



Mrs. Graham's
CUCUMBER and ELDER
Flower Cream.

It is not a cosmetic but permanently beautiful. It creates a soft, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sun burn and freckles, and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water and nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price \$1.00, at Druggists and at Mrs. M. T. Patterson's establishment, 406 South 11th st., Lincoln, Neb., where she treats ladies for all blemishes to face or figure. Ladies at distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful."

If you Deposit your Savings
—IN THE—
Lincoln Savings Bank
Safe Deposit Co.

8, E. cor. 11th and P Sts.
THEY WILL EARN INTEREST FOR YOU

At the Rate of
5 Five per Ct. per Annum—5

Save \$5.00 a week and it amounts with interest in five years to \$1,500.00.
Bank opens at 9:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and Saturday evenings, 5 to 8 p. m.
Safes to Rent in Burglar and Fire Proof Vaults.

CANDY
—FOR—
EVERYBODY
Strictly Pure and the
Largest and Finest Line
In the City, at
FOLSOM'S
1307 O STREET.

We make a specialty of catering Ice Cream and Fruit Ices for Balls, Parties, Weddings, etc., and can serve them in the brick or by the quart on short notice at reasonable prices. Fancy Cakes of all kinds made to order. Telephone orders receive prompt attention. Call up 501.

Dr. Alma J. Coe,
Office, 1704 M Street. LINCOLN, NEB.

Chronic and acute diseases of women and children. Will be treated Wednesdays and Thursdays each week. Will treat difficult and complicated cases sent to the city.
Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., 2 to 7 p. m.

The Bond
W. T. SAWYER, Prop.

European or American Plan!
FINEST SUITES IN THE CITY

This beautiful new house is now under new management. All the latest conveniences, such as bath rooms on every floor, passenger elevator and superb service.

Table Unsurpassed!

Street Cars to all Depots pass the door
Cor. 12th and Q Sts.

THE FIRST ADVERTISER.

HE LIVED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO AND LOST A HORSE.

The Giant Strides Made in Advertising During the Last Quarter Millennium. Quaint and Amusing Notices Published by the Papers—The Key to Success.

When an American citizen wakes in the morning he pulls down under his pillow a watch, on the cases and works of which



THE SANDWICH MAN.

appear the advertisements of the makers. Learning by the timepiece that it is his hour for rising, he throws back the blankets in respect, and yet a waking advertisement. The cigarette he smokes as he strides offward is adorned with the vendor's address, and the crackers or bread he munches with his sherry or coffee at luncheon bear the baker's trademark or name. He reaches home at night and is welcomed by a smiling and triumphant wife, who explains that she has just returned from a satisfactory shopping expedition, which she was induced to make by reason of announcements of "bargains" at various stores published in the papers.

Empirically this is an age both of competition and of advertising, and in the forward rush to success only the shrewdest and best can be counted on to win the great prizes of commerce. The merchant must have good goods, and he mustn't hesitate to let people know of them. A thousand avenues are open for the exercise of his ingenuity. He may send out handbills, he may hire "sandwich men"—persons who perambulate the streets, their breasts and backs adorned with the placards of their employers; he may decorate fences and walls with posters, hang signs in street cars, or fill the windows of his shop with attractive displays, but if he desires to get "good value" for his money he will place his largest investment in printers' ink. Where any other device attracts ten, the judiciously worded, neatly arranged newspaper advertisement will receive the attention of a hundred.

It is now 250 years since the first advertisement was published by an English journal! The pioneer in making known his want to the world had lost a horse. He offered a "guinny" reward, and his steed was returned. Thereafter advertising grew apace, until now it has reached enormous proportions. Like all other great movements, many ludicrous and amazing incidents have dotted its progress to prominence, and a fine field awaits the author who shall collect the novel announcements of the daily and weekly press during the last two and a half centuries. Here are a few of the oddities, from time to time given to the public through the medium of the types:

A converted burglar will break the doors of hell with a gospel jimmy.
The liquor I offer is not particularly good, but as good as most of the whisky sold in this neighborhood.
A landlady will take pay in lessons on the guitar and board on washing days.
Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow flee
Go buy a hat of Dow;
You'll find it just the thing.

Not to grieve up the agony of eloquence, we state with great confidence that ladies attend our new style of spring and summer goods will find the effect so rejuvenating that all the cares incident to the season will be forgotten.

DRY GOODS
BAZAR SALE
TO-DAY

THE MERCHANT ADVERTISED.
dent to domestic life will be as blithesome as kissing the dew from the roses of beauty that bloom in perennial fragrance in the elysian fields of constant love.
Announcing of the loudest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism.
An editor wanted who can please everybody; also a forerunner who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's ad. to head the column.
Under the big display advertisement of a rival an economical merchant once secured the publication of these words: "Me, too, James Jones." The London Standard and some time ago criticized a new post printed, saying, among other things: "And this extraordinary production Mr. — modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe." The poet's publisher turned the tables by inserting among the favorable comments on the book printed in his newspaper advertisement the following:
Extraordinary production . . . equal to Goethe.—London Standard.
The extensive advertiser is famous where the philosopher, the warrior, and the writer are never heard of. His announcements fill the columns of the local press, are displayed on the fences and burns along the

country roads, meet the eye of the tourist by Lookout mountain, the Mammoth cave, Yosemite, Yellowstone park or the Palisades of the Hudson, and are familiar to the humblest villager or the inhabitant of the most isolated farmhouse. Indeed, there is more sense than poetry in the following verses, which first saw the light half a century ago:
First see the editor
When he's provided for,
Go forth in haste
With bills and paste;
Proclaim to all creation
That men are wise
Who advertise.

In this our generation
The lengths to which patent medicine men go are proverbial, but it was demonstrated recently that the English pillmaker is equally versatile with his Yankee rival. Some time ago a country congregation, poor and in want of hymn books, applied for low rates to a London firm. An answer was received that the books would be sent free provided no objection was interposed to their containing business notices. The congregration was accepted, and in due season a consignment of the desired volumes arrived. The minister thought that the publisher had been better than his word, for on examination the volumes showed no trace of the advertiser's art. They were used for the first time during the holidays. The Christmas hymn was given out and joyously sung. When they had finished the congregation first noted the awful fact that the last lines read as follows:
Hail the seral angel-singer,
Squillion-puller and the thing;
Peace on earth and merrily mirth;
Two for man and one for child.

Much ingenuity and novelty are shown by the theatrical manager of today. He is one of the firmest believers in printers' ink. He utilizes advertisements, "puffs" and posters with a liberality only bounded by his cash or credit. Sometimes he does things that are startling and not altogether creditable. One advance agent whom I know recently "billed" a southern town for an attraction called "Zo Zo, the Magic Queen." His labors over, he drank fire water and longed for more work. So taking a lot of flaming lithographs and a paste pot, he sought at night the monument to dead Confederate veterans, which was the pride of the place, and plastered it with pictures of rosy checked young women in tight-fitting, low-cut, and not altogether creditable. One advance agent whom I know recently "billed" a southern town for an attraction called "Zo Zo, the Magic Queen." His labors over, he drank fire water and longed for more work. So taking a lot of flaming lithographs and a paste pot, he sought at night the monument to dead Confederate veterans, which was the pride of the place, and plastered it with pictures of rosy checked young women in tight-fitting, low-cut, and not altogether creditable. One advance agent whom I know recently "billed" a southern town for an attraction called "Zo Zo, the Magic Queen." His labors over, he drank fire water and longed for more work. So taking a lot of flaming lithographs and a paste pot, he sought at night the monument to dead Confederate veterans, which was the pride of the place, and plastered it with pictures of rosy checked young women in tight-fitting, low-cut, and not altogether creditable.



THE NON ADVERTISER'S FATE.

prit to justice, evened things up by refusing the company permission to exhibit on its arrival.
On the opening night of a new play at Drury Lane theatre, London, recently, the proprietor advertised for and secured twelve baldheaded men to sit in the third row of stalls. Each received his admission, a guinea and a dress suit. In return he allowed a letter to be painted on his bare pate, so that when all the dozen were in line the delighted audience could spell this managerial assertion:
IT'S A GOOD SHOW

A rival house offset this by a nightly display of fireworks. Rockets were sent up which threw out in words of flame the title of the play and the names of the leading actors.
The above are a few of the novel and amusing features developed by the Anglo-American race in 250 years of advertising. The backbone and mainstay of the practice is of course the newspaper. Often the merchant who doesn't advertise has to close his doors and hand his effects over to creditors. Such an experience is a rarity for the man who combines the knowledge of what to put in stock with the knowledge of how to make people aware that he has for sale just the things they want. Judicious liberality is the best economy in trade, and honest wares, honestly advertised and honestly sold, bring the dealer popular confidence, financial competence and personal content. FRED C. DAYTON.

She Owes Her Life to Cold Water.
Cold water is a remedy long favored by those believing in the hydropathic treatment of disease, but now it would seem that it is also efficacious as a deterrent to suicide. Recently Miss Jessie Gilmore, a young lady of Augusta, Ga., having had a misunderstanding with her betrothed, wrote farewell letters to all her friends in town and her lover in Burton, mailed them and started for Walnut river to put an end to her misery. She carefully prepared for the fatal plunge, but first tested the water, and finding it too cold her nerve failed, and she readjusted her attire and returned home. The letters had been read during her absence and a search party organized to recover the body. Differences were adjusted, and now in place of a funeral there will be a wedding.

A Pig with a Cork Leg.
The merciful man who is unrefrugal to his beast must be Dick Walker, of Jessup, Ga. A pig belonging to him had the misfortune to meet with an accident which caused the loss of a leg. The humane and ingenious Dick constructed a cork leg to take the place of the missing member, and the pig limps contentedly around on it.

Joy of an Octogenarian Father.
Adam Oberholzer is an 80 year old resident of Wapakoneta, O. A year or so ago he induced a young woman to marry him by giving her a large oil farm and \$5,000 cash. The other day she presented him with a son and heir, and Adam vented his joy by going about the streets singing at the top of his voice.
Census figures show that there are forty organizations of theosophists in the various states of the Union, California leading with fourteen. All told, they number 695 members and own \$600 worth of property.

The Schwenkfeldians is one of the smallest religious communities in the United States. It exists in four counties of Pennsylvania and has a membership of 300.

Too Much Iron.
Doctor—Did you get that mixture of wine and iron that I ordered?
Deacon Waters—Yes; it was first rate. Never enjoyed a bottle of medicine better in my life. Drink it up without takin' breath. But, doctor, there was too much iron in it.
Doctor—Humph! So I should imagine.
Deacon Waters—Yes, the iron all went to my feet and made 'em so heavy I could hardly walk.—New York Weekly.



As Delicately Put as Possible.
Bristow—Funny thing about that moose. He was at least a mile away when I plunked him, and I hit him within an inch of the spot I aimed for.
Gordon—Was he standing or lying?
Bristow—Standing.
Gordon—There's the tremendous difference between you and the moose, Charlie.—Life.

Eastlake's Smart Baby.
"Let me tell you the latest cutting my baby said," exclaimed Eastlake to Squidzig, as they met on the street yesterday afternoon.
"Sorry," replied Squidzig, who is the father of six children of assorted ages, "but the fact is I've a train to catch, and only a few minutes to catch it in."
"Oh, it won't take a minute," persisted Eastlake, "and it's really the best thing she's ever got off, and she's awfully smart, so, for a baby only two and a half years old."
"Go ahead, then," said Squidzig, resignedly, as he looked at his watch.
"It happened a week or two ago. You see, her mamma left her just a minute to do some little thing, and when she came back baby wasn't there. Mrs. Eastlake found her on the porch in her stocking feet and fairly soaked, for it was raining hard. Her mamma grabbed her up and said very severely:
"Frances, if you had a little girl who went out in the rain and got her stockings wringing wet, what would you do?" And what do you suppose the smart little thing replied?
"Dunno. What?" asked Squidzig, with little apparent interest.
"She said, 'Put dry tittens on her, mamma. Wasn't that real cute?'
"Yes," replied Squidzig, with a sigh.
And looking at his watch again he started for the station on a trot.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

One Way.
"Let me off at Forty-first street, if you please," she said to the conductor.
Then she caught hold of a strap and stood up in the crowded car for the next two miles. At Forty-third street a gentleman who had been deeply absorbed in his newspaper suddenly looked up, saw the lady, and exclaimed with much indignation:
"Has nobody offered you a seat, madam? I hope you have not been standing long."
"Thank you," she said, with a grateful smile. "It isn't necessary. I get off at the next crossing."
Then the gentleman, with a glance of severe reproof around him, became absorbed in his newspaper again, and all the other men in the car felt perceptibly smaller. It is easy to gain a reputation for politeness if you only know how.—Chicago Tribune.

An Evening of Agony.
Mr. Nicefellow—Ah, Mrs. De Mellow, I am so glad to find you in. I have been unexpectedly released from a projected business trip, and as Wagner's greatest opera is to be presented this evening I wished to know if I might not have the honor of the company of yourself and daughter at the performance.
Mrs. De Mellow—My daughter has a prior engagement, one of those old time social entertainments recently revived, to be given in a country house—Virginia reel, forfeits, kissing games and so on, you know.—I will accompany you with pleasure.—New York Weekly.

An Impossibility.
Wagley—I understand you've been out west.
Wooden—Yes; went everywhere, saw everything.
Wagley—Well, what impressed you most?
Wooden—Well, I think I was most impressed by their snurries.
Wagley—Pardon me, that was impossible.
Wooden—Why?
Wagley—Because the sun doesn't rise in the west.—Boston Courier.

What It Taught.
Sunday School Teacher—And when the wicked children continued mocking the good prophet two she bears came out of the mountain and ate up forty of the wicked children. Now, boys, what lesson does this teach us?
Jimmy Primrose—I know.
Teacher—Well, Jimmy?
Jimmy Primrose—It teaches us how many children a she bear can hold.—Exchange.

A Series of Explosions.
Mrs. Fatwood—I cannot allow you to light the fire with kerosene.
Biddy—Sure, an' I always used it in my last place.
Mrs. Fatwood—And did you never get blown up?
Biddy—Yes, mum; most every day—by the missus, mum.—Puck.

His Laudable Intention.
Jaysmith—Can you lend me \$30, Glanders?
Glanders—No, I can't. You haven't returned the \$10 you borrowed last week.
Jaysmith—I know, Glanders. That is what I wanted the twenty for. I intended to pay you back in your own coin.—New York Sun.

A Pious Fraud.
Chandler—You are wrong. I can't think Harris is a fraud. I have seen him weep when he passed a beggar.
Fuller—Humph! That was to adulterate what milk of human kindness he had in him.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Could Be Worse.
First Tramp—Jim, let's get out of this country; it's dangerous.
Second Tramp—Dogs?
First Tramp—Worse'n that. Nearly every man I meet offers me work.—Exchange.

Annals of the Past.
Johnnie—Are you Noah's wife, Miss Olden?
Miss Olden—Why, no child! What do you mean?
Johnnie—Why, papa said you came out of the ark.—Munsey's Weekly.

IT WORKED.
A Plan Adopted by a Man Who Wanted to See the Play.
The theatre was crowded. The curtain had just risen. Jewels flashed, gay plumes on wondrous headdresses fluttered in the fro and the fashionable audience turned its eyes and opera glasses toward the stage and settled into the hush of expectation that precedes the opening of the play when the experienced stage manager has waited considerably for all the late comers to be seated before the bell taps for the curtain to rise.
In a conspicuous location about halfway between the orchestra and the front seats of the parquet circle were three ladies who had come in unattended about five minutes before. They were noticeable for the wide, flaring, umbrageous hats they wore. Directly behind them sat a nervous looking, despairing man, who was making wild but fruitless efforts to see the stage. The wide hats, with their wealth of tropical bird foliage, hid everything he wanted to see from view. In vain he wriggled and squirmed and craned his neck from side to side. The hats were too large, too close together and too richly upholstered.
Apparently unconscious that he was attracting the attention of everybody in his neighborhood and bringing the ladies in front of him into unpleasant prominence, he persevered till sounds of ill suppressed laughter were heard on all sides of him. Then he settled himself back in his chair with a world weary sigh, but the next moment took advantage of a lull in the performance on the stage to lean forward and address one of the ladies—the one who sat in the middle.
"Madam," he said, in a loud whisper, "I beg pardon, but it is utterly impossible for me to see through your hat, and the Lord made me too small to see over it. If you will kindly remove it you will make a wretched man happy for a whole evening."
The forty or fifty persons who were looking on saw the lady remove her hat at once, turn round and smilingly beg his pardon. They saw the other two ladies take off their hats also, and the example became instantly contagious. Ten or a dozen other enormous hats came off with in the next half minute, much to the relief of the sufferers directly behind them. Then the star of the evening stepped on the stage, and the attention of the audience was attracted to the performance again.
The details of this pleasing little incident are given in full for the purpose of explaining to those who witnessed it that the whole affair was a put up job.
The lady whom that man addressed was his wife, and the other two were his sisters.—Chicago Tribune.

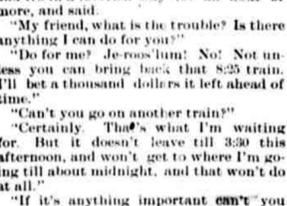
Couldn't Go On Without Him.
A policeman at the Polk street station yesterday morning walked up to a young man whom he had observed hurrying to and fro in a feverish way for an hour or more, and said:
"My friend, what is the trouble? Is there anything I can do for you?"
"Do for me? Je-ros-lum! No! Not unless you can bring back that 8:25 train. I'll bet a thousand dollars it left ahead of time."
"Can't you go on another train?"
"Certainly. That's what I'm waiting for. But it doesn't leave till 3:30 this afternoon, and won't get to where I'm going till about midnight, and that won't do at all."
"If it's anything important can't you send a telegram?"
"Send a telegram? I've sent half a dozen already. The fact is I'm on my way to a wedding to take place at 7 o'clock this evening. I've got some presents for the bride."
"Well," said the policeman, "the case isn't so bad. You can deliver the presents the next morning. The wedding will be over, of course, but—"
"Wedding over? Jumpin' Jupiter! It won't be over! That's the trouble."
"Why not?"
"Because it can't come off unless I'm on hand. I've got to be there. I'm the man that's going to be married. Policeman, you mean well, but you can't pour any of the oil of joy into this wounded bosom. I'll feel obliged if you'll go away somewhere and sit down."—Chicago Tribune.

He Had an Object.
"Look here," said a Sixth avenue druggist to a boy who had come in and gone out of the store and left the door open each time, half a dozen times in one afternoon. "You must be a very careless boy. I have had to shut that door after you each time you have gone out."
"I know it," replied the boy.
"Then it was done purposely on your part?"
"Yes, sir. My brother has patented a door spring, and my object was to call attention to it. Put you one on for a dollar which will shut that door a million times and never skip a cog."—New York Sun.

Experientia Docet.
The Sunday school teacher had just read the story of the bringing to life of the son of the widow of Nain, and then began to ask questions to see if her scholars had understood what she had read.
"In the first place, let me see if any of you can tell me what a widow is."
There was a long silence. Finally a small boy spoke: "I know, 'cos my mother's one. It's a lady what takes in washing."—New York Evening Sun.

All Else Forgotten.
"Didn't he once say he would never speak to you again?"
"Yes, but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a sure cure."—Puck.

Couldn't Hide It.
Mrs. Trumbull—It's too bad that your husband cut off his flowing beard.
Mrs. Crimple—Yes, but he had to do it. I gave him a diamond pin for Christmas.—Life.



Legal Notice.
NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE. The State of Nebraska, in and for the County of Lancaster, Nebraska, I, W. E. Gregory, County Judge, do hereby give notice that I will sell at public auction, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Lincoln, on Tuesday, the 29th day of January, 1891, between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real property, to-wit: Lot 11, of block 17 and the west 3/4 of lot 9, and the east half of lot 10, of block 55, all in the City of Lincoln, Neb. W. E. GREGORY, County Judge.

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The Atlantic
For 1891 will contain
The House of Martha,
Frank R. Stockton's Serial.

Contributions from
Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell,
and Mr. Whittier.
Some heretofore unpublished
Letters by Charles and
Mary Lamb.

Mr. Percival Lowell will write a narrative of his adventures under the title of
Noto: an Unexplored Corner of Japan.

The Capture of Louisbourg will be treated in
A Series of Papers by Francis Parkman.

There will also be Short Stories and Sketches by
Rudyard Kipling,
Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thunet, and others. The technical papers on Questions in
Modern Science

will be contributed by Professor Osborn, of Princeton, and others; topics in University, Secondary, and Primary Education will be a feature.
Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Parsons Mrs. Fields, Graham et al., Tomson, and others will be among the contributors of Poetry.

The Atlantic for 1891.
TERMS:—\$4.00 a year in advance. Postage Free: 35 cents a number. With new life-size portrait of Lowell, and also portraits of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, or Holmes, \$5.00; each additional portrait \$1.00.
The November and December numbers sent free to new subscribers whose subscriptions for 1891 are received before December 31st.
Postal Notice and Money are at the risk of the sender, and therefore remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letters, to
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
4 Park Street Boston, Mass.

—THE—
Library of American Literature
In Eleven Elegant, Large Octavo Volumes,
with over 6,000 pages, handsomely illustrated with 100 full page portraits. The cream of 500,000 works copyrighted by American writers. 1,07 authors quoted. Over 267 selections covering every branch of literature from 1607 to 1890, chronologically arranged. Compiled and edited by
Edmund Clarence Steadman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson,
and published by CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO., New York.

I do not see how any school in America can spare this work from its reference library for teachers and pupils.—Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. With it on the shelf, one may say to anybody: "Name your mood, and I will satisfy its appetite for you."—S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain). The best aggregate expression of what the American mind has produced in the two hundred and eighty years of its activity.—John Clark Reardon. I have the set complete, and there is not money enough in Nebraska to buy it if I could not get another set, and I am a poor man.—J. H. Merwin Smith, *Editor American Journal of Education, St. Louis.* I recommend it to the people of Nebraska as the most complete and valuable compendium of national literature that has ever been published. No select library is complete without it.—C. H. Gere, *State Librarian, Lincoln, Neb.* It is the best and most complete literary compilation ever issued in this country. It is very carefully edited and it is comprehensive and thorough.—W. C. Stewart, *Capital City Courier.*—It is not only indispensable to people of literary taste and acquirement, but it affords an excellent family library resort, where the children of the country can grow into the spirit and genius of our national literature.—Albert Watkins, *Neb. State Democrat.*

Sold on the installment plan. The entire set delivered on receipt of first payment, and balance divided into monthly payments.
For a set of this great work for a permanent situation, write at once to
N. E. LEACH State Agent,
2922 Vine St., Lincoln, Neb.

Notice to Defendant.
John Crighton Ballinger will take notice that on the 3rd day of December, 1890, John B. Cunningham and Chas. A. Evans, plaintiffs herein, filed their petition in the District Court of Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, against said defendant. The object and prayer of which are to foreclose the certain mortgage executed by John Z. Ballinger and Emma E. Ballinger to the plaintiff upon the following described premises, to-wit: Block 2, Block 3, of Second East Park Addition to the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, State of Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated the 9th day of March, 1890, for the sum of \$600, due and payable in monthly installments from the 1st day of January, 1891, payable each month with interest on the entire amount remaining from time to time unpaid at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, from the 9th day of March, 1890, payable monthly. Plaintiffs pray for a decree that defendants be required to pay same or that the premises may be sold to satisfy the said promissory note. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 5th day of January, 1891.
Dated December 3, 1890.
J. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Att'y. for Plaintiffs.

Notice of Estate of W. E. GREGORY.
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