THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XVII.

Abner In a Difficulty.

As soon as Abner arrived in town on the morning of his conversation with Mary while at his early breakfast he went to the office. Howard was there already and at work on an editorial. The young man's face was haggard. There were dark rings around his eyes, and his hands shook nervously.

"I see you beat me," Abner said in an effort at lightness. "You seem to believe that the early mornin' is the best time fer brain work."

"Any occupation is better than none right now," Howard said wistfully. "but there are times when brain work is next to impossible. Have you seen Pole Baker this morning?"

Abner nodded, and Howard went on hurriedly:

"Then you know that I'm under surveillance?"

Abner nodded again. "That don't

"Let 'im alone," Fulton muttered.

make any difference," he answered. "It's only a form that has to be got through with in—in sech matters. A thing like this has to be saddled on somebody, an' the authorities are afeard they won't earn their wages ef they don't make some sort o' pretense o' bein' on the job. At the proper time we'll show 'em a thing or two. The idea of accusin' a man o' yore standin'"—

"Stop! Let's get down to facts." Howard shot a straight stare across his table into the old face bending toward him. "You know I read law for awhile, Uncle Ab. Well, I read enough and associated enough with lawyers and judges in my newspaper work in writing up various criminal cases to know that I am in a mighty tight hole. I am bound hand and foot by circumstantial evidence. I'm afraid that no lawyer in the world could free me. I can see a conviction of my guilt written in every face I meet on the street. I see it in the way they all blink and shrink from me as I pass along." Howard put his pencil down and raised both his hands to his head and sat still for a moment; then, as Abner was about to speak, he went on bluntly: "I am innocent, and yet my conscience is not clear—not wholly clear. If it were I think I could face it better. I did not kill Craig, but I would have done it if I had had the chance two hours after my fight with him. Now he is dead I feel different. I wonder how I could have been so enraged by anything such a drunken, irresponsible creature could have said or done. But my conduct and furious threats will be held against me. This is my punishment. It is tough, but I will have to put up with it."

Abner was so wrought up by this blunt utterance that he was speechless. His kindly mouth was drawn down at the corners, and his lips twitched. He hung his hat up on its nail against the wall that he might have an excuse for turning his face away. He was longer about it than was necessary and went on slowly to the water pail on an inverted box near by and drank from the rusty tin dipper, although he was not thirsty. He felt Howard's gaze following him and was hardly prepared for what he said when they faced each other again.

"I don't feel so badly about having to go to jail," Howard said, plunging into the subject impulsively. "I don't care if they refuse me bail—and they will, of course. I don't care so much for the fact that all this town and surrounding country consider me guilty. It isn't that that I'm thinking about—that I thought about as I lay awake last night. I'm thinking about you, sir. You put yourself out to buy this paper simply to help me. You gave me good advice all along, but I paid no attention to it. Now, what has come of it? Why, with me in the county lockup your investment will go to ruin; with me on the gallows or in prison for life, people will sneer at your judgment in backing a wild, harum scarum fool that you ought to have turned down long ago and would if you hadn't been the best man in the world."

Almost with a rush Abner stepped forward. He put his hands on Howard's shoulders. He looked into the young man's face while his own filled with emotion. "Don't, don't!" he all but sobbed. "You are too young to comprehend the most beautiful of all God's vast spiritual laws. I must talk plain. I've never had a son, Howard. Ever since I was a young man some'n' in me has been screamin' out fer fatherhood, tellin' me that to be a father was the holiest, highest height a man kin reach on earth. Some'n' else belongs to the law o' fatherhood, an' that is sufferin' through love o' the child. I've had experiences of many sorts in my life, but right now, my boy, lovin' you as I do an' gloryin' in yore beautiful young manhood an' chance to conquer difficulties an' as I see you bowed an' broken under this thing I have a realization of my immortality—a sort o' grip on it—that I never had before. This trouble o' yore'n seems to lift me right out o' my body and dissolve me into the very spirit o' God. It seems to me that all will end right somehow ef I fight hard enough an' trust enough.

"At present I'm more like God in nature than I ever was, an', bein' so, I know, as God knows, you see, that wrong cannot last forever. I know another thing, an' that is that all Godless folks sooner or later have to acknowledge a great, all pervadin' spiritual law and bow under it in abject humility. I've watched hundreds of rebellious folks stagger on in defiance with light jokes about Deity and the like, but in every case I've seed 'em stricken by grief, loss of fortune, disgrace or some'n' or other that opened the'r eyes. Yore blow has fell early, but it ain't any the less God sent. You'll weather this storm. It may be a heavy one, heavier than we know of, but you'll sail out of it into calm sea and under clear sky. I'm sure of that, an' yet the pain of it can't be avoided. Every step toward heaven is fraught with fresh birth pangs. The one person, you know, that seemed meant fer me as a life companion was taken on the very eve of our union. Up to that minute, my boy, I never knowed what life as a whole meant. Up to then it was bound about with material things. Money, houses, hosses an' wagons, land an' crops, the ability to make a slick trade, to git the best o' my neighbor, was all thar was to it, but after her death—after I looked in vain into her dead face fer what had been thar like sunlight shimmerin' on a delicate flower, drawin' out the fragrance an' scatterin' it to the air—after that, I say, the whole world was changed fer me. I'd been a doubter an' scoffer like some o' yore friends are now, but I couldn't doubt any longer. Her sweet spirit was som'er's—it was too wonderful to be extinct—an' I wanted to link mine to it fer all time.

"In my search fer light I went to shoutin' religious meetin's. Up to that time I 'lowed all sech excitement was silly, but in my awful sorrow even that was actually a step nigher to God. Ef them folks had been bowin' down to sticks an' stones with sech hearts in 'em as they had, with that dazzlin' hope before 'em, the God I was learnin' to know couldn't turn from 'em. The truth is that he was in every atom of the'r flesh an' bones. The truth is that God, let 'im be person, essence or jest principle, can never be like what any book or human bein' has described. When a body comes to me with a fresh religion and explains it and at the same time admits that it is only one o' ten thousand other beliefs, I know it ain't fer me, as much as I'd like to git the truth; but, on the other hand, I know it is the thing fer the man that holds to it, fer as a rule any belief p'intin' upward is better than none. I sometimes think that the reason thar is sech a jangle of various creeds on the face of the earth is that God gives 'em to us the same as we give playin' blocks to babies. We intend that the babies shall know more'n that about life some day, but the blocks are good enough to start 'em on."

Leaving Howard to himself and saying nothing of his intention, Abner went up to the little street near the courthouse which was called "Lawyers' row" because five or six of the little one story brick buildings there were used as offices for lawyers. One of these had a tin sign, from which the words "Hamilton Quinby, Attorney at Law," had been almost washed off by repeated rains. The door was open, and Abner went in.

A tall man of fine build, a shock of bushy hair, a sweeping iron gray mustache and a tuft of beard on his chin, stood smoking in the center of the room. On the top of a desk with a rolling cover rested an open leather bound tome, which the lawyer had been consulting.

"Good morning, Abner," he nodded, closing the book. "Pole Baker said you wanted to see me about Howard's case, an' I stayed over. I have got some minor matters to attend to at Springtown, but they kin wait till later."

"I'm glad you did." Abner eyed the open door restlessly. "Hain't you got another room back thar?" glancing toward the rear. "Thar ain't no use havin' every soul in town know I'm takin' to you, an' they all look in as they pass. By gum! That woman almost twisted 'er fool neck off just then. Folks is the very dickens to take a mite an' make a mountain of it when excitement o' any sort is in the wind."

"Yes, I've got a consulting room back there," Quinby returned, and he led the way through a doorway to the smaller room in the rear.

"Yes, you may think it is a funny thing fer me to come talkin' about Howard before he is even accused," Abner began, as they seated themselves in the plain chairs, "but you'll admit that the situation is bad as it stands. Me an' Howard has got to keep that paper agoin', an' the way folks is a-talkin' is calculated to damage our circulati'n. We want to be let alone, you see, judge"—Quinby had once been a justice of the peace—"an' I 'lowed I'd feel better ef I had a chat with you. It can't do no harm nohow."

Quinby's face was expressionless. He rolled his cigar between his lips.

"I read till a late hour last night," he said in a matter of fact tone, as he closed his right eye to cut out the coil of smoke which rose close to the lids. "I wasn't sure myself on all points o' the law and wanted to be certain o' my ground."

"You don't mean that you—you've been makin' out his case already?" Abner said in surprise.

"Well, yes, I believe in knowin' as nearly what I'm about as possible. I've been through several cases very much on a par with this, and I ought by this time to know something by experience. As I understand it, you ain't a rich man, an' Howard has nothing. Even if his old daddy mortgaged all he's got he couldn't raise much money, and it would be plumb folly to attempt to make a long, expensive fight and be forced to give in at the end.

"In every case like this I've advised my client to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court. Howard was no doubt provoked to a great extent, and the courts are generally disposed to impose a light penalty where a due show of contrition and humility is made at the outset."

"But, judge, the boy is innocent," Abner said, firmly.

Quinby leveled his stare on the old man's face. It was the calm look he had given many a witness that was being sharply cross questioned.

"What makes you think so?" he inquired in the tone of a man of experience humoring one of not any at all.

"Because he says so." Abner returned.

"Oh, he says so, does he? I see, I see. They always do at the outset. They do even to me right at first. You see, Abner, when a feller finds himself in the fix Howard is in he has no time to think; in fact, he has no mind to think with. That's why he needs level headed legal advice. The first thing I tell them is to keep their mouths shut and to answer no questions—to send everybody to me, and when they come to me I tell them to mind their own business. Oh, yes, it is nothing but natural for Howard to take that stand. As a general thing a feller that commits a deed like that is scared to death.

"He sees his own end looming up in front, you see, and, being guilty, his imagination paints it a million times worse than it is."

Abner had flushed slightly. He raised his hand and almost shook his finger in the lawyer's face. "I'll tell you one thing," he said sharply, "an' it's this. Howard 'u'd be a fool, and so would I, to go fer help to a lawyer that sets in adverse judgment on his case before he's even charged with the crime. You'll have to chaw a different sort o' tobacco than you use now ef you want to handle this matter. You've got to drop the scales o' unbelief in the boy from yore blinded eyes an' use 'em to help ferret out the feller that done the deed."

"I wasn't deciding in advance at all," Quinby defended himself, with rising ire. "I was only using common sense methods. May I ask if you have thought of the evidence already brought out at the inquest?"

"Yes, I have," Abner answered bluntly. "I have, but that made no odds, knowin' what I know."

The lawyer's heavy brows met in a belligerent frown. "Do you know of

"I've got a hard fight before me," said Abner, "and I ain't looking fer your sort to help."

any way that he can establish an alibi—prove where he spent the night on which Craig was shot?"

"No, I don't, if the boy's word won't go," Abner answered. "It goes with me."

"Well, you ought to know that it won't go in court," Quinby retorted quite angrily. "If you don't I do. You seem to think a lawyer ought to fight a case on any lines suggested by an excited client. I don't. I lost cases in that way when, as a beardless boy, I first hung out my shingle. I've made a reputation for lowering fines and penalties, and I don't want to go backward. I could make myself the laughing stock of the bar of the whole state if I went against my judgment."

"I see yore p'int," Abner sneered. "Circumstances by accident git tangled about a innocent man, an' he is advised by a high an' mighty legal expert to plead guilty so as to git as light punishment as possible. A feller as miserable as Howard is has to add to his sufferin' by swearin' a lie an' disgracin' his folks to save his neck. I don't know how Howard is, but I wouldn't take advice like that to save mine."

"I'm afraid you are unreasonable," Quinby retorted loftily. "I haven't said yet that I thought positively that Howard was guilty."

"No, but you said some'n' jest as bad," Abner flared back. "You intimated that you was goin' to put the boy on some sort o' rack to make 'im own up. Now, ef I owe you anything fer yore advice—sech as it is—you may send me yore bill, but I'd cut off my right arm ruther'n trust Howard's life in yore hands."

"I didn't ask for the case, understand that." Quinby was now flushed with fury. "And, moreover, when it has been thrashed out in court on any other line you'll regret that you didn't listen to me. You don't owe me a cent. You are a farmer, Abner, not a lawyer, and you have let your emotions run away with you. Now that I'm out of the case I'll speak more plainly. That boy shot Craig, and he shot him deliberately and in revenge. He said he would do it, armed himself and was seen at Craig's gate half an hour before the killing. He started to escape through the woods. He spent the remainder of the night tramping about no doubt half crazy. I'm glad I'm out of the case."

"So'm I, judge." Abner rose and put on his stouch hat. "I've got a terrible hard fight before me, an' I ain't lookin' fer yore sort to help."

(To Be Continued.)

TELLS WHAT SHE THINKS.

Anna Hawn, Cedar Grove, Mo., writes: "We think Foley's Cathartic Tablets are the best liver pill we ever got hold of, as they do not nauseate or gripe, but act freely on the liver." Recommended for constipation, bloating, sour stomach, gas on stomach, bad breath, clogged or irregular bowel action. Sold everywhere.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.

Joanna Baxter, Plaintiff,

vs.

Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, et. al. Defendants.

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE

To the defendants Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young: John Doe Young, first real name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young; Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown: John Doe, first and reeal name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young Doe;the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, otherwise described as Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe Young, first real name unknown, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe, first real name unknown, deceased; Samuel H. Jones, also known as S. H. Jones, Mrs. Samuel H. Jones, first real name ununknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel H. Jones, also known as S. H. Jones, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. Samuel H. Jones, first real name unknown, deceased; Packard & Miller, a partnership composed of Spencer Packard and Jason G. Miller; Spencer Packard, Electa Packard; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Spencer Packard, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Electa Packard, deceased; Jason G. Miller, Mary P. Miller, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Jason G. Miller, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary P. Miller, deceased; John R. Clark; Amelia B. Clark; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John R. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Amelia B. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Susanah Drake, deceased; Louis F. Cole, also Lewis F. Cole; Clara E. Cole; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Louis F. Cole, also known as Lewis F. Cole, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Cole, deceased; William L. Gray, Mary E. Moore, Isabelle Moore and the unknown owners and the unknown claimants of fractional lots six (6) and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (N.W. 1-4), of section twenty-four (24), township eleven (11), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska.

You are hereby notified that on April 19th, A. D., 1916, plaintiff filed her suit in the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet plaintiff's title to the above described lands, to-wit:—fractional lots six (6), and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (N. W. 1-4) of section twenty-four (24), township eleven (11), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska, because of her adverse possession by herself and her grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of said suit and to enjoin each and all of you from having or claiming any right, title, lein or interest, either legal or equitable, in or to said lands or any part thereof; to require you to set forth your right, title, claim, lein or interest therein, if any, either legal or equitable, and to have the same adjudged inferior to the title of plaintiff and for general equitable relief. This notice is made pursuant to the order of the Court.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, May 22, A. D., 1916, or your default will be duly entered therein.

JOANNA BAXTER,
Plaintiff.
W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney.

—The Idol of the Screen—

Robert Warwick *in*

"The Flash OF AN Emerald!"

A story of the modern society vulture that thrills and gripes.

Another Shubert Feature!

Gem Theatre Tuesday

—Matinee and Evening—

ANOTHER GREAT PICTURE AT THE GEM TUESDAY

A Great Sensational Picture and a Most Powerful One.

One of the most pleasing motion pictures that has been secured for presentation in this city is "The Flash of An Emerald," which will be shown at the Gem theater on Tuesday, matinee and night. This play is a powerful one and features Robert Warwick, one of the leading stars in the film world, in the role of Lucius Waldeck, a social vulture. The price at the matinee will be 5 and 10 cents, and at night 10 and 15 cents.

Lucius Waldeck.....Robert Warwick
Victoria Allison....Dorothy Fairchild
Sonia Mercer, her chum..Jean Stuart
Mrs. Watson.....Julia Stuart
Madeline, the granddaughter....
.....Georgia May Fursman
Marie, Mrs. Weston's maid.....
.....Clarissa Selwynne
Phillipa Ford.....June Elvidge
Morton Conway.....Paul Gordon

Lucius Waldeck is a social vulture, preying on his friends, and diverting suspicion by his gentlemanly graciousness.

In a New York hotel lobby he is attracted by the porter carrying in a sickly child. While thus engrossed, he sees a magnificent emerald pinned in the dress of the child's grandmother. He determines to possess the jewel.

Mrs. Weston has gone to St. Ann de Beaupre, near Quebec, Canada, in order to appeal to St. Ann's for the recovery of her granddaughter, at the time of the visit of the pilgrims, and Waldeck follows.

During the procession of the pilgrims Waldeck locates Mrs. Weston, who is still wearing her emerald. That night he crawls up over the roof of the stable and gains admittance to Mrs. Weston's rooms.

He chloroforms Mrs. Weston, and repeats the same operation with the child and the maid. Then he secures the emerald.

Months later Victoria and Sonia are in New York. The former has been a comrade only of Morton Conway, a rich young man, who, although he knows and appreciates the friendship existing between her and Victoria, is in love with Phillipa Ford, a mercenary, materialistic young lady.

Phillipa has become interested in a man who represents himself to be the secret agent of the Russian revolutionists. The man is Waldeck.

At a ball Victoria sees Waldeck and recognizes him in a vague sort of a way. She tries to warn Phillipa, who chooses to consider the warning as jealousy, Phillipa believing that Victoria is trying to cause trouble in her affair with Waldeck in order to cause trouble between Phillipa and Norton, so that Norton will leave Phillipa and return to Victoria.

Waldeck, feeling secure in his environment, gives the emerald to Phillipa. Victoria sees the emerald and recognizes the true character of Waldeck. Phillipa insists that it is a jewel given her by her mother.

Waldeck learns that the emerald has been his undoing, so deftly removes it from Phillipa's bodice when embracing her. Then he starts to make an exit from this country.

Phillipa receives a note from Waldeck, asking her to deliver a box which he had intrusted to her and which he said contained the collections for the Russian revolutionists, to a stateroom in an outgoing steamer. Phillipa still believes in the innocence of Waldeck.

Victoria notifies the police of her opinion that Waldeck is the man wanted for murder of the child in Canada. Detectives discover the note which he sent to Phillipa regarding the box, so the police go to the steamer and await the appointed hour when Phillipa is to deliver the box to the mysterious woman.

At the right moment they pounce on both Phillipa and the other woman, who is Marie, the former maid of Mrs. Weston's, and who has been Waldeck's accomplice in all the work. The box is discovered to contain the jewels and valuables stolen by Waldeck.

Waldeck, realizing that there is no hope of escape, commits suicide.

Morton Conway realizes that he has been wasting his affections on Phillipa, whose true character has been disclosed. And he realizes that all the suspicion, caused by Phillipa's tongue and directed at Victoria, are unjust. He appreciates her goodness and all promises well with them.

AUTOS TO THE CEMETERY.

The ladies of St. Mary's guild will operate an auto line to and from the cemetery on Decoration day, Tuesday, May 30. A charge of 25 cents for the round trip will be made. Parties desiring to make the trip will be called for at their homes or may secure cars at the corner of Sixth and Vine streets. The ladies are raising funds for their church work and the amount secured by the auto line will be devoted to this purpose.

SHE TOLD HER NEIGHBOR

"I told a neighbor whose child had croup about Foley's Honey and Tar," writes Mrs. Rehkamp, 2404 Herman St., Covington, Ky. "When she gave it a couple doses she was so pleased with the change she didn't know what to say." This reliable remedy helps coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Sold everywhere.

Pratt's Lice Killer will keep your chickens free from mites. Charles E. Hartford.

There is One of These Self-Feeder in Store for You

—all you have to do is to drive up and leave your order with us for 200 pounds of

STANDARD HOG REGULATOR

and we will load both Feeder and Regulator in your wagon. The feeder lets each hog get just the amount he needs. The feeder saves time and money, and Regulator prevents runts. Used and endorsed for years by raisers of thoroughbred hogs. By keeping the stomach sweet it helps digestion so the hog can digest more feed, which means bigger gains and shorter fattening time. Most coughs are started by a bad stomach. Prevent this by using the Regulator and your Hog loss will be less and your Hog profits more. It surely keeps the stomach and bowels in good shape. Come in today and see about it.

WEYRICH & HADRBA, Exclusive Agents

Headquarters for the complete Standard Line.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska | ss.
Cass County |

In County Court.

In the matter of the estate of Frederick Engelkemier, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 10th day of June, 1916, and on the 11th day of December, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day for examination, adjustment and allowance.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 10th day of May, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
(Seal) County Judge.
John M. Leyde,
Attorney for Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In County Court. In the matter of the estate of Loretta Ault, deceased:

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, county judge of Cass county, Nebraska, at the county court room in Plattsmouth, in said county, on the 16th day of June, 1916, and on the 16th day of December, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day, for examination, adjustment and allowance.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing.

Witness my hand and seal of said county court, at Plattsmouth, Nebrasha, this 15th day of May, 1916.

ALLEN J. BEESON,
(Seal) County Judge.
JOHN M. LEYDA,
Attorney for Administrator.

NO SCHOOL MAY 30TH.

Owing to the fact that Tuesday, May 30, is Decoration day, the city schools will be closed on that day to permit of the young people taking part in the program of the day. The official closing of the schools, however, will not be until June 2, with the exception of the seniors, who will be through with their active school work tomorrow.

CUT THIS OUT—IT IS WORTH MONEY

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out the slip, enclose with 5c to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for bronchial coughs, colds and croup. Foley Kidney Pills, and Foley Cathartic Tablets. Sold everywhere.

GOOD AUTO ROADS

—TO—

OMAHA

The cost of Bridge Tolls for Round Trip using our Commutation Books

Auto and Driver, round Trip.....50c
Extra Passengers, each,.....5c
$10.00 Book,.....$5.00
$5.00 Book,.....$2.50

Commutation Books Good any time and Transferable.

PLATTSMOUTH

Auto & Wagon Bridge Co.