

First Pub. Feb. 16-4.

**Legal Notice.**

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 **THE AMERICAN RANGE & HARDWARE COMPANY.**

2. The principal place of transacting the business of said corporation, and the place where its manufacturing establishment shall be located, is Lincoln, Nebraska.

3. The general nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation is the manufacturing, buying, selling, and dealing in stoves and ranges, heating and cooking apparatus, hardware, woodenware, and all merchandise connected with the hardware business; saddlery hardware and all merchandise connected with the saddlery hardware business, and the buying, selling, holding, renting and leasing of real estate necessary for the transaction of said business.

4. The amount of capital stock of said corporation is four hundred thousand (\$400,000.00) dollars divided into four thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. Four hundred shares of the preferred stock aggregating forty thousand dollars shall be paid in before the corporation commences business; the remainder of the preferred stock shall be paid for at the time of its issue. The common stock, which is one-half of the whole, shall be paid for upon a call of the Board of Directors. The stock is non-assessable.

5. The commencement of this corporation is on the 5th day of December, 1900, and its existence terminates fifty years thereafter unless sooner dissolved by the consent of a majority of the stockholders of the corporation or by the operation of law.

6. The highest amount of indebtedness to which the corporation shall at any one time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of its preferred capital stock, its preferred capital stock being \$200,000.

7. The affairs of the corporation to be conducted by a Board of Directors consisting of five stockholders. The officers of the corporation are a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands this 31st day of January, 1901.

A. H. BUCKSTAFF,  
W. E. JAKWAY,  
S. H. BURNHAM.

First Pub. Feb. 16-4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1515.**

County court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, in re-estate of George P. Botterill deceased.

The creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is Sept. 16, 1901, and for the payment of debts is March 15, 1902. That I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 15, 1901, and on Sept. 16, 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 12th day of Feb. 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

First Pub. Feb. 16-3.

**Notice of Petition for Letters.—E 1524.**

In the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

In re estate of William Hugh Botterill, deceased.

The State of Nebraska, to the children, heirs at law and next of kin of William Hugh Botterill and to all other persons interested in his estates.

Take notice that a petition signed by Sarah Botterill praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to O. B. Polk, has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on the 2nd day of March, 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 to O. B. Polk.

Notice of this proceeding is 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 February, A. D. 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

First Pub. Feb. 23-4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1517.**

County Court, Lancaster County, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Stewart Sappenfield, deceased.

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

Witness my hand and seal of said court this February, 15, 1901.

(SEAL) FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge.  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk County Court.

**THE PILGRIMAGE.**

[BY MARTHA PIERCE.]

For The Courier

We had long wished to go on a pilgrimage. Brother and I, "strange countries for to see," but there was really no place, within our reach, which held for us aught that was new or strange. We had explored the creek for miles up and down, and after a while we had learned that, one mile of it was very like another. The violets grew in different places, to be sure and there was rather more of sumach, or less of bitter-sweet, but such variations were too slight to induce journeys, once we were convinced that there were no caves, stored with old plunder, to be discovered, nor bits of rusty armor or other war gear, to be unearthed, with all our digging in what we considered likely places. As for the violets, they were lovely enough, but why go far to find them when they grew, as sweet and as abundant, a stone's throw from the play ground. And we were sure no place up or down so richly abounded in sturdy sumachs, and looping grapevines, and the strange-berried bitter-sweet, as this same dim nook, under the three giant elms, where our swing swung in the wind.

There was the farm, yes. But we knew every hill and hedge row of it. We had counted all the pigs and calves and chickens over and over, and we even knew where to find the turkey's nest. We knew so much more than grandfather. For he could not find turkeys' nests. Whenever old Speckle hid here away, he had to send at once for us to come and find it for him.

We visited the neighboring farms in hope of diversion. We had good times, but we always said when we came home, that all farms were alike, except grandfather's which was the best of them all.

So life went on in a humdrum way. Do what we would, we could not scare up an adventure.

In June, just as holidays were begun, an old friend of our mother came from ever so far away, to stay for a few days. She had with her, a daughter, Minnie. Quite the grandest girl we had ever seen was Minnie. She never asked her mother, if she could. She did whatever she wanted. And when her mother said "Minnie!" she tossed her head and sometimes was saucy. Our mother did not know of these things, for Minnie always behaved well before her. And mother said to Brother and me, "What a sweet child Minnie is," and more particularly to me she said, "I am glad to observe that Minnie is not a Tom-boy."

When they were going away at the end of the week they wanted to take me with them. As Minnie's mother was to return the next Thursday and would bring me back, mother said I might go if I wished. I did wish, very much, for it immediately occurred to me that I should at last see new lands. I was sorry that Brother could not go too, but mother said it was impossible because he was not invited. I told her to ask the stupid woman to invite him then, but she said she couldn't do that. So I was forced to go alone. I was a little afraid at the last, when we drove away, through the clear, June morning, but when I had blinked hard and swallowed a good many lumps in my throat, I began to see that the sky was very blue, and the sun very bright and the fields very fresh and green, and to feel that after all it was good to be alive and going to a new place. We went a long way. Once we passed a great tangle of wild roses, flooding all the roadside over with their dainty color. We had the horses stopped while we gathered our laps full. But before we drove through the farm-gate in the cool afternoon, they were all withered. It is no use plucking roses. They are quite sure to lose all their freshness and beauty before

you have them fairly off the bushes. It is quite a shame. After the prickings one gets too.

I was so disappointed to find that this farm also was just like grandfather's only not so good. Because I had been so sure all the way that I was coming to something new. And here were the same straw-roofed sheds, and the red barn, with the pigeons strutting on the roof, or whirling down in snowy flocks after the corn. And the chickens were astonishingly like ours. The rooster who clapped his golden wings and crowed at us, might have been the very same who lorded it over the fowls in our own barn yard.

I was glad when we had hunted the eggs in the hay-mow, and watched the milking, that it was supper time. And after supper it was immediately bed time which is very good when you are tired.

It seemed only a few minutes until I opened my eyes and it was morning. Very soon Minnie was awake too, and while we were dressing, I don't quite know how I came to do it, but I told her how much I wished to go on a pilgrimage and see new and strange things. Perhaps to find the crumbling walls of some ancient city or the palaces of long forgotten kings.

Minnie considered my words. After a while she said, "I know where you can go, and I will go with you. It is not an ancient city. It is only a year old, but it is a city, because its name tells so. Its name is Larrabee City. I have always wanted to go there. There is a man there who knows my father. He was here once. We can go right to his store. Most probably he will take us straight home with him and entertain us royally, if we tell him who we are."

"We can't stay long, of course," I asserted. "Pilgrims cannot linger. You know what the song says,

"I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger,

I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

"Oh, we can't stay all night," said Minnie. "Mamma would be worried."

"Will she let you go at all?" I knew the very minute I had asked the question how weak a thing I was, and how in chains and bondage to my mother. It did not need Minnie's scornful smile to make me look hurriedly out of the window and say:

"When shall we start?"

"As soon as breakfast is over," said Minnie. "I'll tell mamma we're going and get her to give us some lunch. You would better go straight up stairs and get ready while I ask her. She might not let us so easily, if you stayed. She will give right up to me."

Accordingly I went up stairs after breakfast and waited. Before long Minnie came. She carried a small tin pail in her hand. "Come on!" she said, softly. We went down the narrow dark stairs and out into the bright sunshine. The dew was yet sparkling on the grass and the air was cool and fresh. Hand in hand we went down the lane and out into the high road, leading away past the waving corn-fields, with their dim aisles and mysterious rustlings. "How far is it?" I asked Minnie, as we trudged along.

"Only seven miles," answered Minnie. If for a moment, seven miles seemed a long way to walk, it was the weakness of that moment only. The next my heart was swelling with the unutterable joy of having at last set forth upon a pilgrimage with some hope of finding at the end, some strange, new treasure. A new city! A new city, a year old! I wished so much to see it. All untarnished as yet by time, it must be. There would be, I made sure, nothing mean, or ugly or unsightly there. No little, old black shops, no dirty streets, no ragged houses. All should be clean, well ordered. I fancied glittering carriages rolling down

the wide streets, past green lawns where only clean children played by the little silver fountains that sprayed the soft grass.

I fancied too, I could see two small girls entering a wide, cool store, with all the shining interior neat and clean and sweet-smelling. I could see them speaking with the kind proprietor, who when he learned that they were come on a pilgrimage to his city, took off his apron, put on his coat and hat, and taking them, one in each hand, led them away to his home. There a sweet faced woman, like my mother, came to meet them at the door.

I got no farther, for at the thought of mother, the tears came so fast, I could not blink them away. Besides we had been walking and walking and walking, and my feet were tired and ached.

Minnie laughed at me for crying, until I grew ashamed and smiled the tears away. We walked on and on. The sun was very hot. The road was dusty. My feet went of themselves, and I could not think any more. I was so tired.

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At noon, or perhaps a little later, we came to the town. I looked at it once, and my feet refused to go farther. There were half a dozen small, unpainted houses, each in the midst of a weed-grown plot. From the nearest one a cur dashed out and barked at us.

I turned to Minnie.

"Where is the city?" I asked.

She pointed: "That is it," she said.

My heart went down and down. I did not believe in the man and the store now but I said:

"Where is the man who knows your father?"

"I don't know," said Minnie, sitting down comfortably. "I don't know which is his store. Anyway, I'm afraid he won't be glad to see us. Suppose we sit here in the shade of this tree and eat our lunch. Then we can go into the city if we want to afterward."

But the lunch choked me. I was so tired. Minnie however, ate cheerfully, and forced me to eat some too, by prophesying that I should be too weak to walk back to the farm. Soon after lunch we began to walk toward Minnie's home. The way seemed very long and hard. And I kept thinking always of those miserable little houses, and the weed-grown street, and the ugly yellow cur that barked at me.

It is so sickening to go on so long a pilgrimage and find nothing beautiful at the end.

So when we had walked two miles we met Minnie's big brother, with the spring wagon and gray team. I was very glad. He had come to look for us. And then I found that Minnie had not asked her mamma if we could go, and she was so frightened! They had searched for us all day long. It was very good to be picked up and taken home. It was better still, two days later to come back to my own home, and mother and little brother. I was so very happy there. I do not know that I ever desired to go on a pilgrimage again. Perhaps it was as well, I thought, that I could not. Maybe they all had bitter endings like this one. Who could tell?

Hewitt—That man has made a great deal of trouble in the world.

Jewett—I shouldn't guess it; he looks like a peaceable fellow.

Hewitt—Well, it's a fact; he is a clergyman, and has married a good many people.—Town Topics.

Teacher—Thomas, what are "parts of speech?"

Tommy Tucker (after an exhaustive mental effort)—It the way a man talks when he stutters.—Chicago Tribune.

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