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First publication March 4, 4
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Alfred Hogstadt, plaintiff, vs. Abram Ketcham and Sarah Childers, defendants.
 The defendants, Abram Ketcham and Sarah Childers, will take notice that on the 27th day of February, 1899, Alfred Hogstadt, the plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against Abram Ketcham and Sarah Childers, the object and prayer of which was to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, Abram Ketcham and Emma J. Ketcham, to the plaintiff upon lot number six, in block number four, and twenty feet off from the south side of lot number five, in block number four, being twenty feet by two hundred and twenty-four (more or less) in dimension, all in South Park addition to Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of one promissory note dated December 23rd, 1893, for the sum of \$250.00, and due and payable in five years from the date thereof; that there is now due and unpaid upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$390.00, for which sum, with interest from this date, the plaintiff prays for a decree of foreclosure and sale of said premises. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of April, 1899.
 Dated March 4, 1899.

ALFRED HOGSTADT, By his attorney, D. J. FLAHERTY, 331-333 Mc-Murtry Block.

The pen may be mightier than the sword but it is always the pen that tells you so.

Fashions of the Day.

A school friend of mine, a girl who now lives in the West—the wild and woolly West—is about to be married.

You see my friend, like young Lochinvar, had come out of the West, and on arriving in town she promptly sent for me and cheerfully informed me that, as the friend of her youth, she counted upon me to "help" her to get her trousseau.

I know the definition of that "helping" a woman to get clothes—you do the work and she wears the clothes. Everybody tells her how smartly she is gowned; she smilingly admits that she thinks she does "look nice." Figuratively, she pats herself upon the back and absolutely forgets then and there that you, not she, did it all.

Oh! I have not been my Lady Modish, with a reputation for knowing the right thing in the way of feminine attire without learning a lot about little idiosyncrasies of my own sex.

But to return to "Miss Lochinvar." Of course, when she told me she knew nobody in town and had not the faintest idea where to go for her bridal finery—there was no help for it—I had to say I was "too delighted" to "help" her.

Consequently, for one week I have worked like a dog. I wouldn't do as much for myself if I were to be married twenty times over.

It's a stupid idea, anyway, that a woman must put herself on the verge of nervous prostration, tearing about, getting four times as many "duds" as she has ever had before, just because she is going to take a new name.

In my opinion the whole idea is frightfully hourgeois, and I told "Miss Lochinvar" so, but she is too early Western to grasp such advanced thoughts, so she simply gasped feebly and hurried me on to the first stop on the day's list.

This is such a foolish time of year, too, to buy things. If one must marry with a trousseau one should arrange so that the fatal day will fall at least a month later on.

Then things in the millinery world would be suited and fashions would be in a condition to be criticised and sifted.

As it is now, only half the dressmakers who have been model hunting are back; the new materials are only just appearing; the new French frocks have not arrived, and things modish are generally in embryo.

We managed, however, to get twenty gowns or more, such as they are, but "Miss Lochinvar" is happy, and I have accumulated any amount of valuable information, which I much prefer in this instance to the gowns, though they are not half bad.

I know for one thing that red—vivid, flamboyant red—is to be the color par excellence this spring.

It may be plain red, or it may be red with figures in black, white or gray. It may be in foulard, in crepe de Chine, in satin, in cloth or in taffeta; but it must be red. Taffetas, by the way, no longer have the crispness and rustle so long associated with them.

Gowns can't be too soft and supple, or cling too much to the figure. The rustling taffeta has adapted itself gracefully to the present condition of slinkiness and has developed a softness and suppleness of its own that is most fascinating. These taffetas are a trifle difficult to find just now, but there will be plenty of them later on, and they are most appropriately named "taffeta ideal."

In plain colors, trimmed more or less ornately with Cluny lace, they are as smart a toilette as one can have for the little dinners at restaurants that are such fun in the early spring, and other informally formal occasions of a similar nature.

One particularly smart all red frock that "Miss Lochinvar" ordered was of transparent crepe de Chine—at least

that is what it looked like. I don't know what they call it, but it is deliciously soft and clingy, and it is covered with small polka dots in red chenille set rather far apart.

It is made simply, with the prevalent double skirt effect, and a few real old paste buttons on the bodice, which opens a little to show a chemisette in tucked red chiffon.

"Miss Lochinvar" has a smart red tulle toque, and a parasol made of the same stuff as the frock and built on very severe lines. They combine to make a toilette so chic that Lady Modish cannot cavil.

The newest toques I may mention are low and broad, and are all made of tucked tulle or mousseline de soie, plaided in some contrasting color and material.

One of the best ones that I have seen is in white mousseline de soie, plaided in narrow bands of black velvet ribbon; a clump of white roses with a generous supply of green leaves, holds the apparently loose folds that drape the toque on either side.

An all-black toque on this same model, with white roses, I am ordering for myself, and it will go splendidly with any number of gowns. Black and white is as good style as ever, and all black will be very much worn. Gowns of all-black lace are in vogue again, as well as gowns of all-white lace.

Not only gowns are made all of lace but coats as well.

The best thing in "Miss Lochinvar's" outfit is a long coat of black Chantilly lace. The yoke and sleeves are lined, and the sleeves are built on regular coat-sleeve lines. From the yoke the lace falls in long graceful lines to the bottom of the skirt in the back and considerable shorter in front. The lace is lined with one thickness of chiffon to give it a little stability, and the flaring collar is fastened at the throat with a large rose and foliage done in strass.

Irish crochet lace is on everything. I have always loved and worn it, so I am delighted that it has "arrived" in the view of the many at last.

"Miss Lochinvar" got a very good frock for knockabout wear in fairly dark-blue crepe de chine, made absolutely plain except again for the double skirt effect and a stunning collar of white Irish crochet. The double skirt effect is here to stay; there is no doubt about that. I am sorry for the short, fat little ladies that it does not suit; but such is—to them, at least—the bitter truth.

The new laces and trimmings are designed to encircle the top draperies we all must wear. Never has there been anything more beautiful than these trimmings and laces are this season. They are all stunning, too. There is one wide, heavenly pattern in black lace that simply defies description and leaves one in mute admiration. The design is bunches of narcissus, with a stiff, quaint effect between the bunches like—like— But there, I said it could not be described, and so there is no use trying; besides, I have lots more things to tell about "Miss Lochinvar" and her pretty things, only I must wait until next week, for I now hear her gentle Western call ascending, and it says, "Please come; the modistes are waiting and so am I."
 Lady Modish.

Talk not of wasted affection—
 affection never was wasted.
 If it enrich not the heart of
 another, its waters,
 Returning back to their spring
 like the rain
 Shall fill them full of refreshment.
 That which the fountain sends forth
 returns again to the fountain.
 —Longfellow.

"A man is never too late to learn," said Wallace.

"That's all very true," said Willis, "but he never finds it out till it's too late to do him any good."