

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Would call the attention of all who desire a musical education to the unequalled facilities offered at this school.

WILLARD KIMBALL, Director.

NEBRASKA GIRL

RAISED A BREEZE.

It was in the early days of Hot Springs, S. D., as a summer resort. The one hotel of the place, also the sanitarium, was filled almost exclusively by ranchmen and cowboys from the surrounding region—come for the most part to seek relief from the rheumatism that the exposure of winter had caused. There was a sprinkling of other guests, but the only woman besides the wife of the proprietor, the clerk's wife and an "old maid" school teacher who had come for a rest; and the men numbered over a hundred.

Among them was an old soldier from Nebraska, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. He had been a major in an Eastern regiment, had been wounded at Bull Run, and now, years afterward, was suffering still from the effects of that old wound. When he heard the sighs of lonely masculinity for "just one pretty girl," he used to smile and chuckle, and finally one day after dinner he said:

"Well, boys, I guess that wish will be granted when the stage comes from the Gap tomorrow."

"Why, who's comin'?" cried the chorus.

"My girl. She's only fifteen, but she's lively enough to make you think there's a dozen of her instead of one. She's a regular Nebraska breeze."

The stage was escorted by a veritable guard of honor when it drove up to the hotel next day. Bill, the driver, thought it "parfickly 'stonishin'" how many of the boys had to ride over to the Gap on business that morning, and, though there was always a goodly gathering on the broad verandas to welcome the newcomers, on this occasion the guests fairly outdid themselves, and even those whose aching and stiffened joints forced them to the regulation wheeled chair, came out to see what the major's daughter looked like.

There was a murmur of disappointment as they saw that the seat beside the driver—yes, even the seat behind him—was empty.

"Guess she didn't come," said one of the invalids. "She'd have been outside, sure; I 'lowed to see her sitting 'side of Bill and holdin' the lines."

"Oh, she's there, all right enough. Just look at the grin on Bill's phiz. He's proud of his load this time, sure."

Bill executed his customary sweep up to the steps with a special flourish and stopped suddenly, just as the major appeared in the doorway, and in the same instant the stage door flew open and there rushed up the steps a figure whose appearance drew a sigh of satisfaction from the expectant observers. Tall and in every line matured beyond her years, she was a picture delightful to contemplate.

"Hello, papa!" she cried, and gave the happy old major a hug that made him an object of green-eyed envy to at least forty masculine hearts, and then without more ado she carried her father off to her own room, where they could talk together undisturbed. Bill, in the bar-

room, was the target of a dozen questions a second. Finally he commanded silence by one impressive sweep of his arm, and said:

"Now, if you boys'll just keep quiet, I'll tell you all there is to tell."

"The major, he told me before I left this morning, that she'd want to drive fust thing; said she'd git the lines out o' my paws 'fore I'd know a thing about it, and so I was to request her to ride inside, and say her paw said so. Well, when she got off the cars, of course, I knowed right away she was the one, and she came right up to me and says: 'Is the box seat engaged?' Says I: 'I'm sorry, Miss, I can't furnish you with no outside seat today; it's against your paw's orders.' She laughed and showed her pretty teeth, and in she popped without a murmur. Powerful sorry I was.

"But when we got just this side o' the Gap, that blamed new mustang got a spell o' jumpin', got his leg clean over the trace. For a few minutes things was lively. I couldn't git the horses still enough so's I could get down, when all at once there comes a big black hat up over the rail, and 'fore I knowed it, there was a young lady in the box seat.

"Give me the lines," says she, cool and smilin' as you please, 'and you git down and 'tend to that mustang. I'd do it, but he don't know me, and I might git kicked.' She just took the lines out o' my hands, held 'em exactly like me, and down I went on orders and got that cuss back where he belonged. When I climbed back again she didn't say nothing, jist grinned—and kept the lines. Then some of the boys that went over to the Gap this morning began to ride up close, and she says to me: 'F you'll slow up a bit, I'll go back inside,' and 'fore I fairly knowed what she was at, she swung off and was inside, out o' sight. Now, that's all there was to it. But I'd let her drive anything I'd drive myself. She's got nerve and sense. That's right."

Scant justice was done to the dinner that day; the guests were too much occupied in watching the chuckling old major and his pretty daughter, and listening for the comment made by the clear, young voice. The one thing which most interested the eavesdroppers was her great interest in horseflesh. She had come prepared to ride, and she wanted something that would go; that was her principal requirement. And every owner of anything equine began a mental canvass of the virtues of his particular beast, in the ardent hope that he might prove acceptable to the goddess of the hour.

Before a week was past she was the life of the house, and her father's name for her was softened by the old doctor, whose especial darling she was, into "Breezy," uttered in every possible tone of affection. She read and sang to the sick, played pranks upon the well; she instituted dances, in which "ladies" were distinguished from "gentlemen" by the handkerchiefs tied on their left arms; she found time to explore the country all about, and observed so keenly that by the third week of her stay

she was cheerfully officiating as voluntary guide to a party of timid women tourists who spent four days at the Springs. And to all who heard, her slightest wish was law.

But all this sounds so demure. Now Nellie was anything but that. Who was it who pinned the placard on the back of the Chicago drummer who was the dude of the Springs for a week, and made him the laughing stock of the dining room? Who walked the balustrade of the upper veranda with absolutely no support, to prove that she had a "head"—that is, that she could look down from high places and keep steady nerves? To say nothing of the bet of a box of cigars against a box of candy that it was possible to "skin up" the bluff back of the hotel at a certain almost perpendicular place. She won her wager in sight of the terrified guests, who rushed from their rooms at the sound of the falling stones and gravel from the ledge which gave way under her feet and left her clinging "by her eyelashes," as she herself said when she came sauntering down the trail half an hour later. Breezy, and only Breezy, hung the bunch of fire-crackers to the clerk's door at five o'clock Fourth of July morning—she did it on a dare, and certainly did not anticipate the sudden eruption into the halls of half-clad men brandishing six-shooters and puncturing their inquiries as to the cause and location of the "trouble" by profanity, all the more emphatic because so long suppressed.

She could ride anything, the boys said; she feared nothing, she said herself. And that is why it so annoyed her that among all her devoted slaves one man remained obdurate and flatly refused to let her ride his horse. He was that no longer rare exception, a college-bred ranchman. He gave as an excuse for his discourtesy the undeniable viciousness of the beast; only half tamed and full of the tricks dear to the cowboy heart as a test of tenderfoot equestrianism. Nellie was about to give up, when she hit upon the expedient of politely intimating that Mr. Brown's true reason for refusing her his horse was his fear that Modoc might meet with some injury at her hands. This intimation, taken up by her whole throng of aiders and abettors, no man could endure. Brown yielded, and before a score of eager listeners promised Miss Nellie the horse as a reward if she came home from the ride alive.

"Mind, I don't say with whole bones.

People Have No Trouble

In getting what they want at the

Good Luck Grocery.

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

First Pub. Sept. 8-4.

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. Seely 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, 1905, 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. Wedge, and by the said Rufus E. Wedge assigned to Levi Wilhelm for the sum of \$100.00, given February 16, 1899, 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 8th 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. 122.
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.

LEGAL NOTICES

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