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We may live without learning. We may live without books. But civilized man cannot live without cook. Nor can a cook live without an ACORN Range, which renders perfect cooking an absolute certainty.

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- \$3.00 Pants.
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I have the agency for the above and samples of the cloth can be seen at J. E. Evans' Book Store.

C. M. NEWTON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.
Office over North Platte National Bank.

H. CHURCH.
LAWYER.
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.
Office: Hiram Block, Spruce Street.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON.
Assistant Surgeon United States Pacific Railway and Member of Pioneer Board.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.
Office over Strickland's Drug Store.

WM. EYES, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Office: Neville's Block. Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.

\$50 REWARD.
By virtue of the laws of the State of Nebraska I hereby offer a reward of Fifty Dollars for the capture and conviction of any person charged with horse stealing in Lincoln county.

D. A. BAKER, Sheriff.

H. S. BOAL, Insurance.

Agent for best line of Fire, Life and Accident Co's.

GEO. NAUMAN'S MEAT MARKET.

Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

NORTH PLATTE Marble Works.

W. C. RITNER, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Monuments, Headstones, Curbing, Building Stone, and all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery Work.

Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimates freely given.

Hershey & Co.

DEALERS IN Agricultural Implements, OF ALL KINDS, Farm and Spring Wagons, Buggies, Road Carts, Wind Mills, Pumps, Barb Wire, Etc.

Locust Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

CLAUDE WEINGAND, Fine Boot and Shoe Maker.

DEALER IN MEN'S LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Perfect Fit, Best Work and Goods as Represented or Money Refunded.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Leave orders at Evans' Book Store.

HELLO!

Here we are again with the best line of HEATING STOVES.

Everything New. REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY. Come in and let us smile on you. We make the Price.

A. L. DAVIS.

LAND OFFICE NOTICES.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., on December 23, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof to support his claim and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on December 23, 1920, viz: David E. Tibbels, who made H. E. township 11 north, range 20 west, in the following 11 acre tract of land...

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., on December 23, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof to support his claim and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on December 23, 1920, viz: George E. Schaefer, who made H. E. township 11 north, range 20 west, in the following 11 acre tract of land...

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

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Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof to support his claim and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on December 23, 1920, viz: George E. Schaefer, who made H. E. township 11 north, range 20 west, in the following 11 acre tract of land...

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

LEGAL NOTICES.

In the matter of the estate of Alexander Engle, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the executor of said estate, the undersigned, at the office of said executor, at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of December, 1920, at 10 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of presenting their claims and of settling the account of said executor.

A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

And now comes the plaintiff and suggests to the court that the defendant, Lucy J. Laubheimer, has filed a petition in this court to set aside the judgment in this cause, and that the names and residences of the heirs and devisees of said Lucy J. Laubheimer are as follows...

W. M. NEVILLE, Judge of the District Court.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Michael Korrasak, Susan Korrasak and Henry Clarke, trustees, defendants, vs. Lucy J. Laubheimer, plaintiff.

And now comes the plaintiff and suggests to the court that the defendant, Lucy J. Laubheimer, has filed a petition in this court to set aside the judgment in this cause, and that the names and residences of the heirs and devisees of said Lucy J. Laubheimer are as follows...

CATHERINE P. BIRNBAUM, Plaintiff.

R. P. TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST. No. 4—Atlantic Express, Dept 12:15 A.M.

Returning West. No. 5—Atlantic Express, Dept 1:00 P.M.

DEPARTURES. No. 1—Pacific Express, Dept 7:30 A.M.

ARRIVALS. No. 2—Pacific Express, Arrive 11:30 P.M.

E. B. WARNER, Funeral Director.

Being once invited to dine together at the house of a friend the effort was made to gratify the palates of both by preparing half the asparagus with butter and half with white sauce.

H. MacLEAN, Fine Boot and Shoe Maker.

DEALER IN MEN'S LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

Perfect Fit, Best Work and Goods as Represented or Money Refunded.

SEARCHING AFTER TRUTH.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," so the people of the world told her.

She was young and fair, and she searched for Truth, but her frequent visits to the well brought no discovery; only the reflection of her beautiful face in the water.

One night a knock came at her door, and she sprang up and opened it. There on the threshold stood a bundle of rags, which moved as if breathing. She shuddered as she asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Truth," she cried. "My face is not fair to look upon, but I am Truth."

The cold wind was blowing and crying, and she closed the door. The Truth sought was pure and beautiful, not handsome, and with the conviction of youth she was satisfied with herself for having refused this gressome thing admittance.

From that day, however, strange visitors knocked at her door, each called himself Truth, and each had a fine appreciation of a large and good dinner I am, I believe, indebted to my father. He was a great diner, and it is well known that the finest qualities of the English race are hereditary.

My father suffered from gout, and the doctors, who are a mass of pretenses, told me that I also have got it. However, I am thankful to say that I know my own constitution.

What is really the matter with me is a sort of cold accompanied by inflammation in one toe. It is irises, I should say, from overwork. Old port is good for it.

A fine appreciation of dinner should be accompanied by a large income. When my father died of apoplexy (brought on by a quarrel with his cook, who was a fair instance of talent as distinct from genius), I succeeded to his position in the firm, and as an income which even in the city is considered to be fairly large. I love largeness. I love large incomes, large houses, large appetites, large dinners, large dainties.

My father was a diner out, and he had many large dinners. It was always my ambition to be, like my father, a great diner, and it would be but false humility to say that I shall die without having eaten the chef of my father's cook.

I distinguish between the diner and the diner out. I do not want to be uncharitable, but I have no high opinion of the diner out. He does not, as a rule, take the dinner itself quite seriously. He is able to show an interest in the women whom he takes in or in the conversation. Now, life is too short for that division of interests; we only have time to do one thing well. Let dinner be that one thing, and you are done. That is the only thing.

Do that well, and you have the best delight that this world can give you. As for conversation, I despise it.

Now, there was the case of Charles Noycomb. He was with me at one time and might for family reasons have come into a small partnership. It would not have been much—some £3,000 a year—but ample for a young and unmarried man who is willing to exercise ordinary industry. Charles was a diner out, and for family reasons I once asked him to dine with me, although in a general way I will not have young men at my table.

At the very moment when we were eating a young man came in and demanded the eater's attention, reverence and silence—at that very moment. Charles Noycomb was taciturn enough to tell it. It caused noisy laughter. It broke the spell. It was like whistling in church. However, it was not in consequence of this indiscretion alone that I finally decided to get rid of Noycomb.

He refused port. A man who refuses port is not a diner out. He is a diner in, and he has no right to be at my table. When the chief returned and learned what had occurred, he ordered the witch to be taken away from the bush, and the sentence executed. Thruwald had now died, but his son, hearing of his sister being in the hands of the Indians, organized a party to get her out.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine that I have ever sold."

When the morning clerk gives a hour late notice, he is a diner in, and he has no right to be at my table. When the chief returned and learned what had occurred, he ordered the witch to be taken away from the bush, and the sentence executed.

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DELIGHTS OF DINING.

HOW EASILY THE SPELL OF SOLEMN ENJOYMENT MAY BE BROKEN.

Dishes That From Their Peculiarly Bizarre and Lovely Character Demand Attention, Reverence and Silence—An Epicure's Serious Affliction.

For my thorough appreciation of a large and good dinner I am, I believe, indebted to my father. He was a great diner, and it is well known that the finest qualities of the English race are hereditary.

My father suffered from gout, and the doctors, who are a mass of pretenses, told me that I also have got it. However, I am thankful to say that I know my own constitution.

What is really the matter with me is a sort of cold accompanied by inflammation in one toe. It is irises, I should say, from overwork. Old port is good for it.

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I love largeness. I love large incomes, large houses, large appetites, large dinners, large dainties.

My father was a diner out, and he had many large dinners. It was always my ambition to be, like my father, a great diner, and it would be but false humility to say that I shall die without having eaten the chef of my father's cook.

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PULLED OUT HAIR BY HAIR.

A Remarkable Story of Indian Cruelty Suggested by Jealousy.

Living on a reservation near a woman who is supposed to have been a victim of jealousy and Indian cruelty. In 1859 Oswald Thruwald, a Swedish farmer, had a home in the territory close to the Texas border, and his family consisted of his wife, two daughters and a son.

The Indians seemed friendly, paying over the Thruwalds even when slaying the other settlers about their farms and purchasing such goods as Thruwald brought out from the states for barter. He was rapidly growing rich and had made his preparations to move to Dallas, where he intended to extend his business, when the tragedy occurred that destroyed his home and scattered his family.

It seems that the chief of the Tonkawa Indians, who visited that part of the country from the south on raiding expeditions, had seen Elsa, a beautiful girl, laughing and fancying her offered to buy her for her father. But Thruwald, though fond of money, refused, which gave great offense to the chief.

Returning home, he incited his people against the Thruwalds, and the following spring they made an attack on him. He and his son succeeded in escaping, but the wife and younger daughter, though they eluded capture the first few days, were overtaken finally.

The next day he captured by dragging a rugged country, and when the Indians came up with them it was to find the girl holding her mother in her arms, the poor woman having just expired.

He carried her to the village, and she was taken to a village and given over to the care of the women of the tribe. She was shot in the presence of her sister, who had been seized and held from the moment of the attack till now.

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STORY TELLING OWLS.

THEIR FUNNY YARNS MADE THE AIRDRONKARS RING WITH MIRTH.

The Jovial Birds Were So Laughter Provoking That Their Side-Splitting Contentment Spread to Their Human Auditors, and Even the Loons Howled With Delight.

"What amused our party most up to the air-dronkars," said a Scranton man, "was an entertainment given to us by a flock of story telling owls. Our camp was away back in the wilderness of Herkimer county, and we had hardly turned in for the night when a flock of owls alighted on a tree over us and began to tell stories and laugh. Every owl listened in silence to the one that was talking, and when the tale was finished the whole flock laughed as though they were tickled half to death."

"They remained up a lot of drummers in a smoking car, and they had such jolly fun it became contagious. We all rolled and laughed over the fun the big eyed birds were having in the tree, and before long the side-splitting contagion attacked some loons out on the lake, which fairly yelled with delight whenever the fun loving owls guffawed and shrieked and shouted."

"I have heard of a run of these story telling owls in a smoking car, and they had such jolly fun it became contagious. We all rolled and laughed over the fun the big eyed birds were having in the tree, and before long the side-splitting contagion attacked some loons out on the lake, which fairly yelled with delight whenever the fun loving owls guffawed and shrieked and shouted."

"Once in awhile a story was so funny before the loons was reached that we could hear two or three of the feathered friends of the loon, and when the entire flock had met expressly to swap experiences of the night before, and they talked so plainly that we could hear the words of each of the loons as they lay on our beds of spruce boughs."

"We lay on our beds of spruce boughs. "The owl we told about once had a big rat that he had caught by the back yanked itself loose and showed fight. The owl described how he had let the rat go, and when the rat was back in the hole he finally bit his tail off at the root, and how the rat then squealed and zigzagged around with no regard to his own movements. The picture in the owl's mind was so vivid that they fell into the most violent fits of laughter, some of them tumbling from their perch, they were so tickled."

"Another owl described the tussle he had had with a tough old jack hare in a swampy place. He said that the hare carried him along through the rushes and over logs for some distance after he had got his claws in its back, and that he at last brought the hare up standing by keeping one claw in its eye and catching hold of a bush with his other claw. The hare rolled over and over as soon as the owl let go of the bush, and the owl said that his feathers pointed in all directions when he finally got the best of the hare. "Real after