

MY FRIEND'S DIARY.

My neighbor in the shabby little house across the alley way was a delightful old man with the genialest of smiles and enormous glasses on the end of his nose which he certainly could not see through nor yet ever quite see over. And in his efforts to achieve this latter his head was grown to a most comical slant. But his heart was as hospitable as his coat tails were long and smooth and his mind was the abode of a most amazing philosophy, which in its setting forth he graced with naive enthusiasm and the quaintest of wit.

On summer evenings I used to discuss all manner of questions with this neighbor of mine from the alley fence, and in winter, or when the weather was inclement, he was invariably as "scrupled and delighted" to receive me in his queer little study just the night before last, or the night before that, too. Nor did I ever "venture into the night air" after one of these visits without first drinking a cup of hot tea, even though the venture was merely across the alley.

But recently my neighbor has vanished, nor do I know where to, for I chanced at the time to be absent from home and none of my other neighbors took pains to inquire. He was not intimate with them as he was with me. I have felt a bit lonesome on my friend's account and the other day I thought I would like to take a look at his deserted home. So I went over to the empty little house and entered. I opened the door to his study—true it had served as bed room as well, but to him, and to me too, it had always been the "study." Now it was vacant and mournful like the rest of the house. The monotony of its bare walls was only broken by the screw holes which marked where the book shelf had so long upborne the library—seventeen volumes, all told, ranged with geometrical precision from the huge and ancient Webster's Unabridged down to the little paper covered "Dissertation Concerning Scientific Discovery," a very meagre little pamphlet to be so mightily titled.

As I stepped into the room I noticed near one corner some scattered sheets of paper. Half hoping I might here find some sort of memento of my friend I gathered them up. And I was rewarded. The sheets were strayed from one of his many diaries, a pile of which had rested here. Needless to say I was delighted with my find. Not merely had I gained the coveted memento but a record which, on reading, I found valuable in itself. My friend had at one time been much given to travel and research, as I had gathered from his conversation, and the sheets I had found recounted one of the curious experiences that had befallen him—an experience so unique that I am constrained to set it forth feeling assured it will be of interest however, much its scientific value may be questioned. The telling may best be his own.

June 30—How well do I remember when first I was privileged to see a monkey! He was but a small scrawny creature yet instinctively I recognized the relationship. "Surely," said he, "this is my brother. Common ancestry, common progenitors must have been ours. Else why this remarkable similarity?" From that hour it became my sole ambition to establish the truth of this premonition. With my eyes on this goal I have labored long and patiently, and today my ambition is fulfilled! Memorable day! Fortunate man! Who can now deny relationship to the ape?

Early this morning, in company with my African servant, I reached the aboriginal cemetery of which I was told yesterday, occupied the principle part of the day exploring graves which seemed likely to reward my labors. But I discovered nothing of importance and was

becoming discouraged. How apt we are to be disheartened by trifling ills! Little did I dream that I was on the eve of the realization of a lofty ambition!

I was preparing to depart when my attention was directed by my black servant to the mouth of a cave in the cliff near by. The entrance had been uncovered by some very recent landslide, for a pile of stones and earth accumulated below it was still moist and unsettled by the elements. As it was easy of access I resolved to explore this cavern, and with the aid of my servant ascended to the entrance. Suddenly, in a hoarse whisper, I heard:

"At last it is discovered. Now will our tombs be desecrated!" And then followed a mournful groan.

"Hush, I will frighten him," said another voice.

At the first sound my servant fled; but the conversation was, under the circumstances, decidedly interesting to me. The cave being dark, I lighted my lantern (I am always prepared for any contingency), and stepped forward. Almost simultaneously, in hollow, sepulchral tones, came from the interior:

"Beware, stranger. Enter not. Death shall greet the intruder in the tomb of Savaghboi!"

So I went in. "Alas, alas! After so many thousands of years, to be disturbed in our peaceful repose!" groaned the first voice. It was like that of an old man, cracked and tremulous.

I gazed around. The cavern was not large, and bore no evidence of being the work of human hands. Its only contents were the remains of two skeletons. Of one was left the skull and a few of the larger bones; of the other only the skull. The development of both skulls seemed little superior to that of the average ape, but the solitary one was badly crushed, evidently from a blow of a club. Seeing at a glance that the bones were of very great age, and would crumble to dust if touched, I seated myself and made careful drawings of them.

Then, thinking to strike a good bargain, I said: "Ghosts of beings long departed, since you seem anxious that your remains be left undisturbed, I will comply with your desire on condition that you each give an account of your ancestry and life and habits when in the flesh."

This proposition was eagerly accepted and he calling himself Savaghboi, began: "I was chief of the tribe which dwelt in this land many ages ago. I was great chief and killed more mastadon than all the hunters of the tribe. But Savaghboi in the chase was not like to Savaghboi in war. War was my element. In war I lived, and by the warrior's path I reached the hunting grounds of the dead, where —"

But here I interrupted. A mind thus filled with self would clearly never impart the information I desired. So I called on the owner of the shattered skull.

He began thus: "Though not myself distinguished, I was not unknown among my contemporaries, for my grandfather was the last of an ancient race which lived near to nature. Mugg, as he was called, had all the characteristics in habits and appearance of his race. His food was entirely vegetable and uncooked. He wore no garments, being covered by a natural coat of soft hair, which, alas, he failed to transmit to his descendants, else I, too, might have followed his idyllic mode of life. He could utter but few words, but was thereby enabled to spend in sage reflection time passed by his degenerate offspring in incessant chattering. After a lengthy life he died, leaving me and my son his sole representatives, and as such we were honored. I had myself reached an advanced age when my son, fearing lest a natural death might exclude me from eternal happiness, ended my

earthly career with his club, so evincing his true hearted filial love. But, alas, my poor, dear, loving boy, you yourself died a too natural death! Cut short in your prime at your father's funeral banquet from mere indulgence of appetite! Too cruel—too cruel!"

Here he quite broke down, overcome with grief. I had desired to ask many questions, but had not courage to disturb his parental sorrow. So I departed.

As I strode along in the calm moonlight various touching reflections arose in my mind. "Surely," thought I, "this grandfather, of whom I have been told, was an ape—the ancestor of our race. What a vast field is now opened up for the expansion of human brotherhood! Now we can fully acknowledge and should nobly recognize the fraternal relationship. At this my eyes filled with tears of joy, and through the tears each shining star appeared to be a cherubic little monkey opening his celestial arms to embrace me.

PESSAPHIL.

First pub. Dec. 19. SHERIFF'S 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 Ward S. Mills is plaintiff, and Aaron K. Seip, et al defendant. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 19th day of January, A. D. 1897, 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 real estate to-wit:

Lots nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12) and thirteen (13) in block one (1). Lots two (2), three (3), four (4), seven (7), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12), in block nine (9) and lots eleven (11) and twelve (12), in block eleven (11), of Mill's addition to University Place, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 16th day of December, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

Third pub. Dec. 19. SHERIFF'S 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 Cora K. Pitcher is plaintiff and Jeremiah Mickel and Harriet S. Mickel defendants, I will at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 5th day of January, A. D., 1897, 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 real estate, to-wit:

Lots one (1) and two (2), in block fourteen (14), in Pitcher and Baldwin's Second addition to University Place, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of December, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

Third publication Dec. 19, 1896. Notice of Probate of Will.

In the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska to Mary Crowley of Des Moines Iowa, and to any others interested in said matter:

You are hereby notified that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Michael McCarthy, deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for the probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of William Dullenty as executor. That on the 28th day of December, 1896, at 9 o'clock a. m., said petition and the proof of the execution of said instrument will be heard, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record the same, and grant administration of the estate to William Dullenty. This notice shall be published for three weeks successively in the Courier prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and official seal this 1st day of December, 1896. S. T. COCHRAN, County Judge.

Fifth pub. Dec. 19. SHERIFF'S 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 William Stull and Louis Stull, partners as Stull Brothers are Plaintiffs, and Joseph Barrett as Ad-

ministrators of the estate of Michael Barrett deceased et al Defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 15th day of December A. D. 1896, 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 Real Estate, to-wit:

The Northwest quarter of Section thirty (30), in township twelve (12), north of range five (5), east of the 6th P. M., in Lancaster County, Nebraska, Subject to a prior Mortgage thereon for the principal Sum of \$1,700.

Given under my hand this 12th day of November, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

Dec 19—F

Sec 1 Pub Dec 19. SHERIFF'S 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 Sarah Waters is Plaintiff, and Fabien S. Potvin, et al, Defendant. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 12th day of January, A. D., 1897, 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 real estate to-wit:

The east half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight (28), in town ten (10), north of range six (6), east of the 5th P. M., in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 9th day of December, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

Jan. 9.

Second pub. Dec. 19. SHERIFF'S 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 August H. Edgren is plaintiff, and Lincoln Lodge No. 35, Independent Order of Good Templars et al, defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 12th day of January, A. D. 1897, 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 real estate, to-wit:

Lot thirteen (13), in block one hundred and one (101), in the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 9th day of December, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

Jan 9.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given inviting bids for personal property, material and supplies, for the several departments of the city of Lincoln, for the year commencing January 1, 1897, as per schedule therefor on file in the city clerk's office.

Such bids must be filed with the undersigned clerk on or before the first day of January, 1897.

J. W. BOWEN, City Clerk.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 8, 1896.

H. W. BROWN

Druggist and Bookseller.

Whiting's

Fine Stationery

and

Calling Cards.....

127 S. Eleventh Street.

PHONE 88.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

LINCOLN, NEB.

M. RAYMOND, President. A. J. SAWYER, Vice President. S. H. BURNHAM, Cashier. D. G. WING, Assistant Cashier.

CAPITAL, \$250,000 SURPLUS \$25,000

Directors—I. M. Raymond, S. H. Burnham, C. G. Dawes, A. J. Sawyer, Lewis Gregory, N. Z. Snell, G. M. Lamberton, D. G. Wing, S. W. Urnam.