

STORIES IN PASSING.

Mrs. Plowhard, a large sour-faced woman of very pious and Methodist propensities from out near Rock creek, had brought out live turkeys into Elgrin's grocery and queensware store to exchange for provisions. In the transaction one of the birds escaped from the covered basket and proceeded to make things decidedly lively for the store. It fluttered up to a box of crackers and then becoming frightened, circled in and out among barrels and baskets, upsetting a rack of brooms, clawing open a sack of flour and finally plumping into a shelf of glass jars. The fluttering bird, the general confusion and all had a bad effect on the store cat and started it off into a fit. That animal sprang over Mrs. Plowhard's shoulder into a cask of pickles and then flew about in dizzy circles leaving a wet and vinegary track over boxes and counters. Then the turkey finally with one fell swoop ran amuck of the long, upright stovepipe, which disjoined, tumbled to the ground, filling the room with smoke and covering flour sacks, sugar-casks and cracker-boxes with soot.

"John," cried the proprietor from the front end of the store to his son, "what the devil's the matter with you? It'll be no laughing matter if that thing gets into the queensware. It'll mean five hundred dollars gone to thunder if you don't head 'em off! Stop that damned turkey if you have to shoot it!"

The boy had no other weapon, however, but a large "irrigated grown" potato, which he let drive with such accuracy as to bring down the bird. A bucket of cold water cooled off the cat, and the danger was over.

But pious Mrs. Plowhead was so shocked by the grocer's profanity that she took her turkeys right over to Townsend's grocery across the way. And perhaps Elgrin was not so sorry to lose her trade after all.

Crossett, who lived in Weeping Water years ago, had made some friends among the young people of Plattsmouth. He liked them very much and wanted to cultivate their acquaintance, especially that of a certain young lady. Yet when he received an invitation to attend the "monthly hop of the Elmwood Minuet club" the coming Thursday night, he was "in a boat" as the expression goes. He couldn't dance, which in itself was reason enough for staying away, and then, again, his position in the church and his clerkship in the deacon's store, made the very thought of going out of the question. But he disliked to refuse the invitation on such grounds, and feared that he would be "cut" by the young fellows of Plattsmouth and the certain young lady in particular.

Then a happy thought struck him. The Volunteer Fire company of the place was to give an entertainment Thursday evening. He belonged to that organization and was on the program to the extent of assisting in the grand closing scene when the entire fire force was to rush in upon the stage and extinguish a miniature burning house. Here was an excuse. So he wrote to his Plattsmouth friends sending his regrets. He was very sorry, but he was on the program of a local entertainment and could not very well get away. He hoped it would not interfere with their plans, but had it been any other night but Thursday, etc., etc.

Crossett was pleased immensely at his ideas, even if it hurt his conscience a trifle. But the next day he received a shock. A letter came from his friends saying that owing to unforeseen circumstances at the last moment the dance must be postponed until the next (Friday) night. Crossett was in for it. There was nothing but to go through with it. So he went up to Plattsmouth

and took the certain young lady to the dance. He went through every dance, waltz, schottische and quadrille. And then the next morning went back to Weeping Water to find out that his actions had aroused all kinds of trouble.

"Yes," he said in telling about it, "I was 'churched' and lost my place at the deacon's store. But I went up to Plattsmouth, got a better job with the railroad and married the certain girl I took that night. So I do not regret my first dance."

She was an old negress, known as Aunt Lou, black as coal, all bent and deformed by work and her slave life before the war. Since that time she had lived in a little town on the Iowa side of the Missouri not far from Omaha. Not once had she been out of the village in thirty years. Now she had determined to go down to the city and see her niece married. So she took the early train and all the ride sat on the edge of the seat in a half frightened, half-delighted way, holding her old faded black shawl drawn tight around her hollow chest and with one hand upon the worn carpet bag beside her, as if expecting something to happen every moment.

At the depot she was greatly overcome by the noise and the confusion of departure. But the crowd carried her through the waiting room and out among the jostling expressmen and yelling hackmen at the foot of the viaduct.

"Hack, lady?" bawled one, "hack? This way. Any part of the city?"

And Aunt Lou, dazed by all the commotion, stepped into a hack without knowing just why.

"Where to?" asked the driver with a hand upon the handle of the door. The negress hardly understood but the driver finally got it out of her.

The drive was a long one, three miles through the city, to the home of her niece. Arriving there the hackman jumped down and helped out his passenger, who without a single word made straight for the house. The hackman's voice arrested her.

"Hold on, how about my pay?"

"Yer what?"

"My pay—two dollars—for bringing you out here—two collars it'll cost you."

"Go long wif yer. No, yer don' fool dis chile. No, yer don' Ain't got no two dollars. Yer jest says ter step right in and takes you to any part of der city, and so I jest step'd, No, sah, you's don' fool dis chil'."

And into the house marched the little, bent, half-stooped figure without deigning a look at the hackman.

H. G. SHEDD.

We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbian Cyclopedic Library, consisting of the Columbian encyclopedia, which is also an unabridged dictionary thirty-two volumes of convenient size neatly bound, four volumes of the annual cyclopedic review, four volumes of current history for 1896, one Columbian atlas and the neat convenient revolving oak case with glass doors. From the evidence obtained we find that some part of this work is placed in the best private and public library in this country an ad abroad, for the reason that they cover a field relative to the past, present and future progress and achievements of the human race not attempted by others. The plan is original, and the work throughout is carefully and ably written.

Current history contains 220 pages, is issued two months after the close of each quarter, this length of time being taken to reduce all information received to be an absolutely reliable and authentic basis. If these are kept on file, this magazine will prove a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political, social, religious, literary, educational, scientific and industrial affairs.

The magazine will be indispensable to all people who have encyclopedias, as it will be needed to keep these works up to date. To those who do not own encyclopedias it will be doubly valuable as their source of information is more limited. About March of each year the four volumes of current history are bound into one volume,

known as the Annual Cyclopedic Review. There are now four of these bound volumes covering years 1892-3-4 and 5. The work has for endorsers and subscribers in this city and state such people as Mr. Gere, editor-in-chief of the Lincoln State Journal, Hon. Joe Bartley, state treasurer, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Mr. Miller, editor of the Northwestern Journal of Education, Hon. H. R. Corbett, state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. R. E. Giffen.

Every reading person has felt the need of brief summaries of current topics and events. The daily, weekly and monthly periodicals and papers may furnish data sufficient, but the labor of collecting and digesting it is frequently out of proportion to the result obtained. A most satisfactory summary may be found in the quarterly journal has been of invaluable service to the library covering a field that no other attempts.

Subscription price, \$1.50 a year in advance; bound volumes, cloth, \$2.50; half morocco, \$2.50; library sheep, \$2.50; embossed sheep, \$3.50; three-fourths perison, \$4. Complete library from \$36. to \$108; cases from \$6. to \$44.

The complete library is sold on monthly payments to suit purchaser. City subscriptions will be received at the Courier office for a limited time only, or at Mr. H. W. Brown's book store, direct all other correspondence to C. S. Boruan, general agent Lincoln, Neb.

He—Do you ever have "that tired feeling?"

She—Not when I'm alone.

First publication January 30. 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 Newport Savings Bank, a corporation, duly organized, existing and doing business under and by virtue of the laws of the state of New Hampshire, is plaintiff, and Ernest A. Jones, et. al., defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 2nd day of March, 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:

All of lot twenty-three (23), in block three (3), in Lincoln Driving Park Company's second sub-division, all in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 27th day of January, A. D., 1897.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

First pub. Jan. 30. SHERIFF 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 Egbert Starr, trustee, is plaintiff, and Louis Snyder, et. al., defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 2nd day of March, 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 ten (10), of block four (4), of McMurry's addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 27th day of January, A. D., 1897.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.

First publication Jan. 2. SHERIFF 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 George H. Clark is plaintiff, and Caroline Richards and John Richards defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 2nd day of February, 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 twelve (12), thirteen (13), and fourteen (14), in block thirty (30), in College View, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 30th day of December, A. D., 1896.

John Trompen, Sheriff.

Jan 30.

Information

that informs.

If you are going south and want to know what the trip will cost—when you will reach your destination and why you should take the BURLINGTON ROUTE to St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis or any other southern or southeastern city, you should at once apply at our depot or city office, where maps and time tables can be had. This will give JUST EXACTLY the information you need.



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