

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND FOR DELINQUENT TAXES.

For The Year 1898 and Prior Years. The State of Nebraska } S Sherman County. To all whom it may concern: You will take notice that all lands and lots on which taxes for 1898 and prior years have not been paid, will be sold at the County Treasurer's office in the court house in Loup City, Nebr. on the first Monday in November, 1899, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m.; said sale to adjourn from day to day until all the lands and lots have been offered for sale.

The following is a list of the lands and lots to be sold and the amounts set opposite the description is the amount due and unpaid May 1st, 1899. To each amount will be added interest and cost of advertising:

Table listing land parcels with columns for township (e.g., ROCKYVILLE, HAZARD, CLAY, ASHTON, SCOTT, BINSTOL, LOGAN, LOUP CITY, HARRISON), section, quarter, acreage, and amount due.

Table listing land parcels with columns for township (e.g., WESTER TWP., LOUP CITY VILLAGE, ORIGINAL TOWN, ELM TOWNSHIP, WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP, CENTRAL ADDITION, BLACKMAN'S SUB. DIV., LITFIELD VILLAGE, ASHTON VILLAGE, HAZARD VILLAGE), section, quarter, acreage, and amount due.

Table listing land parcels with columns for township (e.g., ASHTON VILLAGE, HAZARD VILLAGE, HAZARD TOWNSHIP, HAZARD VILLAGE), section, quarter, acreage, and amount due.

The Mystery of Warts. When a youngster of 10 years, I was visited by a plague of warts. From my earliest recollection I had had on my middle finger an old daddy wart, but at the age stated this had multiplied to 40 or more, one being on my lip and one on my chin. I was considerably worried over my growing family of excrescences, and one day a woodchopper in my father's employ, who acted queerly, never wearing a hat, for instance, said that he could take the warts away with him. I was quite willing to have him try, and he took me off to a quiet spot under a willow tree, from which he cut a number of small branches, and these he cut again into little bits of an inch in length, making a notch in each one, and this notch he set down over each wart, having at last a collection of 40 or more of these little notched sticks. These he put into his pocket, saying that the warts would go away. I could never say just when the prophecy was fulfilled, but within six weeks there wasn't a wart on my face or hands, and there has not been one since that time. What I want to know now, as I did then—and the conjurer would not tell me—is what did it. I have spoken to many doctors about it, but they merely laugh, as though I was giving them a "pipe talk," and yet the warts went away, and all the medicine I had ever tried on them had no effect whatever.—New York Sun.

His Opinion. The woman who speaks her mind freely on all occasions had been telling the sad eyed stranger to whom she had been introduced what she thought of Mormonism. Her remarks were eloquent and acrimonious. She had a flow of language which never failed and was fortified with facts which could not be refuted. He listened patiently till she had finished and then said meekly, "Yes, madam; I'm a Mormon myself." "I don't care," she exclaimed, though her face reddened a little. "A man ought to be satisfied with marrying one woman to walk on him and be browbeaten by him." "I don't browbeat anybody," he responded reproachfully. "It doesn't make any difference whether you do or not. No man has any business to marry two wives." "I agree with you perfectly, madam." "Yes! You admit it." "Yes! No man ought to have two wives. If he takes more than one, he ought to stick to odd numbers and have three, five or seven. It obviates the necessity of a man's mixing in. In case of a family dispute it provides for a deciding vote and prevents a deadlock."—Washington Star.
Fresh Laid. A lady who did not appear to be in a very good temper bounced into a certain grocer's shop the other afternoon. "Is your father at home?" she asked of the small boy behind the counter. "No'm," was the reply. "Anything I can do for you?" The lady hesitated before remarking: "I've called to complain about the eggs I obtained from your father this morning. He told me they were fresh laid, and—" "Did he get 'em from the window?" asked the youthful salesman. "Yes." "Then it's all right, 'm—they're fresh laid." "But I say they are not." "You'll excuse me, 'm," said the youngster, endeavoring to be polite. "But I ought to know. They came in a crate yesterday. I unpacked every one on 'em an laid 'em there in the window only this morning. So I knows they're fresh laid, and that settles it."—London Answers.
Queer Origin of a Hotel. They say that the best hotel in Texas is to be found at Belton, a town on the Santa Fe road and is kept by "seven sanctified sisters," as the proprietors are popularly called. Several years ago a woman in the place and her husband quarreled over the best way of expounding the Scriptures to a Sunday school class and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced. This family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and the adherents of the wife. The result was a large crop of divorces, and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. One of them did the cooking, another was parlor maid, a third made up the beds, and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment on the co-operative plan.—Chicago Record.
Other Dangers. "What are you reading about?" asked the man with the wise manner. "The stock market," replied the youth. "Don't do it." "But I never put up any money. Therefore I can't lose." "It makes no difference. You're likely to become one of these people who tell how much money they would have made if they had only done what they came pretty near doing, because they didn't see how things could go otherwise. And then even your best friends will wish sometimes that you would bet your money and lose it and keep still about it."—Washington Star.
A Tiny Bale of Hay. Alfred C. Webber of Lisbon Center, Me., has in his possession a small bale of hay, about 8 inches long and 4 inches deep and wide, and one of the reasons why Mr. Webber keeps this hay in his best room is because it is nicely wired and put between thin pieces of boards so that no chaff can escape, but chiefly because the hay was cut as far back as 1749, on the John Rogers farm in Kittery. It was baled up by Mr. T. Traflet, who was a native of Kittery, and who is now a dealer in Massachusetts.
A Long Dog. A lady living on Park avenue, Walnut Hill, was recently presented with a full blooded imported dachshund, a living exemplification of the saying, "Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little long." This dog in particular has all the fine points of a true dachshund. Its length is at least four times its height, and its legs are stumpy and have the conventional crook of a golf stick at the foot. The lady has several other dogs and is quite a fancier of canines. The other evening a gentleman called who had heard a great deal of the celebrated animal. As he entered the darkened parlor a small yellow dog of no particular breed arose from a rug in front of the grate and, unnoticed by the gentleman, slowly walked toward the door. The dog crossed half way over the threshold and stood in such a position that a person in the parlor could just see its hind legs and tail. At that moment the maid lighted the gas, and the dachshund poked its head inquiringly through an other open door. The gentleman gazed in amazement at the head of the dachshund peering at him from one doorway and the hindquarters of another dog visible in the other doorway, and then in the hearing of the servant ejaculated: "Lord a mighty! I heard that this dachshund of hers was a long one, but this animal certainly beats my time!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.
Drawn at Night. The architect and his friend the builder were driving back to the former's office. They had been out to the edge of the city to look at some work on which they were engaged. As they drove by a certain house the builder looked up at it proudly, saying: "There is a house that I built myself. I not only built it, but I drew all the plans. Every bit of work in it is mine." The architect looked at the house and smiled in a provoking way. The builder noticed the smile and looked at the house in a new light. "How hard I worked on that!" he said. "In the daytime I had to do something else, but every night I would sit up late drawing on those plans. I drew 'em every night for a month." The architect looked at the house again and smiled once more, and the builder saw him. "Again he turned his eyes toward the product of his brain, twisted his neck to squint at it after the carriage had passed it. Then he looked at the architect with humility. "It looks as if those plans were drawn at night, doesn't it?" he said, and there was pathos in his voice.—Worcester Gazette.
Pools on Murder Cases. Bookmaking in murder cases is one of the forms of gambling here, which has opened a new field to the men who are willing to lay odds. The suggestion smacks of the ridiculous, but a gaudily dressed young man, with a few "notes" in his left hand and \$40 in money in his right, appeared in the criminal branch of the supreme court here a few days ago. "Who's on trial?" he asked an officer. Being told, he consulted his notes and said: "Let's see. Lawyer Blank; defense, insanity; charge, murder." And then, turning to the doorman again, "I'll bet you 1 to 10 he's acquitted." The court officer looked puzzled, but was astounded when the gaudily dressed informed him he was making "book." The court officer saw that he made tracks, but not before over \$900 in bets had been placed on the outcome of the case. An investigation showed that there are a large number of these bookmakers doing business around the New York courts, and their profits are said to be very large.—New York Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.
Lauder's Cravat. At a friendly dinner at Gore House, when it was the most delightful of houses, his dress—say, his cravat or shirt collar—had become slightly disarranged over the best way of expounding the Scriptures to a Sunday school class and were so stubborn that they separated and were finally divorced. This family controversy was taken up by the town, which was soon distinctly divided between the adherents of the husband and the adherents of the wife. The result was a large crop of divorces, and seven husbandless women, including the original cause of the commotion, joined together and rented the town hotel. One of them did the cooking, another was parlor maid, a third made up the beds, and so they divided the work among them and ran the establishment on the co-operative plan.—Chicago Record.
Selwyn's Curious Trust. George Selwyn had a strange but not uncommon passion for seeing strange bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland House shortly before his death. George Selwyn went to ask how he was, and whether he would like to see him. Lord Holland answered: "Oh, by all means! If I'm alive tomorrow I shall be delighted to see George, and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me!"—Letter of General Fox.
An Inference. "Such are the delusions to which the human senses and understanding are susceptible," remarked the man who doesn't care whether you comprehend him or not, "that, logically speaking, it is absolutely impossible to be absolutely sure of anything." "Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "I didn't know you were one." "What?" "A weather prophet."—Washington Star.
The Difference. "Pa, what's the difference between talent and genius?" "A man with talent is able to build for himself the finest monument in the country. The public usually has to be told the name of a genius."—tal

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