WALL JIM CAME HOME A HAPPY OLD MAID.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary

Jim Baker was lazy and shiftless as a young man. He didn't drink, and he was good tempered. He had the reputution of being truthful and honest, brother, was homely. She admitted but everybody said he would die in the poorhouse. At the age of twenty- a woman, old or young, black or white, four, to the surprise of everybody, he has got to be at the jumping off place got married. No young woman in his before she will admit that. Yes; she locality would have looked at him twice, but one twenty miles away actually fell in love with and married him. A thousand different times in ders and false hair and fine hats and after years she tried to explain to her- good clothes she could have concealed self and others how it came about, but she never satisfied any one.

The father of Jim's wife gave her thirty acres of land with a cabin on she here it with such philosophy as it, and the couple went there to exist. she could summon up. Her brother For the first five years Jim was appealed to, protested at and complained of for his laziness. Then the hardworking wife realized that it was no use and gave it up.

Jim Baker read and heard of the civil war when it broke out, and he saw many of his neighbors enlist and go marching away. He had no particular interest in war. He was a patriot, but he didn't say much about it for fear he would be asked to swing his hat and cheer. That would have been hard work for him. It was only when days of the big bounty came that he sat down under a tree for serious thought. He was thinking when a recruiting officer came along and sat

down beside him and said: "Jim, if you want to enlist I can get you \$700 bounty money. It looks now as if the war would be over in thirty days, and just think of earning all that

money in a month." "I'll think it over," replied Jim after a long time, and that evening his wife noticed that he was looking very serious. When she asked if he felt ill he answered:

"Num. Say, Bet, I'm thinking of going to war."

She smiled at the idea, and he continued:

"I allus thought it was mighty bard work, but that feller told me today it was dead easy. All you've got to do is to eat and sleep and shoot rebels. You have a nigger to cook for you and load your gun. I believe I could stand that, and I'll get \$700 for going."

Nothing more was said about the matter that evening. Next morning the wife started for the fields, and Jim started for the village. She missed him at noon when she returned to the house, but she didn't worry. When he came home at sundown he tossed a big roll of greenbacks into her lap and

"I've enlisted for a soldier and am going away tomorrow."

She counted the money over slowly, it upon the clock shelf and re-

"Jim, there's wuss husbands than you. I'll be mighty careful of the money, and I hope you'll come back all

There was very little said next morning when he started off. She went to the plow and he to town, and the talk was all among the neighbors. After getting down to the front Jim wrote home now and then, but briefly. Sometimes he was mentioned in other soldiers' letters, but also briefly. The wife lived on alone. She missed the husband, and yet she didn't. Sometimes she wished him back, and sometimes she didn't feel to care whether he returned or not. She was in this neutral state of mind when the war came to a close at last. The soldiers who survived it returned home, and one evening as she sat on her steps with her pipe in her mouth a veterau in uniform turned in at the gate to

"Mrs. Baker, have you heard about

"Not a word." "He didn't come back with us."

"No?"

"Because he was killed in the very last battle. I was right near him when he fell. Mighty sorry to have to tell you."

A"Thankee for coming." she said. And not a dozen upore words were said. In her way the woman felt her loss, but she shed no tears over it. It did not keep her from her work next day. After two years she began drawing a widow's pension, and a sister came to live with her. After the sixth year she was asked to marry again, and again she was a wife. It was seven years almost to a day since she had been told of Jim's death when she sat alone in the house one day and a stranger entered. He was lame and dusty and grizzled and asked for a cup of water. As he drank it she looked at him more closely and then sunk into a chair and was speechless

for a moment. "Is anything wrong?" asked the

"My God! But you are Jim Baker, my husband that went to the war!"

she whispered. "You called me Jim Baker," said the man after awhile.

"Of course I did. You have changed, but you are Jim: Why didn't you write? Why didn't you come home sooner?"

"Madam, I beg you to excuse me, but you are laboring under a great mistake. My name is Langford-George Langford. I am a stranger to you and to this part of the country. The resemblance to Mr. Baker is simply a coincidence. Thanks for the wa-

ter. It has refreshed me, Good day," And Jim Baker, who was not killed, but whose long silence was not explained, went out of his house and away from his wife and was hover ment of again.

By M. QUAD. [Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

There was no doubt that Martha Baker, thirty years old and unmarried and the housekeeper for her widower that she was, and I'm telling you that was homely and ungainly, and the future held no hopes for her. If she had had the money to buy paints and powmuch of the homely and ungainly, but she didn't have, you see. Some pitied her, and some made fun of her, and Bill needed her services until he could bring home a second wife, and yet that same brother Bill seemed to take pains to say to her a dozen times a

"Martha Baker, I believe you are the homeliest woman in the state. By John, but you'd make a crab apple tree look sick!"

"Well, if anybody's to blame it's the Lord," Martha would reply as she dismissed the matter from her mind.

Sometimes a still small voice would say to her that her time would come, but she had waited so long that the voice ceased to cheer her. When a woman has worn the same hat all the year round for nine long years, with only changing ribbons from red to blue, she loses hope and can't be blamed for it. That hat of hers was in Nottinghamshire wallet handed. the guy of the village. It never appeared on the street without causing smiles, and it never appeared in church without provoking titters that the minister could not suppress,

However, that still, small voice kept on coming, and one day it turned up trumps for Martha Baker. She had once been extra kind to an old woman, and that old woman was kind enough to die and leave her a hundred dollars in cash. The lawver came for her signature and brought the greenbacks. Martha had never had even \$2 at a time in her life before. There were people in the village who were fairly well off, but to have a hundred dollars in cold cash put into one's hand all at once-why, it looked like the Monte Cristo business. The news went all over the place in an hour. Children stood at the gate with open mouths. and their mothers went in to count the money and to tender advice. There was advice as to robbers, investments, speculations and what not. Each had different advice to give, and Martha was kind enough to listen to each caller. It was wonderful how her stock came up. It started at zero and went to 150 in a day. She was the It. No one else was talked about. The grocer who tried to sway public opinion by hanging out a sign of "Two Bars of Soap For 7 Cents" didn't make two The minister came with home hints. They were not about her hat this time. They were about repaint ing the church, new pew cushions and

"What was Martha Baker going to do with her windfall?" became the absorbing topic of the day and night.

the heathen in Africa instead.

It has been said that she had worn the same hat for nine years. Do you believe that she had done so without its rankling in her soul? Indeed, she had got the idea that it was the old hat's fault that she was called homely and ungainly. More had been said against the bat than against nature, and her conclusion was a feminine if not a logical one.

Very well. She would discard the hat at last and replace It with a new one. She would do even better than that. She would make certain high headed women and girls in that town look dizzy. Martha was four weeks in coming to this conclusion, and then she didn't take even brother Bill Into her confidence. When she announced that she was going to Boston to do a little shopping he tried all sorts of arguments to dissuade her, but she was firm. She refused to believe that the cars would run off the rails or that she would have her throat cut from ear to ear and come home begglng for sticking plaster to bring the edges of the cut together. It was a terrible picture that brother Bill dangled before her vision, but she walked to the depot as calmly as an old goose and boarded the train.

There was no rest for any one in the village that day. Martha Baker had gone to Boston to spend or bank her money. Which would it be? No one knew when she came home safe and sound. No one knew for the next four days. Then the cat got out of the bag-In other words, two big dry goods boxes came for her by freight. Brother Bill had them hauled to the house and opened them with his own hands. She refused to name the contents to him or any of the score of callers. It was only when the papers were removed that he stepped back with a "By thunder!" on his lips. It was only when a certain object was held aloft by Martha to be gazed at that the women and children cried out:

"A hat! A hat! Martha Baker's got a new hat!"

"Yes, friends, thirty-six of them," replied Martha as she dived down for

Yes, thirty-six - three for every mouth in the year. There were winter, spring and fall hats. There were August, depending upon when your all shapes and sizes. There were thir- mother takes her vacation."-New ty-six styles of trimmings. Martin York Press. had bought the thirty-six for \$55, and the balance of the money had gone for freight and fare. The windfall row is very foolish, and castles are at had been made use of, and she was a any rate better than dungoons in the pubble old maid

An Indian faker had a monkey that he had brought up from babyhood, says an English writer. The pair were fast friends, the monkey being a faithful attendant on his master and as good as a watchdog. One day the faker made a ple for dinner and left it to cook on a charcoal fire while he went for a walk. As the cooking proceeded the savory smell was too much for the monkey. It raised the crust and tasted the chicken. Finding the food very tasty, it ate more and more until nothing but the crust remained. Then it remembered its master, who would shortly return hungry and ready to enjoy his meal. What was to be done? The sharp eyes of the monkey detected some crows not far away, so without loss of time it lay down on the ground as if dead. By and by a crow came along and pecked at the monkey, which seized the bird in a twinkling, strangled it, stripped off the feathers, placed it in pieces in the

The Monkey and the Pie.

incident was related by an eyewitness. Left Handed Vituperatives.

dish, covered it over with the crust

and then contentedly awaited the re-

turn of the faker, to whom the whole

Most counties in England have their idiomatic expressions to denote left handedness, and they are often prefixed to the unfortunate left handed child's name. In London the term is kack handed, the word being also equivalent to awkward. In Lancashire it is k-pawed, in Yorkshire gallock or gawk handed, an expression dating back to at least the seventeenth century. In Derbyshire are used the terms keg handed, cork handed and corky handed, while in the Teesdate district cuddy handed is common and

In the south of England special terms to denote left handedness are also found. In Dorset it is scrame handed and in Devonshire coochy handed. In Scotland we find gawk handed and in the west cawry handed. In Ireland a left handed man is called a kithogue. Tim Healy used this word in a speech at East Wicklow, in which he said that Mr. O'Kelly could fight with his left hand and had already given his opponent some "kithogues" that would spoil his political beauty during the contest.-London Chronicle

Bursting Balloons.

The greatest danger of a high ascent in a balloon is concerned with the changing density of the atmosphere. On the ground the atmosphere presses on the balloon with a weight of about fifteen pounds for every square inch of its surface. As the balloon rises, however, the air grows thinner and its pressure becomes in consequence less and less. As the pressure of the outside atmosphere decreases the balloon expands, and if the ascension is made too rapidly or without sufficient care the gas inside the silk envelope will expand until the balloon bursts. But the bursting of a balloon in midair is by no means necessarily a fatal catastrophe. Every balloon is provided with a "ripping cord" which, when pulled, cuts a long rent in the envelore out of which the gas speedily escapes. The silk bag is then carried by the air into the upper portion of the netting, where in the majority of cases it forms a parachute and brings everything safely to earth.

Doubtful Praise.

Mr. Faxon was the oldest patron of the "select boarding house" in which he lived, and his landlady sometimes referred people to him for a recommendation of her table. His wish was to praise the food highly, as he could conscientiously do, but one day he overstepped his mark.

"I'm dyspeptic, sir," said a man who had gone to Mr. Faxon to make inquirles about the boarding house, "and my food has to be simple and well cooked-no high seasoning, no indigestible compounds."

Mr. Faxon looked at him with a bland and reassuring smile.

"My dear sir." he said in his most impressive manner, "you need have no fears. All I have eaten in the ten years I have been under Mrs. Brown's roof would not interfere with the digestion of the most delicate baby, sir. in the land."

When Lovers Watched the Corpse. Most curious of the old time superstitions of New England was the custom of requiring lovers to watch the corpse. It associated the hopes of marriage with the silent vigil, was poetic and has only disappeared from the oldest towns within a generation. No obligation of the social conscience was more scrupulously regarded than that a dead body should never be left alone at night. In the earliest days the solemn watchers were old men and women, deacons, selectmen, but as the colonies grew honest lovers with plighted troths were frequently selected for these long vigils.

Safer.

"Your political autagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend.

"Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts"-Washington Star.

The Way It Seemed.

"The lungest days of the year are is June, pa, but when are the shortest?" "Sometimes in July and sometimes in

Foresight is very wise, but foresore + ale - Big John Lubbous

AN ANONYMOUS NOTE

BY HELEN V. TURNER. [Copyright, 1909, by American Fress Asso-

ciation I The theatrical manager received a card on which was engraved "Jules Nostand."

The manager tapped a bell. An attendant appeared and was directed to admit the visitor. The latter entered with a roll of manuscript.

"M. Rostand," said the manager, advancing effusively and taking both hands of the visitor to his, "I am delighted to see you."

Pardon, sir; you have mistaken the name. It is Nostand, not Rostand. am not the author of 'Cyrano de Bergerac."

"No; you are not, but you are a under the guidance of your uncle."

The visitor stood looking in astonishment at the manager, then said: "May I ask how you became aware

of that?" "I was informed by an anonymous note."

"Parblen! It was agreed between my uncle and myself that I should come over here and offer my play for what it is intrinsically worth. Unless betray my identity my plan has

fulled." "You need not go further with your work. I am ready to make you an offer for it."

"I prefer that it shall stand on its

"It shall. If it is not worthy of pro duction it shall not be placed by me on the boards. I take especial pride in giving to the public only such plays as seem to me to be meritorious."

"But you said you were ready to make me an offer for mine,"

"Certainly. I knew that your uncle would not consent to your offering an inferior play and that no work could be inferior which he had supervised."

The visitor, who had meanwhile been invited to take a seat, sat tapping the roll in his hand with his fingers. He was evidently dissatisfied with the turn the affair had taken.

"Come, M. Rostand, or Nostand, if you prefer," he continued. "I will take your play home with me tonight. read it and give you an answer tomorrow. I pledge you my word that if I think it will not be acceptable to the public I shall decline it and you shall be free to offer it where you like, I agreeing to keep your secret."

"Since you already possess that seeret," replied the author, with evident reluctance, "I can do nothing but what you propose. I therefore leave my manuscript with you till tomorrow morning at-what hour?"

"Ten o'clock. Nine if you prefer it." "I will call at 10. I shall rely upon you to ignore me and my uncle's reputation in the matter and produce my play only if you consider it meritorious."

"Certainly." "Remember that my own name, Nostand, must be published as the author, not that of my uncle."

The manager stroked his beard complacently and looked at the author through a pair of shrewd, twinkling

"It's the play I want," he said, "not the name."

The author withdrew, while the manager, returning to his desk, opened a drawer and took out a printed form of contract, the blank spaces of which he reserved to 60. Then he unlocked a state of Notes and Notes are not spaced at the first space of Notes and Notes are not spaced at the first space of Notes and Notes are not spaced at the first space of Notes are not spaced at the first space of Notes are not spaced at the first space of Notes are not spaced at the first space of Notes are not spaced at the first space of the first space at the first space of the first space at the first space of the first space at the first space a proceeded to fill. Then he unlocked a safe, put M. Nostand's manuscript within its steel doors, shot the bolts and, taking up his hat and cane, left

The next morning at 10 o'clock the manager was in his office awaiting a call from M. Nostand. At 11 o'clock, when he had not appeared, the brow of the man who had flattered himself that he had secured a prize began to darken. But, remembering that he had the play locked in his safe, his complacency returned to him. At 11:30 the author was announced. He was received with distinguished consideration. The manager handed him the contract he had prepared.

"What's this?" asked the author, glancing at the document.

"You think," said the manager, "that \$5,000 advance payment is not enough. Very well, I will make it

\$10,000." "Ten thousand," repeated M. Nos tand in amazement.

"And the royalty I will double as "Do you consider my poor efforts

worth so much?" "Certainly. It is the work of an ex-

"How do you judge of that." "As an expert. It is plain that the scenario received an enormous amount of attention before a word of the dialogue was written, though the dia-

thor of 'Cyrano.' The play will be a grand success." "Where is the manuscript?" "Never mind the manuscript. Let

us proceed to business. Read the con-"The manuscript!" cried the author

impatiently. The manager unlocked

impatiently. The manager unlocked his safe and produced it. Selzing it, the author tore off the wrapper and showed only blank pages.

Ton are the man," he said, "who a year ago received a play from me. Ton have never read it to this day, and I have not been able to secure its return. I have played this trick to show that you buy plays shaply on the name of the author. I wrote the name of the author. I wrote the anonymous letter giving myself away, My name is neither Rostand nor Nustand; it is jours."

Serial No. 01809.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the luterior.

U. R. Land Office at North Plate, Neb.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob., who on Angust Ush, 1809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Serial No. 01809.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry, of Garfield, Nob. 3010.

Notice is hereby given that William Bansberry



Does He Kick?

We mean your horse. Does his harness fit him or does it chafe his back, his breast or any tender part that his breast or any tender part that we'll Sell makes him uncomfortable? Then bring You a House him to this store when you buy him a nephew of the celebrated Rostand new harness and we will fit your horse and have come from Paris to America perfectly with light driving, coach, cart incognite to dispose of a play written or dray harness. We have everything in the line of horse goods at

A. F. FINK'S

ROAD NO. 322.

tollows:

To all whom it may concern: The commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road as

Commencing about 20 rods east of the northwest quarter of section 20, you will give me your promise not to township 14, range 29, where Road No. 64 leaves the section line, running thence directly east on the section line between sections 17 and 20, 16 and 21 15 and 22, to the east line of said section 15 and 22 thence in a northeasterly direction across sections 14 and 13 all in town 14, range 29, and across sections 18 and 17 following the old road as near as practical to a point about forty rods east of the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, thence directly east to the section line between sections 8 and 17 to the east line of said sections in township 14, rangs 28, and terminating thereat. Has reported in favor of the establishment of said road and all claims for damage or objections thereto must be filed in the ffice of the county clerk on or before noon on the 14th day of December, 1909, or such road will be established without

reference thereto. Dated North Platte, Neb., October, 11, 1909. F. R. ELLIOTT,

012-4 County Clerk. General Election Notice 1909. Notice is hereby given that on Tues-day, the 2nd day of November, 1909, at

the purpose of electing the following officers, to-wit: STATE OFFICERS. Three Judges of the Supreme Court, Two regents of the University,

the voting places in the various pre-cincts of Lincoln county, Nebraska, there will be held a general election for

COUNTY OFFICERS. One County Judge, One County Sheriff, One County Coroner,

One County Treasurer, One County Clerk, One County Surveyor, One County Superintendent of Public

Instruction, One County Commissioner, First District.

PRECINCT OFFICERS. Two Justices of the Peace, Two Constables.

One Precinct Assessor, One Overseer for each Road District. Which election will be open at eight o'clock in the morning and will continue open until six o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Dated North Platte, Nebr., September 27, '09. F. R. Elliott, County Cjerk.

State of Nebraska. (ss. Lincoln County. (ss. Lincoln County.)
In the County Court, October 4th, 1909.
In the matter of the estate of Mary T. McDannell, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Albert. On reading and filing the petition of Attoric Morris, praying that the regular administration of said estate be dispensed with as provided by sections 5202, to 5206 of Cobbeys Statute for the year 1907.
Ordered, That October 25d, 1909, at 9 o'clock a.m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said

matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. This order to be published for six successive issues in the North Platte Tribune prior to October 22d, 1902.

W. C. Elder, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 91830.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.
September 27, 1999.

Notice is hereby given that Fred M. Kusey, of North Platte, Neb., who, on October 20th, 1992. made homestead entry No. 9470. Serial No. 91830 for east baif southeast quarter, southeast quarter northeast quarter, lot t, section 6, township 14, north, range 18, west of the 5th Principal Meridan, has fited notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above decribed, before the Register and Receiver at before the Register and Receiver at

North Platte, Neb., on the 24th day of November, 1999.
Claimant names as witnesses: C M, York, of Maxwell, Nebraska, J. W. James C. P. Campbell and Wm. Breternitz. of North Platte Nebraska. Campbell and Piatte, Nebraska J. E. Evans, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Serial No. 02244, Department of the Interior, U.S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb

U.S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.
September 27, 1989.
Notice is hereby given that Fre M. Kuser,
of North Platte, Neb., who, on Sept 22, 1991
made homestead entry No. 25/2, serial
No. 0234 for west half, and west half of east
half of Section 6. Township 14 N., Kange
25 W., of the 6th Principal Meridian has lied
notice of intention to make final five year
proof, to establish claim to the land above
described, before the Register and Receiver,
at North Platte. Neb., on the 24th day of
November 1999.
Claimant pactics as witnesses: C. M. York,
of Maxwell Neb., J. W. James, C. P. Campbell, and Wm. Breternitz, of North Platte. logue shows the influence of the au-

J. E. EVANS. Rogister.

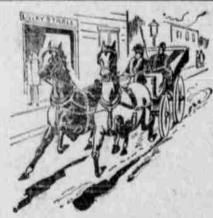


That Dream of a Home

of your own can be made to come true if you want it to. What is needed is not cash so much as determination.

that you can move right into upon the payment of a small sum down. Then what you would pay for rent you pay off the balance of the purchase price. Think it over, Then come and see.

Buchanan & Patterson, Real Estate & Insurance.



A Spanking Good Team

is at your command whenever you tell us you want it. This livery stable is prepared to supply instantly any kind of a rig you require. While in your service it is as much yours as if you owned it. The difference is that you pay only for the time you use it, and not for the time it is standing in the stable. That beats private ownership all hollow.

A. M. Lock.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

S. TWINEM Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Officer McDonald Bank Building. Phone 183.

A. J. Ames, M. D. Marie Ames, 1. D-OCTORS AMES & AMES. Physicians and Surgeons. Office: Over Stone Drug Co. Phones: Office 273, Residence 273

GEO. B. DENT,
Physician and Surgeon. Office: Over McDonald Bank. Phones | Office 130 | Residence 115

DR. L. C. DROST, Osteopathic Physician, Rooms 7 and 8. McDonald State Bank Building, Phone 148,

WILCOX & HALTIGAN, Attorneyseat-Taw. Office over Scha** Clothing

T C PATTERSON. Attorney-at-Law,

Store. Phone 8

Notice To Non-Resident Dependants.

To Adam H. Fisher and lots one and two in block eighty-four of the original City of North Platte, Nebraska, defendants:

You are hereby nestified that on the 8th day of October, 1998 S. Y. Gilian, plaintiff in said cause, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoin County. Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain tax lien upon the property described as follows, situated in the County of Lincoin and State of Nebraska, to-wit: lots ore and two in block eighty-four of the original City of North Platte. Nebraska, said tax lien is based upon tax said certificate No. 254 issued by the County Treasurer of Lincoin County, Nebraska, on November 7, 1864 to the plaintiff herein for taxes levied and assessed against said premises for the year 1856 to 1862 inclusive with interest and penalities added, together with the subsequent taxes paid thereon for the years 1904 to 1898 inclusive, aggregating the sum of \$160.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the date of filing said petition.

Plaintiff prays for decree of furgelosure of said tax lien and an attorney fee of ten per cent of the amount recovered and costs of suit, and that defendants be required to pay said sum, and in default of sach payment said premises be sold to pay the amount found one with interest and penalities and attorney fees and costs, and that each and all of said defendants be foreclosed o all equity of redemption in and to said premises and for such other relief as may be equitable and just. NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.

Office: Cor. Front & Dewey Sts.

or such other relief as may be equitable and You are required to answer said petition on before the 22nd day of November, 1809 Dated this 5th day of October, at North Pia'te Nebraska 8. Y. Gillan, Plaintiff. Ry Heagland & Hoagland, His Attorneys.

CONTEST NOTICE. Berlal No. 02677 H. E. 21546

Berial No. 02877
H. E. 21649
Department of the Interior.
United States Land Office
North Platte. Nebraska.
October 2, 1909.
Asufficient contest affidavit having been fited in this office by Giddings H. J. Beerbower contest and against homestead Entry. No. 21546, made November 15, 1905. for all of Section I, Township Is, Range 39 W. of the 6th P. Meridian, by Alfonso Blater Contestes, in which it is allowed that said Alfonso Slater has been exceeded that said Alfonso Slater has been exceeded the residence on said land; that has be abandoned the same for more thansia months last past. That he has failed to improve said tract in any manner and has failed to calitizate any part thereof. Said parties are heroty norded to appear, restond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 octock a. B., on November 15, 1999, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land office in North Platte. Nebraska.

The aid contestant having, in a proper affidavi, albed October 2, 1996, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.