

# The ESCAPE

A POST MARITAL ROMANCE  
BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BEND

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
RAY WALTERS  
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W. G. CHAPMAN



## CHAPTER I. In Which It Is Shown That Marriage Does Not End All!

The romance of life—in novels!—is usually pre-marital. No matter in what wild fury of passion and tempest, outward and inward, the young people may have been plucked, their author seems to think that he has quieted the raging seas of adventure with the oil of his pen—or of his typewriter!—when he has led them to the altar. In the minds of the creators of the children of fancy practically nothing ever happens after the forging of the hymeneal bond. In the world it is usually different.

The circumstances preceding the marriage of Ellen Slocum and Bernard Carrington the protagonists of this veracious chronicle of disturbance, were sufficiently unusual in themselves to have given rise to a number of interesting and highly exciting episodes, upon which with great reluctance I refrain from dilating, for Ellen Slocum belonged to an old and very respectable family domiciled in Philadelphia since the days of William Penn, while Bernard Carrington was an English baron of ancient and honorable lineage whose seat was a dilapidated castle in Dorset.

Ellen was an orphan, her mother having died in giving birth to her. Her father, deceased shortly before her marriage, had been a prosperous merchant and shipowner. Bernard's father, also eliminated from the story, had been a gambler and a spendthrift who had broken his wife's heart and dissipated his own fortune. Consequently, Ellen was blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods which more than matched Lord Carrington's lack of the same. Ellen was a staunch patriot, a rebel and a revolutionist therefore. Lord Carrington was a promising lieutenant in the English navy. In some qualities happily he resembled his mother rather than his father.

Without entering into the details of their previous acquaintance, suffice it to say that they had met while Lord Carrington was a prisoner of war at Philadelphia, and married. The American Revolution was over at the beginning of this romance and the scene is set at Carrington castle in England. Ellen's money, or a considerable portion of it, had been cheerfully used by her to rehabilitate the ancient seat of the family of which she was now become the chateleine.

There had been much business to attend to in the two years that had elapsed since their marriage; leave of absence had been obtained for Lord Carrington, arrangements for the converting of much of Lady Ellen's property into available securities which could readily be turned into cash, and a deal of planning and working with the architects and builders and so on, so that the marriage had been a happy one despite the fact that there had existed, and still existed, an original difference of temperament and environment between the two as great as had been that between their station in life and places of birth.

The time had arrived, however, when all the preliminaries having been gotten rid of, it was necessary that she should step forth as one of the great ladies of England into which station her money and Carrington's position easily inducted her. Her qualifications for filling that distinguished role were a strong and vigorous young body, a proud and high spirit, a pure and innocent mind, a lovely face, manners simple and unsophisticated, and an unbounded devotion to her handsome and distinguished husband. There was in her blood some strain of the sea and she had spent half her life on her father's ships. She could handle a small boat, or even a great ship, as well as a sail or for instance. And Lord Carrington had amused himself by teaching her how to use pistol and small sword almost as well as he.

She had the disabilities of her qualities, too. She had never touched a card; she had never ridden a horse, she did not even know the steps of the minuet or any other dance, and until her marriage she cared little about that prime feminine pursuit called "following the fashion." The two had been so busy in their first comradeship, there had been so much voyaging between England and America, necessitated by their plans, that there had been no time for these things as yet.

The two lovers had lived for each other and much alone during the period preceding the opening of this story, but with his castle now completely repaired and his fortunes thoroughly rehabilitated, Lord Carrington must needs exploit his good luck by showing his beautiful wife with whom he was very much in love and of whom he was inordinately proud, and eke his castle, to some particular and intimate friends of both sexes—men and women of fashion of earlier and less innocent days. The introduction of several varieties of Adam and a number of distinct species of Eve in this hitherto serpentless Eden caused the trouble to begin. The marriage had stood the test of isolation, the greatest test that could be imposed,

Was it to break down before the lesser trial of association? We shall see. It was an excited and angry Ellen who confronted her lord and master in her boudoir late one autumn night—or to be quite accurate, early another autumn morning. And my lord of Carrington was by no means cool himself, although he was more remarkable for natural imperturbability of manner than his hasty and beautiful wife.

As she spoke with him, however, she let down her hair and carefully removed those extraneous arrangements which had enabled her to raise it towerlike above her brows, doffed her silks, unclasped her stays and assumed a more convenient negligee, in which she was not less charming, as preparation for the imminent fray. It was to be the culmination—the minor culmination that is, the greater would come later—of a series of annoying incidents since the opening of the castle to the house party. My lord and my lady both had grievances which each was eager to present for the calm and dispassionate judgment of the other.

First in Lady Ellen's mind was Lady Cecily Carrington, a cousin several times removed of my lord's. The relationship was not near enough to render my lord immune nor was it remote enough to warrant indifference. Indeed, Carrington had had a rather difficult part to play. Ellen had discovered that an ancient love affair had subsisted between her husband and Cecily and she imagined—not without cause—that Cecily, a representative product of the vicious society of her time, was endeavoring to fan the embers into a flame. Nor could she detect in Lord Carrington's method of handling the situation any very pronounced desire to quench the fire, and his conduct toward his fair and, if reputation did not too greatly belie her, frail cousin, was not distinguished by self-restraint. In Ellen's eyes Carrington manifested a very catholic taste in the eternal feminine, for he gave much unnecessary attention to Hon. Mrs. Monbrant, a widow putatively at least, for no one knew where Hon. Mr. Monbrant was. His wife gave out that he was dead, but that testimony was not of great value. At any rate if he lived, he was wise in his generation and he kept under cover.

In the house party there was another eternal—in more senses than one!—feminine in the person of the ancient and imperious duchess of Dulward. Her great age precluded the possibility of jealousy of Carrington in Ellen's mind, but the chateleine of the castle did not like the ponderous and vicious dowager any more than the younger pair who were making the running apparently for the affections of her husband.

There was only one woman in the castle whom Ellen really did like, and that was Mistress Debbie Slocum of Massachusetts. In making up the house party Ellen by a freak of circumstance had desired to include some one from her own land. As fortune would have it, a ship opportunely arrived in Portsmouth bearing Mistress Deborah Winthrop Slocum as a passenger, consigned to her kinswoman and friend, the chateleine of Carrington. Deborah was the exact antithesis of Ellen: a quiet, staid, prim little Puritan, with all the characteristics of the Massachusetts branch of the family, utterly out of place in the society of Lady Cecily and la Monbrant, but not without a certain very definite charm of her own. Her type did not appeal to Carrington, however, and therefore Ellen loved her.

Having surveyed the woman through Ellen's eyes, we may take a look at the men through those of her husband. First in rank there was the duke of Dulward, a hard drinker, a high player and a rich liver; Admiral Benjamin Kephart, a jolly old sailor, and General, Honorable George Athelstrong, an Anglo-Indian soldier on the retired list. The qualities that distinguished the duke of Dulward were common to Athelstrong, in a less de-



My Lord Was by No Means Cool Himself.

grees perhaps owing to their different stations. The party was completed by the presence of Sir Charles Seton and Earl of Stratgate. Seton, who was Carrington's most intimate friend, had enjoyed a weakness for Ellen since he first saw her, but the friendship between Carrington and himself had been so true that nothing had been allowed to disturb it—as yet! Now Seton had succumbed to the charms of Mistress Debbie, and as Mistress Debbie clung to the lee—if this were not a nautical romance, I would say, sheltered herself beneath the wing—of Lady Ellen, Seton was consequently always about the pair, and with masculine blindness Carrington jumped at the wild conclusion that there could be no attraction for his friend except what lay in Ellen's charming personality.

So much by way of introduction.

### CHAPTER II. Needles and Pins.

"Sir," began Ellen imperiously, while settling herself comfortably in a chair before the open fire, "you have been pleased to find fault with me about many things which I have borne with what patience I might."

"Patience!" laughed Carrington unpleasantly.

Ellen's eyes flashed.

"You repetition of the word at this juncture serves to emphasize the quality in me, think you not so?" she retorted.

"Pray proceed, madam," answered her husband, dodging the question which indeed was unanswerable from the woman's point of view.

"I shall do so. This morning you actually laughed at me."

"Pore God, madam, what would you have had me do? Weep? I confess I felt more like it and if I laughed, it was but to turn off an awkward situation."

"And you call it an awkward situation that I was thrown from my horse, do you, and plumped into the brook, and covered with mud, and nearly killed? What made you give me such a horse anyway?"

"I protest, 'Tis the gentlest beast in the stables, and the tamest, I do believe in all England," returned Carrington bitterly. "A girl of ten could have ridden it."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered his wife with equal acerbity, "if the girl of ten had been taught to ride all her life. I told you that I couldn't. I hate the animals. Yet you needs must mount me to have me thrown off to make a spectacle of all your fine friends."

"If you remember," said Carrington, "I advised you to stay at home and you insisted upon going."

"What! And have them say that I was afraid to ride to hounds?"

Carrington in the face of this impasse could only shrug his shoulders.

"You're just about as helpful now as you were then. Why didn't you come to my assistance?"

"You lacked no help, madam. I observed that two of the gentlemen at least were by your side."

"You refer to Lord Stratgate and Sir Charles?"

"A good guess, madam, though an easy one, for they are ever by your side."

"And all you could do was to laugh, to join that painted, powdered coquette, your cousin, and that other bedizened romp by her side, in jeering at your wife. If I had them on the deck of a ship or a tops-yardarm, or at a wheel, I'd show them."

"No doubt," returned Carrington sarcastically, "and perhaps if you put on boxing gloves with them, or tried them out with the broad sword, they would be equally at a disadvantage, but one doesn't look for these things in women to-day."

"There was a time," interrupted Ellen swiftly, her eyes trembling, and indeed despite these things she was quite woman enough then, but Carrington was so blinded with passion as to be unable to see it.

"I have had enough of reminiscence," he began curtly.

"Was it in reminiscence," cried Ellen shrilly, "that you had your arm around Lady Cecily in the arbor this afternoon?"

"Did you spy upon me, madam?"

"Spy?" exclaimed the woman. "Lord Stratgate and I—"

"Damn him!" burst out Carrington. "What was he doing with you in the arbor?"

"He is my friend," returned Ellen, "he and Sir Charles."

"I would not have thought it of Charles," cried Carrington angrily.

"It was they who came to my rescue. It was not they who laughed when I fell."

"I tell you I never felt less like laughing in my life to see you made a fool of and those popinjays rushing to your assistance."

"I have been made a fool of," said Ellen steadily. "I am just beginning to realize it. I was well enough when you were alone with me and you were well enough then, but when others came—"

"By heavens, madam, are you contrasting me with that dandy and rogue, Stratgate?"

"He has never spoken to me other than in terms of the utmost respect and consideration in my life," answered Ellen bravely, "and I—"

"He had better not," burst out my lord grimly.

"And I would to God that I could say the same of my husband!" she continued disdainfully.

"If you treated me with any deference and paid more heed to my wishes these difficulties would not arise," said Carrington. "If you would be guided by me—"

"And what, pray, would you have me do?"

"Dance, game, act as the rest do, and—"

"I rode to hounds this morning. How

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## Union

From the Ledger.

Will E. Davis and wife, residing southeast of town, are the parents of a fine new daughter weighing eight pounds, born Sunday morning.

Lewis Curtis has almost recovered from his recent illness, and was able to be on duty at his barber shop Tuesday morning for the first time in over two weeks.

Mrs. A. R. Eikenbary arrived on the forenoon train yesterday from Brush, Colo., being called here by the death of her sister, the late Mrs. Charles Anderson.

John P. Thacker left on Monday for Alliance, to spend a few days investigating some of the real estate bargains that are said to be lying around loose in that country.

Myron Lynde lost a \$60 cow last Sunday morning, the result of bloat from feasting upon white clover. We are told that John McCarroll and D. W. Foster have lost several cows from the same cause.

Mrs. T. G. Barnum was called to Lincoln Tuesday afternoon by a message stating that her sister, Mrs. Emma Wallace had become very weak and that her recovery was a matter of much doubt. Yesterday afternoon a telephone message was received saying there was some improvement in her condition.

Some sneak raided Geo. Stites' restaurant Tuesday night and took about two dollars of small change, overlooking thirty dollars of paper money that was in the drawer. An entrance was easily made by reaching through a broken window and slipping the door bolt. The work is thought to have been done by a person not altogether that of a stranger to the town and premises.

If any one wishes to see one of the "Cyphers" incubators making chickens by wholesale it can be seen at L. R. Upton's hardware store, where he has the "wooden hen" working on 250 eggs. The grist is due to "ripen" May 22d, and at that time we expect to see Roy and Uncle Abe put on their wooden claws and begin scratching for those little motherless chicks. The incubator is of the latest improved pattern, and Mr. Upton can spin you a half hour lecture and show you how it does the work.

## Nehawka

(From the Register.)

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Davis, of Wyoming, Sunday morning, a daughter.

Mrs. D. C. West and Gladys returned home from Oskaloosa, Iowa, on Tuesday. They are both looking well.

Mrs. Nicholas Klaurens and children came down from Murray last Saturday and spent the day with her parents.

August Ost's horses got frightened at A. F. Sturm's Shetland pony last Saturday near Vilas Sheldon's, and ran throwing him out of the buggy. Fortunately he was not hurt.

A little lady arrived May 6 to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller, southeast of Nehawka. Ed wears a "grin like a Cheshire cat" and don't object to being called dad.

The smallpox patients at George Hansens, are reported to be getting on nicely. There are no new cases and Mrs. Hansen is getting up and around. George says that while it is a little inconvenient, he is much better off than if he was in town.

Miss Jessie Todd of Union was in Nehawka Saturday calling on friends, and the Register editor was honored by a call. She is company with Miss Zola Zinn, one of the teachers in the school at Union, was on a trip to the quarries, of which Miss Zinn was writing a description in connection with a course she is taking in Normal school work.

Sunday evening will go down in history as one of the darkest. Several people got lost on their way home from church, the worst case being Henry Lindsey, who wandered around until he found himself in D. C. West's back yard in an ash pile, he then found the way to Wm. Rose's, borrowed a lantern and finally got home. A couple of ladies found themselves in C. D. Keltner's yard. We have not heard whether any "Merry-Widows" were—soaked or not—but presume they found places of safety before the rain.

### Plenty of Cherries.

J. T. Bates, who lives on the Isabell place, near the poor farm, brought to the Journal office this morning, a twig about eight inches in length, with twenty-five cherries thereon. He says this is a fair sample of the manner in which the trees are bearing in vicinity of where he resides. From the appearance of the cherries on this twig, if it is any indication of the prospect over the country, there will be plenty of this luscious fruit for home consumption, and to spare.

In order to keep pace with other towns who delight to furnish entertainment for those who patronize them, would it not be a good idea for us to look around and secure a number of attractions for the summer season? The farmers and their sons and daughters will go to points where there are attractions, and while there they will buy goods. Don't forget this.

900 DROPS

# CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of CHAS. H. FITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloes -  
Rhubarb -  
Sassafras -  
Cinnamon -  
Peppermint -  
Ginger -  
Sulphur -  
Castor Oil -  
Syrup of Marshmallows -  
Syrup of Gum Arabic -  
Syrup of Gum Tragacanth -  
Syrup of Gum Benzoin -  
Syrup of Gum Myrror -  
Syrup of Gum Resin -  
Syrup of Gum Copalivum -  
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Syrup of Gum Sassafras -  
Syrup of Gum Turpentine -  
Syrup of Gum Venice -  
Syrup of Gum Zosterispermum -  
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Syrup of Gum Labdanum

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of  
Chas. H. Fitcher  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
5 Doses - 35 CENTS

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# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

of  
*Chas. H. Fitcher*

## In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Louisville

From the Courier.

Charles Boedecker of Murray was a visitor in Louisville Thursday.

John Helvy and wife were down from Omaha over Sunday visiting relatives.

Oscar Palmer came down from Lincoln and spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Martha Goehry has been elected as a teacher in the Plattsmouth city schools.

Charles Hoover is carrying one of his hands in a sling, blood poisoning having resulted from a pimple on his wrist.

The Burlington paint crew have been here recently and painted the depot, water tank and everything needing paint about the yards.

J. M. Ferrell arrived Monday from the east to take charge of the steam shovel work at the National Stone quarries. The quarry is now running a large gang of men.

A horse belonging to Ed Eager was so badly injured last week as to necessitate having it killed Wednesday. It was being unhitched from the cart, having a broken shaft, when it jumped and the broken shaft was plunged into the animal's side.

The pupils of the 7th and 8th grades planned and carried out a nice surprise party on their teacher, Miss Edith Johnson, at the home of Grandma Stander, last Friday evening. Cake and punch were served. Miss Johnson was presented with a volume of "Snow-bound" and a dish, besides a large bouquet of lilacs, it being May day. Games were enjoyed during the evening.

## Elmwood

From the Leader-Echo:

Ed. Langhorst's little girl has been quiet sick this week.

Master Harry Clements is very sick with typhoid-pneumonia.

Charlie Lake left Tuesday for Minatare, Scottsbluff county, where he has secured a good position for the summer.

Miss Alice Jeary of London, England, was the guest of Miss Clara Dettman and Mrs. C. S. Hast over Sunday.

Mrs. S. D. Eells and daughter, Mrs. Alpha Bicknell, returned Friday from a ten days visit with a sister and aunt at Long Island, Kansas.

Mrs. J. M. Neely and children, accompanied by her sisters, the Misses Edith and Kate Perry, went to Grand Island Tuesday for a few days visit with their parents.

After May 15th the merchants of Elmwood will close their places of businesses at 7 p. m., except on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and on these two evenings they will keep open until ten o'clock.

A severe freeze visited this vicinity early Friday morning and a great deal of the fruit went glimmering. Orchards that were surrounded by groves were not near so hard hit as those unprotected, and in these orchards there will be some peaches and apples. Fall wheat is booming and the dandelions promise a bounteous crop.

J. F. Stephens, the artist at the Perkins House, who has made the picture of so many horses, has been confined to his room for a number of days was able today for the first time to get down stairs.

## Legal Notice.

The State of Nebraska, in County Court for County of Cass.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret A. Patterson, deceased.

All persons interested or concerned are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said court, praying for the appointment of Mae Patterson, administratrix of the estate of Margaret A. Patterson, deceased, late of said county and state, and that a hearing will be had on said petition at the office of the County Judge at the court house, in the city of Plattsmouth, in said county and state, on Saturday, May 16th, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. All objections to the prayer of said petition must be filed before said day of hearing.

Witness my hand and official seal this 30th day of April, A. D. 1908.

ALLEN J. BEESON,  
County Judge.

W. C. RAMSEY, Attorney for the Estate.

## Notice of Application for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Emil Amende and Gust F. Mohr, have filed their petition with the village clerk of the village of Avoca, Cass county, Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of said village of Avoca, setting forth that the applicants are men of respectable character and are residents of the state of Nebraska, and pray that a license may be issued to the said Emil Amende and Gust F. Mohr for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the municipal year ending May 1, 1909, in a building on the west one-third (1/3) of lot five, (5) block (13) fronting on House street in the said village of Avoca, Cass county, Nebraska.

EMIL AMENDE,  
GUST F. MOHR,  
Applicants.

At Avoca, Neb., April 27, 1908.

## Notice of Application for Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested and to the public, that the undersigned, H. E. Rand, has filed his petition and application in the office of the city clerk, of the city of Louisville, county of Cass, and state of Nebraska, as required by law, signed by the required number of resident freeholders of the said city, setting forth that the applicant is a man of respectable character and standing and a resident of the state of Nebraska, and praying that a license may be issued to the said H. E. Rand for the sale of malt, spirituous and vinous liquors for the period of one year from the date of the filing of said application in a building situated on the north part of lot one hundred and eighty (180), of the said city of Louisville, Nebraska.

H. E. RAND, Applicant.

April 23, 1908.

## NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, 1888 - In County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin Hamard, deceased.

All persons interested in the above estate are hereby notified that on May 29th, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, a hearing will be had upon the final account and petition for final settlement and distribution of the estate of Benjamin Hamard, deceased, at the county court room at Plattsmouth, in Cass county, Nebraska, and which time said final account will be examined and adjusted and the final decree of distribution will be entered, and allowance made for the fees of the administrator and his attorney, that all objections must be filed by said time.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 30th day of May, 1908.

By the Court, ALLEN J. BEESON,  
County Judge.

(SEAL)

## America's Thermal Wonderland

## HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Curative waters, healthful and agreeable climate, restful surroundings—every form of recreation if desired, all completely illustrated and described in our new booklet, also rates at hotels, bath houses, etc.

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Call on your local agent or address  
B. H. PAYNE,  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,  
St. Louis, Mo.