

the branches around and above him until he got into the lateral branches of the tree on the opposite side, and thence to the trunk of that tree, down which he glided, and stood upon the opposite bank waiting for us to follow. We did so as speedily as possible, and, as soon as we were safely landed by his side, Du Chien said: "Single file, all!" and started off, smelling the trees and bushes as he went.

The spot at which we had descended seemed to be a bummock similar to that on the other side, but less regular in its outline; and soon the way by which Du Chien led us became more and more difficult and impassable. Often it seemed that the next step would take us right into the dark and sluggish water, but Du Chien, almost without pausing at all, would smell at the leaves and branches and hurry on, now planting his foot upon a clod just rising out of the water, now stepping upon a fallen and half-rotted log, now treading a fringe of more solid ground skirting the dreary lagoon, but going every moment deeper and deeper into the most pathless and inaccessible portions of the swamp.

For nearly two hours this strange man followed the trail, and we followed him. At last we came to a considerable elevation of ground under which opened a little V-shaped valley made by the water of a branch which drained the high land into the swamp. This valley was rather more than two acres in extent, and seemed to be a clearing. But there was a thick-set growth of sweet gum, holly and magnolia across the opening toward the swamp, beyond which we could not see.

With quickened steps, and with many of the same signs of excitement manifested by a hound when the trail grows hot, Du Chien followed along this hedge-like line of underbrush, and at its farther end stopped. There, within three feet of where the steep bank ran into the water, which seemed to be of great depth, was an opening in the hedge. He slipped cautiously through it, and we followed him in silence. It was a little garden in the heart of the swamp, lying between the hills and the water. At the apex of the V shaped valley was a miserable cabin with some fruit trees growing round it. We gazed upon the scene with profound astonishment.

"Do you know anything of this place, Captain Martas?" said I, in a low tone. "No," said he; "several years ago, one of my field hands, a gigantic Abyssinian, was whipped and ran away to the swamp; I never followed him, and have never seen him since, although every now and then I heard of him by the report of the negroes on the plantation; I suppose he has been living somewhere in the swamp ever since, and, unless this is his home, I cannot imagine how such a place came to be here."

"The nigger is there," said Du Chien. "If there are a dozen of them I can tell the right one by the smell," and again he put the old handkerchief to his nose.

"If it is old Todo," said Captain Martas, "he is a powerful and desperate man, and we had better be cautious."

We formed a line, and slowly and cautiously approached. We had got within ten or twelve feet of the door when we saw a gigantic, half-clad negro spring from the floor, gaze out at us an instant with fierce, startled eyes, and then, with a yell like that of some wild beast roused up in its lair, he seized an axe which stood just at the door, and, whirling it around his head with savage fury, darted straight at Captain Martas. It seemed to me that the huge, black form was actually in the air, when one of the soldiers sent a ball from his revolver crashing through Todo's skull. With a savage, beastly cry, the huge black man fell headlong to the earth.

"It is a pity," said Martas; "I wished

to burn the black devil alive."

At this instant Du Chien cried out: "Look there!" And extending his arm toward the top of the ridge, he started off at full speed. We all looked up, and saw Celia flying for dear life toward the crest of the high ground behind the cabin, and we joined in the chase. It was perhaps, forty yards up the slope to the highest part, and about the same distance down the other side to the water's edge. Just as we got to the crest, Celia, who had already reached the water's edge, leaped lightly into a small canoe and began to ply the paddle vigorously, and with a stroke or two sent the frail bark gliding swiftly away from the shore, while she looked back at us with a wicked smile. In a moment more she would be beyond our reach, and the soldier who had shot Todo leveled his fatal revolver at her head. But Captain Martas knocked the weapon up, raising, in a voice choked with emotion: "No, no! let the girl go! She is my daughter!"

Swiftly and silently the slight canoe swept over the dark waters of the great, Black Swamp, now hidden in the shadow, now a moment glancing through some little patch of sunlight, always receding farther and farther, seen less often, less distinctly every moment, and seen no more.

Nathan C. Kouns, in the Argonaut.

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First Pub. Feb. 16-4.

Notice to Creditors.—E 1515.

County court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, in re-estate of George P. Botterill deceased.

The creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is Sept. 16, 1901, and for the payment of debts is March 15, 1902. That I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 15, 1901, and on Sept. 16, 1901, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed.

Notice whereof is ordered published four consecutive weeks in The Courier, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 12th day of Feb., 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

Jasper—Kipling seems to have reformed. He doesn't use as many cuss words as he used to.

Jumpuppe—And there is a good reason why. Cuss words are represented by blanks, and when his rate went up to a dollar a word his publishers refused to pay for goods that were not delivered. —Town Topics.

One fare for the round trip to St. Paul and Minneapolis via The Union Pacific and Chicago & Northwestern Route.

Tickets will be sold Feb. 18 and 19. Only Line running Two Trains Daily. For full information call on

JNO. SEBASTIAN, Agent.

First Pub. Feb. 16-3

Notice of Petition for Letters.—E 1524. In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In re estate of William Hugh Botterill, deceased.

The State of Nebraska, to the children, heirs at law and next of kin of William Hugh Botterill and to all other persons interested in his estates.

Take notice that a petition signed by Sarah Botterill praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to O. B. Polk, has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 2nd day of March, 1901, at ten o'clock A. M., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate to O. B. Polk.

Notice of this proceeding is ordered published three weeks successively in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska, prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 15th day of February, A. D. 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

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