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**WILLARD KIMBALL, Director.**

## HER BACK NUMBER.

A SUMMER DAY IDYL.

"There is a certain compensation, after all, in being a back number," he said.

She touched the grass lightly with slipped toe and gave the hammock a backward kick. The look she flashed at him from under curtained eyelids was distinctly provocative. It was returned by one speculative, almost critical, in its leisurely survey of the challenger.

Isn't the last edition conceded to be preferable these days?" she asked.

"I scarcely think so. First editions are rarer, and therefore more highly prized." Then he added, plaintively: "I should love to be looked upon as a prize."

"Really," she encouraged him, "I don't see why you shouldn't—some day—by somebody."

The sun sparkled; a little trickling breeze murmured in green wavelets of sound overhead; an electric car buzzed past at the foot of the lawn, and the hammock swung lazily to and fro. He settled his long length more comfortably in a tilted chair.

"You observe I am no longer in your way. It is well to secure a safe place and keep to it."

Watching from under his hat, he saw the curved lips straighten. A slow flush mounted to the wide, white brow and strayed into the ambush of chestnut hair.

She answered, scornfully: "I see you have not changed. You were always talented in dodging."

"How cruel!" he complained. "I come to put a high price on peace—and, well, peace and you are two—In short, discretion's the better part of valor. I may not be valorous—I don't believe I am—but I'm discreet, you know. But," more briskly, "returning to back numbers. For purposes of references they're hard to do without. There's a special niche reserved for them. I've found my niche, and, by the way, it's comfortable: I quite like it. And so," he continued, "as I was passing through town, I stopped over on purpose to place myself at your disposal. From certain rumors, I fancied I might be of use. You know, really," with a deprecating humility, "as far as I go I'm an undoubted authority."

"How far, pray, is that?" nonchalantly.

"Well, not quite far enough, I used to think, but—don't be alarmed, I'm not advocating expansion now—but you can't do better than try me for general encyclopedic purposes," he advised dispassionately.

"Suppose you enumerate your qualifications for the responsible office of general referee," she suggested.

"How cautious you grow!" he remarked approvingly, "you weren't always prudent, I used to regret." Her eyes flashed. "May I take this opportunity to express my indorsement of the all-round development the least of your former admirers preceives in the ideal

of his youthful dreams?"

"Thanks, awfully; I'm quite overwhelmed by your unexpected praise," drawlingly.

"Don't mention it," he begged; "I've an abundance always on tap, and the stock is but slightly depleted."

"And now," she suggested, "we'll proceed with the inventory. Ready?" preparing to check the various items on her pretty fingers. A rather malicious gleam shot from the eyes watching her with such cool deliberation.

"First and chiefest," he began, "an extinct volcano warranted perfectly safe. All inflammable materials entirely consumed. By the way, do you prefer to discuss the matter seriatim or shall the offer be adopted as a whole?"

"You do not seem to consider the possibility of rejection?" she said. "I observe the most inconsiderable item of egotism was not included in the widespread conflagration."

"Rejection? Oh, no. When a man simply offers himself for utilitarian purposes, without preferring any claims, he need not count on defeat. No, I did not consider rejection, but if it come," resignedly, "I am inoculated. I can't take it hard again. Besides, egotism is of the head, the heart is the volcanic seat—and I assure you there will be no further eruptions."

She looked at him a trifle insolently.

"Thanks for your assurance, but—have you heard? Vesuvius has just broke loose again." A lugubrious sigh. "Heaven knows I don't want to stir up any smouldering fires."

"Afraid of scorching?" he queried.

"Oh, no," she assured him. "Have you forgotten my success in playing with fire?"

Somewhere in the sun-steeped tranquility of the fresh spring day a clock struck. "Time flies," he said, "even for those who have not met for two long years. The times are out of joint, anyway, and—forgive me for mentioning it—but so are you."

"And so are you," mockingly; "and so are we all, for that matter."

He arose and stood looking on the pretty picture composed of blue sky, flowering apple trees and girl-laden hammock. "Jove!" he thought, "she is irresistible as ever and quite as tricky. Hardly worth while to furnish a ready-made subject for experiment—same old one with additions." He smiled grimly.

She leaned a pink cheek on a pink palm and favored him with a glance half-imperious, half-beseeching. A blue-bird busied with housekeeping amid the leafage above sent a blossom adrift on the brown-tressed head. It was not fresher than the face it rivaled. Stooping, he deftly imprisoned the pretty stray.

"What is it—a caterpillar?" she cried.

"It is gone now," he answered, "and I must go, too, without learning anything of you and the years."

She dropped her glance.

"Sit down and I'll tell you"—a slight lifting of her eyes—"all you want to know."

With a quick look at the speaker he

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sank back in his chair, steadying the hammock.

"That's a pretty broad pledge you're making, but I'll try not to overstep the limit you set me once." His gaze, keen and masterful, enveloped her. Hers was fixed anywhere, but on him.

"Well?" he questioned.

"Well?" she echoed.

"I am waiting to hear you keep your promise."

"What am I to tell you?" she asked.

"About you and the years since we played at love, was it?"

The clear-cut nostrils quivered just a trifle, but her eyes remained resolutely aloof.

"I don't know—perhaps," hurriedly; "but there's nothing to tell—till now," incoherently.

"Well?"

Would he never say anything but just "Well?"

"I am in trouble," she announced.

"So I supposed, but that's nothing uncommon, is it? You generally were, I remember, and didn't mind taking other people into it with you. But perhaps now, that I am on the outside"—she winced—"I may be of some use."

She plucked nervously at a spray of apple bloom that bent in the breeze to her lips.

"Lovers, as usual?" he asked.

"Yes," and now she turned the distracting appeal of blue eyes full on him. "And it is far worse than ever," she added, naively. "They are so hard to manage."

"You will find them like that some times," he gravely assented. "If I do say it myself, it isn't often you'll find one as acquiescent as I. When you said 'Go!' I went."

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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 10th day of September, 1900, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the east front 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, Nebraska, situate in Lancaster County, Nebraska.

A. J. SAWYER,  
Master in chancery.  
WEBSTER & FLEHARTY AND H. F. ROSE,  
Solicitors for Complainant.

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