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WILLARD KIMBALL, Director.

SATAN'S SUGGESTION.

When we were aged five, people used to pat our heads and say, "How beautiful!" And when we were twenty they omitted the caress, but persisted in the remark; it is not to be wondered at that we grew indifferent to admiration. As "the Creston twins" we ruled as dual sovereigns, for no one could tell us apart. I had as much of flattery and success as did Louise, but there was always the ugly feeling that she was the superior star to mar my satisfaction. She was sweeter and gentler than I, but, luckily, the world judges by the face, and mine was a replica of hers—the same dark blue eyes, with delicate penciling as to brow and lash; the same scarlet lips and creamy complexions; even our brown hair curled in precisely the same way.

Yates Lorimer asked her to marry him, and she accepted. I was to be maid of honor. I used to walk the floor at night, biting my lip till it bled, to stifle the hysteria that sought relief in laughter. Maid of honor, with Yates Lorimer as the bridegroom! If torture is exquisite, I was to know its joy when I walked up the aisle in the part laid out for me. To think of him marrying another woman, even though she was my sister, was intolerable; to be present seemed impossible. I suffered agony, fierce and sharp, those weeks. And no one knew. He did not suspect—happy, careless, unthinking toward all but Louise. Because I was her sister he almost loved me in his selfish generosity; but it was a love more awful to me than his hate would have been. Louise did not dream of what was shriveling my very heart as I helped her select her wedding gown, listened to her happy chatter about her new home and her new life, and smiled when she ran to meet Yates, who came with a look on his face I would have died to win. Nobody knew. I did not waste time trying to convince myself I did not care for him—only fools do that. It was irrational, hopeless, if you like, but he was the only man in the world for me, and always would be. And with this in mind I still had courage to put on my bridesmaid's gown and banish the sharp lines that had come around my mouth. I take considerable credit to myself for bravery during that dreadful time, though I do not suppose that would count for me now.

Everybody said it was a particularly smart wedding—superb decorations and swagger crowd—but I do not know. I saw only Yates Lorimer's face as he turned with his wife to walk from the church, and it was so absolutely transfigured that if I had been suddenly stabbed I could not have grown more faint. "Courage!" whispered the best man.

"Poor girl!" said some one else. "She and her sister have always been so inseparable, this is a blow to her." Then I recovered and laughed. I was the gayest of the crowd at the reception, and they said I was more beautiful than the bride, because my cheeks were like roses and my eyes so brilliant. I even laughed as I threw my handful of rice

after the two when they ran to the carriage, and I kissed my hand saucily when Yates glanced back from the carriage window. Then I went to my room and locked the door.

...

Life goes on grimly one way or another. Louise's new home was near me, but I rarely saw her. She wondered why I treated her brusquely, and it made me angry because she was so unsuspecting of what I was suffering. I longed to take her by the shoulders and holding her firmly, say: "I love your husband—do you hear?—love him ten times more than you are capable of doing and he does not know it—he would not care if he did—but I want you to know it. I love him!" Then her blanched and astonished face would somehow have soothed me; but I never did it. Perhaps if I had it would have been easier to bear—it would have destroyed her pleasure in Yates' swift caress when I was there and seeing it—he never passed her without a tender touch or kiss; it would have made her uncomfortable and cold toward him, and he would have felt it. And yet I knew—who better?—that nothing could have destroyed their affection for one another nor brought a misunderstanding between them.

One day Louise came running in to see me. She never looked prettier in her life, though she was unusually pale. She flew into my room and threw herself on the couch. "I came out for a walk," she said, "because it is too lovely to stay indoors. How charming you look in that blue gown, Helen! Do you know, I think I must have walked too fast—I feel horribly weak and faint; I—"

She was blue to the lips and stopped with a sudden, short gasp. I was frightened, for, in spite of all, I had never ceased loving my twin. Startled, I ran for a glass of water and then I forced brandy between her livid lips. She never recovered consciousness, and died there, almost instantly, in my arms, before I could cry out for help or move from the room.

I stood paralyzed, stunned—five minutes ago she had been blooming, full of life, my Louise, and now! And as I stood there helpless, aghast, not yet realizing what had happened, the devil put the idea into my brain! If I had been quite myself, master of my faculties, I could never have done it. Hastily I looked around—there was no one in the house but the servants. I closed the door and fastened it, and then, with sobs struggling from between my shut teeth, I did the work. When I finished I stood there clad in the garments Louise had worn into my room—even the tiny gold chain and locket she wore hidden about her neck were transferred to mine—and she lay there, dead, in the pretty blue gown of mine she had admired, I did not stop to think; it was sheer madness nerved me on and helped me play my ghastly part. And the shrieks with which I called for help were not forced; for who would not have shrieked with

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terror at accomplishing such a ghastly trick!

Surely, the dead girl was myself, for the long cheval-glass gave back the reflection of Louise standing in the middle of the room, with agony on her face, calling for help because Helen lay white and still on the couch. When the servants came—running I could only point and tremble; and they ran for assistance, with babbling cries of "Poor Miss Helen! Miss Helen is dead!" as they clattered down the stairs. My brain was on fire.

It is not given to many people to see themselves lying stark and ended. I looked at the dead girl's face curiously; I smoothed her hair and lifted her little white hand—ah! I had nearly been lost, for there was the wedding ring and the diamond circlet guarding it. I slipped them off and put them on; when people came they found me still bending over my sister and talking to myself. Yates hurried in after a time, and coming to me, took me in his arms. "My poor darling!" he said, and carried me out of the room.

That instant my brain cleared—I knew what I had done, and I was glad. I trembled and cried, and he soothed me tenderly. They were tears of joy, and I could shed them while my sister lay with but a wall between us—to that depth I had descended! All that I realized was that my deception was perfect, and if I were skillful enough no one need ever know. "Don't, Louise!" Yates begged. "Don't give way so,

[First Pub., August 13--3]

In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the application of George H. Clarke as executor of the estate of Alonzo Barnes Deceased for license to sell real estate.

Notice of Sale.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Edward P. Holmes, Judge of the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, made on the 31st day of July, 1900, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at the east door of the county court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, on Friday on the 7th day of September, 1900, at one o'clock p. m., standard time, at public vendue to the highest bidder upon the following terms to-wit: One-half cash at the time of sale and balance in two payments of equal amounts payable in one and two years at seven per cent interest with privilege of paying deferred payment before issuing deeds at five per cent discount on deferred payments, the following described real estate to-wit: lots three (3) in block eight (8), in Kinney's O street addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Said sale to remain open one hour.

Dated August 13, 1900.
GEORGE H. CLARKE,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Alonzo Barnes, Deceased.
By A. W. FIELD,
His attorney.

First Pub. Sept. 1-4.

In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Herbert B. Sawyer,

vs.

Rufus E. Wedge and Mildred J. Wedge, his wife, Charles R. Kidwell and Amanda Anderson, formerly Amanda Kidwell, wife of Charles R. Kidwell, Levi Wilhelm, and Alvin Nelson, and Martha A. Nelson, his wife.

Rufus E. Wedge and Mildred J. Wedge, his wife, Charles R. Kidwell and Levi Wilhelm will take notice that on the 23rd day of August, 1900, Herbert B. Sawyer, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Rufus E. Wedge and Mildred J. Wedge to one James E. Seeley upon lots 13 and 14 in block 3 of W. H. Irvine's second addition to the city of Lincoln, located on the north one-half (n 1/2) of the southwest quarter (s w 1/4) of the southwest quarter (s w 1/4) of section eighteen (18), township ten (10), in range seven (7), east, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note dated September 1, 1900, for the sum of seven hundred (\$700.00) dollars, with interest at seven per cent per annum and due and payable on the first day of October, 1900, and that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of twelve hundred (\$1200.00) dollars, that said note and mortgage has been duly assigned and is now owned by the plaintiff.

Plaintiff further prays in his petition that a mortgage executed by Charles R. Kidwell and Amanda Kidwell to the said Rufus E. Kidwell, and by the said Rufus E. Wedge assigned to Levi Wilhelm for the sum of \$100.00, given February 16, 1893, be declared a subsequent and inferior lien to that of the plaintiff.

Plaintiff further prays for a decree that the defendants be required to pay this said mortgage of \$1200.00 and that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due. You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 23rd day of October, 1900.

Dated August 28, 1900.

HERBERT B. SAWYER, Plaintiff.

By A. W. FIELD, his Attorney.

First Pub. August 11, 1900-5

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 19th 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.

LEGAL NOTICES

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