

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 12th 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, Nebr. aka.

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

Z. S. BRANSON,
Sheriff.

[First Pub., Feb., 2--4]

Notice to Creditors.—E 1507.

County court, Lancaster county, Nebraska, in re estate of Gena Leonard deceased.

The creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is September 2, 1901, and for payment of debts is March 1, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on June 1, 1901, and on September 2, 1901, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Notice whereof is ordered published four consecutive weeks in The Courier of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this January 29, 1901.

[SEAL.] FRANK R. WATERS,
County Judge.

By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

**PAPER HANGING
PAINTING,
Furniture
Polishing.**

Twenty eight years experience as an inside decorator. Reasonable prices.

**CARL MYRER, 2612 Q
Phone 5232.**

**AN Extract from
Her Letter:**

"If you could only be here this winter morning and see for yourself you would no longer doubt me. Roses are blooming in our front yard and all nature is as far advanced in this lovely American summerland as it will be in your cold eastern home by June.

"We made the journey from Missouri River to the Golden Gate on the Union Pacific to avoid the circuitous routes—an important item in the winter. A trip to California is made delightful by the perfect service and luxurious accommodation of 'The Overland Limited,' which is perhaps the most finely equipped train in the world.

Detailed Information Furnished on application.

E. B. Slosson,
223 Agent.

J. F. HARRIS,

No. 1, Board of Trade,
CHICAGO.

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Grain, Provisions, Cotton.

Private Wires to New York City and Many Cities East and West.

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New York Stock Exchange,
Chicago Stock Exchange,
Chicago Board of Trade

**EVERETT SHINN'S ORIGINAL
PASTELS.**

A young reporter named Everett Shinn is showing some pastels in New York.

There are over ninety, and they vary in size from the mere trifle up to the more important dimensions of the arm's length. They are, in their way, the finest things that have been produced in this country since Columbus set his jaw and bribed his men to get him here. They constitute, taken as a whole, with the Shinn Exhibition of last year, with what we may assume he will do in the next few, and with a book he is preparing for publication called "New York By Night," the best report we have so far had of Things As They Are Not Going To Be Much Longer, but as they are today.

It might have been supposed that our American Charles Keene would walk in from, says Indiana. Stephen Crane, another great reporter came from a neighboring county. Everett Shinn came over from New Jersey by way of an art school in Philadelphia, where he says he spent most of his time talking to a Girl or playing leapfrog up and down the halls. From that he passed into newspaper illustrating to earn his living, still in Philadelphia, and from that into his present pastel work in New York.

The young man is young, normal, buoyant, works with a consuming energy, and has a clear-cut, pale face that lights up at times with a sort of half-light that is seen occasionally in the faces of men and women who are passing up what they know of truth instead of falsehood into the hands of the Master Builder. It is the light that must have shown in the face of Crane as he lay dying not long ago in the Black Forest. If he felt anything he must have known that what he passed up was the surprising beauty of the common things; that he had helped the world to see beauty in common human life; that he had harbored it in its slow development to the point where it is beginning to distinguish between what is false and what is true, only now growing so sensitized that it can see the beauty of a fact; he must have realized and rejoiced that the modern stomach is healthy enough already to want its food at least half true, and that he had done his part to make it so; he must have known that when Realism is understood, and men begin to love her, then the world will feel as though it had never loved before; he had felt in his tired body that humanity had cause, indeed, to stop and wonder why there should be a master and a slave, and that to get the facts before humanity was necessary; he knew that he had shown up the false and bad and the disorganized, as in his "Maggie," as a proof of how much he had loved the fine and free; he knew that men and women must think and paint and write and work and die, until the world shall learn so much that it will know that the Real holds the Ideal always in its tender arms, and that the Unreal alone stands empty at the gates.

And the same is true of Shinn. The inspiration that is filling all the world's keen minds with the hope of greater justice is the inspiration of the Realistic School. And so it matter not that, when he goes away sometimes with his young wife to skate, over the meadows near his Southern New Jersey home, none of his people understands his pictures. There is not the slightest trace, for generations back, of art deftness on either side of his family. The young man all through his formative period never saw the work of the Confidential draughtsmen, much less was influenced by them. He made Manet the god of his idolatry, and studied no one else while he was in Europe for the first time last summer for a few months.

His present exhibition is called "Paris

Types." It is plain, in looking it over, that his mind was, in ways, irritated while working there. Either he was hurried or was working to order, or was fenced off by not speaking the tongue of the men on the street, or wanted to go to London, or something else, for his work here and there shows all these things reflected in its face, and therefore lacks, in a way, a completeness that his exhibition of last winter held. It contains some exquisite pieces of work, things of the kind that have been appreciated by the Senator who owns the Rousseau, but, nevertheless, it is only through grouping together his great work of last year—some parts of which is at present on exhibition in Boston—this present exhibition in New York, and the remarkable book, "New York By Night," lying about his studio in Nineteenth street, that any fair estimate of his position in American art can be arrived at.

He brings to his trade a point of view that isolates him from nearly all his predecessors here. In the selection of his subjects he is the instrument in a game that will go on until there will some day be no longer such subjects to select. In the placing of that subject on paper he uses the absolute touch of a master in line and arrangement, and his pictorial sense and power to render locality have never been surpassed by any artist anywhere. His color sense is rare, and if it is not always perhaps as well considered as it may be later on, it is because it is secondary, in a way, in much of his work to a white heat of black outline, and that it is as full as those outlines will permit. His drawing is intelligent, though it could at times cut a little deeper to the bone. A certain grotesqueness and exaggeration in this particular is noticeable this year in his work as against last year, but it can be laid merely to temporary causes. As for his technique, he has already done things with it that move our consciousness and stir the experiences that have made us know. And that is all there is to the matter. As an example in sheer dexterity no one has ever painted slush and ice and sleet with such simplicity of means. His touch is virile, nervous, delicate, made of iron, made of silk, made of tears.

He is almost at his very best in "Along the Seine" (11), in this present exhibition. The distant view across the river is worth the whole show of the academy. The "Back Row, Folies Bergeres" (6), is a fine study in yellow and black. "On the Boulevard" (9), is a remarkable piece of work, and so, in their varied ways, are "Lee Chiffoniers" (12), the "Grand Ballet" (4), the "Fourteenth of July" (21), the "Ballet Dance" (24), "Paris Street" (40), "At the Convent Door" (41), and the following that are not in the catalogue: "Bal Boullier," "Old London House," "French Cabaret," "Election Parade," "Houses of," "Near the Church," "Rue de l'Abbaye," and others.

The exhibition is not for everybody. It is too full to the brim of disorganized life, and the sight of this is not for those who do not see beyond. It shows the river thief, the rag picker, gaunt dancing women, the homeless beings of the earth, prostitutes married and unmarried, and others overworked and underpaid. These pictures will become real mementoes of these present days. When things have evened up, other Shinn's will paint again, in freer vein. As it is, one of his best drawings today is worth more than the three monstrous canvases Mr. Morgan recently presented to the Metropolitan museum. Even if one can not hold fast in one's mind the real import of the work long after leaving the door, it pays to wade through much bad art in order to look in there, just as it pays to wade through a lot of men and women to finally meet one, as a new bit of life, even though you lose it at the next crush in the road.—Town Topics.

LITERARY NOTES.

Early Straws of Fashion.

The drooping bats will be much seen in the spring.

Gowns are made long on the shoulder, yokes and collarettes are run down long on the shoulders or the shoulders are trimmed.

Tucks will be very much in evidence the coming spring and summer.

It is really too early to tell whether the furor for gold will run over into another season. We must wait and see if we feel gold when the summer days come. Cravats are seen on the new cloth gowns.

Cashmeres will be popular the coming spring, and all the women at Nice and Monte Carlo are wearing the light pastel shades in cloth and the pale pinks, blues and beiges, as usual.

Mixed clothes are very much seen—that is to say, black with a liberal peppering of white, gray and white, and pastel blue.

For slender women nothing can be prettier for the spring than the boleros with barque backs consisting of three little pieces on each side, one over the other and rounded at the ends. Above these pieces is a belt.—Katharine de Forest's Paris letter in the February Ladies' Home Journal.

The Century is to have a serial story by Irving Bacheller, the author of that popular novel, "Eben Holden." It is a border tale of 1812. Two types of the men who have helped to make America are set forth in it: one, a Northern Yankee, quaint, rugged, and wise; the other, a man who has the hardy traits of a Puritan with the romantic temperament of a Cavalier. The scene of the story is in the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, and the title is "D'ri and I." It will begin in the March Century and run for six months.

Mr. Booker T. Washington's Autobiography continues to attract wide-spread interest. The instalment contained in the February magazine number of the Outlook includes the famous address made by Mr. Washington at the opening of the Atlanta exposition, when for the first time in southern history a Negro was called upon to speak as a representative of Negro enterprise and Negro civilization in a great public meeting managed and controlled by the white people of the state.

(83 a year. The Outlook company, 287 Fourth avenue, N. Y.)

Acids that are Death to Cholera.

The acid of lemons and oranges is fatal to the cholera bacillus. Even if placed upon the rinds of the fruit the germs will not survive longer than a day.—February Ladies' Home Journal.

Euchred.

"Eliphalet," said she, reproachfully, "I do not approve of such extravagance. Now, when Alfonse calls, he is sensible, and does not come loaded down with expensive flowers."

"Henrietta," said he, calmly, "it is generally understood that a knave can't win a queen unless he is one of the bowlers."

"You are both knaves," she murmured, coyly; "but you are the right bowler and he—is left," and with these words she melted into his arms.

Preaching and Practicing.

It is easier to preach a good sermon from the pulpit than to lead a good life in the pew.—Saturday Evening Post.