

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER.

The hoar king stands at the northern gate;
Ah, winter is old, so old,
The sprites have bound him; they bid him wait
While still they revel in gossamer days,
And flit to the sun through the shimmering haze:
For winter is cold, so cold.

The corn has yellowed for many a day,
Ah, winter is cold, so cold.
The River laughs free on his widening way,
While the hoar king stands at the northern gate
And obeys the sprites who have bidden him wait.
Ah, Winter is cold, so cold.

I write this knowing well that in all probability by the time The Courier is in print the numerous infallible Fahr-ehents kept on porch posts will register anywhere from twenty degrees above to twenty degrees below zero, the winter clothes purchased two months ago will be of some use, the neighbor's small boy will have sought the job of clearing the drifts from your sidewalks—free gratis, of course. Every night when the sun goes down we wonder if the end of the long Indian summer will not come with the morrow, and still the beautiful days have been granted. If we manage to forget last winter, we know that such a perfect autumn belongs to Nebraska rightfully, by tradition. Long before the days of weather bureau whirligigs and gauging machinery the normal climate in Nebraska in the autumn was celebrated in song and story. It takes an experience like that of last winter to make us marvel at good fortune. When the sun does not shine for a week we greet his return as miraculous.

The old town is what we might call an autumn town. The season seems to suit the place. The atmosphere is never surcharged with energy, and everything moves along, moves along—but not with astonishing rapidity. To see the leaves fall leisurely and the old town stand out rather barely after all its summer in a green hiding place is satisfying. And now that the gorgeousness of autumn coloring is gone and the dead brownness is over all the hills, a mere observer feels a sense of completeness which has been lacking before.

But why intimate that the old town is slow? Last week "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was here and the armory fair and Mrs. Potts lectured, and this week there is an art exhibit for the purpose of securing library funds; and a chrysanthemum show is talked of; and the members of a prominent church are feeling their pocket books to see how much they can spare for a pipe organ. No, spasmodically, the old town wakes up. I am told that unless the small-pox comes again, there may be "doings" all winter.

The Overland theatre was jammed last Friday night when Uncle Tom quavered, Topsy "grewed" and little Eva ascended to heaven—by means of wires, not wings. Probably no other play will draw such a house in this place. All the children and all the scions of Uncle Tom's race were there and went away satisfied. The managers of this company seem to understand that while the great common people laugh at the "funny part," they are better satisfied if the "sad part is made most effective. A steady diet of fun, a whole meal of it, indeed, is hard on any normal mind. I once saw a large audience sent home with a headache and in very bad temper because it had been kept laughing for an hour and a half. Topsy is not the principal character in the play as produced by this company, and so the performance was pronounced good.

Every evening last week the fair given for the benefit of the fund to build an armory for the boys of the Spanish-

American war was well attended. The booths were presided over by young ladies. A considerable sum was raised and the armory is undoubtedly assured.

Every year something is done by the ladies or the young people of the town to raise a fund for the purchase of books for the city library. The extreme good fortune of possessing an artistic little library building is appreciated by many if not by all of the good people of the city, and earnest effort is made to secure that without which the building would be of no value. During the present week an Omaha picture dealer will exhibit a collection of the best things from his art store. Every evening a musical entertainment will be given and thus two arts will be combined for the benefit of a third—the mightiest of the three.

But in the midst of the gayety it is not forgotten anywhere that an old and beloved citizen of the old town and of the state is lying critically ill at his home. All that family, friends and a most skilful physician can do is being done for Senator Hayward. Dr. Whitten makes one think of the "Doctor of the Old School;" when he undertakes a fight with death, a very hard and stubborn battle may be looked for. "He's ill tae beat when he's tryin' tae save a man's life." No attempt is made to conceal the serious condition of Senator Hayward, but friends are still hopeful that he may regain his strength.

FLORA BULLOCK,
Nebraska City.

FASTER THAN EVER.

Effective Oct. 15. The Union Pacific will inaugurate new train service, and will reduce the time of the Overland Limited Train No. 1, between Chicago, Council Bluffs and San Francisco, 3 hours and 15 minutes. Only 57 hours Missouri river to Pacific coast. Buffet Smoking and Library cars with barber shop. Chicago and Council Bluffs to San Francisco and Portland. Three trains daily, to and from Pacific coast. Elegant palace sleeping cars, dining cars, chair cars. For full information call on

E. B. SLOSSON.

Skinner has just returned a book he borrowed.

Didn't he like it?
Yes, why do you ask?
You say he returned it.

First Publication November 25-3
NOTICE OF SALE.

In the District Court of Lancaster County Nebraska.

In the matter of the application of Harry Thornburg, administrator of the estate of Martha Thornburg, deceased, to sell real estate.

Public notice is hereby given that by virtue of a license issued by Hon. Lincoln Frost, one of the Judges of the District Court of the 3d judicial district of Nebraska on the 24 day of November A.D. 1899, I will sell at public auction on the 16th day of December A.D. 1899, at the east front door of the court house in said county of Lancaster, beginning at one o'clock P.M., of said day and continuing until two o'clock, the following described real estate, viz: Lot number Four in block number Fifty-eight in the city of Lincoln proper, in said county. Terms of sale one fourth cash on day of sale and balance on credit of not to exceed three years at six per cent interest and secured by first mortgage on said premises.

Dated this 23d day of November, 1899.
HARRY THORNBURG,
Administrator
WILLARD E. STEWART,
Attorney for Administrator.

First Publication Nov. 25-5.
MASTER'S SALE.

Docket T. No. 132.
In the circuit court of the United States for the district of Nebraska. Hannah Oliver, complainant, vs. John J. Davis, et al., respondents. In chancery.

FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 17th day of November, 1898, I, A. J. Sawyer, master in chancery of the circuit court of the United States, for the district of Nebraska, will on the 26th day of December, 1899, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the east door of the county court house building in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, sell at public auction for cash the following described property, to-wit:
Lot number three (3) in block number three (3), Pleasant Hill Sub-division, Lincoln, situate in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

A. J. SAWYER, Master in Chancery.
WEBSTER & FLEHARTY,
Solicitors for Complainants.

Cheerful Antipodean Truth Teller.

An ex-sea captain, now living in Sydney, many years ago was in charge of a ship carrying some convicts. The convicts mutinied, murdering the crew, and ordered the captain to navigate them to the islands, and, being a prudent man, he did so. When satisfied as to their course, the convicts deliberated, decided that he had behaved himself well and put him ashore on the first large island they came to. He was a musician, and took his violin with him. A threatening crowd of savages greeted his arrival, but Orpheus played to them till they thought him a god, brought him unlimited pigs and yams, and bowed in adoration. Finally he married the chief's daughter, succeeded him and ruled the island for years, till a ship called in, and he sailed away.—Sydney Bulletin.

Dogs Are Property.

Judge Lumpkin, in Atlanta, delivered a decision on dogs in Atlanta, in which he held that a levy could be made on a dog as property of value. This is the first decision of the kind that has been made in this state. As Judge Lumpkin said, the dog question has been in the courts many times, but it has usually been considered in cases of theft for which a punishment is being sought, but has never been considered in the light of a levy before. Judge Lumpkin's decision was one highly interesting, and we went into the history of the dog from the early times. He wrote a learned and interesting paper on the wild animals, and to what extent the ancient people had held the dogs as property.—Savannah News.

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