

THE OLD TOWN ON THE RIVER

FLORA BULLOCK.

I have watched for your coming
with eager eyes,
You fellow there; yet
you showed surprise,
And flung up your head
with a guilty air
As if you would speak,
but did not dare,
Lest your wondrous secret
might whisper through
The innocent note of
a "How dye do!"

But I spied you, and ah,
I know full well
The matter you looked,
but would not tell.
You are somewhat early;
select your tree;
You will not be molested
by such as we,
Crawling low as the worms
with scared, upturned eyes
At you winging freely
your way through the skies.

You set me a dreaming
this May March day,
Though trees are bare and
the hills are gray,
Your silenced song
beats within my breast.
You need not tell,
for I know the rest—
There's a jubilant,
green clad Glory that waits
With her fairy wand,
at our Southland gates.

I crave your pardon, messieurs critics, for two things. First, for beginning so early; second, for beginning at all. And yet I frankly confess that I am not sorry, and that I may commit the offense again. Why, the soul of even a clod is stirred by these days that seem as foretastes of heaven. What can one expect but spring poetry! Adequate expression there is no, in any way. But the critics, who would have all be dumb until they can speak an adequate word, would stifle the world. So what is the use? I like the Japanese idea—that it is fitting for every one to make verses. Some day there will come a great poet to them, and they shall have their reward. So I crave pardon, but do not apologize. Commend me to the house-tops and high places as the poet of vantage from which to watch the coming of the Glory. Especially here in the Old Town is it pleasurable to stand high above the roofs and trees and read the signs. The March wind may scurry around among the bare branches and blow snow gusts across the hills. But day by day there is a freshening color in cottonwoods, a reddening tinge in maples and elms, an ever increasing touch of green in brown lawns. And however high my tower may be, when I look upward I see that there is still plenty of blue sky above.

In the days of thaw the hills had an added charm. For as far as eye could see each was decked with strings of sparkles. But down on the ground I found only rushing mimic rivers, the delight of school girls and the opportunity of boys. Then the great river swept the sparkles onward. That, too, seen from above and afar is a thing of beauty, for the sky is mirrored there and white clouds do veritably sail on its—for the nonce—fair bosom. Get close enough, nay, too close, and the mirage is gone. Only the swirling old Missouri, famed among the nations, is there, wallowing around among its mud banks.

Willie is one of those dear, innocent little fellows whom a teacher is bound

to love in spite of—

"Willie may stay after class," said the teacher with cheerful sternness. "He must learn his lesson, it doesn't matter if he doesn't get through in time for his supper. He will have to stay here till he learns his lesson."

So he stayed. The teacher then explained to him that she had work to do there which would keep her for some time, so that he could stay just as long as he wished; it would not inconvenience her. Then for an hour at intervals he gravely tood up and spelled chicken, 'c-h-i-c-h-e-n. Finally he made up his mind to get it right, and did so.

"Now you may go," said the teacher. "Are you going, too," the cherub asked.

"Yes, I think I shall go."

"Why, this is such a nice little room"—(it is nearly a dungeon)—"and I like to stay in it. I was afraid you weren't going to let me stay today." All as gravely as an owl.

The teacher wonders what kind of a boy Willie will make when he is a grown-up.

Ernest Seton-Thompson Says Mice are Fine Singers.

There was one more lesson, a great surprise, in store for me. It is well known to science that the common house-mouse has a song not unlike that of some birds. Occasionally gifted individuals are found that fill our closet or cellar with midnight music that a canary might be proud of. Yet further investigations have shown that the common deer mouse of the eastern woods also is a gifted vocalist.

Now, any cowboy on the upland plains will tell you that at night when sleeping out, he has often heard the most curious strains of birdy music in his half-awakening hours—a soft, sweet twittering song, with trills and deeper notes, and if he thought about it at all he set it down to some small bird singing in its dreams, or accepted his comrade's unexplanatory explanation that it was one of those "prairie nightingales." But what that was he didn't trouble himself to know.

I have often heard the strange night song, but not being able to trace it home, I set it down to some little bird that was too happy to express it all in daylight hours.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to this institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 6,6389 A, the Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

The Rock Island playing cards are the slickest you ever handled. One pack will be sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. A money order or draft for 50 cents or same in stamps will secure 4 packs. They will be sent by express, charges prepaid. Address, JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y, Chicago.

TIME IS MONEY.

When you are traveling, due consideration should be given to the amount of time spent in making your journey.

The Union Pacific is the best line and makes the fastest time by many hours to Salt Lake City, Portland and California points.

For time tables, folders, illustrated books, pamphlets descriptive of the territory traversed, call at City Office, 1044 O st.

E. B. SLOSSON
Gen. Agent



People Have No Trouble
In getting what they want at the
Good Luck Grocery.

C. M. SEITZ, 1107 O street, Telephone 628

First Publication March 17, 1900—3.

Notice of Petition for Letters.

In re estate of Joseph Westfahl, deceased. In the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska:

The state of Nebraska to Jennie Westfahl, Bertha M. Westfahl, Martin H. Westfahl, Ida M. Westfahl, Ella M. Westfahl, Lena M. Westfahl, Herman H. Westfahl and to any other persons interested in said matter.

Take notice that a petition signed by Jennie Westfahl praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to Ernest T. Koop has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 14th day of April, 1900, at ten o'clock a. m., and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate to Ernest T. Koop.

Notice of this proceeding shall be published for three weeks successively in The Courier prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 14th day of March, A. D. 1900.

[SEAL.] FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.

First Publication March 17—3.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.—E 1357

In the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska:

In Re Estate of John Kuhn, deceased. The state of Nebraska to the heirs of Pauline Kuhn-Frischholtz, deceased; Conrad Frischholtz, Augusta Holk, Carl Shell and to any other heirs or next of kin of the said John Kuhn, deceased.

Take notice that William Holk has filed a final report of his acts and doings as administrator of said estate of John Kuhn, deceased, and said matter is set for hearing on the 14th day of April, A. D. 1900, before said county court, in the court house at Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at which time any person interested may appear and contest the same; and notice of this proceeding has been ordered published for three weeks consecutively in The Courier, of Lincoln, Nebraska, a weekly newspaper of general circulation in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and have caused to be affixed the seal of said county court, at Lincoln, this 14th day of March, A. D. 1900.

[SEAL.] FRANK R. WATERS, County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

LEGAL NOTICES

A complete file of "The Courier" is kept in an ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF building. Another file is kept in this office and still another has been deposited elsewhere. Lawyers may publish LEGAL NOTICES in "The Courier" with security as the FILES are intact and are preserved from year to year with great care.

SCRIBNER'S

For 1900 includes:

J. M. Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

Theodore Roosevelt's "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

Richard Harding Davis' fiction and special articles.

Henry Norman's "The Russia of Today."

Articles by Walter A. Wyckoff, authors of "The Workers."

Short Stories by

Thomas Nelson Page,
Henry James,
Henry van Dyke,
Ernest Seton-Thompson,
Edith Wharton,
Octave Thanet,
William Allen White.

Special Articles:

The Paris Exposition.

Frederic Irland's articles on spots and explorations.

"Harvard Fifty Years Ago," by Senator Hoar.

Notable Art Features, the Cromwell illustrations, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis De Chavannes, by John La Farge (illustrations in colors).

Special illustrative schemes (in colors and in black and white) by Walter Appleton Clark, E. C. Peixotto, Henry McCarter, Dwight L. Elmendorf and others.

Illustrated prospectus sent free to any address.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York.

WITH THE COURIER, \$3.35.