

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.

BOOTS.

(KATHARINE MELICK.)

I had been wanting to pick blackberries for a long time. The forest of stalks on the hill shone in the sunlight, and I knew how the huge, blue-black, ripe berries were falling down under the strawberry leaves, and getting colder and colder, until the big ants found them and dragged them away.

My mother said that I would lose myself in the high stalks; that they would make me fall down, and that the big thorns, as long as my nose, would scratch my knees and tear my dress. The dress was a new one; blue with white spots in it, and I had been warned so often not to tear or soil or otherwise deface it, that every one of the white spots seemed an eye watching me and saying, "Take care!" As I could not see it—or anything else to speak of—with my pink sunbonnet on, I had taken to wearing the sunbonnet assiduously. I had it on now, and I had my small tin pail, as I stood at the kitchen table, waiting for a favorable chance to renew my petition. My mother was stoning cherries, and when a red spray spirted into her eyes, she took my pail quite suddenly, set it on the table, and told me to go into the workshop and crack some walnuts.

I thought the matter over, perched up on the lid of the tool-chest and exploring the key-hole reflectively with my bare toes. There was a high pair of boots, wrinkly and brown, beside the chest, and after looking at them for some time I came to a conclusion.

Climbing down with much care, I alighted with one foot in each boot and, after some trouble and one fall over a harness strap, which the bonnet prevented me from seeing, I shuffled to the kitchen door. My armor was very much like the armor of a knight, only a little loose. I reflected as I called to my mother:

"See my boots! Now the briers won't hurt me. Now can't I go, please?"

My mother had gone for another pan of cherries. The little pail still stood on the table. She would certainly let me go now, and it was so long to wait, with the big ants dragging those great, juicy berries under the leaves. So I walked as quickly as the boots would let me, down the hill, past the barn, to a row of willows, which sheltered the rest of the way to the blackberry patch.

It was a very majestic shadow striding between the willow shadows across the path, even if it didn't stride as fast or as regularly as might be. It is not easy to take steps long enough so that one boot will get quite past the other, especially when your sunbonnet is tied in a hard knot, so that you cannot see things distinctly. But the shadow of the bonnet looked very much like the queer things on the heads of the knights in the new Scribner's, which lay on the table in the sitting room. I remember very well how they looked, for there was a little tear in the leaf, where I had been trying to look at the knight between the uncut leaves. Thinking of the tear, I forgot to watch the boots, so

when one of them stepped on the other I fell down.

It is very provoking to fall down when you have a sunbonnet on for you cannot tell where you are falling at all. And even if you cannot see them, you can tell how dirty the white spots in your dress must be. So I was very careful, and only fell down twice more before I got to the blackberry patch.

I could not reach the berries high on the stalks. But there were plenty of them low down, and a great many just fallen, dewy and fresh, on the strawberry leaves. Farther on, where the stalks were higher and it was very shady, there were no strawberry leaves, only soft, black earth—very black in the shade. And away through the thick, thorny stalks, far in, was a place a little open, where three clumps of pie-plant grew. The blackberry stalks were higher there, and leaned over on each side, like a roof, over the pie-plant leaves. It was all shut in and wonderful with the long, dark berries in great clusters, hanging everywhere.

I laid three soft leaves in the bottom of the pail and dropped the berries in until the leaves were all covered up. It was very still. Up between the stalks where the tops came together, a black and yellow butterfly was fluttering, dropping down into the shade and rising with the sunshine on its wings. It lighted on a late blossom over my head and the white petals came fluttering down softly.

All of a sudden there was a strange dragging, tramping sound on the other side of the willows. I thought of several things before remembering that it must be my father, who was cultivating the rows of young corn. What if he knew that I was away in here alone, with a pail nearly full of black-berries! I could hear the "Whoa," and the scraping, rattling sounds, as the horses turned around at the end of the rows. The dragging went further and further away, and now there was only a locust singing from the willows, and a hawk sailing in wide circles overhead. I could see it now and then between the high stalks.

Just then there was a queer stinging on my knee, and in a minute it was on my ankle. Something had fallen into boot. I looked in and saw a green, fuzzy thing, like a leaf rolled up. I reached in my arm to pull it out, but my arm was too short. And then the green thing began to sting, like seven bee stings at once. I jerked my foot out, and sat down very suddenly on a clump of pie-plant leaves. But the little pail did not tip over. Only a few berries rolled out, and I picked them up and set the pail as far as I could reach into the shade. Then I lifted the boot and shook it. The green thing would not fall out. It was covered with stiff hairs that seemed sticking to the boot.

There was nothing to poke with except the thick, thorny stalks, which I could not break off, and the thin, red stems of the pie-plant leaves. I tried the stems, though it was a great pity—they were so juicy and sweet. I could not see, so I pulled my sunbonnet backward and the knot choked me very

People Have No Trouble

In getting what they want at the

Good Luck Grocery.

C. M. SEITZ, 1107 O street, Telephone 686

First Pub. June 9-4.

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 GERR.

First Pub. June 9, 1900-4

Notice to Creditors.—E 1461.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of Lois H. Arnold, 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, Nebraska, a weekly newspaper published in this state.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court this 31st day of May, 1900.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

First Pub. June 16-4.

In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the application of George H. Clarke, as executor of the last will and testament of Alonzo Barnes, deceased, for license to sell real estate.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

This cause coming on to be heard upon the petition of the said executor, and the proofs offered in support of the same and it appearing therefrom that there is not sufficient personal property of the said estate in the hands of the said executor to pay the legal debts and expenses of the same, and it further appearing that it is necessary and proper that the real estate of said Alonzo Barnes, deceased, should be sold to pay the same, and being fully advised in the premises,

It is ordered and adjudged by me, as judge of the district court, that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby directed to be and appear before the judge of the said district court on the 31st day of July, 1900, at nine o'clock, standard time, in the forenoon at the office of the district clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, then and there to show cause, if any such there be, why a license should not be granted to said executor to sell real estate of deceased, described in said petition for the purpose of paying the debts and legal expenses of the said estate.

It is further ordered and adjudged that service of this notice be made by publishing the same for four successive weeks in The Courier, a legal newspaper in the said county.

Dated at Lincoln, county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, this 9th day of June, 1900.
EDWARD P. HOLMES,
Judge of the District Court.

[First Pub., June 16-4]

Notice to Creditors.—E 1466.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska:

In the matter of the estate of Susan R. Link, 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 16th day of October, 1900, and again on the 16th 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 16th day of July, 1900, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from the 16th day of July, 1900.

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

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 4th day of June, 1900.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court