

First Pub. Apr. 30-3

Notice of Petition—E 1546.

In re estate of Henning Peters, deceased, in county court, Lancaster county, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to the widow, children, heirs at law, next of kin of said deceased and to any other person interested in his estate, take notice that a petition signed by Dorothea Peters, praying said court to grant letters of administration of said estate to herself, has been filed in said court; that the same is set for hearing on May 16th, 1901, at ten A. M. before said court and if you do not then appear and contest, said court may grant administration of the said estate as prayed for. Dated April 19, 1901.

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

First Pub. Apr. 13-4.

D. J. Flaherty, Attorney, Richards Block. In the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Laura A. Meader, Plaintiff, vs. Benjamin L. Meader, Defendant.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

To the Defendant, Benjamin L. Meader: You are hereby notified that on the 11th day of April, 1901, Laura A. Meader, plaintiff, filed a petition against you in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to obtain a divorce from you, and to be given the custody of the following children, to-wit: James Meader, thirteen years of age, Milo Meader, ten years of age, Nellie Meader, seven years of age, and Etta Meader, four years of age, on the ground that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff without just cause for a term of two years last past. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 25th day of May, 1901.

Laura A. Meader, Plaintiff.

GOING TO A FUNCTION.

THE OVERTURE TO A LOVELY EVENING.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mme. Janbois, forty nine.  
M. Janbois, fifty-eight.  
Eugenie Janbois, twenty-six.

Scene: The home of the Janbois. An apartment on the four floor, rue de Babylone. Time: Half past nine in the evening in winter. Mme. Janbois, M. Janbois and Mlle. Eugenie Janbois are dressing to go out.

Janbois (entering his wife's room. He has trousers on, but no waistcoat or coat.) Damn!

Madame. I wish you wouldn't use such language, dear.

Janbois. It's disgusting!

Madame. What's the matter now.

Janbois. That confounded laundress makes my collars more limp than ever. I can't go out in a thing like this! (holds out collar) Haven't I told you a hundred times that I want them as hard as iron?

Madame (calmly). That's what I always tell her.

Janbois. Well, get rid of her and find some one else.

Madame. Oh, nonsense! I'd never find another as good in doing up my handkerchiefs and underwear.

Janbois. Oh, of course my collars don't matter (gives a cry.) Oh, Lord! How my shoes pinch me!

Madame. What's the matter with you lately! Do you suppose I am any more comfortable in these ball slippers?

Janbois. I know what it is. These patent-leathers always were too tight. I bought them six years ago and they are still as good as new for the very good reason that I have not been able to wear them.

Madame. That's because we go out so rarely.

Janbois. We go out as often as we're invited. They hurt at the big toe. I've often thought that my feet must be growing.

Madame. Go and dress yourself instead of talking nonsense.

Janbois. We've plenty of time. It's only nine o'clock.

Madame. I don't want to get there late. I want to be in time to secure a good seat for the whole evening so as not to be obliged to sit in a doorway all night.

Janbois. Oh, don't worry. We'll get there all right. I'll be the one to stand in the doorway until three o'clock in the morning.

Madame. Besides, we must think of Eugenie. She must get there some time before the dancing begins, so people can see her a little. You know she's not a bad-looking girl, when she takes pains to look nice.

Janbois. She reminds me of you at times.

Madame. She has your nose.

Janbois. Yes, but she's an attractive looking girl all the same.

Madame. Of course she is. So was I when I was a girl. But it's high time we got her off. She's nearly twenty-seven, and she looks it.

Janbois. Not at night.

Madame. Oh, yes she does, my dear. What do you know? The trouble is she has no idea how to dress properly. I have to look after her pretty closely.

Janbois. Well, you look after her. I'll go and look for a collar I can wear.

(Passes into his own room.)

Madame. Nini!

Eugenie (from another room.) Yes, mamma.

Madame. Come here, queenie.

(Eugenie appears in her petticoat, her hair only half dressed, and holding her comb in her hand.)

Madame. Listen, darling. What do you think I had better wear in my hair? My crescent, or the bird?

Eugenie. Oh, the crescent is perfect-

ly lovely, and you look too sweet for anything with that jet bird.

Madame. I know, but I can't wear them both.

Eugenie. How would it do to perch the bird on the crescent?

Madame. Nonsense, I'd look like a ballet girl.

Eugenie. What dress are you going to wear?

Madame. What a question! My green with the white lace to be sure. You know perfectly well that it is the only one I have. Your father has never been in a position to let me have two evening dresses at the same time. However, it does not matter about me. You are the one to look after. We only go out for your sake.

Eugenie. Oh, mamma!

Madame. Of course, so you can find a husband. Now, tonight, do see what you can do. Try your best to catch some one.

Eugenie. You know I do all I can.

Madame. Remember, you are getting on. You'll soon be twenty-seven.

Eugenie (tearfully). I was only twenty six last January. There are many girls older than I who are not yet married.

Madame. I know but that is no reason why you should not do all you can.

Eugenie. I'm sure no girl could do more than I do. I can't do anything if the men won't ask me.

Madame (soothingly). Well, come, dear, kiss me. I know you are doing your best. (Eugenie goes to kiss her.) Don't come too close. You'll take all my powder off. Well, hope for the best. Perhaps something will turn up tonight. One single soiree is sometimes enough. I knew I'd marry your father the first day I met him. I was told he was a young man who had a brilliant future in store, and that one day he would be very wealthy (sighs).

But we are still waiting for the wealth and the brilliant future is getting further behind us every day.

Eugenie. Poor papa! We love him just the same.

Madame. Oh, I'm not disparaging your father, my dear. He is a good husband and a clever man in his way.

Eugenie. He has a lovely office at the ministry and he has the legion of honor.

Madame. Oh, every one has that nowadays.

Eugenie. I'm very proud of papa.

Madame. I am too, of course. And he's so proud of me, poor man. He appreciates so much he couldn't get along without me. Ah, if you two had not me to look after everything, I don't know what would become of you. Pass me that tape measure. It's there behind you. It's near my dress shields.

(Eugenie finds it). That's it. Now see how much I measure around the waist. (Eugenie measures her mother's waist). How much?

Eugenie. Twenty-nine inches.

Madame. I'm glad of that. I'm getting thinner.

(Enter Janbois.)

Janbois. Well, are you fixing up Eugenie?

Madame. Yes, she'll be all right. (To Eugenie). Go quickly and put on your gown. (Calls her back.) What have you been doing to your comb, child, to put it in such a state? Have you been hammering nails with it?

Eugenie. No, mamma. But my hair is so long and thick that it gets entangled in the comb and breaks the teeth.

Madame. Long and thick indeed! And isn't my hair long and thick? My comb is certainly not like that.

Janbois. Well, it's different with you, dear. Eugenie's hair is her own, not a false piece like yours.

Madame. I wish, Edmond, you would not meddle when we are dressing. How

can you expect us to get ready? (Eugenie goes to her room.) False indeed! Of course, I have not the same hair as a young girl. You remember how thick my hair used to be. Now I am more than forty, but that is no reason why you should humiliate me before my daughter.

Janbois. Don't be silly.

Madame. Go away and let me dress.

Janbois. Can't you dress before me?

Madame. No, I'm going to keep more to myself in future. I see I have made a mistake to let you see me anyhow.

Janbois. How ridiculous you are. Do I stand on ceremony with you, ever since I began wearing flannel belts and stopped putting perfume on my handkerchief? Come, put on your green dress. I'll go and put on my coat. (Turns round at the door). Suppose I wear my old one?

Madame. No! No! Your new one.

Janbois. All right. Don't get excited. I'll wear the new one. I only thought it would save the other one.

(He exits.)

(Eugenie enters. She is all dressed and charming, although somewhat dumpy).

Eugenie. I'm ready, mamma. Do I look nice?

Madame. I'll at you presently. Your father has delayed me dreadfully.

Eugenie. Shall I help you?

Madame. Yes, get my gloves. See that the buttons are all right. And get my fan. And handkerchief and bracelet.

Eugenie. Your big serpent?

Madame. Yes. (Sighs). Ah, my poor child, you little know all the trouble you cause us.

(She finishes making her toilet feverishly, putting on the green dress with white lace which crackles like stiff paper).

Janbois (entering). Are you both ready?

Madame. We shan't be if you come in here every minute worrying us.

Janbois. I'm not saying a word.

Eugenie. How nice you look, papa!

Madame. Let me look at him. The red ribbon in your buttonhole is too big.

Janbois. The buttonhole was not small enough for the little one. I'd lose it.

Eugenie. I don't mind a large ribbon. It looks military.

Madame. Nonsense! Your father looks as if he were leading the cotillion. By the bye, you'll dance the cotillion tonight, do you hear?

Eugenie. Yes, mamma.

Madame. And try to get the son to invite you.

Eugenie. Oh, mamma!

Madame. I'll help you and you do all you can yourself. You are not a bad waltzer. Try and get the son to ask you for a waltz. I think he rather fancies you.

Eugenie. But—

Madame. There now. I'm ready! Edmond!

Janbois. Yes, dear.

Madame. Have you the front door-key?

Janbois. Yes.

Madame. And the candle for downstairs?

Janbois. Yes.

Madame. And thirty-five sous for a cab?

Janbois. Yes.

Madame. We'll try and get some one there to drive us home. Put my fan in your pocket and try not to smash it.

Janbois. Don't be afraid.

Madame (to her daughter). Nini, did you tell the girl to put on the table the rest of the chicken and the salad in case we're hungry when we come in?

Eugenie. Yes, mamma.

Madame. Let's go then! (The ser-

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