old fellow, why did you not write to let me know, for you know not how I have mourned for you?' asked Capoul.

'I did write to my old law partner in New York, and he said you had moved away, none knew whither.'

'True; poor Mabel failed in health, and I carried her to Europe; but we soon returned, and to effect a change in scene and air, I purchased a fine farm, about two days' journey from here, and there we now live. Mabel is contented, if not happy.'

'She married? Fiddlesticks! No, she never had any idea of marrying any man excepting yourself, and you went off to Mexico, and nearly broke her heart.'

BROWNVILLE BUSINESS HOUSES.

J. H. BAUER. 1856. 1876. CHEAPEST! OLDEST! BEST! THE ADVERTISER THE CENTENNIAL YEAR THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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Strong from the nourishment of long years of good principles, consistent with the American idea of Loyalty, Union and Disunion, the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars, THE ADVERTISER unflinchingly and uncompromisingly espoused the cause of Union and an undivided country, and as a consistent

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL, It has ever insisted, and does still insist, that this great country should be ruled by the party that saved it from destruction. In the political campaign of this year, and the National one to be in 1876, THE ADVERTISER will give no uncertain sound. Its editors will be found shooting efficient editorials in the same direction, and at the same foot, that they shot leaden bullets, for the mission of the Republican party is not yet accomplished, the occasion for political effort has not yet passed, American progress has not yet ended. Other labors, to save what has been gained, lie before the loyal people. THE ADVERTISER most heartily cherishes the sentiments so pointedly enunciated in the first plank of the Republican platform of Ohio—"That the States are one as a Nation, and all citizens are equal under the laws, and entitled to the fullest protection,"—and believes that the safety of the Nation lies in the full recognition of this doctrine. From the attitude of the opposition, the duty of every Republican is obvious.

AS A FAMILY PAPER, THE ADVERTISER is conceded to have no superior, and few equals, if any, in the State; and we assure our readers that it shall be kept up, in every respect, equal to its present standard of excellence, until we make it better by various improvements which we have in view just so soon as times improve among the people financially so as to justify us in making such improvements.

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As a LOCAL PAPER, We have an especial pride in making an acceptable local paper, embracing in this feature the entire county of Nemaha first, then Southern Nebraska and the State; thus making it a most desirable medium for circulation in other States amongst those desiring correct information regarding Nebraska, and her claims to consideration as a young State with all the inherent qualities of greatness.

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