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CHAPTER XIII.

The Adventure With the Little Man.

"I WISHT you wasn't so set in your ways," Shorty demurred. "I'm sure scairt of that glacier. No man ought to tackle it by his lonely."

Smoke laughed cheerfully and ran his eye up the glistening face of the tiny glacier that filled the head of the valley. "Here it is August already, and the days have been getting shorter for two months," he epitomized the situation. "You know quartz, and I don't. But I can bring up the grub, while you keep after that mother lode. So long. I'll be back by tomorrow evening."

He turned and started.

"I got a hunch somethin's goin' to happen," Shorty pleaded after him.

But Smoke's reply was a bantering laugh. He held on down the little valley, occasionally wiping the sweat from his forehead, the while his feet crushed through ripe mountain raspberries and delicate ferns that grew beside patches of sun sheltered ice.

In the early spring he and Shorty had come to the Stewart river and launched out into the amazing chaos of the region where Surprise lake lay. And all of the spring and half of the summer had been consumed in futile wanderings, when, on the verge of turning back, they caught their first glimpse of the baffling, gold bottomed sheet of water which had lured and fooled a generation of miners.

Making their camp in the old cabin which Smoke had discovered on his previous visit, they learned three things—first, heavy nugget gold was carpeted thickly on the lake bottom; next, the gold could be dived for in the shallower portions, but the temperature of the water was man killing, and, finally, the draining of the lake was too stupendous a task for two men in the shorter half of a short summer. Undeterred, reasoning from the coarseness of the gold that it had not traveled far, they had set out in search of the mother lode. They had crossed the big glacier that frowned on the southern rim and devoted themselves to the puzzling maze of small valleys and canyons beyond, which, by most unmountain-like methods, drained, or had at one time drained, into the lake.

The valley Smoke was descending gradually widened after the fashion of any normal valley, but at the lower end it pinched narrowly between high, precipitous walls and abruptly stopped in a cross wall. At the base of this, in a welter of broken rock, the streamlet disappeared, evidently finding its way out underground.

Climbing the cross wall, from the top Smoke saw the lake beneath him. Unlike any mountain lake he had ever seen, it was not blue. Instead its intense peacock green tokened its shallowness. It was this shallowness that made its draining feasible. All about arose jumbled mountains, with ice scarred peaks and crags, grotesquely shaped and grouped. All was topsy turvy and unsystematic—a Dore nightmare.

Across the lake, seemingly not more than half a mile, but, as he well knew, five miles away, he could see the bunch of spruce trees and the cabin. He looked again to make sure and saw smoke clearly rising from the chimney. Somebody else had surprised themselves into finding Surprise lake, was his conclusion as he turned to climb the southern wall.

From the top of this he came down into a little valley, flower floored and lazy with the hum of bees, that behaved quite as a reasonable valley should, in so far as it made legitimate entry on the lake. What was wrong with it was its length—scarcely 100 yards—its head a straight up and down cliff of 1,000 feet, over which a stream pitched itself in descending veils of mist.

And here he encountered more smoke, floating lazily upward in the warm sunshine, beyond an outjet of rock. As he came around the corner he heard a light metallic tap-tapping and a merry whistling that kept the beat. Then he saw the man, an upturned shoe between his knees, into the sole of which he was driving hob spikes.

"Hello!" was the stranger's greeting, and Smoke's heart went out to the man in ready liking. "Just in time for a smack. There's coffee in the pot, a couple of cold flapjacks and some jerky."

"I'll go you if I lose," was Smoke's acceptance as he sat down. "I've been rather skimped on the last several meals, but there's oodles of grub over in the cabin."

"Across the lake? That's what I was heading for."

"Seems Surprise lake is becoming populous," Smoke complained, emptying the coffeepot.

"Go on, you're joking, aren't you?" the man said, surprise painted on his face.

Smoke laughed. "That's the way it takes everybody. You see those high ledges across there to the northwest? There's where I first saw it. No warning. Just suddenly caught the view of the whole lake from there. I'd given up looking for it too."

"Same here," the other agreed. "I'd headed back and was expecting to fetch the Stewart last night when out I popped in sight of the lake. If that's it where's the Stewart? And where have I been all the time? And how did you come here? And what's your name?"

"Bellew—Kit Bellew."

"Oh, I know you!" The man's eyes and face were bright with a joyous smile, and his hand flashed eagerly out to Smoke's. "I've heard all about you."

He was a slender man, wiry with health, with quick black eyes and a magnetism of camaraderie.

"And this is Surprise lake?" he murmured incredulously. "And its bottom's buttered with gold?"

"Sure. There's some of the churning." Smoke dipped in his overalls pocket and brought forth half a dozen nuggets.

"Well, gosh-dash my dingbats, if you haven't beaten me to it," Carson swore whimsically, but his disappointment was patent. "And I thought I'd scooped the whole caboodle. Anyway, I've had the fun of getting here."

"Fun!" Smoke cried. "Why, if we can ever get our hands on all that bottom we'll make Rockefeller look like 30 cents."

"But it's yours," was Carson's objection.

"Nothing to it, my friend. You've got to realize that no gold deposit like it has been discovered in all the history of mining. It will take you and me and my partner and all the friends we've got to lay our hands on it. All Bonanza and Eldorado dumped together wouldn't be richer than half an acre down there. The problem is to drain the lake. It will take millions. And there's only one thing I'm afraid of. There's so much of it that if we fail to control the output it will bring about the demonetization of gold."

"And you tell me"— Carson broke off, speechless and amazed.

"Am glad to have you. It will take a year or two, with all the money we can raise, to drain the lake. It can be done. I've looked over the ground. But it will take every man in the country that's willing to work for wages. We'll need an army, and we need right now decent men in on the ground floor. Are you in?"

"Am I in? Don't I look it? I feel so much like a millionaire that I'm real timid about crossing that big glacier. Couldn't afford to break my neck now. Wish I had some more of those hob spikes. I was just hammering the last in when you came along. How's yours? Let's see."

Smoke held up his foot.

"Worn smooth as a skating rink!" Carson cried. "You've certainly been hiking some. Wait a minute, and I'll pull some of mine out for you."

But Smoke refused to listen. "Besides," he said, "I've got about forty

He Thrust One Foot Forward and Steeled Himself With a Visible Physical Effort.

feet of rope cached where we take the ice. My partner and I used it coming over. It will be a cinch."

It was a hard, hot climb. The sun blazed dazzlingly on the ice surface, and with streaming pores they panted from the exertion. There were places, crisscrossed by countless fissures and crevasses, where an hour of dangerous toil advanced them no more than a hundred yards. At 2 in the afternoon beside a pool of water bedded in the ice Smoke called a halt.

"Let's tackle some of that jerky," he said. "I've been on short allowance, and my knees are shaking. Besides, we're across the worst. Three hundred yards will fetch us to the rocks, and it's easy going, except for a couple of nasty fissures and one bad one that heads us down toward the bulge. There's a weak ice bridge there, but Shorty and I managed it."

"I'm lighter than you by forty pounds," Carson said. "Let me go first."

They stood on the edge of the crevasse. It was enormous and ancient, fully 100 feet across, with sloping, age eaten sides instead of sharp angled rims. At this one place it was bridged by a huge mass of pressure hardened snow that was itself half ice. Even the bottom of this mass they could not see, much less the bottom of the crevasse. Crumbling and melting, the bridge threatened imminent collapse.

"Looks pretty bad," Carson admitted with an ominous head shake.

"But we've got to tackle it," Smoke said. "We can't camp here on the ice all night. And there's no other way. Shorty and I explored for a mile up. It was in better shape, though, when we crossed."

"It's one at a time, and me first," Carson took the part coil of rope from Smoke's hand. "You'll have to cast off. I'll take the rope and the pick. Gimme your hand so I can slip down easy."

Slowly and carefully he lowered himself the several feet to the bridge, where he stood, making final adjustments for the perilous traverse. On his back was his pack outfit. Around his neck, resting on his shoulders, he coiled the rope, one end of which was still fast to his waist.

"I'd give a mighty good part of my millions right now for a bridge construction gang," he said, but his cheery, whimsical smile belied the words.

The pick and the long stick he used as an alpenstock he balanced horizontally after the manner of a ropewalker. He thrust one foot forward tentatively, drew it back and steeled himself with a visible physical effort.

"I wish I was flat broke," he smiled up. "If ever I get out of being a millionaire this time I'll never be one again."

"It's all right," Smoke encouraged. "I've been over it before. Better let me try it first."

"And you forty pounds to the worse," the little man flashed back. "I'll be all right in a minute. I'm all right now," as his foot went out, this time to rest carefully and lightly, while the other foot was brought up and past.

Very gently and circumspectly he continued on his way until two-thirds of the distance was covered. Here he stopped to examine a depression he must cross, at the bottom of which was a fresh crack. Smoke, watching, saw him glance to the side and down into the crevasse itself and then begin a slight swaying.

"Keep your eyes up!" Smoke commanded sharply. "Now, go on!"

The little man obeyed nor faltered on the rest of the journey. The sun eroded slope of the farther edge of the crevasse was slippery, but not steep, and he worked his way up to a narrow ledge, faced about and sat down.

"Your turn," he called across. "But just keep a-coming, and don't look down. That's what got my goat. Just keep a-coming, that's all. And get a move on. It's almighty rotten."

Balancing his own stick horizontally, Smoke essayed the passage. That the bridge was on its last legs was patent. He felt a jar under foot, a slight movement of the mass and a heavier jar. This was followed by a single sharp crackle. Behind him he knew something was happening. If for no other reason he knew it by the strained, tense face of Carson. From beneath, thin and faint, came the murmur of running water, and Smoke's eyes involuntarily wavered to a glimpse of the shimmering depths. He jerked them back to the way before him.

Two-thirds over he came to the depression. The sharp edges of the crack, but slightly touched by the sun, showed how recent it was. His foot was lifted to make the step across when the crack began slowly widening, at the same time emitting numerous sharp snaps. He made the step quickly, increasing the stride of it, but the worn nails of his shoe skated on the farther slope of the depression. He fell on his face and without pause slipped down and into the crack, his legs hanging clear, his chest supported by the stick, which he had managed to twist crosswise as he fell.

His first sensation was the nausea caused by the sickening upleap of his pulse; his first idea was of surprise that he had fallen no farther. Behind him were crackling and jar and movement, to which the stick vibrated. From beneath, in the heart of the glacier, came the soft and hollow thunder of the dislodged masses striking bottom. And still the bridge, broken from its farthest support and ruptured in the middle, held, though the portion he had crossed tilted downward at a pitch of twenty degrees.

He could see Carson, perched on his ledge, his feet braced against the melting surface, swiftly recoiling the rope from his shoulders to his hand.

"Wait!" he cried. "Don't move, or the whole shooting match will come down!"

He calculated the distance with a quick glance, took the bandanna from his neck and tied it to the rope and increased the length by a second bandanna from his pocket. The rope, manufactured from sled lashings and short lengths of plaited rawhide knotted together, was both light and strong. The first cast was lucky as well as deft, and Smoke's fingers clutched it. He evidenced a hand over hand intention of crawling out of the crack. But Carson, who had refastened the rope around his own waist, stopped him.

"Make it fast around yourself as well," he ordered.

"If I go I'll take you with me," Smoke objected.

The little man became very peremptory.

"You shut up!" he ordered.

"If I ever start going"-- Smoke began.

"Shut up! You ain't going to ever start going. Now do what I say. That's right—under the shoulders. Make it fast. Now start. Get a move on, but easy as you go. I'll take in the slack. You just keep a-coming. That's it. Easy, easy."

Smoke was still a dozen feet away when the final collapse of the bridge began. Without noise, but in a jerky way, it crumbled an increasing tilt.

"Quick!" Carson called, coiling in hand over hand on the slack of the rope which Smoke's rush gave him.

When the crash came Smoke's fingers were clawing into the hard face of the wall of the crevasse, while his body dragged back with the falling bridge. Carson, sitting up, feet wide apart and braced, was heaving on the rope. This effort swung Smoke in to the side of the wall, but it jerked Carson out of his niche. Like a cat he faced about, clawing wildly for a hold on the ice and slipping down. Beneath him, with forty feet of taut rope between them, Smoke was clawing just as wildly, and ere the thunder from below announced the arrival of the bridge both men had come to rest. Carson had achieved this first, and the several pounds of pull he was able to put on the rope had helped to bring Smoke to a stop.

Each lay in a shallow niche, but Smoke's was so shallow that, tense with the strain of the flattening and sticking, nevertheless he would have slid on had it not been for the slight assistance he took from the rope. He was on the verge of a bulge and could not see beneath him.

(To Be Continued.)

PIANO AT A BARGAIN.

Customer near Plattsmouth is unable to finish payments on piano contract. We will turn piano over to first satisfactory party who will pay balance, either cash or five dollars per month. Write Schmoller & Mueller Piano Co., Omaha, Neb.

2-11-4twkly

Whats' the use of limping around with rheumatism or lumbago? There's an osteopath in town.

For Sale.

Having decided to remain in Plattsmouth as my home, I have placed my farm at Mynard on the market for sale, along with all my interests at that place. Address R. L. Propst, Plattsmouth, Neb.

Card of Thanks.

To the friends who gave their heartfelt sympathy and assistance during the illness and death of our little Blanche, and especially to those who provided the music and beautiful floral offerings, we wish to extend our deepest gratitude.

J. E. Baldwin and Family.
J. R. Jones and family.

Farms for Sale. T. H. Pollock. Office in Telephone Building.

Big Bargains

IN

Kitchen Chairs,
Dining Tables,
Kitchen Cabinets,
Cubboards,
Warbrobes,
Rockers,
Trunks,
Suitcases,
Rugs of all kinds,
and many other articles for sale. Call and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

MRS. O. P. MONROE
Corner Room, Perkins House

CASS COUNTY'S PROPORTIONS CONTRIBUTED TO THE STATE AS TAXES

County Treasurer Fox has just received from State Auditor W. H. Smith the receipt for Cass county's contribution to the taxes of the state for the year just closed. A great deal of the money levied is applied to the schools of the state and the state university. The funds collected are as follows:

General fund	$41,875.85
School fund	12.14
University fund	8,378.54
Special university buildings	6,238.45
State aid bridge fund	1,670.71
Normal school fund	7,071.29
Total	$65,256.48

The above figures will be of great interest to the taxpayers, as they indicate where the large amount levied by the state is expended by the appropriations to the different funds.

From one to three osteopathic treatments are usually enough to break up an ordinary attack of "the grip." Try it and see for yourself.

Secure Special Prize.

At the store of G. P. Eastwood the prize of the $25 Vitaphone, which was given for the one in the piano contest collecting the most coupons from January 20th to February 14th, was given to Mrs. P. F. Rhin, who was the leader in the race in making the largest single gain of any one candidate. The contestants should watch the Journal for the next special prize to be given by the Eastwood firm. Double coupons on accounts overdue will be given this week only. Come in early and help your friends. The standing of the different candiates is as follows:

Mrs. Philip Rhin	300,990
Miss Josephine Warga	210,005
Mrs. W. H. Klinger	169,900
Miss Klara Bizanz	131,795
Miss Tillie Halmes	127,765
Miss Violet Keil	106,195
M. E. Sunday School	101,355
U .B. Church	101,355
Presbyterian Church	100,830
Miss Grace Nolting	100,495
Mrs. J. McGee	100,175
Miss Vera Campbell	100,165
Miss Helen Horn	100,000
Mr. Charles Isner	100,000
Miss Bessie Wiles	100,000

G. P. EASTWOOD.

Called by Relative's Death.

William Gravitt returned this morning from his old home at Watson, Missouri, where he was called, in company with J. J. Gravitt, by the death of a nephew, Tom S. Payne, who died there as the result of an accident that befell him some time ago. It seems he was cutting up some wood when the ax slipped and severed the big toe of the right foot, and later blood poisoning set in, with the fatal result as noted above. The funeral will be held next Thursday, but Mr. Gravitt was unable to remain for the services.

PERFECT CONFIDENCE

Plattsmouth People Have Good Reason for Complete Reliance.

Do you know how—
To find relief from backache;
To correct distressing urinary ills;
To assist weak kidneys?
Many people in this vicinity know the way.
Have used Doan's Kidney Pills;
Have proved their worth in many ways.
Here's Plattsmouth testimony:

Mrs. F. S. Brinkman, Eleventh and Pearl streets, Plattsmouth, says: "For several years I was bothered by my kidneys. My back often pained intensely. Headaches and dizzy spells bothered me and my sight became so badly affected that I couldn't read. Doan's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended that I decided to try them and got a box at Gering & Co.'s Drug Store. In a short time they helped me in every way. I am never without Doan's Kidney Pills on hand."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Brinkman had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Genuine Fletcher's Castoria this week only at 19c. Gering & Co., the Spot Cash Family Druggists. Phone 36.

For Sale.

White Wyandotte Cockerels, $1.00 each. Julius Pitz, Plattsmouth, Neb.

2-8-3twkly

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

George M. Porter came in this afternoon on No. 24 to spend a few days here looking after the interests of the Omaha Bee in this city.

Mrs. M. Archer returned home this afternoon from Omaha, where she has been for the past few days visiting with relatives in that city.

Robert L. Propst was a business visitor in Omaha today for a few hours, going to that city on the early Burlington train this morning.

W. F. Moore of the vicinity of Murray came in this morning to spend a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

Alvin Ramge and wife were among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where they go to visit for a few hours with relatives and friends in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Tilson of the vicinity of Murray, were visitors in this city today, attending to some important business matters and doing some shopping.

Will Richardson, jr., was among the passengers this morning for Omaha, where he will spend the day looking after some matters of business in that city.

C. E. Metzger of near Mynard was here yesterday afternoon and last evening for several hours looking after some matters of business and calling on his friends.

C. H. Vallery and John Bergmann, two of the prominent farmers of this section, were in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after some trading with the merchants.

Mrs. John W. Chapman departed this morning for Lincoln, where she will spend the day looking after the packing of their household goods and will store them for the present.

R. W. Knorr and wife of Hastings, who have been here visiting for a few days with relatives and friends, were passengers this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, from where they expect to return to their home.

Mrs. George Dodge departed this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where she will visit at the home of her son, Dr. Roy Dodge, in that city, and while there will be initiated into a ladies' auxiliary of the Masonic fraternity whose membership is limited to those whose fathers, husbands or sons are members of the Scottish Rite Masons.

Hon. W. B. Banning of Union was in the city over night visiting with friends, and this morning was a passenger for Omaha to look after some matters of business. The genial ex-senator has parted with his flowing moustache, which for years was a distinguishing feature of his appearance, and his friends were greatly surprise at the change made in his looks.

From Saturday's Daily.

Rex Young of the vicinity of Mynard was a visitor in this city yesterday afternoon.

P. A. Meisinger was among the visitors in the city this afternoon looking after the week-end trading.

Philip Becker was among the farmer visitors in the city today for a few hours looking after some week-end shopping.

Ed Tritsch and wife came in this afternoon from their home near this city to attend to the trading for the week-end.

Chris Tschirren came in this morning from his farm home near this city to look after some business matters with the merchants.

Henry Starkjohn and wife drove in this afternoon from their home west of the city to look after some of the week-end shopping.

Henry Horn came in this morning from his home at Cedar Creek to look after some matters of importance with the merchants.

Frank Blotzer, jr., of the vicinity of Cedar Creek was here today for a few hours looking after some trading and visiting with friends.

Charles Miller, from south of the city, was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha to visit over Sunday at the home of his brother in that city.

Adam Fornoff of the vicinity of Cedar Creek came in this morning on No. 4 to spend a few hours here looking after the week-end shopping.

Herman Smith and wife of the vicinity of Nehawka, are here today looking after some trading, as well as visiting with their relatives in this city.

P. H. Meisinger was among the farmer visitors here today to attend to some trading for a few hours, coming in from his farm near Cedar Creek.

Ed Rummell was among the farmers from the vicinity of Mynard in the city today looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.
In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of Elizabeth Stettler, Deceased.

To All Persons Interested in Said Estate:

You are hereby notified that a petition has been filed in said Court alleging among other things that Elizabeth Stettler departed this life on the 22nd day of January, 1915, being a resident of said county and state at said time and possessed of an estate of real and personal property and praying for the probate of a certain instrument now on file in said Court purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased; and that a hearing will be had on said petition before said Court, in the county court room, at Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1915, and that if you fail to appear at said Court on the said 2nd day of March, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m. to contest the probate of said will, the Court may allow and probate said will and grant administration of said estate to S. C. Boyles, or some other suitable person, enter a decree of heirship and proceed to a settlement thereof.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court of Cass County, Nebraska, this 2nd day of February, A. D. 1915.

(Seal.) ALLEN J. BEESON, County Judge.

DALE S. BOYLES, Attorney. 2-8-2wks

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the Matter of the Estate of James M. Dyer, Deceased. Application of Guardian of Minors to Sell Real Estate:

This cause came on for hearing upon the petition of Ruth J. Dyer, Guardian of the person and estate of Clara Dyer and Charles Dyer, minors, praying for license to sell the undivided 4-27 of the following lands: The east one-half of the southwest quarter (E ½ of SW ¼) and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter (NW ¼ of the SE ¼) of section twenty-two (22), township twelve (12), range nine (9), east of 6th P. M., and also the south half of the northeast quarter (S ½ of the NE¼) and lot five (5) in northeast quarter of southeast quarter (NE ¼ of SE ¼) containing 30 acres; also lot six (6) in northwest quarter of southeast quarter (NW ¼ of the SE ¼) containing 30 acres, all in section thirty-three (33), township twelve (12), range nine (9), east of the sixth P. M., all in Cass County, Nebraska, for the purpose of securing proper funds for the maintenance, support and education of said minors and for the purpose of better investment.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before me at the court house in said County and State on the 9th day of March, 1915, at 9 o'clock a. m. to show cause why a license should not be granted to said guardian to sell the above described real estate belonging to said minors for the purposes aforesaid.

Dated this 3d day of February, 1915.

JAMES T. BEGLEY,
Judge of the District Court.
2-8-3wks

NOTICE.

J. W. Hamilton will take notice that on the 11th day of January, 1915, M. Archer, a justice of the peace of Cass County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of $95.75 in an action pending before him, wherein John Cory is palintiff, and J. W. Hamilton is defendant, and that property of the defendant, consisting of money in the possession of the C., B. & Q. R. R. Co., has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to February 27th, 1915.

JOHN CORY, Plaintiff.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bowdish and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tompkins returned from Oaklawn farm in Louisiana Thursday morning. They report a most delightful trip.

F. W. Elliott, wife and little son were among the Omaha passengers this afternoon, where they will visit over Sunday at the home of a brother of Mr. Elliott in that city.

Mrs. Frank Raker, who has been here visiting at the W. E. Rosencrans home, departed this morning for her home at Imperial, Neb. She was accompanied as far as Omaha by her nephew, Blythe Rosencrans.

Charles Garrison of the vicinity of Union came up to this city this morning to attend to some business matters. While here Mr. Garrison called at this office and had his name enrolled on the Plattsmouth Journal list in order that he might be kept posted on happenings throughout the county.

Ed Spahnle of Eagle came over last evening from his home to look after some matters at the court house, and while in the city was a caller at the Journal office, in company with County Commissioner Snoke. Mr. Spahnle is one of the cleverest men in Eagle and most pleasant to meet.

E. N. Munson of South Omaha, a buyer for the live stock firm of Wood Brothers, of South Omaha, was here yesterday afternoon for a few hours to look over the prospects in this part of the county. Mr. Munson was for a number of years a resident of near Weeping Water, but has for the past fifteen years been in South Omaha.

J. M. Meisinger and daughter, Mrs. L. W. Lorenz, were among those going to Omaha this morning on the early Burlington train, where they will visit for the day.

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn Cockerels. Inquire of Fred H. Ramge, Route 1, Plattsmouth.

2-15-2twkly

Farm Loans at low rates. T. H. Pollock. Office in Telephone Bldg.

List your Farms and City Property with T. H. Pollock. Office in Telephone Building.

Help Wanted.

We will be in need of several girls in the next few weeks and would like the application of all looking for work for the sumer. Olson Photo Co.

2-11-1wkd