



GANOUNG'S PHARMACY.

1400 O STREET.

Successor to H. O. Hanna.

First Pub. June 8, 1901-5.

SHERIFF SALE

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an execution issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Isaac Cahn is plaintiff, and Frank E. Romandorf defendant, I will, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1901, 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:

Beginning on the west line of section eight-een (18), in township ten (10), range seven (7), east of the 6th P. M. at a point nine hundred and forty-eight and five-tenths (948.5-10) feet south of the northwest corner of said section; thence east at right angles to the west line of said section fourteen hundred and seven (1407) feet to a point; thence south two hundred and eighty-five (285) feet to the north line of the county road; thence south westerly along the north line of said county road eighty-five (85) feet; thence west thirteen hundred and forty-five (1345) feet to the west line of said section; thence north along the west line of said section three hundred and thirty (330) feet to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres more or less, exclusive of right of way of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway Company across said tract; and also on the undivided one half interest in two houses situated on the above described tract, also including all the machinery in the mill building on said above described tract.

Given under my hand this 8th day of June, A. D. 1901. Z. S. BRASSON, Sheriff.

First Pub. July 6-4.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, will at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 3d day of August, 1901, at the east front door of the Lancaster county courthouse, Lincoln, Nebraska, sell as an entirety at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real property of the estate of Albert E. Touzalin, deceased, situate in the county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, to-wit, the n. $\frac{1}{2}$ of lot 14, and lots 15, 16, 17 and 18 in block 5, lots 16, 17 and 18 in block 6. Lot 7 in block 8, all in Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded. Also lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in block 1, lots 10, 11 and 12 in block 3; all of block 5, being lots from 1 to 18, inclusive. All of block 7, being lots from 1 to 16, inclusive. All of block 9, being lots from 1 to 12, inclusive. In Second Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded. This property was offered for sale on the 25th day of June, 1901, but it was found best to postpone the sale.

EDWARD C. PERKINS and CHARLES S. MAURICE, Executors of the will of Albert E. Touzalin, deceased.

A GHOST AT SEA.

"They're a queer set of sperruts that frequents the seas and they do some mighty queer things, as any sailorman knows," said Captain Bill Kinsman as he cut a pipeful off a plug and proceeded to roll it between his horny palms. "But the queerest spook I ever see was one that put itself out of business for sixty odd years by making a mistake.

"It happened when I was a young man on a voyage from Maracaibo to Liverpool, on the bark Ingomar, with a cargo of mahogany. A chap by the name of Teague was the captain, and the sickest-looking skipper he was that ever let a ship's crew do as it pleased. He was a powerful big-boned man, but gaunt as a wolf, with his clothes hanging loose all over him and his eyes burning away back at the end of two sort o' caverns.

"Instead of taking his rest like a Christian, he set up on the taffrail, in his watch and out of it, fair weather or foul, sleeping sometimes but most while looking out over the sea like a man in a trance. 'Bout once a day he'd come down for a bite to eat and a look at the first mate's figgers and then back he'd go with never a word out of them.

"It didn't take many days out of port before they begin to whisper among the crew. What was it, we wanted to know, that'd make a man like Teague shrink away from his clothes and shun decent men's neighborhood? What was it his burning eyeballs saw out there in the black water?

"Mates," says Bob Wicks, who'd lost one of his eyes on a man-o'-war, "I know the signs. It's blood spots he sees out there—blood spots of his own making and there's no good goin' to come of them as travels with him."

"I don't know jest what the crew'd a done if it hadn't happened that Ben's remarks come to the ears of the first mate. Soon's they did the mate comes thumping into the fo'c'sle and lays Ben out with a smash under the ear.

"'Now, ye swine,' he says, turning to the rest of us, 'is they any of you ever had guts enough to love a woman? Two years ago they was a fellow about to get the likeliest gal in Portlaad, Me., for a wife. She quarreled with him a week before the wedding, about nothing, as women will, and up and married a dub that was worth no good woman's thoughts. Well, the chap that got left is him that's sitting up there on the taffrail. Ye dirty snakes, that's what love does some times to a man. Now, if they's any of you wants a broken head let me hear another yelp about blood spots.'

"After that nobody felt called upon to give his opinions of the captain. I reckon the crew was more sorry for him than anything else, though Ben Wicks shook his head and did a heap of mumbling under his breath. And we certainly began to have a queer voyage. We was on a nor'-nor'-east tack and we had a purty fair breeze most of the time, but somehow that ship seemed to make mighty little headway. The sea was a sort of dirty oil color and it seemed to sort of ketch hold of us and stick on. It was like sailing through molasses.

"'It's coming soon,' says Ben Wicks, one dog watch, when the first mate was out of hearing.

"That same night it comes up to rain on the captain's watch and he sent me down after his oilskins. Foot of the companionway I looked into the cabin and there at the captain's table, as I'm a living man, sat a little brown-haired

woman writing. Everybody aboard knew they was no woman on the Ingomar and hadn't been. I took one look, and then made for the quarter-deck.

"'Where's them skins?' says Teague. "'If you please, sir,' I says, 'they's a lady at the cabin table writing.'

"Teague looked at me for full a half minute and his eyes was like them of a man that's gone blind. Then he spoke kind of soft.

"'What kind of a looking woman was it?' says he.

"'She was a little plump woman,' I says, 'with brown hair that was brushed back—'

"Teague's face became white as a corpse's and he held up his hand.

"'That'll do,' says he. 'Go down and ask the lady to kindly step up.'

"I wasn't hankering after that cabin jest then, but it was better than Teague's voice. Before I got to the foot of the companionway I see she was gone. I went over to where she'd been setting and there on the table was a sheet of paper and on it in a woman's writing was the three words, 'Steer due south.' I grabbed the paper and went back on deck. As I came up it seemed as though Teague's eyes grabbed hold of me.

"'The lady's gone, sir,' I says, 'but this here paper was on the cabin table.'

"I don't know how he got the paper. I didn't hand it to him. He jest had it. Then there come a sound like a herd of bulls bellowing and it was Teague calling to the man at the wheel.

"'Hard starboard,' says Teague, and around she swung.

"'Keep her due south,' says Teague, 'and mind your eye.'

"That minute the breeze shifted fair and began to freshen and inside of two hours we was jumping along at ten