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In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

LUCY T. MILEY vs. JOHN W. MILEY. To John W. Miley, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 20th day of March, 1903, Lucy T. Miley filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer are to obtain a divorce from you on the ground that you have wilfully abandoned said plaintiff without good cause for the term of two years last past, and that being of sufficient age and sane to do so you have wantonly and cruelly refused and neglected to provide suitable maintenance for said plaintiff, you are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the first day of May, 1904.

In the District Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

WILLIAM BARR vs. ROBERT E. LAMB. To Robert E. Lamb, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 20th day of March, 1903, William Barr filed a petition against you in the District Court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to quiet the title of lot numbered five (5), in block numbered thirty (30), in the city of Lancaster, county of Lancaster and State of Nebraska, in said William Barr, and that a decree be rendered against you directing that whatever claim you may have in or to said property is withdrawn, and that you have no right, title, interest or estate in or to said premises or any part thereof, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the first day of May, 1904.

TWO NICE JOKES.

Can We Shoot His Own Hens and Took a Curious Note.

The Congressman Loren B. Sessions has taken his vacation. Left being glib, but he admits with becoming magnanimity that he was bested on two occasions. Living next door to him in the little village of Panama is a man named John Baker. Baker does in the title of counselor at law, but who a legal business is still he is never averse to taking a painting or whitewashing contract. Both Sessions and Baker kept hens, and it was their custom to allow the hens to run at large during the early spring months and late in the fall.

Sessions had finished planting his garden at the rear of his house and shut his poultry up in the henery. One morning he discovered, much to his disgust, that Baker's hens had paid him an early visit and scratched up a large quantity of seed. He went to Baker with his trouble and told him in his usual good natured way that unless he kept his hens confined they would be shot and thrown into his yard. Baker chuckled to himself and promised that his hens would cause no more trouble to the newly planted garden. Early the next morning he arose and liberated the congressman's hens, which were soon enjoying themselves on the forbidden ground.

Suddenly he heard several reports from a gun, and peering from a window saw Sessions approaching his house, bearing a number of the unfortunate victims. "John! John!" yelled the elated legislator. "I've kept my promise, and there are your hens. You'd better catch the rest of them or I'll bag them too."

"Why, Lo," said Baker, "my hens are all shut up in the roost. Those must belong to some other person."

"Go on!" returned Sessions. "Your hens and mine are the only ones that ever come into my yard, and mine haven't been out of the house since I made my garden."

"Well, you'd better look and make sure of it anyway," said Baker. So the pair jumped the fence and went to Sessions' roost, where the charmed confession discovered how he had been sold. Sessions gathered up the dead hens and took them to his own house, where they were nicely prepared, and the entire Baker family was invited over to dinner.

Sessions declared he would get even and made several futile attempts to do so, but soon played into his neighbor's hands again. Baker went to his friend one day and said: "Lo, I want a load of hay, but I haven't the ready money for it. Will you take my note?"

"I don't suppose you'll ever pay for it, but I'll take your note for 30 days," said Sessions jollily.

The hay was transferred and the note given in payment. At the expiration of the 30 days and the courteous three days extra Sessions asked Baker if he would pay the note.

"Certainly, when it becomes due."

"It's due now; the 30 days are up," said Sessions.

"I say it isn't due," retorted Baker. "Read it and see."

The congressman read the note, examining the date line closely, and detecting no flaw in it, said, "This note has run the stipulated time, and I want the money."

"Read it again," said Baker.

"What's this? 'Thirty days after death'—Confound you, what do you mean by that? Don't you intend to pay this?"

"I will surely keep my contract," said Baker. "Call around 30 days after I'm dead and get your money."—Buffalo Courier.

Drawing the Line. Mrs. Fort Dearborn—Alfred, what are you doing with the family album? Her Spouse pulling out another photograph—Expurgating it, my dear. "I don't understand." "I am getting up an edition of this album to be used in sending out invitations for this summer. The line, ray dear spilling out another, is to be drawn at fourth cousins."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Wanted. Hungry Henry—Say, boss, now I don't want you to get the misleading idea that I'm going to ask you for nothing to eat. All I ask of you is just a few points.

Proprietor of the Chop and Oyster House. "A few points?" What do you mean by a few points?" Hungry Henry—Well, say a few Blue Points.—Boston Courier.

No Singer. Mr. Pughlight—Truly, Miss Philtoeth, since I have moved next door to your home I have greatly enjoyed hearing your daily singing.

Miss Philtoeth (confused)—Pardon me, Mr. Pughlight, you know, and his office is right off our parlor.—Chicago Record.

Some Difference. Mrs. Mann—It is strange that you cannot hold the baby for a few minutes, when you used to be able to hold me on your lap for hours at a time.

Mr. Mann—The young one is restless. He squirms and kicks all the time. You didn't kick the least little bit.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Good Reason. "I didn't know Mrs. Denton's husband was dead. I thought he'd run away from her."

"He did only desert her."

"Then why has she gone into mourning?" "Because he came back."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Was All Right. "I suppose," said the householder to the plumber, "that with the departure of winter your profits cease?"

"Not at all," said the plumber. "I am the owner of a patent tonic to cure spring fever."—Harper's Bazar.

Made Him Tired. "My employer makes me awfully tired."

"What's the matter?" "Why, I have to work for him."—Chicago Record.

The Rivals. "It is folly for you, Micky McClosley, to throw your offerings at my feet. You'd give the one who has long loved my heart from you. He has all the attributes of a man. He wears long pants and chews as well as smokes."—Kraus.

HIMMIE AND DE DUCHESS ENGAGED

But the Duchess Had to Do the Proposing After a Scene in a Studio.

"Say, I'm feelin' like a free-time winner, up t' the limit an' stayin' dere wid' foot fest. Sure. De duchess an' me is goin' t' get hitched, an' I'm goin' ter be Mr. Burton's man, wot's de mug wot's Miss Fannie's felly. Dat's right. Wot's Say lemme tell ye: Miss Fannie and dat mug, Mr. Burton, is goin' t' git married, an' den de duchess an' me gets married, so as ter take care er dem. See? Mr. Burton's de mug wot fixed de job, 'cause 'e's been kinder stuck on me."

"It all happened along wid' Miss Fannie gettin' er picture took, by one er dem art' wot paints things wid' paint. Say, dose mugs—dose art' mugs—is er slick gang."

"I tink I'll learn dat trade meself one er dose days."

"Well, I was tellin' ye. 'Is wiskers' tole Miss Fannie t' go t' one er dem mugs an' get er picture took, so 'e could have it on de wall 'er she chases 'erself off wid' Mr. Burton an' don't live to home no more."

"Den she gets one er de dresses wot 'er modder wot, wots dead, an' de duchess puts it in 'er box, and wese all goes down t' de art' joint, in de carriage. De duchess chases up wid' Miss Fannie fer t' dress er, an' I chases up after dem wid' de dress in de box, an' w'en I gets dere I says t' meself, says I, 'Chimmie, I says, 'if yuse know er good ting w'en ye gets it, ye want's t' make er sneak from de coachman an' stay right here where it's warm, stid er goin' down dere on de street, an' stringin' de coachman, where it's cold. See?'"

"While de duchess was dressin' Miss Fannie in de dressin' room, I was pipin' off de art' joint, an' 'e was pipin' off de hemians."

"Dose art' is all for'n mugs. Dey comes from fo'n parts wot is called Bohemia, 'cause de duchess tole me dey was all Bohemians."

"I don't know jes where dat fo'n part is, but dey must be all great scappers dere, fer de mug had guns an' pistols an' knives an' clubs hang up on de wall wot I suppose 'e scrapped t' to home before 'e learned t' tink trade. See? Den dere was banjos an' fiddles an' beer schooners an' pipes, an' I don't know wot 'e call dere wese. Standin' round on sawbunks dere was lots er dose dinky pictures wot de mug painted on de floor, like wot ye see in de beer joints on de Bowery, only not so pretty, an' dere was no doors, only er carpets hang up."

"W'en de art' seed me pipin' off 'is game, 'e says ter me, says 'e, 'Wot's yer name, me boy?' 'e says. 'Chimmie Fadden, I says, an' I tink I'd stay up here, havin' rumintz had in me knee wot gets worse when I sits on de box wid' de coachman.' I says, string in 'im. See?'"

"Oh, 'e says. 'I heard tell er yuse,' says 'e, 'from Mr. Burton.' 'e says, wots Miss Fannie's felly. 'Yuse can stay in de back room, wot de maid says 'e, 'if Miss Fannie don't care.'"

"Den 'e pipes me off wid' 'is eyes kinder half shut, see? an' 'e says sometin' 'bout me bein' er good type."

"I don't know jes wot 'e meant, but w'en 'e says 'type' dat kinder put me on ter 'is game, an' I says, says I, 'Are yuse one er dose mugs wot takes tin types at Coney Island in de summer?' seens as how 'is game was takin' pictures, I tink dat was right. See?'"

"Den I tink 'e'd 'er laughin, dough I don't know wot 'e'll 'e was laughin 'bout less 'e tink I was a stringin' of 'im."

"Yuse can't tell 'bout wot fo'n folks is tinkin' off, but 'if 'e was fo'n 'e speeked English jes' as good as me."

"Den 'e gives me er cigarette an' says dat 'e's glad ter find I was—dis 'is very word—that I was as 'erackistic' as Mr. Burton said I was."

"Den 'e goes into de big room, where dere was lots er light and where Miss Fannie had wot, too, an' 'e begins ter take her picture."

"De duchess an' me we pecked ter de carpet wot hang where dere wasn't no door, an' I seed Miss Fannie."

"Say, yuse never seed nothin' like she looked. I don't tink dat dose angels wot she tells de mission kids 'bout ain't no more beautiful dan she was standin' by de side er'n harp, wot's er kind er big dago banjo wot she plays fer 'is wiskers wot er modder nister play."

"De art' mug stood behind er patch er cloth wot was on er kinder ladder, and 'e was paintin'."

"Prety soon de duchess whispered t' me wot I give 'er er cigarette, and I pinched one from de art' box, an' we sits down on er softer, an' de duchess she says, kinder pipin' off 'er cigarette smoke 'sid er me, says she, 'Did yer ast Mr. Burton yet for t' take yuse fer 'is man?' she says."

"Den I says 'No,' I says. 'Wot 'e'll, I says. 'Wot for?'"

"Say, she give me er look like I was er farmer, er dead farmer, but den she says, makin' eyes agin at 'er cigarette, she says, 'How will yuse be w'ed me, says she, 'w'en Mr. Burton an' Miss Fannie is married, 'less yuse go along as 'is man.' See?'"

"Say, den I tumbled, an' I tumbled so hard it jolted all de beat the outer me body. I couldn't open me mouth. Down where I ster live I was de boss jollier wid' de chip-pies, but dis time I was nottin' but er farmer."

"De duchess she give me er look wot paralyzed me wesen before, an' den she humped er shoulders like fo'n folks do, and chases 'erself round de room makin' er bluff er pipin' de pictures."

"Dat's de way we was w'en Mr. Burton chases in, an' 'e says t' de carpet door, 'Can I come in?' Den Miss Fannie she says t' de carpet, 'No, yar can't,' she says. But 'e begs, an' she lets 'im in, an' den I heard dem all laughin' w'en de art' tells dem 'bout me astin' 'im did 'e take tin types at Coney Island."

"Yes," says de duchess, 'yuse can talk fast 'nough t' everybody but me,' she says. 'Go down t' de carriage where yuse belong,' she says, an' she chases 'erself inter de dressin' room."

"Dat's de way I comes to tackle Mr. Burton. I nailed 'im dat night w'en 'e comes t' our house, before 'e got in, an' I says t' 'im, says I, 'I'm lookin' for a job w'ed yuse,' I says. 'If I gets de job w'ed yuse, I gits 'hitched to de duchess, an' if I don't I goes crazy.' I says."

"E taut er while, an' den 'e says, 'Well, Chimmie, says 'e, 'youse done me er good trick when yuse squared me wid' Miss Fannie's ladder,' says 'e, 'an' if Miss Fannie says so it goes."

"Yer dead on dere," says I. "If she says so it goes sure."

"I don't know wot kinder game Mr. Burton gives Miss Fannie, er wot Miss Fannie says t' de duchess, but de nex' day de duchess comes t' me an' she says, 'So yuse is goin' t' be Mr. Burton's man,' says she."

"Den I takes er big brace, an' I says, 'Not on yer life, duchess,' says I, 'not on yer life, wid' out t' no yer man first. I says an' dat's wot I said. See?'"

"Den de duchess she turns red, an' she says it'll be all right when I learns to tik English, but dat's only 'er way er sayin' me, 'cause if dey come ter 'er, 'er wot's up t' de limit, 'e's me English. See?'"

New York Sun.

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