

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of an order of sale issued by W. C. Elder, clerk of the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon decrees rendered by said court in favor of Henry R. Wilson and against William A. Hawley, et al. I have levied upon the following described real estate as the property of said Henry R. Wilson...

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NOTICE. Oberhardt Swartzel and Catherine Swartzel, non-resident defendants, will take notice that on the 20th day of October, 1934, James N. Brown, trustee for William S. Strong, plaintiff in error, filed in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, a bill of complaint...

NOTICE. Herbert Ames, Harry Glass and John M. Worde, non-resident defendants, will take notice that on the 10th day of April, 1934, Henry R. Wilson, plaintiff in error, filed in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, a bill of complaint...

NOTICE. Walter H. Riggs and Mrs. Walton H. Riggs, wife, first names unknown, defendants, will take notice that on the 10th day of December, 1933, W. C. Elder, clerk of the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, a bill of complaint...

NOTICE. Walter H. Riggs and Mrs. Walton H. Riggs, wife, first names unknown, defendants, will take notice that on the 10th day of December, 1933, W. C. Elder, clerk of the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, a bill of complaint...

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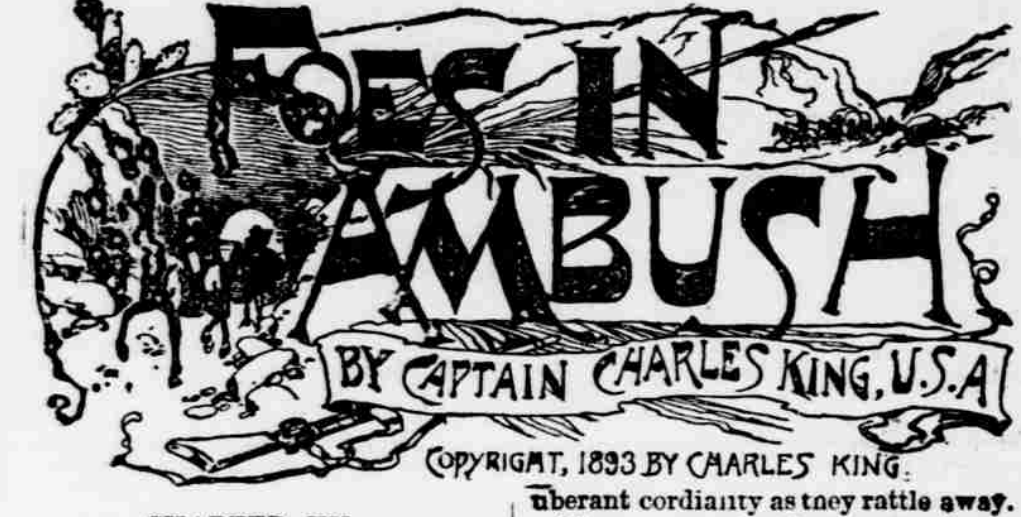
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CHAPTER XII. It is a sultry day, early in July, and the sun is going westward through a film of white, wind-driven clouds that send a host of deep shadows sweeping and chasing over the wide prairie...

CHAPTER XIII. The group of officers presently dispersed, two tall lieutenants strolling off together and throwing themselves under the spreading branches of a big cottonwood...

CHAPTER XIV. The group of officers presently dispersed, two tall lieutenants strolling off together and throwing themselves under the spreading branches of a big cottonwood...

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"Hello, Wing—didn't man to disturb you aista—Drummond here?" says the commander in his offhand way, and at sound of the well known voice Drummond, too, is on his feet in a twinkling.

"Seen of papers that came in today?" queries the colonel, obliterating from his sentences all verbal superlatives. "Not yet, sir; any news?"

"I—I to pay in Chicago, so far as he's from. The railway strike has taken form hold there. Police and militia both seem unable to do anything against the mob, and the authorities are stumped. Your home, hm? It's"

"It was once, sir, but that was many a long time ago. 'W-e-e-l,' says the colonel reflectively, stroking his grizzled beard, 'it's my belief there is worse to come. It isn't the striking railway bands that will do the mischief, it's a swarm of other young men by a brace of others...'

"Think we can get there, sir?" asks Wing eagerly. "Can't say. We've supposed to have our hands full covering this section of Nebraska, though a heavy force of some 100 men is being sent to Chicago to help the regular troops who are on the ground."

"All well with the madam and the kid?" queries Drummond, after the manner of the frontier, when at last Wing folds and replaces his letter, a happy light in his blue eyes. "The kid's fine, and the madam's all right. Harry has captured the entire household, and that Grandpa Harvey is his object slave. There isn't anything in Chicago too good for that 2-year-old. They've got the 'break' in the north, and the Sioux nation, which one year previous, was in the midst of the maddest, most successful war it ever waged against the white man. That was the centennial year—1876. This is the centennial year for the cavalry—1877. For before the close of the summer even the troops far to the southeast are destined to be summoned to the chase and capture of wary old Chief Joseph—the greatest Indian general ever known."

"All along under the cottonwoods below the crossing the livonac extends. Long before sunrise these hairy fellows were in saddle and in long column have come marching down from the north—four strong troops—a typical battalion of regular cavalry as they looked and rode in those stirring days that brought about the subjugation of the Sioux. Out on the prairie, the herds of the four different troops are quietly grazing, each herd watched by its trio of alert, though often apparently dozing, guards. One troop is made up entirely of black horses, another of negroes—two are of bay and chestnut, and the fourth is a herd of mules of the wagon train—and the white tops of these cumbersome vehicles are dotting the left bank of the winding water for 200 or 300 yards. Another are smoldering in little pits dug in the yielding soil, but the cooking is over for the present. The men have had their substantial dinner and are now smoking or sleeping or chatting in groups in the shade—all but a few of a dozen, commanded by a grizzled veteran on whose worn blouse the chevrons of a first sergeant are stitched. Booted and spurred, with carbines slung and saddles packed, the rest of the fellows are standing or sitting at ease, holding the reins of their sleepy chargers and waiting apparently for the passengers who are to start in the stout built Concord drawn by four sleek, strong looking mules, now standing in the shade near the canvas homestead of the commanding officer.

"Presently two soldiers following a young man in civilian dress come forward lugging a little green painted iron safe, and this, with an awning and a thud, they deposit in the wagon. "You've seen that before, sergeant," laughs the civilian. "I have, begad, an when it had a heap more green inside an less outside than it has now. Faith, I never expected to see it again, nor the paymaster either. We were both bored through an awning. 'Twas our good halberd that saved us. Sure your predecessor was a game fighter, Mr. Barnes, if he was a tenderfoot."

"Yes, the major often tells me he wishes he had his back, and another place he has instead of the one he had," answers the clerk whimsically. "Does he know you're to command the escort in? You got him into such a scrape then that he's never tired of telling of it."

"Then he may feel gratified at the honor I'm doing him now. Sure it's beneath the dignity of a first sergeant to command a squad like this except on an extraordinary occasion, and it's to take the taste of the last time out of my mouth I volunteered to escort the major now. 'Twas a strong taste to last five years, though my reminder will go with me many a year longer. Here they come now."

"As the sergeant speaks a little group of officers issues from the battalion commander's tent. Foremost among them, in loose, floppy slacks and broad brimmed hat and green goggles, is the rotund and portly shape of Major Plummer, the paymaster. "Well, old man," says the cavalry leader, "you can hardly get into a scrape 'twice here and Sidney. We've seen you through all right so far; now we'll go on about our scouting. Your old friend Feeny asked permission to see you safely to the railway."

"What, Feeny, and a first sergeant too?" "I'm honored indeed! Well, sergeant," he adds, catching sight of the grizzled red face under the old scouting hat, "I'll promise to let you run the machine this time and not interfere, no matter what stories come of us being in distress. All ready?" "All ready, sir, if the major is."

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ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF NEBRASKA. In and for the County of Lincoln. James M. Ray, County Judge.

AGENTS LIES. To whom it may concern: I hereby claim a lien on three year-old horse named 'Buck'...

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF NEBRASKA. In and for the County of Lincoln. James M. Ray, County Judge.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF NEBRASKA. In and for the County of Lincoln. James M. Ray, County Judge.

ORDER OF HEARING. STATE OF NEBRASKA. In and for the County of Lincoln. James M. Ray, County Judge.