

ON A CLAIM.

The wind curled over the top of the sand hills, rushed across the level prairie and swept down the canon: It grappled with the old cottonwood trees where they spread their roots in the sal-low network to hold the crumbling clay along the canon's edge. It was evening and the daylight flickered as the wind rose higher. Clouds creeping along the hills sufficed out the flame in the west.

The brown praries lay shivering at last in the darkness. The long grasses in the slough huddled close whispering of the coming storm and the winter it would usher in. The angry wind lashed the whisper into a muffled groan. Un-affected as yet by the wind, rose a thin column of white smoke from the chim-ney of Anton Christianson's claim shanty, and even when the wind did bend the column of smoke and whirl it away, within the house there was a quiet that could not be disturbed, the dread quiet of unconsciousness that might soon be the quiet of death.

The wind could not disturb the repose of the dark front room nor, indeed, the cheery homeliness of the little back kitchen. Here there was a fire in the small cracked cook stove. The light beamed out from the open door in front, from the holes in the lids and the ragged joints in the pipe. The brightness was reflected from the white washed walls, from the yellow-painted chairs and from the white pine table. The dishes in the open cupboard shone red. A little looking-glass by the door threw down the light into the polished tin pans on the box below.

Only one place in the room showed black, the door that stood open into the front room. Here, roused from his watching by the sound of the storm, stood Anton Christianson, tall and pale and heavy eyed; but the light from the stove, falling on his face, lit it up with a faint glow. He rested his hand weakly against the door. But he stood only a moment. His quick ear heard behind him a soft moan and he turned back where Carl, his brother, was dying. It was typhoid fever the doctor had said though Anton had not remembered the strange word. It was a fever; that was all he cared. His sister had died of a fever when she was little. Carl, too, had had a fever in Germany, long weeks and weeks, and their mother had cared for him. Now Carl was here in America. Their mother was in Germany. The ocean lay between her and them. And tonight Carl was dying, the doctor and the other people had said so. But Anton did not believe it. He had sent the people all away that he might be alone with Carl if he should die. But he would not die. Anton knew it. The fire would not burn as it did tonight if Carl were dying. The clock on the little shelf above Carl's bed would not tick so peacefully if Carl were dying. The rooms were warm; the world was quiet. Carl would not die.

So Anton had thought in the early evening and a faint smile had come to his eyes. But, as he had smiled, the first gust of the storm had swept down the canon. Anton's eyes had widened and he had listened fearfully. It was the winter coming. It would storm and the wind would creep freezing in around the doors and windows. The house would tremble in the night and the cottonwood trees beside the house would moan.

Carl would die after all. He was dying now. The white young face on the pillow would never change. The eyes closed now by the fever would be closed tomorrow by death.

If they had only gone back to Ger-many when Carl had begged to go in the summer before he was sick. There Carl would be lying now in his little low room at home and the mother would be holding his hand and whispering in his

ear to soothe him when he moaned. If they had only gone! Anton walked restlessly back and forth across the room from the bed to the window if they could only go yet! But it was too late. Carl was dying. Outside the wind was howling louder and the sound made Anton shudder. The wind would howl like this tomorrow and the next day when they would put Carl out under the dry prairie grass. And it would howl like this the day after when Anton would be alone in the house. It would howl like this when he would ride away to the east. But Carl would not be with him. The wind would howl over Carl's grave when Anton was in Ger-many. Unless Carl got well. He might get well yet.

Anton stood at the window. The little clock behind him ticked on toward twelve. The wind rose higher and became a steady blast. The clouds had become less threatening. Anton stood for a long, long time listening at first to Carl's moaning, then thinking of the old times when he had gone with Carl to school; when he had played with Carl up in the garret; when they had hunted together in the woods. Finally he roused himself. Carl was not groaning now; he was only breathing steadily.

Anton half turned back to the bed-side still looking out of the window. He saw in the increasing light the corn-fields white and desolate, the long line of black plum bush up the ravine from the canon, the cottonwood branches swaying up and down between him and the sand hills, the long, low shadow where the praries stretched away to the south.

As he looked the clouds broke slightly and through the rift the full moon sent a gleam, faint and yellow, upon the earth. Anton's heart gave a painful throb. The storm was passing over.

He stepped again to the bed where Carl lay motionless just as he had lain for days and days. But the face had lost its ghastly look. Anton put out his fingers and touched gently the white cheek. It was moist—moist not with the cold damp that had been there at times before, in the night, but with a warm moisture like that on the face of a sleeping child.

Anton stood erect. He no longer doubted or feared. He threw back his head with a swift prayer and then he thought of his mother.

"When you get well, Carl," he whis-pered intensely and bent low over the quiet face on the pillow, "When you get well Carl, we can go home."

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[First publication July 2.] 4

NOTICE TO NON RESIDENT DEFENDANTS

To M. Susan Cum-mings, D. E. Cum-mings, her hus-band, first names unknown, John Doe, as admin-istrator of the es-tate of J. L. Brit-ton, deceased, Mrs. J. L. Britton, wife of said de-ceased, the un-known heirs and devisees of the said deceased, all of whose real and true names are to plaintiff unknown.

You and each of you will take notice that on April 19th, 1898, the under-signed filed his petition in the District court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you as defendants, by which petition, the undersigned seeks to fore-close a certain mortgage executed by the said M. Susan Cummings, and hus-band, to C. T. Boggs, and assigned to this plaintiff; said mortgage being given upon lot nine (9), in block (8) of Kin-ney's O Street addition to the city of Lincoln, in said county, to secure the payment of one certain promissory note and interest coupon, dated May 1st, 1890, for the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000) with interest at 10 per cent. from date, due May 1st, 1892; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000) with interest at 10 per cent. from May 1st, 1890; plaintiff prays for a decree that said defendants be re-quired to pay said sum, or that said premises be sold to satisfy the same. Service on said unknown heirs and devisees is made hereby under order and direction of said District Court, given by order in said cause, on the 28th day of June, 1898. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 8th day of August, 1898.

Dated June 28th, 1898.

FREDERICK WOHLBERG, Plaintiff.

By FIELD & BROWN, His Attorneys.

[First publication July 9.] 3

In re Estate of } In the County Amelia H. Howell, } Court of Lancaster deceased. } County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to Adele G. Harley, Alice L. Ford and Dora A. Perry and to any other persons interest-ed in said matter.

Take notice, that a petition signed by J. H. Harley, praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to Adele G. Harley has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the first day of August, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said Court may grant administration of the said es-tate to Adele G. Harley. 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 5th day of July, A. D. 1898.

S. T. COCHRAN, County Judge.

By DUDLEY COCHRAN Clerk.



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