

First Pub. Jan. 19--3.

Notice of Probate.

In the county court of Lancaster county Nebraska—E 1517.
The state of Nebraska, to the heirs at law, children and next of kin, of Steward Sappenfield deceased and to his devisees and legatees and to any other persons interested in said matter or in his estate.

You are hereby notified, that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament and codicil thereto of Steward Sappenfield deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for the probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of Mary Sappenfield his widow as executrix. That on the 15th day of February 1901, at ten o'clock A. M., said petition and the proof of the execution of said instrument will be heard, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record said will and codicil and grant administration of the estate to Mary Sappenfield as executrix. Notice whereof is ordered published for three weeks successively in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska, prior to said hearing. Witness my hand and the seal 18th day of January, 1901.

FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court

First Pub. Jan. 12, 1901--5.

SHERIFF SALE

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Herbert B. Sawyer is plaintiff, and Rufus E. Wedge et al., defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1901, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described lands and tenements to-wit:

Lots thirteen (13) and fourteen (14) in block three (3) of W. H. Irvine's second addition to the city of Lincoln, located on the north one-half of the south-west quarter of the south-west quarter of section eighteen (18) in township ten (10) in Range seven (7) East in Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 4th day of January, A. D. 1901.

Z. S. BRANSON,
Sheriff.

First Pub. Jan. 19--3

Notice of Petition for Letters.

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska E 1515

In re estate of George P. Botterill, deceased.
The State of Nebraska, to the children, heirs at law and next of kin of George P. Botterill deceased (sometimes known as and called George P. Botterrell) late of Santa Ana, California; and of William Hugh Botterill, deceased and to all other persons interested in their estates.

Take notice that a petition signed by Sarah Botterill, widow of said George P. Botterill praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate of George P. Botterill deceased, to O. P. Polk, has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 12th day of February, 1901, 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 as prayed for.

Notice of this proceeding has been ordered published three weeks successively in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska, prior to said hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 15th day of January, A. D. 1901.

FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE,
Clerk County Court.

HIS REVERENCE FROM TENNESSEE.

KATHARINE MELICK.

(For The Courier.)

When the Reverend Hosea Rambo suddenly shut his eyes tighter than Chaucer's Chanticleer, and opened his mouth as wide, over his plate, the school ma'am boarder gazed for a full minute before she realized that he was saying grace. Then she dropped her eyes, the little landlady set down a china cup in haste, and the new order of meal-taking was inaugurated.

The House of the Grottoes had been too lonely. Since the day when the invalid had been hushed there, children's voices had drowned the lost echoes. Yet three dark haired granddaughters with the gypsy eyes of their ne'er do well father, and the lithe feet that had been their mother's, were not enough to fill those hands left empty. Hence the hair wreaths, where dark flowers feather all the edges; the wax chains, looped about wax vases; the little wax plates, heaped with wax berries, and plums, and pears, and grapes; with wax slices of cake, where the frosting almost melts; with wax candies and tarts and desserts.

They had gone one by one, the three grown gypsy maids. The old spinning wheel; the pink china; the andirons; the real lace scarfs and fichus that had graced the halls of the Canton home, had gone with them. Only in memory the Little Lady saw her treasures now, down a vista of colonial pillars white and high. The acres about the House of the Grottoes had slipped away with each wedding day, until only a corner lot was left in the city, grown up to the grotto by the gate. But the playthings of the little maids were left behind, with the remnant of old treasures. And what the little players had failed to do, his Reverence from Tennessee accomplished. He kept the old hands busy.

Not that he himself was a creature of over accentuated energy. The smile that spread his expansive lips, was genial as the April sun on the lee side of a hay stack. His blue eyes were placid as a carp pond, when, fixing them upon the circle of his plate, he ruminated upon his early youth.

"My father was nearest of all his relations to having a college education. He went one winter down to Nashville. When spring came, he walked out on the campus, and heard the birds chirping, and the wind blowing over the trees. And he thought about the cultivators clicking along the rows. So he swung his books over his shoulder, and struck out for home."

"And never went back?"
"Never went back. No; I'm through."
Both women smiled, as the Tennesseean betook himself to his room, with an easy gait and an easy drawl that excluded any abruptness from his exit.

"He doesn't expend any surplus energy in words," remarked the school ma'am.

"No, but you don't know, Miss Mitchell, how it rests me to have some one in the house. It's a house of shadows."

The minister opened his door. "There isn't enough water in my pitcher, Mrs. Hillie," he remarked amiably.

The school ma'am looked from the big smooth fingers that held out the pitcher, to the tiny, knotted ones that took it, and felt her temper stir. It equirred uneasily, when the little widow, coming back from the kitchen with distress in her face, explained, "There isn't any more in, and it's too slippery for me to go out. I'm so sorry," from the depths of very old rose upholstery.

His reverence contemplated for a full minute the unhappy pitcher. "Perhaps I might get some," he at length hazarded, and as no objection offered, he made

his way to the hydrant on the north porch.

"Yes," remarked Miss Mitchell, resuming a broken thread of conversation. "I think you'll not be very lonesome now," and with a swift goodnight, she shut the door and her mouth together.

"Lazy as October suzahine, irresponsible as a wood chuck. What can he tell his flock about higher living?" Then she remembered his last remark, and laughed until she cried.

"I'll undertake to show him his leadings in one or two directions, anyway," she ended with a most pedagogical frown at her brass door knob.

Two weeks later, the Reverend Hosea Rambo sat in his old rose upholstered chair, with his blue eyes fixed on a little picture that hung over his washstand. It was of a young girl with dark, southern eyes that he understood. These restless, nervous men and women of the north were an increasing perplexity. His landlady, who flushed and looked ready to cry, at seeing him let a little pink saucer fall and break; who rose from the table a dozen times in as many minutes, to make his tea hot, or bring fresh biscuit, or merely to say, "Isn't there something more you will have?"; his fellow boarder, who looked curiously at him, and seemed perpetually wound up to abnormal activity. Why, he had even surprised her, one morning, bringing in stove wood for his landlady. And when he had stood at his side door to watch her safely up the back steps, where he was always afraid the little widow would slip, how the two women had laughed! Even their fun seemed preternaturally energetic. He had tried to modify a little the more unnecessary inconveniences of the stable arrangements, shortening the driveway by a cut across the back yard. Even in this, he had not been entirely unmolested, for he had been several times requested to fasten the clothes line a little lower than the nail to which he had carefully wired it, on the south side of the barn, to have his road way clear. He fancied that his landlady was a little more nervous than usual, since she had been complaining of a lame back. She had even asked him to tell her the day of his return before driving to his country appointments. As if he could ever know what broad girthed farmer might invite the "preacher" for an extended visit.

It was all bewildering, and he turned gladly to the round solemn student faces on his walls. Here were the eyes that had followed with his through church and Bible history, the lips that had repeated with him chapel songs and evening prayers. These knew his plans and hopes. These were not distracted by considerations of stove wood and clothes lines. He saw stretched beyond their faces a shadowy background of blue Cumberland hills. There had been a day—one of those when Morgan's raiders came, that his father had lain from dawn till dark underneath the heavy floor of his great barn, and felt the settling dust of his grains which the rebels were threshing out to carry away. Now, in his deep arm chair, the son felt something of the sire's impotence. He rose, strode slowly from the door, and took out his horse.

The little dame, watching, said to her little stove, "How shall I ever get the clothes line down? Oh dear! And when will he come back?"
"Just let him go and come. Don't think about it," had been Miss Mitchell's parting words, that very morning.
"I wish I could help thinking, but I've had somebody to worry over so long, that it's kind of second nature."

And she stirred the fire of the Reverend Hosea and patted his pillows, and straightened the crotcheted tidies on his bureau, while far out on a country

road a cavernous bass was intoning;

"Mid scenes of confusion,
and creature complaints
How sweet to my soul
is communion with saints."

MOTHERS.

Mothers are the queerest things!
"Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good bye that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.
But when John came back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds
And without a single wound.
While the rest of us hurried,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

—Edwin I. Sabin, in
February Century.

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