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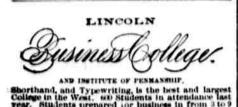
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and quick consumption. 42 package or 3 for
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LILLIBRIDGE & ROOSE, Lincoln,

In the District Court of Lancaster County In the Matter of the Estate

Show Cause. Thomas J. Kidd, Deceased. Thomas J. Kidd, Deceased, 1 Show Cause.
This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Francis E. Jones, Administratrix of the estate of Thomas J. Kidd, deceased, praythe estate of Thomas J. Kidd, deceased, praying for license to sell the following described real estate, situated in the County of Lancaster, State of Nebraska, to-wit. Lot three (3) in Block seventeen (175th Kinney's "O" Addition to the city of Lincoin, according to the recorded plat of said Addition, for the payment of debts against said estate and the costs of administration, there not being sufficient personal property to pay the said debts and expenses.

t is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at the Court House in the city of Lincoln, in said County on the 29th day of May, 1891, at 9 o'clock, A. M., to show cause why license should not be granted to said Administratrix to sell said real estate of said deceased, to pay

said debts and expenses.

It is futhur ordered that this order to show cause be published for four successive weeks in the CAPITAL CITY COURIER, a paper pub-lished and in general circulation in the said city of Lincoln. Dated this 8th day of April, 1891. CHARLES L. HALL, Judge of the District Court. 4-11-41

Columbia National

BANK.

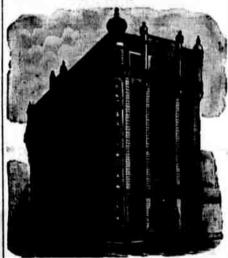
LINCOLN, : NEBRASKA. Capital,

Officers and Directors: John B. Wright, Pres. T. E. Sanders, V.-P. J. H. McClay, Cashier. A S Raymond, H P Lau, Thos Cochran R Sizer, Chas West, F L Sheldon. General Banking Business Transacted.

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O. J. WILCOX, Assistant Cashier. The Only Line Running Through the F. A. BOEHMER. B. J. BROTHERTON ended, "Sundays, when it's pleasant, I OKLAHOMA COUNTRY. The WALTER J. HARRIS. J. A. HUDELSON think he goes out for a walk by the lake."

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AN ADVENTUROUS YOUTH.

His Letters Showed That He Was Having a Great Time.

Kid Jelson, second son in a family of five, made up his mind he would leave the parental roof and go in search of a fortune. So he threw up his clerkship and left for a town in the northern part of the

"I'm going to hustle, I am," he said to a select circle of the boys just before he took the train; "and I'm going to make the jays of Jaytown hump themselves. I'll bet their eyes will bulge out when I get in the swim.

So he went away, and incidentally he left behind him a few little debts, of which he spoke thus to his indulgent father:

"I'd pay them now, but I may need the money. If you quiet any one who asks about me I'll send you some money before I've been there a month."

The rest of this true story is best told by

the publication of extracts from actual correspondence furnished by the indulgent father, who thinks they are worth printing to encourage others:

ing to encourage others:

New York, Nov. 17, 1889.

My Dear Boy—I think you had better send some money to your tailor. He spoke to me the other day, and I told him I guessed you'd fix things up all right as soon as you got on your feet. Your lodge dues are ripe also, and I would suggest that you communicate with the secretary. We are all well. Write me how you are getting on. Your affectionate father,

JAMES JELSON.

JAYTOWN. Doc. 20, 1889.

JAYTOWN, Dec. 20, 1889. DEAR GOV.—Everything is lovely and the goose is so high that she is out of sight. I took Dollie to the show the other night, and we had \$250,000

Solide to the show the other night, and we had a box. We created a sensation, you bet. I'm going to hit this town hard before I get through, and you'll see me coming in on the top of the wave, sipping the foam, before long. You'll be dead glad to own me. I am not rattling much coin together just now, but wait, and you'll hear the jingle of it clean to New York. Tell Harvy to send me his dress suit by the next ex-press. I will take good care of it. I need to keep up a front. Yours,

Then the indulgent father wrote a letter to his dear boy, asking him to make some definite statement as to his finances, as the family were anxious to hear and know how he was getting along. The dear boy

wrote:

DEAR OLD GOV.—Pretty tough this week, but am living high. Cause why?—Cause of my great head. Down on Chippe street there is a resort for invalids where they serve up the daintiest meals you ever saw. I am solid with one of the invalids. I go in, order a cup of coffee, and wind up with the incurable's meal of toast, eggs and chicken broth. Don't say a word, but it's great, and the poor duck sayz he enjoys seeing me eating. My check is coffee, ten cents, and I lay low for meal time to come around again. There's one fellow here who is standing in my way. I've got his girl, and I'm training her buildog to bite blazes out of him when be comes around again. Give my of him when be comes around again. Give my love to all the folks.

Then the father, who had been pushed by the creditors of his dear boy, began to get uneasy, and he started his next letter with a series of questions like this:

"When are you going to send some money to your tailor? How much are you making a week? Why don't you answer my letters as they ought to be answered?" The answer came last week. Here it is: JAYTOWN, April 16.

DEAR POP-I'm out of sight, and I've got

DEAR POP—I'm out of sight, and I've got the town on a down hill run. Everything is as lovely as a professional beauty. I have given everybody a grand rip up the back, and have bought Dollie a diamond as big as a goose egg. I played solid with the jeweler, and he's got my word for it. Am I in it? Well, I guess I'm having a great time, and I am going to pay you a visit in a special car pretty soon. Inside of a month I'll have to hire a bank expert to keep my cash account. The town is mine and I hold a royal flush. Yours with love,

P. S.—Tell Harvy to hustle his dress suit along and don't mind the tailor. Tell him I'll pay him interest.

Then the father wrote to a friend who

Then the father wrote to a friend who lived in the town, and received the information that his son was getting six dollars a week and was living very quietly at a four C. E. MONTGOMERY. ALEX. HALTER dollars a week boarding house. The letter

Settling a Wager.

-New York Evening Sun.

Mr. and Mrs. Billus had an argument the other day.
"I tell you, Maria," said Mr. Billus, "you

are mistaken. There are only four children in the Whilks family. "I know what I am talking about, John.

There are five," replied his wife. "If you were a man I'd bet you ten dollars on it."

"You needn't hesitate on that account, John. I'll take the bet."
"I'll make it twenty dollars to ten dollars.

"Mrs. Billus ran over to Mrs. Whilks' and returned in a few minutes rather crestfallen.

"You were right, John," she said. "There are only four children." Mr. Billus reached into his left trousers ferred it leisurely into his right trousers

"Let this be a warning to you, Maria," he said, with much severity, "and don't be too sure about things hereafter."—Chicago Tribune.

Saved from an Awful Fate.

"Gentlemen," said the Boston judge, "you have done your duty by convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree and it remains for me to pass sentence of death upon his head. But, gentlemen, the judge continued, "the enormity of the crime is so great that plain death will not explate it. I have therefore decided to meet the requirements of the case by a new and effective punishment." A breathless silence hung over the court. "Prisoner," went on the judge, "I hereby sentence you to be confined for life in a silk hat and sack coat." But the dull thud that followed indicated all too plainly that he spoke to a corpse. And a subdued mur-mur of relief passed over the court room as the spectators realized that the guilty wretch had passed beyond the terrible power of earthly justice.—Clothier and Furnisher.

The Pleasures of Friendship.



"So the marquis gave you those flow "Yes; and oh, Maud, he actually said that life without me meant nothing.

"Yes, dear; everybody says you are his

last chance."-Life.

THEY WERE SWEET SIXTEEN.

And They Talked as Girls Do at That Lightly Loquacious Age.

Every one has overheard incidental conversations held between girls of sixteen, when they are just beginning to assume a mature knowledge of the world. The main purpose of each is always to surprise the other by careless remarks of things she has recently seen or heard. They are quite self conscious, and each thinks of what she wants to say much more intently than she does of what the other is saying to her.

Two very stylish girls of this type met in a Fifth avenue stage recently. Both blushed, and as the new arrival in the omnibus drew off her glove and exhibited a unique ring while feeling in her purse for her fare, the other coughed nervously and turned over her portemonnaie so that its gold monogram was visible. When the newcomer had got her fare paid the two smiled at each other again and declared that the unexpected meeting was most fortunate. Then they both coughed a lit-tle, and took quick glances at each other's hats. The subsequent conversation went in about the following style: "I'm looking for a gold lead pencil with

an amethyst in the end." "M-m! I've got one with a ruby."

"M-m! Didn't you get tired of the opera this winter?"
"M-m! I got a new poodle from Paris this week and I don't know what to do with him. Eight dogs are more than I can

manage."
"M-m! I think a man I know has got such an absurd collection. Girls' boot heels mounted on silver pedestals." "M-mt I know a man who wears gold buttons on his waistcoat. So foolish."

"No."
"Was driving tandem with Tony Newmarket, and had a spill. Wasn't hurt, but my leader kicked the pole horse in the nee, and now I'm driving my ponies altogether—three abreast, you know. Why don't you come out on the river and see us? I'll give you a nice drive."

"M-m! Have you heard about my acci-

"Oh, I can't get out of town. My sculpture lessons, you know. Now that my last head was spoken of so highly by Mr. Jones, the art critic, I feel that I must do all I can to get something done for the spring exhibition."

"M-m! Did you ever see my collection of mustaches?

"Yes; I have eight. That's quite the latest out our way. Other girls have col-lected, but mine are all larger, some of the girls having to get mere boys to supply

"M-m! How's your mother?"
"Nicely. How's your father?"
"Nicely. I'm going down to buy

"M·m! We shall go to Europe this summer and may stay three or four years. want so much to live in Japan." "M-m! I'm so glad I met you?"

"Thanks. Call, won't you?"
"Oh, yes, indeed."
"We'll have a carriage to meet you at the station if you'll send word." "Well, I might drive my own horses

"Do." "Goodby."

"Goodby." One of them leaves the stage very much confused and wondering if she has made the hit she tried for with the one who remains. The latter looks after her friend, and then is cross with herself because she forgot to flash her new jeweled watch into view during the brilliant conversation. It is not certain that sixteen-year-old girls always grow entirely out of the humorous condition of self esteem herewith set forth. -New York Sun.

She Didn't Telephone. A boy about twelve years old rang the door bell of a house on High street east the other day, and said to the li swered it:

"Won't you please telephone to the police station for me? I have found a lost 'A lost boy? How old?" "About four years, ma'am. He can talk,

but he can't tell where he lives.' "Some poor child, probably." "Some awfully poor child. Why, he was the dirtiest boy you eversaw, and so hungry that ma said he hadn't eaten anything for a week. We think his folks lost him

to state prison. "So they had. Does he give any name?" "Oh, yes. He says his name is Burt —."
"What! Has he light hair and blue

on purpose. Ma says they ought to be sent

'Yes'm." "And one front tooth gone?"

"Yes'm." "He's my own boy, he is, and you walk him over here as quick as you know how! Also, tell your mother that people have become rich minding their own business!"-Detroit Free Press.

What They Had.

During the rainy season last fall, while the rain was rotting the bottom crop of cotton and the army worm was destroying the top crop, the following conversation took place in a country store in the Mississippi Delta between a couple of Jew

money lenders: Jake-Vel, Mose, ief the rain and der vet haf got de pottum krop, and de vurms haf got the top krop, vat haf ve got? Mose-Ve haf der mortgage!-Texas Sift-

Two Ways.

Jack-How is it you keep in such good spirits all the time? be if I had a toothache.

Jack-What do you do when you have the toothache? Harry-Think how happy I should be if

I badn't.—Harper's Bazar. A Mutual Bond.

Mrs. Bingo (to the minister)-Won't you have another piece of pie? The Minister-Thank you, no. Tommy (who has been warned not to ask twice)-I guess we are both in the

same boat .- Life. He Was Up in Lions.



The Fat One-What would yer do, Billy, if dat lion was ter break loose? The Lean One-I'd get behind you. He wouldn't grab at a bone when he could get

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IRA HIGBY, Principal Clerk

THE DIRECT LINE TO Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, St. Joseph, Kansas City,

And all points East and South, Denver and the Pacific Coast,

Harry-I think how miserable I should Deadwood, Lead City, the Celebrated Hot Springs of Dakota

And all points in the Black Hills. THROUGH VESTIBULE TRAINS

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Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars. Reclining Chair Cars, Seats Free.

Famous Burlington Dining Cars.

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