

with Mrs. A. J. Sawyer on April 11th, on which occasion the program will be a symposium on the club movement. The following questions have been presented the members to which brief replies are desired:

1. What is the strongest argument in favor of women's clubs?
2. What is, or should be, the *Summum bonum* of a club?
3. What is the duty of members of small clubs to large clubs?
4. Wherein is the greatest strength of the club movement?
5. Does it show inefficiency or inadequacy?
6. Does it make women more companionable to men? Would mixed clubs be preferable?
7. Is it helpfully or injuriously encroaching on social usages?
8. What should be its attitude on public questions? (e. g. labor disturbances which affect women who are wage earners.)
- To what extent should it foster particular schemes? (as the "True Traveling Library.")
10. Has it reached a climax in numbers or usefulness?
11. What is the greatest danger which threatens the club movement?
12. Do you consider the next five years a "critical period?"

At the meeting of the Child Study department of the Woman's club last Saturday afternoon, Dr. Hart of the pedagogical department of the State university gave a scholarly and instructive lecture on "Art in Education," which was listened to with great interest by the members. This being the last meeting of this department the following officers were elected for next year: Leader, Mrs. Abel; assistant leader, Miss Anna Betts; secretary, Mrs. Cora Berge.

During the year this department has been favored with lectures from Superintendent Saylor, Dr. Stein, Professors Luckey, Norton and Hart, which have been very instructive, and have added much to the interests and helpfulness of this section of the Woman's club. A resolution of thanks was tendered these gentlemen.

This department also completed arrangements at this meeting for a general patrons' meeting to be held in the High school auditorium on the evening of April 1st. Patrons' meetings have been held in the various school buildings during the year and have been very well attended, but as these have mostly been in the afternoon, few of the fathers have been able to attend; hence, this evening meeting has been arranged, where the following questions will be discussed. "Home Environment" by Professor Luckey. "Street Environment" by Principal Waterhouse. "School Environment" by Mrs. A. J. Sawyer. "Responsibility of the Public to the Schools" by Hon. H. H. Wilson. "The debt the School owes to the Public" by Superintendent J. F. Saylor. Mrs. A. W. Field, president of the Woman's club, will preside. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested in this subject.

FERGUS SHOAL

[LEONARD H. ROBBINS.]

"Did you ever hear of Fergus Shoal?" asked Captain Main.

The speaker was a passenger from Glasgow on his way to take a tramp steamer out of American waters. He was "ship-mate" with every one on board from the officers and stylish women in the saloon to the pretty Swedish girls in the steerage and the smutty faced Slav, aged six, who smoked a pipe as long as his arm. Captain Main was the life of the ship, and had it not been for him some of us long before we saw the lightship over Nantucket Shoal must have perished of ennui.

We drew our steamer chairs closer into the sunniest corner of the deck where we were trying to warm the chill of the Labrador current out of our blood and waited expectantly while Captain Main prefaced his yarn by whittling from a very black plug a pipe-full of tobacco.

"Fergus Shoal isn't down on the charts, but it kept the Hydrographical society guessing for a year and caused the scientists no end of trouble. In fact an expedition spent a month out here somewhere looking for it, and one of the leading geographers wrote a paper on a submarine volcano that was going to spout before the end of the century; and there are many people who still believe him. I know all about Fergus Shoal, but I have never told the yarn until now, for reasons.

"It was in 188- when I shipped as third mate on the Dakota, Captain Fergus, Liverpool to New York with a cargo of drygoods. I was pretty fresh then, although I had been knocking about the world for fifteen years and knew all about the bally business.

"Captain Fergus was a fat, puffy little man, and if he had been in command of a six-day passenger boat he couldn't have put on more lugs. Everything had to be just so on his ship. A loose rope end gave him a spasm and the slightest variation from the routine work of officers and men got him sputtering ugly.

"From the way he studied his charts you would think he were poking into Queenstown harbor in the dark instead of booming along at eight knots in the middle of the pond. Observations he was always taking, and he made the bo's'n heave the log every two hours. Why, he was so punctillious that when a fog came down on us he would reduce the boat's speed to four knots! And that's something no enterprising skipper does, law or no law.

"About twelve days out a bloody fog settled about us for keeps, and the chances of rising Sandy Hook light during the summer at our rate of speed seemed to me mighty few. Well, our troubles began. Captain Fergus became more exacting than ever and started us sounding for the Grand Banks. I knew and we all knew that we were every inch of 200 miles off the Bank, and the second mate told the Captain so. The second mate's name was Bullock and I put him up to arguing with the skipper. (Bullock and I bunked in the same cabin, and if one of us could do the other a dirty turn he went out of his way to do it.) What the Captain told Bullock I never found out. But when I went onto the bridge there was trouble in the skipper's eye, and Bullock as I passed him looked squally and as red as a boiled beet.

"After that we took soundings every hour, trying to find bottom in 800 fathoms. Casting the lead and winding it in again with the wire zipping through the water fifty yards astern is perhaps the meanest job on shipboard when you know bally well that there isn't bottom within half a mile of you; but we had to do it or go forward with

the common sailors. Four times that watch I chucked the plumb, and when I went below I had an idea.

"The fog was still there when I came on deck again, and so were the sounding orders. When my men wound in the lead at the end of the hour I unhooked it from the wire, carried it into the deck house and jabbed it into the box where sand for scouring the decks is kept. I looked hard for a bit of shell, but there wasn't any; so I washed the sand off the lead and carried the tallow to the Captain.

"Bottom at 80 fathoms, I says.
"The skipper nearly hugged me.
"Bottom?" he says, looking g'ad like.
"You're my kind of an officer, you are. Let me get my microscope."

"He fetched his glass and bent over the tallow.
"Coarse white sand—red specks," says he all trembling with joy.

"Then he got his charts and figured up his longitude by dead reckoning, because we hadn't seen the sun for two days. Try as he would he couldn't find coarse white sand with red specks on his chart in that part of the world.

"Try again," says he, and I tried again. When I judged we had run out about 60 fathoms I signalled and the men braked the wire and brought in the lead. Coarse white sand with red specks. There couldn't be any doubt. The captain was so happy over his discovery that he danced a Highland fling and invited me into his cabin, where, over a bottle of port, we christened Fergus Shoal.

"It came Bullock's watch again and he ran the lead clear out and of course found nothing. The skipper was furious.

"You're a hell of an officer!" he roared. "Main there is worth two of you. He can find bottom any time."

"That is how Fergus Shoal happened. And that is why the Hydrographical society worried and fussed and spent money looking in the middle of the ocean for coarse white sand with red specks that was dug out of a pit in the north of England.

"It was three days later that I settled accounts with Bullock * * *"

Just then the little cabin boy with the black eye and a bad ear for music came out of the companion way and blew the bugle call for lunch. Like trained soldiers we responded, for the chill breath of the Labrador current makes one hungry enough even to forego a sailor's yarn.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Williamson—They say there's a great change in Hawkins since he reformed.
Henderson—Well, I should say so. Why, even his worst enemies wouldn't know him.

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First publication April 1. 4
In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
Susan A. Ray, Plaintiff.
vs.
John S. Main, Clara S. Main and Edward Russell, Defendants.
Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.

John S. Main, Clara S. Main and Edward Russell, defendants, will take notice that on the 18th day of March, 1899, Susan A. Ray, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the district court of Lancaster County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, John S. Main and Clara S. Main to the Castle Land Company, upon all of block sixteen (16) in s. W. Wright's Addition to Bethany Heights, Lancaster County, and State of Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note dated January 22nd, 1894, for the sum of \$400.00, due and payable three years from date thereof, to-wit: January 22nd, 1897, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent. That there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$400.00, for which sum with interest from January 22nd, 1894, plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same or the said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found to be due; and that defendant Edward Russell purchased said property subject to said mortgage and that the right, title, interest and estate of said Edward Russell in and to said premises be declared inferior and subject to the lien of said mortgage. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 1st day of May, 1899.
Dated March 30, 1899.

SUSAN A. RAY, Plaintiff.
By Charles O. Whedon and Charles E. Magoon, her attorneys.

First publication April 8. 3.
NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the 26th day of April, 1899, at the east door of the County Court House, in the city of Lincoln, county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, at 2 o'clock p. m. standard time, the undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, or upon such credit as is provided by law, the following described real estate lying in said county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, to-wit: 1. The west one-half, w. 1-2, of lot fourteen 14, in block forty-four, 44, in the city of Lincoln. 2. Lot twelve, 12, in block two hundred and twenty-five, 225, in the city of Lincoln. 3. Lot five, 5, in block six, 6, in Treasurer's addition to the city of Lincoln. 4. Lot twenty, 20, in block two, 2, in Engleide addition to the city of Lincoln. 5. Lot one, 1, in block two, 2, in East Park addition to the city of Lincoln. 6. Lots one, two, three and four, 1, 2, 3, 4, in block two, 2, in Alonzo Barnes' subdivision in the city of Lincoln. Said sale will be made under and by virtue of a license of sale made by the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, in an action therein pending by the undersigned for license to sell the same. Said sale will remain open for one, 1, hour, beginning at the time above stated.

GEORGE E. CLARK, As executor of the last will and testament of Alonzo Barnes, deceased.

First publication April 8. 4
NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.
Margaret Fuqua, plaintiff, vs. George B. Fuqua, defendant.

To George B. Fuqua:
You are hereby notified that on the 7th day of April, 1899, Margaret Fuqua filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce from you and be restored her name of Margaret McCafferty, on the ground of cruelty, non-support and your habitual use of morphine.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 20th day of May, 1899.
MARGARET FUQUA,
By her attorney, D. J. FLANNERY, 331-333 McMurtry Block.

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