



GANOUNG'S PHARMACY.

1400 O STREET.

Successor to H. O. Hanna.

(First Pub. Aug. 24--3)

Notice of Final Report.

Estate No. 1425 of Nathan S. Harwood, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The state of Nebraska to all persons interested in said estate, take notice that F. L. Harris, administrator, has filed a final account and report of his administration which has been set for hearing before said court on September 16, 1901, at ten o'clock A. M., when you may appear and contest the same. Dated August 23, 1901.

FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk.

First Pub. Aug. 24--3.

Notice of Final Report.

Estate No. 1234 of Jefferson H. Foxworthy, deceased, in county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

The state of Nebraska to all persons interested in said estate, take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration, and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which has been set for hearing before said court on the 12th day of September, 1901, at ten A. M., when you may appear and contest the same. Dated August 23, 1901.

(Seal.) FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.
WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk.

WHERE THE BIG AND THE LITTLE GOOSE MEET.

BY FLOBA BULLOCK.
For The Courier

Nearly two hundred dreary miles separate Black Hills from Big Horn; upgrade miles through a monotonous panorama of humps and bumps and strange uprisings of the grey land.

Here and there are small green fields, and even trees, where some of the sons and daughters of courage have set up their low log and mud shacks, and finding somewhere a little of the blessed water,—more potent than any ever sanctified by priest or pope,—have brought it by some devious way to their claim. Dry creek beds, still nurturing soft green grass and low bushes, draws and swales,—the storm sewers of the land,—empty irrigation ditches,—these are the principal diversions in this sage brush land.

And yet nearly every time the train swung in sight of a wagon road we saw a "prairie schooner," and in every desolate, squat little log house town were new settlers, and more pretentious houses and stores.

The reason for this show of prosperity and evident belief in the future is to be seen in the bunches of cattle that herd on the hills, and those gray moving sagebrush in the distance,—on nearer approach seem to be sheep. So when you think of this as an unfruitful land, be pleased to reflect that there is nothing down in Nebraska for which the ranchman and sheep herder would trade those ugly, scrawny, desolate hills, where the grass never grows high enough to wave, but where every short, dry spear of it contains the stuff that fattens. You will almost come to believe in the

ultimate redemption of the Sahara and the great American Desert.

There is really no town worth looking at between Grand Island and the city of the Inn, the Fort, the mines and the mountains.

Nature, niggardly enough elsewhere, was prodigal of her greatest treasure in the beautiful valley where Sheridan lies. Two large streams come from away in the heart of the mountains and wind each through a long valley before they join, sapped of much of their beauty and power, close to the mill in the town.

Why they are called Big Goose and Little Goose I did not learn, but think perhaps the Indians named them so. If it was their work, then be assured there was a reason, sometime; for our primitive friends were masters of logic.

Sheridan, therefore, seems to be a town with a future. Its past does not go back very far. It has been only about a dozen years since the railroad fought its way through the humpy sage brush land, and the country was almost all mere possibilities then. Now, back of its still greater possibilities are fixed facts of great commercial value. There are several broad valleys, arrayed even now in an April greenness, loaded with wealth for the market; excellent cattle range above irrigation line all around; the coal mines four miles north; for a radius of many miles there are small inland towns,—consisting perhaps of a post office, two saloons, a feed store and a blacksmith shop—which are contributing to the growth of the town on the railroad. I was told that next to Deadwood, Sheridan brought the largest freight receipts of any town west of Lincoln, the collections in one week being over \$52,000. A new round house, large shops and yards just in process of con-

struction, attest the prosperity of the road at that point. The business part of the city contains many stone buildings, and everywhere the sound of the hammer is heard. Houses to rent there are none, and the price charged for a room would stagger a university student. New buildings of pressed brick are going up out at the fort, three miles to the northwest, new shafts are sunk at the mine, new miners' cottages have been built,—in fact there is a very distressing newness about everything. I started out to hunt up a friend; I was obliged to inquire at several places and was generally told, "I don't know very many people here as I'm just new to the place." I finally asked for some old inhabitant and found the house I sought. Street numbers and mail carriers, electric cars and automobiles, are not far away in the future of Sheridan.

But it is hot. The thermometer sails upward and the south wind sighs just as in Nebraska. In fact the climate, I am told, is not so pleasant as that of the Black Hills. The snow on the mountains does not seem to help out much to the imagination, but for that matter, even the snow gave up the ghost this awful summer.

Yet up on the mountains nine thousand feet there is comfort and a chance that you may wake up some morning and find snow on the ground. Camping parties go all summer long to favorite spots in the canons and near the mountain lakes, but still there is plenty of room, plenty of water and trout. Occasionally you may see a bear, I am told, a fact I'm willing to get at second hand. At one camping place a young man lamented that after he had been waiting for a bear for seven years the brown creature came to his tent one day when

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He—You women have such a ridiculous habit of yelling "Oh!" on every occasion.
She—And you men have such a ridiculous habit of saying "I" on every occasion.—Indianapolis Press.