

AN EVENING.

The lamps shed a soft glow from under their heavy shades. The fire roared cheerfully in the grate, and now and then a coal cracked and sent fantastic dancers and broken down castles flying up the chimney. The little pug dog lay on the fur rug before the fire. He snored peacefully away and once he had a dream. He was having a terrible fight or chasing a rabbit, perhaps, but his cries were so piteous that I arose and shook the bad dreams away without waking him.

Then I went back to my chair and bent resolutely over my Latin; but it was no use. I could not translate. The steady patter of the rain, the swish of the sweet briar bush, the eglantine, against the window made everything lonesome and sad.

I could hear the noises in the city two or three miles away with the distant rumbling of the cars coming and dying away again leaving the silence more intense and expectant.

Far away a train whistled; the sound ingered on the damp air and then with a sad moan died away.

The wind blew around the corner of the house with a little sigh, as if it had a grievance and it was sympathizing with itself.

I looked across the table at my mother. The rest had gone to church. We were alone. She was reading and looked up only when she turned a page, then again became perfectly forgetful of everything about her. Her head was bent, and the shadows, and the flickering light of the fire played over her loosely knotted white hair which waved softly back from her forehead.

The gold fish glittering as if their bodies were set with millions of tiny jewels were lazily drifting around in their glass home, under the same sleepy silent spell which was over everything.

A piece of music slipped from the rack on the piano and fell noisily to the floor. The little bird in his cage twittered sleepily and put his head under his other wing.

The old clock on the shelf wheezed out "tick-tock-tock tick" spasmodically. Every now and then it would seem to stop but, hearing the steadier tick of its mate in the parlor, would gasp, and begin again resolutely while the wooden George Washington at the top beamed serenely.

I leaned back in my chair and half closing my eyes, looked at the figures in the fire. At first they were plain, but they gradually grew dimmer and dimmer until they sailed away into oblivion.

With a "whoof!" the wind blew the raindrops from the vine against the window pane. I shivered and drew closer to the fire. Mother's book had fallen into her lap and she was sleeping, a light sleep which could easily be broken.

I looked at my Latin again. It seemed hard to go back from this dreamy lonesome silence to the trials and troubles of the Greeks. I closed the book softly, and leaned back in the hinged rocker.

Everything was so far off. It would be so long before I would recite again in Latin. No need to get it now. It was so much more delicious to close my eyes and not to go to sleep but just—Quiet reigned. I could hear faintly only the wind and the rain and the dismal creak of a window blind which swung to and fro.

"Whew!" said mother "Oh-ah-ah," yawning "most ten o'clock Annie, Annie!" The clock wheezed and ginged and broke the stillness with ten noisy clang.

I sat up very straight. "I'm awake" I said.

"I see" said mother. "We may as

well go to bed, Annie. The folks will go to your sister's after church. Its too stormy to come home." She laid her spectacles on the table and carefully laid her book on top of them and then put the gauze covering over the fish globe.

"Come on" she said.

The fire was burned to glowing ashes. In front on the fur rug, the pug dog lay, his chin resting on the open Vergil. Mother's rocker swung back and forth and set the curtains into lazy motion.

Suddenly I found myself in darkness.

"Wait, Mamma, wait" I cried.

HARRIET M. COOKE,

April 27, '97.

A Theosophical Courtship.

"So you love me, George?"

"With all my heart!"

"Love me for myself alone."

"Yea, my darling, for yourself alone."

"You never loved another?"

"Never! You are the first girl I ever loved."

"You will always be true to me?"

"For ever and ever."

"George, don't think that I doubt you, but please stand here a moment between me and the light. I want to take a look at your aura. Oh, what strange colors! Blue and black with blotches of red. George, you have been lying to me. I see that you don't love me for myself at all, but that you're after my money.

That sea-green tells me that you love another. The purple streak is undeniable evidence that you have proposed to at least a dozen girls, and have been a bad, bad man. That Venetian red indicates that, if we were married, you wouldn't be true to me three months.

Algernon George, Nit, you are a base deceiver! Hence from my sight, villain! I haven't studied up theosophy for nothing."

"Waiter, I found this hair in the honey. Where did it come from?"

"Saks alibe! boss, it must have come out of the comb."

"How was the play last night?"

"Great."

"I heard it was very poor."

"Well, the acting was rank enough but the comedian was a fat fellow that even the smallest eggs could not miss."

Cora—Where can a girl go who has nothing to wear?

Dora—Try the Turkish bath.

CHEAP RATES TO TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL AND EXPOSITION

At Nashville, Tenn., May 1st to October 30. Beginning May 4 and on each subsequent Tuesday the Missouri Pacific will sell tickets from Lincoln to Nashville and return at \$35.15 good 20 days from date of sale.

The Kansas and Nebraska limited leaving Lincoln at 2:30 p. m. makes better time by from two to five hours each way than any other line.

Maps, time tables and further information at city ticket office 1201 O street. F. D. CORNELL, C. P. & T. A.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LETTERS.

In re Estate of Moshier T. Green, Deceased.

In the County Court, of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska to Sophia L. Green, and to any and all other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice, that a petition signed by Wm. A. Alexander, praying said Court to grant letters of administration of said estate to J. P. Hebard has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 31st day of May, 1897, at 9 o'clock a. m., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate to J. P. Hebard.

Notice of this proceeding shall be published three weeks successively in the COURIER prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 3rd day of May, A. D., 1897.

[SEAL] S. T. COCHRAN, County Judge.

BRUSH, COLORADO.

This bit of information is printed for convenience about answering the numerous inquiries now coming in concerning Brush, Colorado, and surrounding country.

- 1—BRUSH has about two hundred inhabitants.
- 2—A splendid, commodious school building, with all "high school" facilities.
- 3—Located in the Platte and Beaver valley, eighty miles east of Denver, in the midst of a large area of fine, arable land, covered by irrigation ditches, and only waiting judicious farming to develop wealth.
- 4—The climate is adapted to all sorts of crops grown in the North Temperate zone.
- 5—Excellent water can be had at depth varying from 30 to 60 feet, the lower strata furnishing the purest mountain water at aivable.
- 6—Fine building stone adjacent to the town, can be had at from \$1.75 to \$1.00 per cord, thus making it cheaper to build of stone than lumber.
- 7—Three crops of alfalfa are grown in the season, yielding as a rule six tons per acre as the product, while wild hay on the higher land grows well and always brings a big price. The rich yield of hay makes it pre-eminently a country in which to raise cattle and hogs to the feeding stage when it is easy to drive them to the cheap corn of Nebraska.
- 8—Small fruits and vegetables of all kinds can be developed to any extent almost—the real conditions when told seem almost fabulous.
- 9—Steam threshers in work of 1896 show average of wheat in this vicinity to be forty bushels per acre, oats fifty bushels.
- 10—Entire absence of contagious diseases of both man and beast; the atmosphere is a regular daily life giver.
- 11—The county of Morgan, in which Brush is located, is free of debt and taxes are low.

There is now excellent opening for a first class grist mill, one hundred barrel capacity, one good hardware store, one good drug store.

Get on the Burlington Cars and look the situation over.

Whether it's a hat or a bonnet you want an inspection of our goods is solicited.

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