

# NO VITAL SPOT NOW.

## WOUNDS OF HEART AND BRAIN THAT HAVE FAILED TO KILL.

Living With a Bullet Imbedded in His Heart—Persons Who Have Been Shot Through Their Brains and Survived—Advances in Treating Such Cases.

"For my own part," said the doctor, with a shrug, "I would prefer not to be shot at all, whether in the heart, head, lungs, liver or brain, and yet I have taken note of many cases recently in which persons have sustained gunshot wounds of supposedly fatal character who are still alive and going about their business."

The doctor and his companion were passing a down town museum when the conversation took this turn. Among the freaks pictured and caricatured in front of the building was a man with a ragged bullet wound torn through his heart—which organ was vividly exposed in the flaring damb—while the angle of death was hovering over him, ready to snatch him away at any moment.

"Then," said the doctor's friend, "a shot or a stab in the heart is not necessarily fatal, as it is understood by modern surgery?"

"Not at all," returned the doctor. "But, of course, we are not speaking of wounds as big and terrible as the one in that museum picture. That is apparently even worse than the thrust received by Mercurio—looks about as deep as a well and as wide as a church door. No man who has been wounded like that ever survives more than a minute."

That man in the museum is alleged to be Charles B. Nelson, who was mysteriously shot in the evening while in the company of Mrs. Edith Marguerite Staples in Washington park. The shooting occurred on a night five months ago, and the man with an ounce of lead in his heart is still alive. Whether he sleeps well and has a good appetite I am unable to say. He was formerly a cyclist of some note. Nelson's breast was subjected to the X rays, and, according to seicographs which were made at the time, the bullet lodged in the sacrum of the heart—the fourfold part of muscular fibers that divides the interior of that organ into right and left auricles and ventricles. There it has continued to throb up and down about 100,000 times a day ever since that mysterious shooting, and at every pulsation refuting the old theory of medical science that the touch of hostile metal to man's heart brings death.

"The most skillful and daring surgeon on earth, if he were asked to remove the bullet from Nelson's heart, would shake his head in the negative. So this man must carry his load of lead as long as life shall last. Seems strange, doesn't it?"

"And yet, notwithstanding what I have said, we have surgeons nowadays who do undertake and carry to a successful conclusion operations on the heart. This is done by opening the pericardium, for example, in cases of dropsy of the heart, and drawing off the fluid by aspiration. A man may have his heart punctured with the point of a knife or a needle and still recover from the injury. It used to be held that wounds of this character were invariably fatal. But a wound of the heart is not necessarily fatal, as is shown in the case where a needle was removed by Callender from the substance of that organ. Cases of like nature have been reported by Drs. Hahn, Agnew, Steiner and others. More than 50 cases where rupture of the heart walls did not result in immediate death are reported by Dr. J. Hamilton, a well known Scotch surgeon and pathologist.

"The case of Poole, a prizefighter, was one of the most remarkable. Poole was shot in the heart while engaged in an encounter with a man named Baker, in New Jersey, in 1855. To all outward appearance he recovered rapidly and in four days felt so well that he expressed a wish to finish the interrupted contest. Twelve days later, however, he suddenly dropped to the ground. Within five minutes he was dead.

"More remarkable still, perhaps, are the numerous injuries to the brain and spinal cord, which on first view would be pronounced fatal and yet from which the wounded persons recover. At Valparaiso, Ind., a man named Herbert J. Fish while in a fit of temporary insanity put a .38 caliber bullet through his brain, and at last accounts he was still alive and apparently getting well. The bullet, by all accounts, passed through the right and left anterior hemispheres of the brain, lodging finally in the posterior base wall of the left eye socket. In its course the ball destroyed a large amount of brain matter. At the same time it cut the optic nerves of both eyes, destroying the sight. In some way the sense of smell, too, was destroyed.

"Many Chicagoans will remember a tragedy at the Briggs House in this city several years ago, in which a man who was shot in the brain got well. J. S. McDonnell, a well known veterinary surgeon, and his wife were boarders at the hotel. It was in August, 1897. One day there was a great uproar and excitement over a shooting affray in the apartment of the McDonnells. In the quarrel McDonnell was shot by his wife, the bullet entering the side of his head in the parietal bone above the ear and penetrating the brain. Within the next 48 hours the ball was removed by Dr. Linton H. Montgomery, and the wounded man got well. The wife at the same time shot herself in the head, but her injuries were not serious. Old time doctors used to pronounce wounds like that of McDonnell fatal in every instance and made very little effort to save the patient. Brain injuries are most serious and most often prove fatal when they occur near the base of the brain.—Chicago Tribune.

No Fiction Either.

She—Who is your favorite writer?

He—My guardian. He signs all my checks, you know.—Detroit Free Press.

Boy Wanted.

Merchant (to applicant for position):—Are you a good penman and a good speller?

Applicant (who has recently graduated from public schools with high honors):—No, sir. I cannot spell well, neither can I write legibly, but in physiology, astronomy, geology and zoology I am an expert.

Merchant (testily to clerk in next room):—John, send in some one with a practical education.—Minneapolis Tribune.

# THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

## Some Examples of the Glaring Inconsistencies of Its Alphabet.

As our alphabet now stands—even after 6,000 years of perfecting—it is a string of singularly ambiguous signs and affords an unequalled opportunity for tormentors, just as a man who cannot express himself clearly can be plagued with sophisticated questions.

The confusion of English sounds and letters is well illustrated by spelling which without one correct letter—kaphy—which spelling is nearer the original than the one in use, for a pamphlet was printed in Oxford in 1659 on "The Nature of the Drink Kaphy or Coffee."

The artistically bad orthography of many of our funny writers is made possible by the glaring inconsistencies of our alphabet. But some instances of naturally funny bad spelling are perhaps given in the following examples. Here is a note that was sent to a doctor:

Dear—Yolc edige me of yole kam an ce no. I have a bad kowd an Ell an boy lost my Happy Tight.

The following, received by a schoolmaster, was likely to be misunderstood:

Bar—As you are a man of nolge I intend to lend my son in your skill.  
Here is a bill sent to a gentleman:  
Dear Sir,  
I enclose you a bill for 10/6  
for stationery.  
Yours faithfully,  
Pade—J. Janx.

The items are not apothecaries' articles, as might be supposed, but merely "a horse half a day and a taking on him home again."

Many eccentric devices of literature depend on the peculiar arrangement of letters. Some of these have fine sounding names and are recognized as famous recreations of the learned. The palindromes, which is a line that reads alike backward and forward, is one of the most difficult of all feats of letter juggling and has engaged the attention of the world's cleverest brains.

While in exile Napoleon was asked by an Englishman if he thought he could have sacked London and replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba"—the most skillful palindromes on record. Run the letters of the reply backward if you would test it. A famous Latin example is the lawyers' motto, "Si Nammil inunmis." The following sentence is not only a palindrome, but extraordinary in other respects: "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas."

This spells the same backward and forward; all the first letters of the words spell the first word; the second letters of the word spell the second word, and so on through the third, fourth and fifth. The last letters spell the last word; the next to the last of each word spell the next word, and so on to the beginning.—London Mail.

# ENGLISH STUFFINGS.

## Recipes Which the Sander Says Are Excellent For Turkey in the Kitchen.

Here is a recipe for turkey and chicken stuffing which the sander says is very different in its results from those given in the cookbooks:

Crumble or grate the inside of a stale loaf or more of baker's bread, either a round loaf or milk bread. Add pepper and salt, the grated rind of a lemon and to a loaf half the juice; to 2 loaves, all of it; a little grated nutmeg, a handful each of finely cut parsley leaves and fine white celery leaves, thyme, sweet marjoram and summer savory, using the leaves in preference to the ground, and twice the quantity of thyme as of the marjoram or savory. Mix all together, dry and fill the crops, putting all the remainder into the bodies of the fowl.

As the filling is being done add small pieces of good butter, which, together with the proper basting, will give the dressing sufficient moisture.

This dressing is also excellent for roast leg of pork when you do not want to simulate duck or goose with it.

"The recipe for the good old English stuffing for ducks or geese," the sander adds, "I never see in our cookbooks and do not find it used upon my neighbors' tables. People spoil these birds with soft bread and muss."

This is the old recipe for stuffing for geese, ducks or a leg of pork:

Take equal parts of parboiled potatoes cut into inch square cubes and onions cut up. Strain dry, add pepper and salt and sage leaves crushed up. Prepare enough of the mixture to fill the pork or bird with it and to lay some of it under them in the roasting pan. Keep this extra filling under the birds. Dish it separately and serve it at the table with the rest.—New York Sun.

# The Evening Fan.

It isn't the thing to wear an evening fan on a gold chain any more. It should be worn on a string of imitation pearls. If you cannot afford the real thing, and few can, since the correct length for the string is seven feet. If a wealthy woman wears one of these ornaments, it is impossible to tell that the jewels are bogus, or at least that's what the shopkeepers say. The mock pearls are certainly perfect enough and pretty enough to make the worst wounded oyster in the waters ashamed of the pearl with which he mends his shell. It is also the style to wear these strings wound round and round the neck, dog collar fashion, either with a high neck gown or fall dress attire. The prices vary from \$8.50 a string to \$25.—New York Letter.

# Bees and Pigeons Race.

A curious sporting event recently took place in Belgium. Bees and homing pigeons were released between Ham and Rhybern. The two towns are an hour apart, and the bet was that 12 bees would beat 12 pigeons in making the distance. Four drones and eight working bees were well powdered with flour and released at the same instant with the pigeons at Rhybern. A drone reached home four seconds in advance of the first pigeon, the three other drones and one pigeon came in neck and neck, according to the judges, and the eight working bees came in just a trifle ahead of the ten pigeons.

# Postage Due.

Daisy—You're cheating Uncle Sam out of postage.

Mattie—How so?

Daisy—By sending Jack "bushels of kisses" in that letter.

Mattie—Oh, well, Jack will put the stamp of his approval on it.—New York World.

# The Oldest Newspaper in the World.

The oldest newspaper in the world is the Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, founded in the year 710 A. D. The King Pan, published in China for the last 1,000 years, must take a back seat when it comes to a question of which is the pioneer sheet.

# STORY OF THE BIBLE.

## HOW IT WAS COMPILED, PRESERVED AND BROUGHT DOWN.

The Records Began With Abraham and Were Collected by Ezra—It Was Born in the Little Land of Canaan—Conquered Israel's Gift to the World.

New discoveries about the Bible are being made almost daily. The religious world is startled every now and then by the announcement that some old manuscript has been found or some old tablet corroborating Biblical history has been deciphered. The last few years have been especially notable for remarkable finds, not the least of which has been a single leaf of papyrus bearing a few sayings of Jesus—logia, as they have been called. These discoveries arouse a questioning frame of mind.

We ask, how did we get the Bible, whence did it come, what was the method of its transmission to us? Learned volumes have been written, but only scholars read them. One of the latest of these is by Dr. William A. Copping, but it is so expensive a volume—only 150 copies have been printed for sale—that few can read it, even if they would. The much talked of polychrome Bible, edited by leading Biblical scholars of the world, is an answer to this demand. Still, the question, how did the Bible come to us? ought to be answered briefly, so that the masses of the people can read and understand. It is irrelevant to the Bible and the inspired men who gave us this world classic—the classic—dealing with the eternal theme of the relation between man and God to think of it as a ready made volume, dropped down from heaven bound and gilt edged.

The Bible was born in the little land of Canaan as the weary carter, led by Abraham from the east, and the patriarch wrote down the promises of the Eternal on the palm leaves which he found at hand. This was more than 4,000 years ago, and that writing was in use so early as proved by inscriptions found on Egyptian steles or Assyrian tablets from 6,000 to 8,000 years old.

The records kept by Abraham and his immediate descendants undoubtedly formed the basis of the book of Genesis and the earlier chapters of Exodus, to be later utilized by the hand of Moses and his successors. With the advent of this great legislator of the Hebrews the nation was formed, with his legislation as its heart and center. It is probable that Moses wrote his portion of the Bible upon the linen used for such purposes in Egypt, for many large pieces of this linen covered with hieroglyphic writing have come down to us wrapped around mummies. The inscriptions are still legible. The Pentateuch was the nucleus of our Bible, the only Bible known to the Hebrews for many generations. It was written in the ancient Hebrew character, closely resembling the Phoenician, as proved by the Siloam inscription discovered near Jerusalem and some ancient coins which have been found. Leaders like Joshua, Gideon and Samuel were needed in the promised land. Singers and prophets, too, arose, and the scribes of the leaders recorded what was done. The poets wrote down their best songs. The prophets' words were treasured up by their disciples and followers. The official records were kept in the national archives, and the songs of the poets and the speeches of the prophets were passed from hand to hand. When the kingdom was divided, records were certainly kept both in the northern kingdom of Judah and the southern kingdom of Israel. But much of the earlier literature was forgotten in the catastrophe of the destruction of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, and the exiles returned by sing the songs of Zion as they "sat by the waters of Babylon and wept." When at last the term of exile was over and some of the more devoted Jews returned to rebuild the walls and temple of Jerusalem, the law had to be brought back to them.

Ezra was the man for this work, and he and his coadjutors, the elders, collected the scattered records of earlier days and made the first canon of the Pentateuch. They wrote it in a new script—Kethab Ashuri, the Assyrian or square character brought back from Babylon by them—and read and taught it to the people. By this time some of the speeches delivered by the prophets of the exile, the second Isaiah and his disciples, had become so dear to the hearts of the people that they were esteemed as classics. Some had preserved the addresses of the earlier prophets, and gradually a second set of accepted writings was added to the law. The older songs, too, were found again, and new singers were inspired for the service of the new temple, and the book of Psalms became its hymnbook.

The prophets of the nation were collected by various hands. Other books were found or written as late as the second century before the Christian era. The book of Daniel, for instance, was composed to inspire a people, fainting under Syrian oppression, for the Maccabean revolution. And all this later literature was struggling for acceptance into the Bible, the canon of the Old Testament. We now have it as established in the first century of our era by the rabbinical school of Palestine. As the nation Israel sunk under the waves of Roman conquest the Jewish spirit held the Old Testament aloft as its gift to the world.—Clifton Hardy Levy in Review of Reviews.

# Both Awake.

First Burglar—It's no use tryin that place 'tween Bill. Ther man an his wife was in 'bout an hour ago, an I heard him tell her he'd buy her a diamond necklace tomorrow.

Second Burglar—What's that got 't do with it?

First Burglar—Plenty. She won't be able 't sleep for 'tinkin 'bout it, an he won't sleep for 'tinkin how he's got 't say for it.—London Fun.

# The Test of Good Nature.

Faddy—There is one thing that can be said of Mercer—he lives up to the injunction of the golden rule.

Daddy—In what manner, pray?

Faddy—When he tells Groper a good story, Groper never laughs at it, but when a few days later Groper tells the same story to Mercer Mercer laughs as though he would split.—Boston Transcript.

# In Holland the Average Product for Cows is 80 pounds of butter and 150 pounds of cheese per annum.

# AN OLD GOVERNMENT DIE.

## Used by a Lawyer as a Paperweight For Years.

In the course of a lecture at the Apprentices' Library A. E. Osterbridge, Jr., related an interesting incident that serves to show how much more careful Uncle Sam is in the destruction of old dies for coins than he used to be. "Some time ago," said Mr. Osterbridge, "I was visiting the office of a friend who is a lawyer, when I noticed upon his desk a little metal object, covered with three or four coats of red paint, which was apparently in use as a paperweight. It was a government die for a silver dollar of 1809, and for my friend to have it in his possession was a penal offense. He did not know what it was until I told him, and he informed me that it had been around the office as a paperweight as long as he could remember—40 years at least. I gave him a silver weight in its place and informed the authorities at Washington of the circumstance, also forwarding my friend's affidavit as to what he knew about it.

"At that time, though all dies were supposed to be destroyed when discarded, the system was rather lax, and they sometimes found their way into the possession of junk dealers. I agreed to turn over to the government the die in question, but it should not be destroyed, but kept in the numismatic collection at the Philadelphia mint, and that I might borrow it at a future time to illustrate a lecture. The conditions were agreed to, and I have brought the die with me tonight to show to you. I had to write a very formal letter to get it, stating the purpose for which it was to be used, and it must be returned tomorrow morning."

# Dr. Junker's Escape.

Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, who did not see a white person for years while he was studying the natives and natural history of the upper Mobangi-Makua river, made use of an ingenious expedient to get to the coast on his way home in 1886. He could not descend the Nile, for the Mahdists blocked the way. He could not follow the beaten road by way of Victoria Nyansa, for the Waganda and other tribes had been killing whites and if they did not murder Junker they would at least detain him as a prisoner. Arab traders would not take him in their caravans for fear they would lose the friendship of the native chiefs along the road. At last the doctor went to one of the traders with this proposal:

"You cannot take me with you as a friend," he said, "but you can take me as a slave. Lock at this." And Dr. Junker showed the trader an ancient written in Arabic and signed by a well known firm in Zanzibar, authorizing the doctor to make any arrangements he desired with the Arabs of central Africa, and the firm would honor his drafts.

"Now," continued Dr. Junker, "I have written out a contract, and if you will sign it with me I shall reach the coast. It provides that when you deliver me alive at Zanzibar the sum of \$1,500 (Austrian shillings) will be paid to you by this firm. You cannot take me with you as a traveler or a friend, and you must therefore take me as a slave."

The bargain was made on this basis. In passing through the hostile tribes the white man was represented to be a slave who had been purchased from a negro tribe farther north. As a slave he passed untroubled at the court of cruel King Mwangwa and was allowed to pass on in peace with his supposed master.—Harper's Round Table.

# He Won the Bet.

"I want a pair of ladies' kid gloves," said the sad looking young man.

"Yes," said the elongated haberdashery clerk, with a show of wit. "Not for your sister, of course?"

The sad looking young man blushed painfully.

"No," he said slowly. "It's for a bet for a party. I—I want to win a bet."

"You want to win a bet?" said the clerk inquiringly. "You don't look like a person that would gamble."

"Thanks," said the sad young man. "I—I don't gamble as a rule. I gamble only when I'm g-g-gambling a mere. You see, this here party—she—she—she sort of tempted me to bet. I—I don't see how I can afford to lose. If I lose, I—I'll be out more than if I win."

"Of course you will," said the clerk sympathetically.

"But if I win I'll be out anyway," said the sad cue.

"Now you're talking in bunches," said the clerk, by this time well interested. "How's that?"

"W-well," stammered the sad young man, "it—it's the only w-way I can figure it. She—she—she made the bet. She said she wouldn't care if she lost, but she'd make a fun bet—a fun bet she called it—that I wouldn't buy a pair of gloves for her. So—so I win the bet, don't I?"

"And she gets the gloves," said the clerk. "No, 6B? Yes. Tan or purple?"—New York Journal.

# Melting Metals.

A note concerning the peculiar phenomenon noticed in the melting of metals when under extended pressure has recently been published by H. Bischof of Wiesbaden. When a metal is bedded in a mortar of chemically pure aluminum oxide, thoroughly dried and then subjected to the necessary heat, a considerable retardation in melting is noticed. For instance, a rod of silver, which should melt at 1,850 degrees F., when thus treated will not change its form and melt together until 5,730 degrees F. Palladium, which should melt at 2,730 degrees F., shows no sign of yielding at 2,900 degrees F. It would seem that these rods of metal, unable to expand while in the powerful grip of the aluminum oxide, which contracts on heating, simply cannot melt as they would under normal conditions.

# Getting Even.

"I notice," remarked the literary editor, casually turning over the leaves of the book the struggling author had brought in, "you have given your hero six fingers on his right hand, and there is nothing in the story, so far as I can see, to explain why. May I ask what you had in mind?"

"To snap at the critics," vociferated the struggling author, with a gleam of vengeance in his eye.

The words had rippled.—London Fun.

# Takes His Part.

"Well," remarked the comedian, who had been promised a small part after being idle half the season, "given a small role is better than a whole loaf."—Philadelphia Record.

# Certainly Complimentary.

"John," said Mrs. Harkins, "I heard a nice compliment for you today."

Mr. Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his mustache, looked pleased and said:

"Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I receive compliments nearly every day."

Mrs. Harkins went on sipping her tea, and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally he said:

"Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess in a week!" "Mrs. Deering," he ventured.

"No." "Not Bessie Fullington?" he rather eagerly suggested.

"No." "Oh, well, of course, if there's any secret about it I don't care to hear what it is or who said it."

"There isn't any secret about it," Mrs. Harkins sweetly replied. "Mr. Hannaford told me that every time he and I met he became more thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste."

John Harkins then shoved his hands down in his pockets and walked outside to think it over.—London The-Bits.

# Not to Be Caught.

A well known Norfolk squire was lamenting the increase of poaching to his keeper, who mentioned one Richards as the most notorious poacher of the neighborhood. Soon after the squire happened to meet this Richards, who assured that he could get game whenever he wanted it, keepers or no keepers. This annoyed the squire, who said:

"Well, if you bring me a hare tomorrow of my own estate I'll give you a guinea for it."

"What! An you a J. P.?"

"Oh, that'll be all right!"

"Well, then, come, sir!"

Next day the grinning poacher arrived and was shown into the study.

"Well, have you got him?"

"For never he opened the sack, out of which jumped a fine hare, which rushed wildly round the room, seeking to escape.

"Why, haven't you killed it?" yelled the indignant squire.

"No, sir," said the poacher, with a grin. "I have no license."—Nuggets.

# Sympathetic Husbands.

The sympathetic tenderness of a loving husband is everything to an expectant mother, especially during her first ordeal. George Layton, Esq., a prominent druggist of Dayton, O., gives the following case:

A customer of mine, whose wife has used four bottles of "Mother's Friend" before confinement, says after receiving the remedy, that if she had to go through the ordeal again, and there were but five bottles on the market, and the cost was \$100 per bottle, she would have them.

"Mother's Friend" is a scientifically compounded Eminent which affords certain relief in the various ailments preceding childbirth, and assures proper elasticity to the cords and muscles involved in the final ordeal.

"Mother's Friend" is sold by druggists, or expressed on receipt of one dollar.

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Three Sizes, 25c, 50c. & \$1.00.

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# Legal Notices.

## SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION.

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska to the Lombard Investment Company, a corporation; Frank Hagerman, as Receiver of the Lombard Investment Company, a corporation; Abram M. Hyatt, Osborne W. Bright, Marshall W. Jones and Davidson & Sons, defendants.

You, and each of you, are hereby notified that you have been sued, together with William C. Ritter, his wife, Nebraska Loan and Trust Company, a corporation; Milton Door Little, Receiver of the North Platte National Bank, a corporation; as co-defendants, by Hattie F. Hayes, plaintiff, in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, and that on or before the 14th day of February, 1908, you must answer the petition in Chancery filed therein by said plaintiff against said defendants, and all of them, wherein plaintiff prays for a decree of said court foreclosing a mortgage given by defendants William C. Ritter and Helen M. Ritter, his wife, to the Lombard Investment Company dated June 13th, 1899, now owned by plaintiff, and covering the following described real estate, situated in said county of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, to-wit: The North one hundred and forty (140) acres of the southwest quarter of Section thirty-four (34) in Township fifteen (15) north, range thirty-one (31) west of the sixth principal meridian.

Said petition further prays that the rights, title and interests of said defendants be determined and settled, and that said land be appraised and sold according to law, and the proceeds of such sale applied first, in payment of the costs of said action and of such sales, secondly in payment of the full amount due plaintiff on the indebtedness secured by said mortgage, with all interest thereon; that from and after continuation of such sale the defendants to said action, and all of them, be forever barred and foreclosed of, and from all right, title and interest in or to said land, and every part thereof.

Unless you answer said petition, as aforesaid, the statements and allegations therein contained will be taken as true, and a decree will be rendered against you as therein prayed for.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, by me affixed, this 31st day of January, 1908.

W. C. ELDER, Clerk of the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

FULMER & ALEXANDER, Concordia, Kansas, Attys. for Plaintiff. 1-74