

A Memorial Day Story.

"I shall never forget," said the man from the West, "how we celebrated Decoration Day out in Hooptown, Nebraska, in 1883."

Call it Memorial Day," said his friend. "I stand corrected, and Memorial Day it is," said the first. "Hooptown isn't much larger than two Philadelphia squares, but when I knew it two years ago it had more patriotism than any town ten times its size in America. This was the natural effect of the law of self-preservation. Hooptown had to be lively to keep pace with a village called Battersby, which lay three miles down the river.

Battersby was just like Hooptown in being intensely public-spirited, and for the same reason. The rivalry between the two towns was not friendly by a long shot, and there wasn't any good will wasted on either side. The towns had been knifing each other for years, and it did them both good. Talk about college spirit—it wasn't in the same class with our town prejudice.

"Along in May of the famous year I am going to tell you about we Hoop-townians got tidings through interlying farmers that Battersby was working up a monster Memorial Day celebration. Visits to Battersby on the part of a sundry Hooptown citizen confirmed the reports. Our deadly enemy was stopping at nothing to make the affair a success. There was to be a parade and a public meeting with speeches, and a fireworks display in the evening. The city council of Battersby had voted an appropriation of fifty dollars for decorations, and there was to be a horse race.

"Careful inquiry revealed the further fact that Battersby was planning the celebration more to outdo Hooptown than to honor her soldier dead, for there was but one soldier grave in all her cemetery. This had a wooden slab on it, labeled:

SILAS PETERS  
 Born 1831—Died 1882  
 He fought well for his country.

"When all these facts had been gleaned for us, we held a mass meeting one night in the lodge room over the grocery store. We realized that Hoop-town's reputation was at stake, and that her fortunes were lost unless she could see Battersby and go her one better. Our selectmen held an impromptu meeting in a corner and voted seventy-five dollars for decorations, and things were looking lovely for a Memorial Day celebration that would cast Battersby's demonstration into a total eclipse. Everybody made speeches and the smoky air shook with our applause, until the grocer stood up. His face was as white as his own flour.

"Gentlemen," said he, his voice kind of throaty, "does anybody remember seeing a soldier's grave in Hooptown cemetery?"

"Well, sir, you could have bought out the whole audience for two bits. I never saw such a sick lot of people since I crossed the Atlantic. The crowd went home without any noise. The next day business was suspended and everybody in Hooptown headed for the burying ground. There wasn't a mound that, by any construction, could be looked upon as a soldier's grave, even in the potter's field.

"We've got to have an old soldier," said the grocer, as we sat on the cemetery fence in the shade of a maple tree.

"Darkey Jim's the nearest approach," said the butcher "and he's only a runaway slave. Besides he might object to being buried. I saw him hoeing in old

Miss Paddock's garden as we came past."

"It looked hopeless for Hooptown, when the village lawyer jumped suddenly off the fence and waved his arms. 'Whose grave is it they're going to decorate?' he cried. 'Isn't it Si Peters?'

"Everybody answered at once and took heart, for the lawyer was as much respected for his shrewdness as disliked for other things.

"Si Peters never lived a day in Battersby," said the lawyer. "His people rent a farm in there back of Wolcott's mill. I know his brother Hank."

"What of that?" asked the grocer.

"There's this much in it," said the lawyer, talking as if he were arguing a case in court. "The Peters people are poor and they don't care a snap where old Si is buried. And if you men think more of your beloved city than you do of your purses, Hooptown will have a Decoration Day celebration that'll echo all over this glorious country."

"It took us about a minute to see what the lawyer was driving at, but when we did the old graveyard looked like the wind-up of a Dutch picnic, and the lawyer was pounded on the back by rejoicing citizens till he sputtered.

"We left all negotiations with the lawyer and went ahead with our plans for Memorial Day. There wasn't a man, woman or child in the place that wasn't on some committee. The news of our doings reached Battersby, and the citizens of that place stood by and laughed, for they knew very well we didn't have a soldier's grave to our name. But we smiled in our hands and waited.

"A week before the end of May our lawyer drove over to Hank Peters' farm and spent the day. When he came back all Hooptown was waiting for him in the lodgeroom.

"It's all right," he reported. "I had to talk him around, but I made him admit Hooptown was just as near his farm as Battersby. He agrees on condition that we give him a cemetery lot here, pay him \$35 in cash and put up a marble tombstone over his brother."

"Well, sir, the town went wild with joy. Six of us drove over to Battersby that night in a farm wagon and picked up Hank Peters on the way. We wanted him on the spot in case there was a row. Battersby was sleeping the sleep of the truly unsuspecting and we weren't disturbed. By daybreak the mortal remains of Silas Peters lay under six feet of earth in a new grave in Hooptown cemetery, with a picked guard armed with shotguns patrolling the lot.

"Such a celebration as Hooptown had on Memorial Day was never seen before or since in Nebraska. It was ten Fourth of July rolled into one glorious whole. A brass band that Battersby had engaged for her fizzled celebration played patriotic music in our streets. We had three parades to the cemetery and decorated Silas Peters' grave as many times. There was a lemonade barrel in front of every store, and all the fakirs in the state lined up along the main street with their shell games and wheels of fortune. The country people for miles around came to help us

# THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA SCHOOL OF MUSIC

would call the attention of all who desire a musical education to the unequalled facilities offered at this school.

**WILLARD KIMBALL, Director.**

## People Have No Trouble

In getting what they want at the

## Good Luck Grocery.

**C. M. SEITZ, 1107 O street, Telephone 628**

First Pub. May 26-3.

In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of John Iliff, feeble minded. **ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE**

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Andrew Kroehler, guardian of the person and estate of John Iliff, feeble minded, praying for license to sell lots three and four (3 and 4) in the city of Havelock, Lancaster county, Nebraska, or so much thereof as is necessary to pay the debts and support the said John Iliff, feeble minded, there not being sufficient personal property or income from the said real estate to pay said debts and support said ward.

It is therefore ordered that Stella Kroehler, Havelock, Nebraska; Nora Clark, Auburn, Nebr.; Emma Allen, Dawson, Nebr.; J. W. Iliff, Santa Cruz, California; H. G. Iliff, Santa Marie, California; Mary Peck, Pataskala, Ohio; Clyde Iliff, John Iliff, and Cleon Iliff, minors of William S. Iliff, now deceased, the next of kin of said ward, and all persons interested in said estate, appear before me, at my chambers, in the court house in Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 25th day of June, 1900, at ten o'clock A. M., to show cause why a license should not be granted said guardian to sell so much of the above described real estate of said ward as shall be necessary to pay said debts and support said ward.

It is further ordered that this order be published for three successive weeks in The Courier, a weekly newspaper published and in general circulation in said Lancaster county.

Dated this 23d day of May, 1900.  
EDWARD P. HOLMES,  
Judge of the District Court.

First Pub. May 26, 1900-5.

### SHERIFF SALE

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Mary E. Brown is plaintiff, and William H. Cleveland and Margaret Cleveland, his wife, defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 26th day of June A. D. 1900, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described lands and tenements to-wit:

The west one-half (w 1/2) of sub-division fourteen (14) in S. W. Little's sub-division of the west one-half (w 1/2) of the southwest quarter (sw 1/4) of section twenty-four (24), township ten (10) north range six (6) east in the city of Lincoln, in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 24th day of May, A. D. 1900.

Z. S. BRANSON,  
Sheriff.

[First publication May 3-4]

### Notice to Creditors.—E 1419.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Clarence King, deceased.

To the Creditors of Said Estate: You are hereby notified, that the county judge will sit at the county court room in Lincoln, in said county, on the 1st day of October 1900, and again on the 2d day of January, 1901, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 2d day of July, 1900, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from the 2d day of July, 1900.

Notice of this proceeding is ordered published four weeks successively in The Courier of Lincoln, a weekly newspaper published in this state.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court, at Lincoln, this 23d day of May, 1900.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEBSE,  
Clerk County Court.

First Pub. June 2-4.

### Notice of Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have associated themselves for the purpose of becoming a corporation under the laws of the state of Nebraska.

The name of said corporation is Western Medical Review Publishing company.

The principal place of transacting its business is Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska; and the nature of the business to be transacted is the publishing of a medical journal to be called the Western Medical Review and to carry on such other business as shall be necessary and proper in connection with such publication.

The authorized capital stock is \$1,500.00, to be divided into fifteen shares of \$100 each, to be fully subscribed prior to commencement of business and paid as required by the directors.

Said corporation shall commence on the 1st day of June, 1900, and shall continue for ten years.

The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which said corporation is at any time to subject itself is \$300.00.

The affairs of said corporation are to be conducted by three directors, who shall be president, vice-president and editor, respectively.  
GEORGE H. SIMMONS,  
SHELDON E. COOK,  
H. WINNETT CURR.

honor our soldier dead. There were small boys with firecrackers and torpedoes everywhere, and there were fireworks at night! And all day long, from sunrise to midnight, a brass cannon on the public square thund. d forth at ten minute intervals. The people of Battersby could hear it booming, which was what we wanted.

"It was a day of triumph for Hoop-town, and poor Battersby could never hold up her head again. Of course, the state papers took it up and said things not to the credit of Hooptown, but we lost no sleep over that. We had observed Memorial Day and done honor to the Boys of Sixty One, and that was the main thing. Leonard H. Robbins.

**TO THE DEAF.**—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to this institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 6,638 A, the Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

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