

[First Pub., May, 25--4]

**Notice to Non-resident Defendant.**

In the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Edward C. Perkins &  
Charles S. Maurice,  
Executors of the will of  
Albert E. Touzalin, deceased,  
Plaintiffs

vs

Horace A. Sibley,  
Defendant.

To Horace A. Sibley, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of May, 1901, Edward C. Perkins and Charles S. Maurice, executors of the Will of Albert E. Touzalin, deceased, plaintiffs herein, filed their petition in the above entitled cause in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you as defendant. The object and prayer of which is to quiet the title of the plaintiffs in the W. 1/4 of the N. E. 1/4 of section 1, township 9, north, range 6 east of the P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska, that you and all persons claiming by, through or under you be forever barred from claiming any right, title or interest in or to said premises adverse to the plaintiffs and be forever enjoined from interrupting their use and enjoyment thereof.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the first day of July, 1901.  
Dated at Lincoln, Nebraska, the 24th day of May, 1901.

Edward C. Perkins,  
Charles S. Maurice,  
Executors of the will of  
Albert E. Touzalin, deceased,  
Plaintiffs,  
By Charles E. Clapp,  
Their Attorney.

Doc. 28, No. 80.

First Pub. June 1--4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1555.**

State of Nebraska, ss. County court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Arthur E. Goddard, deceased.

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 July 1, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on October 1, 1901, and on January 2, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated May 31, 1901.

[SEAL.] FRANK R. WATERS,  
County Judge,  
By WALTER A. LEESE, Clerk

First Pub. June 8--3

In re estate of Harriett S. Burnett, deceased, in re estate court, of Lancaster county, Nebraska, E. 1557.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate, take notice, that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Harriett S. Burnett deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for probate of said will and for appointment of Lewis C. Burnett and Thomas McTulloch as executors thereof; said petition will be heard and proof taken on said instrument by said court, on June 26th, 1901, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and unless you appear and contest, said court may probate and record said will and grant administration of said estate as prayed for. Dated June 7th, 1901.

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

First Pub. June 8--4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1553.**

State of Nebraska, ss. county court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Orissia B. Greene, deceased.

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 July 1, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on October 1, 1901, and on January 2, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated June 7, 1901.

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

First Pub. June 8--4.

**Notice to Creditors.—E 1554.**

State of Nebraska, ss. county court, Lancaster county, in re estate of Polly Wilson, deceased.

Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation of claims against said estate is Oct. 1, 1901, and for the payment of debts is July 1, 1902; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on Oct. 1, 1901, and on Jan. 2, 1902, to receive, examine, adjust and allow all claims duly filed. Publish weekly four times in The Courier. Dated June 7, 1901.

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

First Pub. May 25--4.

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate.**

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, will at 10 o'clock A. M. on the 25th day of June, 1901, at the east front door of the Lancaster county courthouse, Lincoln, Nebraska, sell as an entirety at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real property of the estate of Albert E. Touzalin, deceased, situate in the county of Lancaster, state of Nebraska, to-wit, the n. 1/2 of lot 14, and lots 15, 16, 17 and 18 in block 5. Lots 16, 17 and 18 in block 6. Lot 7 in block 8, all in Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded. Also lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in block 1. Lots 10, 11 and 12 in block 3; all of block 5, being lots from 1 to 18, inclusive. All of block 9, being lots from 1 to 16, inclusive. All of block 9, being lots from 1 to 12, inclusive, in Second Hillsdale, an addition to the city of Lincoln, as surveyed, platted and recorded.

EDWARD C. PERKINS and  
CHARLES S. MAURICE,  
Executors of the will of  
Albert E. Touzalin, deceased.

**OMAHA LETTER.**Omaha, Nebr.,  
June 5, 1901.

Dear Eleanor:

In the spring we sniffle  
With a horrid stuffy cold;  
In the spring the fire's comfort  
Is a story that is told.

In the spring the moth ball  
Appears ridiculously soon,  
For in May we shake our flannels,  
Tho' 't were better done in June,

Isn't it just the fate of a genius to be a little behind his generation, a little in advance of it, or a little something which prevents a full recognition of his merit?

A week or two ago how touchingly appropriate would have been the gem I have flashed above. Now, forsooth, Nature deserts me, and the whole world has turned out and plumes about in the sun's golden bath, and everybody has forgotten what an anachronism spring is,—that indeed there is no such thing, save in the minds of men. However, remembering your joy in poesy, I determined you should not be denied, so I dedicate and send you my inspiration, in spite of the mockery of Earth and Sun.

Eleanor, just so sure as your pen becomes too ambitious and shoves your bark far on the sea of metaphysical or physiological research you'll lose me. I shall stay at the end of my ribbons—bobbing up and down and courtesying like an oriental dancing girl—but tied to the shore, quite unable to follow you, as your diminishing sail takes you outside of my mental boundary.

You are disposed to give the rose too much credit for fulfilling its manifest destiny. Who would not choose to be a rose—even from the time the heart of the close-shut bud quickens and the close-curling leaves slowly unfold until it is a thing of perfect beauty. What does the rose more than the lily, that "toils not, neither does it spin?"

I really dislike to be put in contrast with anything that has such an obvious "snap" as the much-idealized rose.

Don't you imagine we might accomplish a fairly successful career if the powers had ordained that we need only grow and be beautiful? If no further duty were required of us than to passively accept admiration as our rightful heritage, living a poetic life, dying a poetic death, knowing our perfumed remains will be treasured at beauty's shrine? No one even suspects a rose of motives—nor expects it. Aren't you a trifle conscience-stricken to think you contrasted faulty humanity with this perfect work of Nature? Ever since I can remember I have heard, "Penelope, if you had done so and so—" or "if you hadn't done this or that, you might have amounted to something." There is small consolation in a rose to one who creeps away to chew the bitter cud of reflection on his own record as a conspicuous and brilliant failure.

The sweet girl graduates are much in evidence these June days. The shop windows are snowy drifts of mull and organdie. Dainty fans and floating ribbons are temptingly displayed to ravish girlish eyes, as visions of commencement night jostle Greek and Latin exams aside. It is so very near that eventful time which shall put an end to colorless school days and open the door into that magical existence which is vaguely called "life."

To the winds with that time-honored fallacy that one's school days are his happiest. It would be a poor creature indeed who would hark back from the green lap of the fields—the green arms of the trees—to the desk, the ruler and duty-clad teacher of his youth.

"What are you going to do when you are through school, Alice?" I asked a young friend of mine who is to graduate from the high school this month. I knew it was a stupid, pedantic question, when she lifted puzzled gray eyes from

the ecstatic contemplation of her dainty class-day gown. "Oh!" she replied as she came back with a thud from her dreams to my prosaic meaning. "I don't know; but I would like to make a bonfire of all the school books in the world—drop all the paper pads and pencils into the Missouri river and then lie on my back somewhere and stare at the blue sky for a thousand years to come!"

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and I suppose hundreds of young eyes all over our land lift from the pages of learning with glad relief and think they would be satisfied to stare at the blue sky for a thousand years to come. But alas! dear hearts! skies are not always blue and eyes grow weary watching. I wonder if there is a niche waiting for everyone of these eager beginners. Sometimes it seems as if there were so many more people than places in the world.

It probably is not good literary style to digress too suddenly—but I am only writing a letter, and fortunately you are not over-critical, and that remark of mine refers strictly to the climbers and most emphatically not to the class of people commonly spoken of as hired girls. This species seems in danger of extinction. Do you have such a time in Lincoln as people have in Omaha in procuring "help?" Talk about the Cuban, Filipino or imperial question,—mere bagatelle! The servant girl questions bids fair to be the national problem of the near future.

A much-traveled society dame told "mama" that republics are not alone menaced; but the Old World begins to feel the inconvenience of that "I am as good as you" feeling. A feeling for which perhaps America is largely responsible. Those classic tales wherein tanners and canal drivers climb easily into the ermine and purple have gradually leavened the whole lump of humble but aspiring humanity. A friend of mine has recently had a discouraging experience in this line.

She tried vainly for some time to procure a cook, when one morning the coachman next door sent her word that an uncle of a friend of his knew of a niece of a cousin of his, who for a generous consideration would come from near Wahoo and preside over Mrs. Jones' domestic realm, if it suited her. Her blistered finger tips and almost ruined complexion forbade parleying. The domestic in question was supposed to arrive on a certain Thursday of an uncertain week. Thursday dragged its weary length to eventide and no cook appeared. The family retired hungry and disappointed. Somewhere in the wee small hours of the night they were startled by a sharp ring, which might have been the telephone or the electric door bell. A second ringing proved it the door bell. Mr. Jones hastily donned his bath robe and taking a feeble taper descended to the vestibule and demanded what was wanted. An unknown voice replied formally, "Miss Fitzgerald has come." Mr. Jones retreated in confusion and called his wife.

Mrs. Jones grasped the personality of the visitor in a flash, "Goodness alive; it's that girl."

And so it was, for when the bolts were drawn and the door opened a sprightly dame of some forty odd frosty winters glided in wearing a much-beflowered hat and showing a magnificent set of store teeth. "I am Miss Fitzgerald," she vouchsafed with queenly dignity. Oh! Eleanor, the time Mrs. Jones had with that proud but shop-worn descendant of the haughty Fitzgeralds! She wept copiously on all occasions. The divide right of kings wasn't in it with her idea of her rights as a Fitzgerald. Heaven only knows where she breathed that air of queenly prerogative she claimed. She could scarcely have imbibed it on the outskirts of Wahoo. Mrs. Jones declares she was a reincar-



**NICE DRESS SHOES**  
Patent Kid,  
Turned Soles,  
Glove Fitting.

**SANDERSON'S**  
FOOT-FORM-STORE  
1213 O STREET.

First Pub. June 8, 1901--4  
SHERIFF SALE

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an execution issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Isaac Cahm is plaintiff, and Frank E. Romandorf defendant, I will, at 2 o'clock P. M., on the 9th day of July, 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:

Beginning on the west line of section eighteen (18), in township ten (10), range seven (7), east of the 6th P. M., at a point nine hundred and forty-eight and five-tenths (948 5/10) feet south of the northwest corner of said section; thence east at right angles to the west line of said section fourteen hundred and seven (1407) feet to a point; thence south two hundred and eighty-five (285) feet to the north line of the county road; thence south westerly along the north line of said county road eighty-five (85) feet; thence west thirteen hundred and forty-five (1345) feet to the west line of said section; thence north along the west line of said section three hundred and thirty (330) feet to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres more or less, exclusive of right of way of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway Company across said tract; and also on the undivided one-half interest in two houses situated on the above described tract, also including all the machinery in the mill building on said above described tract.

Given under my hand this 8th day of June, A. D. 1901.  
Z. S. BRANNON,  
Sheriff.

nation of Cleopatra or Boadicea.

Her reign was short, but left ineffaceable marks. Mrs. Jones foolishly objected when she found her silver manicure set on Miss Fitzgerald's toilet table and the proud descendant burst into angry tears, clicked her magnificent set of teeth and said "she'd never ought to have went to work in nobody's kitchen. Her folks didn't want her to anyway. They'd just got a new melodeon when she'd left and she'd had to give up her music lessons to come anyways, and she'd go right back!" Mrs. Jones agreed with her as to the advisability, and now any day you may read in the World-Herald, "Cook wanted at—25 Ave. No reference required."

If writing a letter means filling space, as an after-dinner speech is supposed to fill time without saying anything, then even Chauncey Depew at his best or worst could not outrival this effort. Considered on those lines, it is surely a masterpiece. Yours,

PENELOPE.

**LINCOLN LETTER.**Lincoln, Nebr.,  
June 10, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

You are very much missed, as country newspapers say to a prominent citizen who moves out of the town. Please do not skip your letters to me, whatever happens. Neglect your relatives, your meals, your church and all your religious duties, upon the fulfilment of which depends your eternal welfare, even neg-