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BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1879.

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OLDEST REAL ESTATE AGENCY IN NEBRASKA.

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VALERIA'S TRIUMPHS.

"I will confess that I have all along considered you a woman with a history and a mystery."

"The result, I suppose, of the rather unusual manner of our becoming acquainted," observed Miss Viney, with a slight smile at the gentleman lazily leaning on the back of his chair, facing the sofa where she sat embroidering.

"Only know that I am much indebted to that little dog for barking at you," said Mr. Rensen, answering a soft white hand from his occupation to hold it in his firm clasp.

"Oh, it's all very well, Mr. Rensen, for you to pretend that you did me no serious service when you saved me from that horrible dog," commenced Miss Viney, with much earnestness, then relaxing into playfulness, "but if rumor is to be credited, your clothes suffered in that encounter if you did not, Mr. Rensen," and Miss Viney's lovely hazel eyes rested graciously on the gentleman vis-a-vis.

"Yes, it is quite true that I lost a coat-tail and my hat," responded Mr. Rensen, with great solemnity, "but, leaning forward to smooth the soft braids of her downcast head, "I have saved for heavy damages, and won my case, have I not, Valeria?"

"But have you spoken yet to your mother?" asked Miss Viney, with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes," with a quick frown at the recollection.

"And what does she say?" Miss Viney withdrew her hands as she spoke, and became very intent upon her embroidery.

"I am almost ashamed to let you know," said Mr. Rensen, with slow reluctance in his tone, "only that it is your right to be fully aware of the sort of mother-in-law you will have, Valeria. I must try to keep in mind that it is my mother of whom I speak—but I do not find it hard to acknowledge that she has altogether declined to call upon you—she is what you might call a woman of the world, and it seems she has already picked out a wife 'suited to my position,' as she puts it; and when I altogether declined to come into her views we both got into a proper rage, and it ended in my taking up my hat and leaving, after she had declared tragically that I should be disinherited and my cousin succeed in her favor. But, after all, I think we might manage to pull along on my salary in the bank, Valeria, and I can give up wearing kid gloves and smoke a pipe?" and Mr. Rensen's rapid sentence became a slightly anxious interrogative at its close.

"But do you think I ought to marry you in opposition to your mother's wishes?" said Valeria, quietly.

"By heavens, I do," said Mr. Rensen, with sudden vehemence and flashing eyes. "I am neither a boy nor a puppet, and if I thought you would throw me over because of my mother's folly and ambition, I would go straight to the devil."

"Oh, pray don't," interrupted Miss Viney, with a gesture of distress—"I fully intend to marry you—we are both rational beings, and we are neither of us children. I agree with you that it would be an injustice to ourselves to sacrifice the happiness of both our lives without a reasonable excuse; but Philip, perhaps your mother has some good reason for declining me as her daughter—perhaps she even suspects me as an adventuress," with a quick glance at Mr. Rensen's face.

"But then," said that gentleman with an impatient pail at his mouth, "no matter what my mother thinks or says, so long as you are mine, Valeria," taking both her hands in a large clasp, and looking deep in her grave eyes, "Valeria, I trust you from my heart—and although your past is not known to me, yet when I look into your eyes I feel that your soul is as beautiful as yours. I love you and believe in you, as I do in my religion—by faith, and I cannot express how deep is my gratitude for the gift of your love."

Valeria's eyes were wet with unshed tears when he had spoken, for it was not often this gentleman uttered such words of serious tenderness.

"Philip, I thank you from my heart," she answered, "at a moment's pause, and her pale, lovely face raised to his. "But I never intended you should marry me without full knowledge of my life before I came to this quiet little country place. Here in your arms, it is even sweet to remember I have not always been so happy. Philip, until three months ago, I expected to be another man's wife—no matter who he was—with an arch smile at her lover's contracted brows—we are, when we were engaged. I thought I loved him—it was so delightful to imagine myself beloved—but I soon found that I cared nothing for him. I shrank from having him come near me; I could not even bear that he should touch my hand, and yet I was ashamed and afraid to tell him that I would not marry him. But very soon he broke it off himself—the money that my parents had left me when they died was all lost, and then I discovered that I had narrowly escaped being married for my money. I was very politely jilted, Philip; but I do assure you it was worth all my money to be free of that horrible marriage. But I detested New York after that; so, one day, like the Arabs, I silently

stole away and came to this little spot, where I have been a child, little dreaming, Philip, that I should meet my fate so soon."

"Poor child!" said Philip, tenderly. "You must give me the right to love, cherish and protect you very soon indeed, and I thank God you are a poor woman, that is, anxiously, if you think you can manage on my salary of three thousand a year and be content." And Philip looked into her sweet face and read there that she was unutterably content.

"Valeria, you must put on your best bib and tucker to-night; they tell me this ball is a most exclusive affair, and of course my mother will have early bulletins to inform her of your debut in Washington society."

They had been married a month and were sitting at their hotel breakfast, and here in Washington Valeria was altogether strange.

"Your commands shall be obeyed," answered Valeria, gaily, "only you are banished for the day, while I concoct my toilet and furbish up my finery."

"Yes, it is quite true that I lost a coat-tail and my hat," responded Mr. Rensen, with great solemnity, "but, leaning forward to smooth the soft braids of her downcast head, "I have saved for heavy damages, and won my case, have I not, Valeria?"

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