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WILLARD KIMBALL, Director.

THE MAN WHO WAS FOR PEACE.

KATHARINE MELICK.

For The Courier.

It was not the smith who brought charges against Schwartz Kummelmann for the death of Freda. Not Hamlet the Dane was as unapt an accuser of the unpunished evil doer. It was the cooper who, riding away from his dreary thatch, where his unfed hens drooped over the door, and his mangy dogs sulked back with fallen ears, lodged a complaint against slanderous and libelous accusations on the part of one Gustav Kestner.

The group of children who live today in the stone house by the ruined smithy yet recall, with a certain shiver, the day when summons was served upon their father, and upon the little mother, also, as chief witness in the case of Kummelmann versus Kestner. The papers in long, great envelopes, the round, raised seals, the formidable legal phrases, produced a profound and fearsome stillness. In this hush moved Frau Gertrud, making ready provisions for a day, in the cupboard with perforated stars in its tin doors. She spread the table with a fresh cloth, laid the kindlings on the hearth, and having swept the least scattering of shavings from the floor, went up the steep stairs to her bureau, and laid out her black dress. She placed Gustav's garments also on the blue and white spread which she herself had crocheted for their bed. The long, linen collar, with pearl buttons beside it, the black coat, brushed and unwontedly stiff, with the legal papers in its breast pocket, and a silk handkerchief in the right side pocket. All these were sufficiently grim in prospect, and when the two had donned so much of oppressive conventionality, and sat side by side on the "spring seat" of the wagon, their grave faces set the entire escort of children to crying.

"You shall not cry tonight," the smith called, "when we bring you—things from the store."

"Sweet crackers," supplemented Frau Gertrud, "in shapes of bears and camels and panthers."

Thinking of the little puckered faces, they drove slowly away, past the ford and smithy to the new bridge over the river, beyond which lay the green wheat field that Gustav had just bought to join his farm. The next payment might now be delayed, for the lawyer's fee already given, and the one sure to come would tax the harvest heavily.

"You could pay the fine and be dismissed," the counsel had told Gustav.

"But one of us is guilty, and it is not I," the smith declared.

The lawyer had twisted his black moustache, and brought the other foot slowly to the table, as he told Gustav. "But you should have spoken earlier, or kept quiet, now," a conclusion upon which the smith may be said to have reflected duly. He thought of it now, as they drove past the bends of the winding stream, drawing ever nearer the red brick walls of the court room. Unsteadily, over the huge flanks of the horses, he saw the rows of seats, the

judge's desk, the black chairs where defendants—the lawyer had been careful to avoid the phrase "prisoner"—sat. He followed the attorney once more into the small, bare cell where the jury would decide for or against his honor. Gertrud beside him on the spring seat, saw these things, too, for the smith had told her, and so it was not altogether unfortified that the two found themselves at last walking up that same dusty aisle, between the benches, and looking often for support at the black moustached counsel.

His assurance was like a narrow plank under their feet which faltered over unfathomable depths. To this day Frau Kestner's white hair trembles and her brave heart sinks at the sight of wide window panes thick with fly specks and streaked with paint; even the smell of paint and old tobacco recall the dusty, hard, new court room. But she sat beside Gustav that day, so straight, despite the broken, sloping shoulder, so calm, with her hands folded over her black dress, that the cooper's scowl blackened, and the smith took heart.

"How near are the blacksmith shop and the house of Mr. Kummelmann?" This was the beginning of the cross questioning, and Gustav watched the grey eyebrows of the cooper's attorney, screw into tight set wrinkles, behind which a pair of eyes like little coals watched.

"About one hundred rods," he said, as if measuring, and the hesitation was not lost upon the man who, Gustav had been assured, "would make him go back upon himself."

"Is it more or less?"
"Just about one hundred."
"How do you know?"
"I think it is just about one hundred."
"What makes you think so?"
"It is five hundred fifty paces."

The jury smiled, and Frau Gertrud ventured a look over the rows of seats, now half filled with staring faces. Only a look, for the "cat eyes" of the attorney were upon her, while he made assurance that Gustav had paced the length of every field on his farm, and knew the number of corn rows in a field, without varying so many to the acre as would have furnished two "feeds" for a drive to court; that he could compute the number of miles Freda had walked up and down the "twenty acre piece" and the "sixteen acre piece" and much of more or less relevant material, calculated to weary out even a man who loved speech.

How he rests, now, the giant smith who for six long years came to endure the gaze of court room loungers, and the gibes of comfortably paid attorneys, and the machinations of paper in long envelopes. The first verdict was a complete vindication for the huge smith and his tiny wife, and Kummelmann learning wisdom, secured a less busy counsel, along with his appeal to the higher court. He sold, one by one, the fields where Freda had walked; he employed the best advice which was for

sale; he drank deeper and longer, but not with the smith. There could be but one end, when his fields were all "talked away," and the cooper's attorneys realized what was left for them to do. Kummelmann was acquitted, on insufficient evidence, from the last countercharge, and Gustav, fined two dollars and costs, bore the last burden of that long war.

He saw that end approaching, and he might at any time have compromised with his doom. But, unwilling recruit though he was at last, he had a passive courage that knew no retreat. The new field across the river was not enough to pay the price of that losing fight, and long after he slept beside the stream with which he had wrestled, his failings redeemed the mortgage under which he died. Did it matter whether he won or lost, whether he left them acres of unencumbered land, and exemption from the wars he could not escape? His were the first works of a heroic age; and the only tragedy of that calm spirit was its passing in the sadness of defeat.

Kummelmann's mouldering thatch lies dark among iron-weeds and fennel by the stream; the prairie never gives back the fresh, smooth sod, where plough and harrow have roughened it. But the stone house holds out to the chance passerby today, the welcome of a home long held in the security won by the toils of the master. And he rests quietly, I think, in the great calm that smooths over the harrow marks of time.

The End.

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.

(First Pub. Oct. 30-4.) Notice of Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given of the formation of a corporation under the laws of the state of Nebraska.

1. The name of the corporation is the Lincoln Golf Club.
2. The principal place of transacting the business of said corporation is the city of Lincoln, Nebraska.
3. The general nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation is the buying, owning or leasing, improving and maintaining of golf grounds in or adjacent to the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, for golf purposes and athletic exercises.
4. The amount of capital stock of said corporation is two thousand dollars, divided into shares of ten dollars each. Every share of stock to be paid for in cash at the time of its subscription and to be non-transferable and non-assessable.
5. Said corporation commences on the 30th of June, 1900, and continues until the 30th of June, 1920.
6. The affairs of the corporation shall be conducted and managed by a board of directors consisting of seven stockholders.
7. The officers of the corporation are president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.
8. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the corporation shall at any time subject itself is the sum of \$250.

Witness our hands this 30th day of August, 1900.

S. H. BURNHAM,
M. H. GARTEN,
H. C. YOUNG,
C. Y. SMITH,
F. M. HALL,
W. L. DAYTON,
JOHN T. DORGAN.

First Pub. Nov. 17-5.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to license and authority granted at Lincoln, Nebraska, on the 12th day of November, 1900, by the Honorable Edward P. Holmes, one of the judges of the District Court for Lancaster county, Nebraska, sitting at chambers; the undersigned executors of the last will of Nathaniel Leech, late of near the city of Calgary, in the district of Alberta, in the North West Territories of Canada, will offer for sale and sell to the highest and best bidder for cash at the east front door of the court house of Lancaster county, Nebraska, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 11 o'clock A. M. on the 17th day of December, A. D. 1900, lot numbered twenty-one (21) in block numbered one (1) in Kennard's addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Said sale will be held open for bidders during the whole time between said hours.

JOSEPH LEECH,
GEORGE LEECH,
Executors.

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