

First Pub. March 22-5

Master's Sale.

Docket "T." No. 558.
In the circuit court of the United States, for the district of Nebraska.
Flavel G. Merriam complainant, vs. Landy C. Clark, et al., defendants.—In Chancery.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the eighth day of June, 1900, I, Samuel S. Curtis, master in chancery of the circuit court of the United States, for the district of Nebraska, will, on the twenty-third day of April, 1901, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Lancaster county court house building, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, state and district of Nebraska, sell at auction, for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

Lot number fifteen (15) in block number twenty-seven (27) of Kinney's "O" Street Addition to the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, located on the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter (s.-w. 1/4 of the s.-e. 1/4) of section twenty-four (24), in township ten (10), north of range six (6) east of the sixth P. M. in the county of Lancaster, and state of Nebraska.

SAMUEL S. CURTIS, Master in Chancery.
FRANCIS A. BHOGAN,
Solicitor for Complainant.

First Pub. Mar. 30-3.

Notice of Final Report—E 1373.

County court of Lancaster county, Nebraska. In re estate of John Schernikau, deceased.
The state of Nebraska, to the widow, children, heirs at law, or next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of John Schernikau, deceased.

Take notice, that Maria Schernikau has filed final report of her acts and doings as administratrix of said estate and that said matter has been set for hearing on April 26, 1901, before said county court, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at which time any person interested may appear and contest the same; and notice of this proceeding is ordered published for three weeks consecutively in The Courier of Lincoln, Dated March 27, 1901.

(SEAL.) FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE,
Clerk County Court.

First Pub. Apr. 13-4.

D. J. Flaherty, Attorney, Richards Block.
In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Laura A. Meader, Plaintiff,
vs.
Benjamin L. Meader,
Defendant.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

To the Defendant, Benjamin L. Meader:
You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of April, 1901, Laura A. Meader, plaintiff, 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 to be given the custody of the following children, to-wit: James Meader, thirteen years of age, Milo Meader, ten years of age, Nellie Meader, seven years of age, and Etta Meader, four years of age, on the ground that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff without just cause for a term of two years last past. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 25th day of May, 1901.
Laura A. Meader, Plaintiff.

Certificate of Publication.

STATE OF NEBRASKA.

Office of

Auditor of Public Accounts.

LINCOLN, February 1, 1901.

It is hereby certified that the

**WESTCHESTER FIRE
INSURANCE Co.**

of New York, in the State of New York, has complied with the insurance law of this state, applicable to such companies and is therefore authorized to continue the business of fire, lightning and tornado insurance in this state for the current year ending January 31st, 1902.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Auditor of Public Accounts the day and year first above written.
CHARLES WESTON,
Auditor of Public Accounts.
By H. A. HABCOCK, Deputy.

H. W. BROWN

**Druggist and
Bookseller.**

Whiting's

Fine Stationery

and

Calling Cards.....

127 So. Eleventh Street.

PHONE 68

THE KID.

[KATHARINE MELICK.]

For The Courier.

PART II.

When the sheriff's wife entered the woman's cell next morning, the look of indifference with which the prisoner contemplated her proffered toast and coffee was so heart-sick that her impersonal force broke down. She saw the small pillow, twisted into the corner of the cot, the forlorn shoes, yet lying by the opposite wall, and the whole figure of the boy, straightening to meet her, and sitting now on the tumbled blue coverlid of the much-rumpled bed, went to the mother heart. She set the tray quickly across the wash-bowl on the little black corner stand. The coffee quivered in its pink cup, as she took one step to the bed, and caught the boy's limp hand in her two strong ones.

"See here, youngster, you'll be out of this a sight quicker than you came in. There'll be very little time for you here, and we want to make the most of it. Now if you can handle a hoe, I want you outside, today. Levi has no use for anything but a stub pen, and I have more farming to do than any cranberry merchant."

Had the Kid lifted his eyes, he would have seen hers, wet, but he merely looked over at his shoes. "I'll get ready," he said.

So his life as a "trusty" began, and the sheriff smiled at the avidity with which Mollie took to gardening.

Leaning her ample elbows upon the top board of the garden fence, she directed the marking out of rows of contingent radishes, and lines of impossible celery, and beds of blissfully certain lettuce. But the second morning found her over the fence, and even the guard watched with interest while she dropped the seeds in the round grooves which the Kid had made by the painless process of laying the hoe handle flat in the soft earth.

"Had my rabbit's foot in the right pocket, this morning," he said, gayly. "Now that's what I call a labor-saving device."

"You deserve a patent. Have you invented many more?"

"Oh, yes. Been my long suit."

But he began to whistle "A Fine Old English Gentleman," instead of lingering on the topic which was of first interest to his listener. With his head erect, like a wren taking his specifications from your wood house corner, he broke from the air into a trill of bird song, and tossed his hair and his cap together from his forehead.

It was the same light gesture that went with his silent answer to the proposition that the sheriff made him, a few days after his coming.

"You know you don't have to stay here, my boy. It's the other fellows—the old hands at the trade—we're after. Now's your best chance to cut loose from that gang. Just give us an idea where they are, and we'll have you out of here, 'fore you can say Scot."

As the sheriff walked away from the cell, more than a little disgusted with his ill-luck, he heard the Kid's clear tenor insisting to the delectation of the brown roaches:

"I'm off to Louisiana
For to see my Suziana
Singing Polywolydoodle all the day."

"Move on, Tom Harlan," he muttered. "One woman is enough to listen to that musical little donkey."

And then, when Mrs. Mullenberger came, that night, the sheriff spoke to his jailer about sleeping with the Kid in the office bed-room.

"We've got to give her the cell, and it seems pretty rough to put that little chap in there with Mike and Shellady

and Nigger Jack. 'Sposin' you take him."

The office bed-room, or "cold storage," was a reserve room, seldom used except in case of overflow company, or of crises demanding extra vigilance on the part of the keepers. It had a door strongly barred. That was a convenient place for hearing what went on in the prison, when dangerous plots were astir.

More than once, the sheriff's wife, listening behind that door, had heard the tell-tale sawing underneath the ribald uproar, which then rose to riot. "When they're raising Cain, look out," had been her deduction, and a valuable one.

The night of Mrs. Mullenberger's incarceration had been a boisterous one, but there was a very natural reason for unrest within and without the bars. The woman's husband had been lynched for his part in the murder of their adopted child, and the murderess had been hurried from another county, into the stronger walls of the Streeter jail. All the next day the sheriff's wife watched strange faces passing the gate, with furtive glances within.

"There are too many Carbon City men in town," she said, with her fingers on the handbag that held her revolver.

The second night they sent Mrs. Mullenberger, with a shawl over her head, to the jailer's house, and the jailer's daughter, who had worn the shawl as she came to talk with "Mollie," remained with the older woman.

"If there's a mob, I want to be here," the girl declared, when the ruse was suggested. So when the mob came, and when their leaders were shown every cell in the prison, she stood very near the office bed-room. The Kid sat on the bed, dressed, waiting. No one had slept. He watched the men with light curiosity, as they made their way in surly silence through the corridors, breathing the breath of tigers.

This is not the story of the fight at the house of the jailer, when Tom Harlan caught with one hand the first noose flung at the head of the murderess, and gripping the woman's collar, dragged her with him in his fall, and with his clutch prevented a second noose from choking her. It is of what happened as the mob left the Streeter jail, and only the Kid and the jailer's daughter, for a moment, stood in the office.

"Jump out of that window," the girl whispered sharply.

The Kid jumped.

Two days later, when they had picked them up not far from Streeter, tying together a broken ankle, the sheriff's wife asked him why he did it.

"Had my rabbit's foot in the wrong pocket," he told her, and went into his cell in the body of the prison, without a whimper.

Next morning they carried him into the office bed-room again, for Mollie's convenience in taking care of his foot.

"You're safe enough, now," said the jailer grimly, but the Kid tossed the hair from his hot forehead and muttered, "Sure thing," with little interest.

It was in the days of fever that followed that Mollie learned most of the boy. Not of his home, for it was little, indeed, she could tell, when one came, asking. But of the strange, witching lad who had fallen so hapless into her hands.

"He never thought of thanking me, no more than a sparrow," she said afterward. "He only brightened up, whenever I came in, and he knew me. When he was out of his head, that was what I missed most. When he was well, and had to go back into the cage, I hated to listen at that door. I'd

think of him, layin' there on the pillow, with his eyes tryin' to laugh when I shook the crock all over myself; and then, when he wanted to get out, and I warned him it would be the cell, now, soon as he was on his feet, and tried to keep him in there, under my wing, till his time was up."

There was but one place for a prisoner who had broken jail, and as the Kid stretched himself on his cell cot, to take the lower strata of felid prison air, he listened to the simultaneous click of the gratings, closed by the turnkey from his station in the corridor.

The roaches seemed clean in comparison with the eyeless things of this damp hole, whose brick walls were moist with the reek of vilest human kind.

"I've read of Spanish dungeons," said the Kid's bunk mate, a defaulter, just entering the jail, "but I'd rather feel a salt wave coming in through the bars than this steam of Hades."

"It would be cleaner and quicker, and no undertaker's bill for bath," said the Kid hoarsely: his cold had seemed to increase, since the first night behind the bars.

"They have a lightning process of embalming in the old country where I lived," the cashier returned, grimly. "Drop 'em in quicklime in the prison yard."

"Economical."

The cashier shuddered and swore as a much-legged crawling thing brushed his cheek. "Two weeks of this, before my hearing, will finish me. How much longer have you to serve?"

"A week."

"Make it four days."

It was the lowest of those jagged holes, filled now with red bricks by the precursors of the Shanahans, through which the Kid slipped away, with his comrade, within three nights of his discharge. They captured the cashier, seven years afterward, in South America, and Tom Harlan, who had gone into the employ of the Pinkertons, brought him back, hand-cuffed to him all the way. It was the execution of a vow he made, the night following the delivery when a "trusty," encouraged by the successful escape, knocked down the turnkey just as he was locking the cell doors.

It was early the next morning that the sheriff and his wife still talked the battle over.

"That nigger will kill you yet, Tom, if he gets a chance."

"He'll not get it. He's all right. I know his measure. It's these fellows that break away when they might walk out of the open door, that take me off guard. Within six days of his discharge, and the Kid even nearer. These kind are philanthropists—new breed o' jail insects."

"They are that, Tom Harlan," and the sheriff's wife felt for the reassuring touch of the revolver under her pillow. "They ain't stealin' chickens enough to get inside for their winter's feed. But any kind o' men, shut up like rats in holes in the wall, would try to bore out. I've listened to prisoners sawing and sawing 'till it's on my nerves. I'd like to get out, and I'd never want to see a jail again."

"You'd want bars fast enough, if once we was without 'em. But the Kid is loose, and we'll just let him go home to his mother, this time. It was Donovan's lead. I'll run that measly cur to earth, if he's headed for Greenland."

"The Kid will never go home to his mother, Tom. He said that in his fever, over and over. And he told me so, afterward. Not unless he is able to do something for her. He says it's more to his fancy to pick up a living as the blackbirds do, than live off one's kin, like the cannibal bluejays."