THE POET'S WISH.

Longod for Noctar and Ambrosia, But Ordered Like a Hungry Tramp.

"What," said the tall man, as he took a seat at a restaurant table, "is so gross as eating? Why cannot we, people molded in the shape of the rods. live without this vulgar feeding process? Why must we come three or four times a day, seat our-selves at a table and devour messes of various sorts in order to keep our-selves alive? In my Utopia I hope there will be no eating or suspicion of eating. I want all food to be tabooed, cast away, anihilated. I want to live without these pangs of hunger which are so unesthetic and be able to bask day after day in the beautiful sunlight and hear magnificent music, untrammeled by the thoughts of breakfasts, dinners and suppers and free from the enslavery of stomach-

Will the gentleman order?" broke in the waiter.

"No, no; go away! I can conceive of no more beneficent fate than an eternity spent where there are no cooks. I want nothing better here-after than an acon of life without a meal or the suspicion of luncheon. I pine for an epoch of existence where there shall be no thought of the grosser side of our anatomies. long to live without hunger and thirst. I want to be where I can worship art, where I can pay court to beauty in whatever form, where harmonious colors and soothing

"Will the gentleman order?" broke life shall be one endless succession of day-dreams and there will never be heard the ringing of the breakfast bell or the fanfare of the dinner horn.

music shall be my only stimulant-

..Will the gentleman kindly or der?" said the waiter, for the third time.

"I want-what's that? Want my "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "the

other gentlemen are waiting. "Well," said the man, glancing hastily over the bill of fare, "you may bring me some pork chops and

Bavarian cabbage, a sausage and a schooner of beer." And he wondered why the waiter snickered.

His View of It.

"Very well, madam," said the tramp, assuming an air of dignified self-respect. 'If you do not wish to assist me that is your own affair. I am well aware that our profession is not respected as it should be, and yet there are many people occupying high positions in life who are worse than we——" "Indeed?" interrupted the woman. "Certainly, my dear madam. Did you ever hear of a man of my class embezzling church funds or betraying the trust of widows and orphans? I venture to say that you cannot recall such an instance! Look backward, if you please, over the great frauds of the last decade! Were they committed by members of our brotherhood? Not one of them. And the lady was so impressed with his statement of the case that she forgot to watch him closely as he sed the chicken house-an oversight which she subsequently regretted. - Detroit Tribune

A Youthful Financie

He was a small boy, whose head was about on a level with the grocery counter. He swung a tin pail in one hand and tightly clasped four pennies in the other. "Pleathe. thir, how much ith

pint of milk P"

Four cents."

"Then pleathe give me three thent' worth and a peppermint stick. My mother thaid I could have the change, if there wath any, for candy, and she muth have known there wouldn't be It wathn't fair."

any. It wathn't fair."

And the young financier walked gayly off with a large striped stick of candy and a very little milk splashing in the bottom of the pail.

Not to His Taste.

British husbands, when their dinner parties turn out failures, are apt to grumble at their wives for the cook's misdemeanors, but they abstain from the practical style of rebuking practiced by the celestials. Recently the Chinese professor at a university gave a national banquet to follow professor. tional banquet to fellow professors and was much put out because the cookery was not to his taste. After a time he got up, bowed sciemnly and said, "Go lickee wife," and departed, returning presently, smiling as blandly as usual, after having ad-ministered judicious chastisement to his better half.

Will Any Be Deterred?

Mr. Darley, reading—A shower of rice thrown after a bride and bride-groom in England as they were starting on their wedding journey caused the horses attached to their carriage to bolt, with the result that the oridegrom was thrown out and ived serious injuries! Mrs. Darley, who has been re-

fused money for a new bonnet, spitefully—Another warning against marriage. - Vogue.

An Electric Omnibus.

An omnibus driven by electric storage cells is now frequently seen steering its way successfully through the heavy traffic streets of London, and a Chinese company have placed upon the market an electric carriage to carry four people at the rate of seven miles an hour.

Plunged in Gloom. Late Stayer-Why, the lamp is

going out.

Effic, tired and sleepy—I suppose it thinks it's time something went out -Siftings.

A WOMAN'S GLANCE.

Coquetry of a Colored Girl Causes a

String of Catastrophes. She was a piquant little octoroon, with a pretty face and stylish attire. As she started from the curb at a busy junction near the Brooklyn city hall she gave a pert glance at a welldressed colored man who happened to halt beside her, and he turned to cross the street, too, says the New York Sun. The girl reached the opposite curb just as the man reached the middle of the street, and, as she turned to walk on, she gave another roguish glance and a toss of her head and hurried out of sight. man's attention was attracted to the girl and he failed to note a swiftly approaching trolley car until it nearly ran him down; then he made a wild leap which would have done credit to a circus clown and landed on the curb on his hands and knees.

A heavy two-horse team was coming in the other direction. The driver's attention was attracted from his horses to the antics of the man, and one of them slipped and went down on its knees. A few yards behind the team was a trolley road switch, and the switchman's attention being diverted to the stumbling team, he neglected to turn the switch and allowed a car that should have turned off there to run several yards on the wrong track. Another car following ran over the switch, others behind it were halted, and at least four cars in all had to back to allow the first car to take the switch. Then, as the second car of the string started back rather suddenly it barely escaped collision with a car running into the switch from a branch, and, narrowest shave of all, came within a hand's breadth of running down an elderly gentleman who was crossing the street and who became confused by the shouting and irregular movements of the cars. And all this the havoc of a woman's eyes.

His Heart in His Stomach

Of a certain New York clubman, the Recorder tells that he became desperately enamored of a charming country widow. She was not unmindful of his passion, and invited him down to dine at her place. He was something of a gourmet, and as she was richly endowed with the accumulations of her first husband's trade in some patent medicines, the suitor anticipated a delicious little dinner which should make him appear at his very best when it came to putting the question. But when they were at table, and she served him only cold ham, jelly, ten and lemonade, his heart fall. He had never made love after a dinner like that, and he could not rekindle the flame. It was no go and he gave it up. As he was making his adieux, the widow asked with seeming simplicity: "My dear Mr. W——, how does one get into New York society?" His opportunity had come. It was a mean advantage, but he took it as he replied: "By not serving lemonade at dinner!" And he hurried to the station.

The Rattle of the Rattlesnake. The growth of the rattle of the rattlesnake has been studied by a German scientist, who finds that the rattle is frequently shed, and, after being shed (his snakes were kept in a very warm room), in three or four months two rattles were present, their appearance having nothing to do with the casting of the skin. The snakes were made to register the vibration of the rattle on smoked pr per, and it was found that the vibra-tion was a compound one, consisting of the vibration of the tail as a whole, and of the rattle independently of the tail vibrations. The approximate figures of vibrations were, for the tail, 75; of the rattle, 110 a second.

The Value of Advertising . A wealthy man endeavored to show That Fortune comes to those who advertise A poor man said: "'Twas money throw away," And seemed the other's logic to despise

They argued long, till each to his own view, Unknowing, had the other one converted. The rich man hastened to withdraw his ads, The poor man rushed to have an ad insert

A year age or more is it, I trow,
Since those two men thus argued and cor
versed.
One rich, one poor, they still exist to-day—
But Fortune their positions has reversed.
—Yankee Blade

One Kind of Gold Bugs. The gold bugs which were so popular as ornaments a few years ago were most of them manufactured. There is a genuine gold bug, or beetle, colored a pure bronze, but it is found only in the tropics, and is not plentiful even there. The gold bug of commerce is simply the common June bug dipped in shellac or some other gum and rolled in very fine gold dust. After the dust has dried in the shellac, the bug, except in weight, would pass for a piece of genuine gold jewelry.

Relics of Washington's Battles Relics of the battles that accompanied Washington's retreat from New York are still found in the Washington Heights region. police officer long stationed in that part of the city made an extremely interesting collection of cannon balls and military buttons and buckles picked up on the battlefield.

Just a Glimmer.

"Your sister was not at home last evening, Johnnie?" "You just bet she was!"

"I didn't see any light in the parlor. "Oh, yes, there was, 'cause I heard

pop say there was a spark there." Candid, But Cruel. She-Am I the first girl you ever

proposed to, darling? He, sincerely—No; but you are the only girl who ever accepted me.—
Modera Society.

THEIR FIRST OFFENSES. Great Writers and How They Got Into

J. M. Barrie made journalism a stepping stone to literary work of a mor detailed style. So did Rudyard Kipling. Hall Caine began life as an architect, though he ever rejoiced in scribbling. At 18 he wrote a poem, which was fa vorably accepted, and some years later during his leisure hours, he wrote "The Shadow of a Crime," which was found ed on a story told to him when a boy by his grandfather. George Elliot did not seriously turn her thoughts to literature till she reached her 37th year It was in the summer of 1875 when she positively decided to write a story. Her thoughts grew busy, and one night she had a dream that she was writing a tale, the title of which was "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton," and this dream, as we know, be came a reality. Charlotte Bronte orig-nally intended becoming a schoolmistress, and studied in Brussels with that intention, giving her services as English pupil-teacher in return. Mrs. Gaskell's tuition for literary work was letter-writing. Some of her more discerning correspondents advised her to use her pen for the public benefit, and the suggestion was finally carried out. H. Rider Haggard and Stanley J. Weyman both forsook the law for the pen while Jerome K. Jerome and Morley Roberts tried profession after profes sion before they turned their attention to literature. The work of a literary aspirant is "a mill that grinds exceed-ingly small," and the pen is no easy weapon with which to fight life's battles, but, as will be seen, choice rather than circumstances has in the case of many of our popular authors led to their adopting writing as a profession.

IRISHMAN AND JEW.

A Business Partnership That Has Been Entirely Satisfactory.

There is an uptown business firm, one of the members of which is an Irishman and the other a Jew. The Irishman was born in Cork and the Jew in Cracow. They have been in partner ship for several years, during which they have built up a flourishing busi The Irishman is beardless; the Jew has a flowing black beard. The Irishman is of the type of Rory O'More; the Jew is of the type of Moses, says the New York Sun. They are a mutual admiration pair and each has a solid espect for the other. The Irishman is rare wit: the Jew is solemn as the ralmud. The Irishman has a fine Corkonian brogue; the native speech of the Jew is the Polish jargon, which he mixes with his English. The Irishman looks after the firm's finances; the Jew attends to the buying and selling. The Irishman is a strict Catholic and goes to church on Sunday; the Jew is igorously orthodox and goes to synagogue on Saturday. The Irishman is "pudgy," the Jew is lean. They agreed never to talk upon religion, about which they disagree: but as the one is a bi-metallic democrat and the other a democratic monometallist, they can always find a subject for friendly argument. The Irishman is older than the Jew but the Jew is taller than the Irishman. Both the Irishman and the Jew have large families and the children of both ttend the same school. Most of the offspring of the Irishman are girls and those of the Jew are boys. The favorite ipple of the Irishman is ale and that of the Jew is wine. The Irishman is quick-tempered, the Jew is slow to wrath. These two business partners, one of them from Cork and the other from Cracow, have carried on their es tablishment successfully for years in this city, have divided the profits evenly every quarter, have never had a quarrel that lasted more than a minite, and have made enough money to raise them above the cares of life. Surely they deserve to grow rich.

DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE COW. ded Clergyman Lifts His H

to a Beast. Several good stories are told of the absent-mindedness of some well-known divines, says an exchange. Of one popular clergyman it is said that when walk ing on the street his mind is generally so thoroughly fixed upon some subject that he will pass by his most intimate friends without the slightest recognition. Once, when in the country, this minister ran full into a cow, which was calmly chewing her cud by the way-Without noticing the nature of the obstruction, the absent-minded clergyman lifted his hat and with a bow said: "I beg your pardon." Upon realising the ridiculousness of his error, he made a mental resolve never to commit like blunder again. Somewhat further on in his ramble, and while still ponder ing the same weighty subject, he approached a sharp turn in the road, be yond which he could not obtain sight of any moving object. Turning the corner quickly, he came face to face with a and, before he could check his speed, nearly knocked the woman down. Dim recollections of the cow episode evidently flashed through his mind, for he said sharply: "Go away, you dirty beast." What the lady said is not re-corded. Of another clergyman the tale is told that he was once riding with a companion through the woods in Vermont. For a long time not a word had been spoken, as the mind of the reverend gentleman seemed wrapped up in some matter far from his surroundings. Suddenly a fox darted across the road, directly in front of the horse's head. The clergyman did not see it, and his companion exclaimed: goes a fox!" As if nothing had been said, the minister continued silent, still thinking of the weighty subject of his reverie. Fully half an hour elapsed beore he asked, quite innocently:

Patriotic, Indeed.

At the last White House reception a woman wearing the American eagle on her head passed through the blue room and shook hands in the most solem fashion with the president and the ladies. No doubt she intended the headgear to be in compliment to the occa-

Garbage on Trolley Cars.

Mayor Jewett of Buffalo, N. Y., suggests the utilization of the trolley rafl-ways for carrying all street garbage out of the city from collecting stations established at convenient places along the railway routes.

railway routes. Not a Nice Toy.

A Coketon, W. Va., little girl put a dynamite cap on her lead pencil as an ornament. The experiment cost her three fingers from one hand and bad injuries to the other. REVENCE IS SWEET.

And Especially to the Writer Whose "Copy" Has Been Rejected.

was just wondering which was the easier way to rest my head-by pressing my ear against the window casing, or by hunching down into the form of the letter "Z," with my knees pressed firmly into the back of an innocent old party from South Greece, and allowing my hump of conjugal love to rest fondon the row of brass headed tacks along the seat back-when a young man boarded the train at Adam's Basin and dropped into the place beside me. He was a good looking young man, and somehow I fancied him one of the sort who dashes off little gems on one side of the paper only, with the very ink and in a legible hand, and then wonders why he is not more successful in literature. He evidently had stopped in the postoffice on his way to the train to get "the returns," and, from the number of bulky envelopes in his hands, he plainly had received quite a lot. For a long time he sat with a near-by look in his eyes, and then he began, one by one, to shuck the manuscripts. There was a little printed form in every envelope, and the count of titles didn't seem to fall short any. Not a solitary manuscript had stuck. I felt sorry for him. He sat there kind of sadlike, when suddenly the newsboy came through yelling: "Thi' smonth's mag's, -Censhry, Hoppers, Scrib., Cosmo, 'Tlantic, or—'' He paused beside my literary seatmate to display his wares. And then a transformation took place Shoving his hat back on his head, the spirit of revenge flashing from his eyes, the young writer exclaimed, in tones of most cutting sarcasm: "Thank you for the kind offer of the publications you name, but regret to say that I must respectfully decline them. Rejection does not necessarily indicate a lack of merit, however, and you may be successful elsewhere. A variety of reasons may make it impossible for me to make of them at this time." And then And then the young man sank back with a smile of triumph, and the newsboy, with stare, remarked, "Whach'er givin' us?" and passed on. He didn't understand it, but I did. I am an author, too.

A WOMAN'S BRAVE DEED.

Saved a Little One From a Terrible Death

"Hi-hi!" shouted again and again a group of excited people who had a few minutes before been quietly sauntering along the streets of San Diego, in Cali-fornia. The cause of the violent uproar soon became painfully clear. A herd of wild cattle was being driven through the town. Now, as is well known, the temper of these animals is uncertain, and on the afternoon of which we write the horrifled bystanders had proof of this fact. A little child was playing in the street not far from the spot where the cattle were passing, when one of the bulls—a huge creature, with large horns-made a sudden rush at the little one. To add to the terror of the scene, the drover was tipsy, and in trying to turn the furious animal he fell off his horse. Then arose those warning yells from the spectators, as they beheld the terrible fate from which, as it seemed, nothing could save the child.

At this very moment a lady happened to come into the street, and the noise of the tumult at once attracted her attention. She saw the child's appalling danger at a glance, and immediately sprang into the empty saddle. She succeeded in catching up with the wild bull, and threw her shawl over its head just as it was about to charge the child. She then, without leaving the saddle, lifted the child to her lap and took it way to a place of safety. This brilliant act of bravery awoke round after round of hearty applause from everyone who witnessed it; and as one reads of the splendid act one can almost hear the cheering yet.

THREES BEAT THE STRAIGHT.

How Dan Dale was Surprised by a No

Orleans Poker Rule "I lost a big pot of money in a poker game in New Orleans some years ago that taught me a valuable lesson," said Dan Dale of Chicago to a Washington Post reporter recently. "It was a table stakes game and a very liberal one, all the participants except myself having a goodly roll. I was in great luck, however, and had accumulated a lofty stack of yellow chips when disaster befell me and pretty nearly wiped me out. In this particular hand I drew one card and made a straight. By some sort of instinct that often comes to poker players I was dead certain that my opponent had three of a kind. Everyboy else had dropped out and we began raising each other until pretty nearly all my cash was up. Finally I was forced to call, and sure enough the other man displayed three aces. I disclosed my straight, and said in a friendly way as I proceeded to rake the pot, 'You play threes pretty strong down here.'
"'Yes,' said he, 'but not quite as hard

as you play straights.

"He then, to my utter astonishment, began raking the chips over to his side. Of course I made a vehement protest, but to no purpose. The other players voted me down in short order, and for the first time in my life I learned that the New Orleans sports rated three of when you are in Rome you have to abide by the law of the Romans, and kicking is of no avail. Very sore I was with myself for not first learning the game as it is played in New Orleans. but lack of the information cost me the biggest pot for which I ever con-tended."

High Priced Autographs. At an autograph sale in Paris in De-

comber, 1896, the signature of Christo-pher Columbus (which is, probably, one of the most fantastic sign manuals ever used) brought 4,000 francs, says an exchange. The only existing piece of manuscript in Titian's handwriting was knocked down at 3,000 francs, and one with Cromwell's signature attached brought in exactly half that sum. Alfred Morrison, a great English collect or of autographs, was present at the sale and paid a sum equal to 4,000 francs for the only letter written by Cornellie that has ever been on the market. The last letter written by Napoleon to the Empress Marie Louise was disposed of at the same sale, bringing 4,000 francs, and several signatures of Louis XIV. and Henry IV. fetched 1,000 francs each. CATERPILLARS AND SNAILS.

Myriads of Them Stop Railroad Trais in Turkestan and Northern Africa.

A train in Russian Turkestan was recently stopped by caterpillars. Near Klew an army of these creatures crossing the track, making a bee-line for the nearest gardens, where it was their intention to have a good time stripping the young vegetables of their leaves. When the train struck the mass the wheels crushed them into paste. but before it had made much progress they began to slip in the greasy and the train came to a standstill. Another locomotive had to be sent for to get the cars away from the slaugh-tered innocents. Meanwhile, it is said that the uninjured caterpillars stood up by the side of the track and made faces at the engineer. It will be remembered that some western trains in this country had a similar experience with grasshoppers during the last plague of these insects. In Algeria they have to keep a sharp lookout for snails, for the same reason. Only a short time ago on the line from Souk to Arba-Bizerte. a train was detained forty minutes by these creatures, which had come out in myriads during a rainy period, just preceding, and literally covered track. This accident probably could happen nowhere but in Northern Africa, where snails are so abundant that they often constitute as serious a plague as do the locusts. They climb the trees and shrubs by thousands, crawl out on the smallest twigs and nang therefrom like bunches of grapes It is not known whether they are of the edible variety; if so, the Algerians should not want for delicate food during the open season.

EUGENIE'S FATHER CONFESSOR

An Austrian clerical paper gives an

A Wizened Little Man Who Was Once Courted Church Dignitary.

interesting account of a man who, though once in the foreground of the most brilliant court in Europe, and still living, has entirely disappeared from public notice. The writer saw him at M. de Lesseps' funeral—a pale, wizened little man with snow-white hair and beard. This man is Bernard Bauer, for a long time a bishop, father confessor to the Empress Eugenie and a famous preacher. He pronounced the blessing on the Suez canal. He is by birth a Hebrew and a Hungarian. He took part in the Vienna revolution, was publicly embraced for his bravery by Kossuth then became a painter, and finally allowed Father Augustine, who was no other than the celebrated planist, Hermann Cohen, to convert him to Ca-tholicism. As Father Maria Bernard he delivered his famous sermons in Paris, which the empress attended. He was then particularly handsome, his face framed by a dark beard, his blue eyes full of expression. What was admired more than all else was the use he made of his delicate, beautifully formed hands. The woman raved of him, and he soon addressed all his sermons to them alone. The empress named him her confessor, and to please her he was made a bishop. He became so much the fashion that had he not defended himself he might have spent the twenty-four hours in the confessional When the republic succeeded the pire he gave up his priesthood, and has since quietly enjoyed life.

A WOMAN'S STRATEGEM.

Her Clever Ruse to Get Rid of the Bailiffs Was Successful.

A novel method of getting rid of men in possession has been discovered by an impecunious lady living in the Rue Thiers in Paris. In an unguarded moment she opened the door to the men, who had been watching their opportunity for some days. Finding what she had done, she tried to frighten the men There were severe penalties, she said, for taking possession without securing the attendance of the local police commissary. The baliffs only laughed at this, whereupon the lady went out to complain, as she said, to the police, and locked them in her flat. Shortly afterwards she returned with two policemen and said: "Arrest those men. They have broken into my place." It was in vain that the poor wretches declared that they were honest broker's men. Possi-bly their looks were suspicious. At all events the policemen, while muttering something about "having heard that sort of thing before," marched them off to the police station. Arriving there they were soon released on production of evidence of their identity. The men contemplate an action for false imprisonment, but meanwhile they have devise fresh means to secure an entry to the place from which they were sc unceremoniously ejected.

Christina Rossettl.

By the death of Christina Rossetti, literature, and not English literature alone, loses the one great modern poetss. There is another English poetess. indeed, who has gained a wider fame but the fame of Mrs. Browning, like that of her contemporary, and, one might almost say, companion, George Sand, was of too immediate and temporary kind to last. The very feminine very emotional work of Mrs. Browning. which was really, in the last or final result, only literature of the L. E. L. or-der carried to its furthest limits, roused a sort of womanly enthusiasm, in pre cisely the same way as the equally feminine, equally emotional, work of George Sand. In the same way, only in a lesser degree, all the women who have writter charming verse—and how many there have been in quite recent times!—have won, and deservedly, a certain reputation as poetesses among poetesses. In Miss Rossetti we have a poet among poets and in Miss Rossetti alone. Content to be merely a woman, wise in limiting herself within somewhat narrow bounds, she possessed, in union with a profoundly emotional anture, a power of artistic self-restraint which no other woman who has written in verse has ever shown; and it is through this mastery over her own nature, this economy of her own resources, that she takes rank among poets rather than among poetesses.

Girls for City Weighers.

The mayor of Medford, Mass., the town of old rum, has appointed two young ladies as weighers of coal, grain and straw. Of course, this has made the chronic office-holders of the male persuasion so mad that they can even enjoy getting drunk.

"There was quite of the store to-day," s man at the supper table
got into a row, one street
and then the crowd gat
man who was struck ran
a cart-stake and rushed blazing. I thought sur the other man's brain stepped right in between the young heir had given one tart as the narrative pro his eyes leaned right out of He was proud of his father, he cried: "He couldn't he cried: "He cried: "He couldn't he cried: "He coul brains out of you, could be The old man looked long at the heir, but the lad's a was frank and innocent When it closed with the inside the father gasped resumed his supper.—Roc

'Cute Thiag.
Mrs. Numa—Our baby is
est, cunningest little darlin
'What has she done late

une.

"She wakes up and o morning at 2 o'clock, and is just to flatter her papa.
him think that she likes sing .- Inter Ocean.

LEGAL ADVERTISE

NOTICE FOR PUBLICAT

NOTICE FOR PUBLICAN
LAND OFFICE AT O'Nm
April
Notice is hereby given that is
named settler has filed notice of
to make final proof in support a
and that said proof will be make
Register and Receiver at O'Nell
May 31, 1895, viz:
PHILLIP MORRISON, H. R. E

For the southeast quarter set ship 29 north range 12 west. He names the following wines his continuous residence upon a tion of, said land, viz: Richard John Fallou. William Cronin as right, all of O'Neill, Neb.

TIMBER CULTURE COMMUTAT NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION OFFICE, OF

Notice is hereby given that tell has filed notice of intents commutation proof before the Receiver at their office in Office for Office in Office

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATE
LAND OFFICE AT O'NEIL.
March 2, iii.
Motice is hereby given that the
named settler has filed notice of into make final proof in support of
and that said proof will be made in
Register and Receiver at O'Neil,
May, 3rd, 1895, viz:
FRANK PITZER, H. E. No. 1675 in
S. W. 14 S. E. N. W. 16 and N. W. 8.1
29, Twp, 30, N. Range 9 W.
He names the following witness
tion of, said land, viz: Frank 1.
O'Neill, Neb.; T. F. Reynolds, of fee
Joseph M. Hunter, of Mineck, in
Davis, of Hainesville, Neb.
38-6 JOHN A. HARMOS, in

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDEN

Henry C. Marmon, Ina A. Man Brown, first real name unknown, i Brigel and Mrs. Brigel, his with name unknown, defendants, taken Brigel and Mrs. Brigel, his with name unknown, defendants take on the 10th day of April, 185, the vestment Company, a corporation laws of the state of Massachuett, filed a petition in the district county. Nebraska, against you are county. Of Marmon and Ina A Mara Globe Investment Company, upon east 14, of section 29, in township arange 10, west of the 6th P. M., is is Nebraska, given to secure the parpromissory note, dated December the sum of \$250.00, that there is now high interest from April 18t, 186, a cent. per annum together with the county of \$150 with interest thereafted. cent. per annum together w sum of \$71.30 with interest the 1st, 1895, at ten per cent. per annual paid by plaintiff on said real sa which sums with interest and contiff prays for a decree that defead quired to the pay the same or the isos may be sold to satisfy the and due the plaintiff.

You and each of you are required said petition on or before the 20th 1895.

Dated April 10th, 1895.
GLOBE INVESTMENT COMPANY, PLE By S. D. Thornton, its Attorney.

In The District Court of Holt Cou Samuel G. Baily, Plaintiff,

Owen Ifor and wife, Mrs. Owen i fendants.

Owen Ifor and wife, Mrs. Owen fendants.

The above named defendants will tice that on the 30th day of April, plaintiff herein filed his petition is trict court of Holt county, Nebrasing that he is the owner of the folia soribed real estate, situated in Bols Nebraska, to-wit:

The east half of the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of the ship thirty-three (33), range fiteen in Ship thirty-three (34), range fiteen in Ship thirty-three (35), range fiteen in Ship thirty-three (35), range fiteen in Ship thirty-three control of Ship thirty-three (35), range fiteen in Ship thirty-three control of Ship thirty-three control of Ship thirty-three (35), range fiteen in Ship



