

WATERLOO.

The tall, dignified Miss Norton walked slowly into the German room and took her seat by the window. A little freshman stared at this handsome and prominent junior as she always did stare at her when she was visible.

Not in the least conceited, Miss Norton was the most brilliant girl in the class, and every one knew it.

"If she did look bored all the time," thought the little freshman, "it shouldn't make all the girls angry, for it's our own fault—we're not interesting enough."

Miss Norton was a young woman who had scarcely anything to do with the people whom she met every day in her classes. She said very little of her own affairs to any one, even to the people she knew best. She was regarded with a great deal of awe, for she rarely displayed the slightest emotion. They told as an example of her coolness and utter indifference to danger, of how she sat by a window in a recitation room, on the afternoon of a terrific storm, the winter before, and studied her Latin lesson, paying not the slightest attention to the tempest outside or to the frightened girls who huddled together in the corners. It was only when the tall brick tower of the building fell with a crash, sending bits of glass and broken brick into the room, that she closed her book, got up, and brushing the brick dust off her dress, left the room.

This was the kind of young woman Miss Norton was. It was no wonder the little freshman stared.

Miss Norton leaned forward in her seat, and resting her chin in her hand looked out of the window. She frowned slightly and yawned behind her lace handkerchief. A boy on the other side of the room was droning out the conjugation of a verb, with row and then a sharp, clear, correction from the teacher.

Miss Norton glanced at her watch, which lay on the window-sill. As she turned her head, and leaned back in her seat, she heard a polite "Pardon me, but—and a rough hand brushed her neck smartly above the rim of her white collar. She flushed quickly and turned around.

"Thanks," she said.

"It was a bug," he answered, smiling a little.

"Oh—yes," she whispered back. If— if any more get on my gown, brush them off, won't you?" He nodded, and she turned at the sound of her name.

"I didn't understand the question," she said.

"Pay more attention," the teacher answered.

Miss Norton threw back her head, and her eyes flashed a little. She resented what the teacher had just said. She knew the answer to that question perfectly well, but how could any one collect his thoughts when cockroaches were crawling all over his back. Her eyes reddened a little at the injustice of it, and she dropped them to the floor. Heavens! The rough, uneven boards were one solid mass of crawling bugs. Miss Norton gazed in frantic terror and gathered her skirts about her until they cleared the floor. Then she held her feet up for a minute, but this was fatiguing, so with a deft movement she sat on one foot and let the other swing above the floor. A little curl escaped from the roll of hair at the back of her head, and fell on her neck. She gasped, and snatched at it quickly, half pulling down the whole roll. Oh!—it had escaped her! Where had it gone? She turned her head quickly and as she did so, she felt something move under her collar. Merciful Heavens! The bug was going down her back! She drew her shoulders forward to keep it in one place if she could, for she felt that she should scream if it moved again. Then she prepared to leave the room. But her foot was caught in her skirt and refused

to come down. She gave a jerk, there was a sound of tearing cloth, and Miss Norton placed her foot on the floor.

A moment later, the class glanced up to see the tall and dignified Miss Norton walking with quick, jerky steps from the room. Her shoulders were stooped very much forward, her hat was awry, her collar had slipped up about her ears, her lips were drawn into a thin line and her cheeks were burning red. She closed the door after her with a little slam, and the class heard her running down the hall. She entered the girl's cloak room breathless, with her books falling from her arms.

"Oh—Oh—quick, help me!" she gasped to a group of girls who sat around a table.

"I can't get it out alone! There it goes again! Oh, I shall die, I know I shall die! O—o—o—" and she ended in a long wail.

"What's the matter? Quick! tell me!" a tall girl gasped, as she rose hastily from the window-seat. "Shall I run to the office? What—"

"What's the matter? Matter?" Miss Norton screamed; "Why it's a bug—down—my—back!"

"Oh," the other girl said slowly.

Miss Norton paid no attention to her. She was moaning faintly and was taking off her shirt waist as fast as she could. She flung her collar on the floor and slipped off her waist. Then she turned to the tall girl. "Now get it," she said, "and hurry; or I shall faint!"

The other girls had gathered around and were watching Miss Norton with white faces.

The tall girl put her hand down Miss Norton's back.

"How cold your hand is," she said. "Oh, don't take it away! Quick! It's crawling again!"

The tall girl put her hand back again. "There," she said, "I've got it," and she drew her hand out.

Miss Norton breathed deeply, and

leaned against the radiator.

The tall girl had the bug in her hand, looking at it soberly.

"Throw it away!" "Oh how can she!" "The nasty, ugly thing!" "My!" came from the group of girls gathered around.

There was a queer expression on the tall girl's face. She held out her hand to the girls. They drew back at first, with little cries of fear, but presently they all broke into screams of laughter.

"How cruel to laugh," Miss Norton gasped angrily from the radiator. "It's an awful experience. My nerves are completely shattered," and she cried weakly.

The tall girl began to laugh too. Miss Norton leaned forward with a sudden suspicion and looked into the tall girl's extended hand. There was a collar button in it.

"I hope none of you will speak of this," Miss Norton began with dignity, but she broke down at the expression on the faces of those about her, and pleaded—"Oh, girls, don't tell—please don't tell."

But somehow the story got out.

HARRIET M. COOKE.

(First publication December 11.) NOTICE.

At a session of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Nebraska, continued and held pursuant to adjournment, at the court room in the City of Omaha, on the 7th day of December, 1897, present, the Honorable William H. Munger, Judge presiding, the following, among other proceedings, were had and done, to-wit:

The Continental National Bank of Boston, Massachusetts and Charles F. Smith, Complainants.

vs. Amelia B. Clark, et al., Respondents

Now on this 7th day of December, 1897, a regular day of the November 1897 term of said court, it having been made to appear to the satisfaction of said court, that this is a suit to enforce a mortgage lien by foreclosure on real

property within the district of Nebraska, and that Amelia B. Clark, Lulu Clark Cook, Frank M. Cook, Etta Margaret Clark, Bertie L. Clark, and Dora A. Perry, are defendants in said suit, and are not inhabitants of, and have not been found within said district, and have not voluntarily appeared herein now on motion of F. L. Geisthardt, solicitor for the complainant, it is considered by the court, and

ORDERED, That the respondents last above named, and each of them, appear and plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill of complaint on or before the 2nd day of February, 1898, and that in default thereof, an order be entered in this cause taking said bill pro confesso. It is further

ORDERED, That at least twenty days before said 2nd day of February 1898, a copy of this order be served upon each of said last named respondents wherever found, if practicable, and also upon the person or persons in possession, or in charge, of the real property described in the bill of complaint, if any there be, or in lieu thereof, that a copy of this order be published for six consecutive weeks in THE COURIER, of Lincoln, a newspaper published and in general circulation in said district of Nebraska. Wm. H. MUNGER, Judge.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA } ss. DISTRICT OF NEBRASKA.

I, Oscar B. Hillis, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true copy of an order entered upon the journal of the proceedings of said court in the cause therein entitled; that I have compared the same with the original entry of said order and it is a true transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof.

Witness my official signature and the seal of said Court at Omaha, in said District, this 7th day of December, 1897.

[SEAL] OSCAR B. HILLIS, Clerk

Burlington Route Playing Cards. Those elegant cards of the very best quality only 15 cents per deck. For sale at B & M depot or city office, corner 10th and O streets. t. 12-31 '97.

The Daily News. A large circular graphic with the text 'The Daily News' in the center, surrounded by a decorative border of repeating text: 'Today's News Today'—10 Cents a Week.