

An Able Advocate

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This is the true story of how Professor Driesback got his wife.

Professor Herman Driesback, botanist, seeking specimens in Arizona, rode up to a tavern, hitched his horse to a post, went into the house and called for something to eat. To say that the professor was engrossed in his profession to the exclusion of all else is to convey but a faint idea of his enthrallment.

But the moment had come when another kind of flora crossed Professor Driesback's path to turn his mind temporarily in a new channel. While he was sitting at table eating his dinner and thinking on the latest varieties of plants he had picked up a girl in a short skirt, cowboy boots, buckskin leggings and sombrero entered the room and, depositing a rifle in a corner, sat down at the table opposite the man of science.

"Mornin', stranger," she said. "Don't know who you are, but I'm Kate McClellon, ranchman's daughter. Who are you?"

"Professor Herman Driesback of university, at your service."

Now, the professor was thirty-two years of age and, although he wore spectacles, had a pair of mild blue eyes behind them, with which he looked at Kate McClellon. If Kate was a revelation to the professor the professor was a revelation to Kate, whose gentlemen admirers had thus far been made up of cowboys, gamblers and such like rude material. The acquaintance develops more rapidly than crocuses in springtime. After the meal both arose. The girl took her rifle, and they went out to where the professor had hitched his horse. Learning that the girl was going his way, he offered her a seat in his rattletap buggy, which she accepted, and they took their departure in company.

They had not gone a mile when there was a clatter of horses' hoofs behind, a shot over their heads, and before the young woman could get her rifle in position for defense a man rode up, crying:

"Halt, you horse thief!"

Now, that the professor was a horse thief was proved by his own statement. When asked the color of his horse he frankly avowed that he was black, while the hue of the nag he was driving was white.

It didn't take the people thereabouts long to collect a jury of twelve good and true men to try the professor. There were no lawyers in those parts, but Professor Driesback was assigned counsel in the person of a cowpuncher who had spent three months in a town lawyer's office. The professor was permitted to make his statement. He said he had driven up to the tavern, hitched his horse, gone out, got into his buggy and driven away. But since meanwhile his horse had changed from black to white his story did not impress people who had heard much more probable stories from horse stealers. His counsel was stumbling along with a cock and a bull story (so it was considered) of a real horse thief having taken the prisoner's good black horse and substituted a poor white one when Kate McClellon took a hand in the proceedings.

"What do you roosters mean anyway? I know this here gentleman and have known him since he was a kid. Him and me used to play together in his mother's yard back in Missouri."

Professor Driesback opened his eyes. "When he was six years old," continued his advocate, "he had a fit. After that he kept having fits. Then he began to steal things. Mother couldn't keep anything in the cupboard but he'd come in and steal it. And I couldn't save any pennies because he'd git 'em in spite of all I could do to hide 'em. Do you s'pose I told on him and got him iced? Not much. What'd I want to git a kid that had fits and scarlet fever and spinal meningitis into trouble for?"

The professor held his breath in amazement.

"And how could any one handicapped this way as a boy expect to make a man of himself? Of course he's a horse thief, and any one of you who'd had chicken pox and measles and mumps and fits when you was a boy would make a horse thief yourselves when you grew up. This here prisoner throws himself on the mercy of the court."

Before the plea was half finished the minds of the jurymen were made up, and Professor Driesback was acquitted without their leaving the boards on which they sat.

After the verdict the court, the acquitted man, his attorneys and the spectators went outside and were about to disperse when a couple of mounted men were seen driving a man on a black horse before them at the points of their revolvers. They came up and stopped before the crowd. "Good gracious," exclaimed the professor, "that's my horse!" Then to the man on his back, "Where did you find him?"

"Find him?" growled one of his guards. "He took him."

"I'd been watchin'," said the thief, "an' when you drew up to the tavern I took a white horse standin' near an' put him in place of yours. I knowed you was weak in the upper story an' I'd gain time."

A rope was brought for the horse thief, but the professor begged for the prisoner's life, and it was granted on condition that he leave the country.

Mrs. Professor Driesback is now a well educated woman.

ANNA BENTLEY.

A Cranky Widower.

[Copyright, 1925, by T. C. McClure.]

Uncle Ben Williams held that widows should marry only widowers for a second term of matrimony. He also had to keep a book account of the widowers.

There came a day when Uncle Ben had to add his own name to the list of widowers. His good wife passed away and left him alone. He grieved for a few months and then started in on his work again. He was rather forced to. He got track of a widow who had given out that she would never marry again. She had heard of Uncle Ben and had given out that she defied him. He still wore his emblem of mourning as he drove over to see her. He found her perfectly satisfied with her situation. Death had claimed a husband so lazy that he hated to turn over in bed, and she didn't propose to take further chances. Uncle Ben brought out his statistics. They ran back 400 years and applied to every nation. They proved beyond controversy that there was only one constitutionally lazy man out of every 500 of the male population. Thus the widow might remarry 400 times and run no risk. She then put it that her late lamented had the appetite of a horse and shook the walls of the house at night with his snoring. There were statistics to prove that this state of affairs was to be found in America only in one case out of a thousand and then when the moon was in her third quarter. Whatever excuse the widow brought forward Uncle Ben successfully controverted, and at length she gave him a big piece of apple pie and a glass of cider and gently turned him out of doors. But he wouldn't stay out. Within a month he was back to plead the cause of a certain widower. He had the man's history down in writing, and he had his tinfole. The widower didn't snore, he was a hustler, he was good natured, he didn't swear at his oxen, he built the kitchen fire in the morning, he had a farm of so many acres, and he was the owner of so many horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, with a spotted calf thrown in to make a good bargain. The widow shook her head and said nay, however. She had sixty acres of her land in turnips, and she felt that it was going to be a great year for that vegetable.

Uncle Ben came again with a widower that had once seen the widow driving along the highway and had fallen in love with her. He had only five children; he never refused his wife a calico dress or a pair of shoes; he never indulged in remarks when his meals were not ready; if the cellar needed whitewashing he did the work himself; if a tin pan leaked he could mend it, and if the churn didn't brake he could make another from a broomstick within ten minutes. The widow gave this man ten minutes' thought and then shook her head. Hay was selling for \$20 a ton, and she would have thirty tons to sell.

He brought Nos. 4, 5 and 6, and he brought tinfoles, photographs and memoranda. He drank cider while enumerating their many virtues, and he ate apple, peach and buckleberry pie between statistics. As one candidate after another was presented and his claims set forth Uncle Ben saw that the widow softened a bit. She turned them all down, but this softening encouraged him to go ahead. In his own mind he thought her a bit particular—even cranky—for turning down a farmer blind in one eye, a lightning rod man with a game leg and a wire fence man with a hump on his back, but he did not say so. He knew that if he kept on long enough and could find candidates enough the widow was bound to give in. He didn't neglect his farm work altogether, but he kept an eye out for the right sort of candidate. He thought he had him in No. 7. He brought the widower to the house and let him sit in the buggy at the gate while he went in to do the talking.

"There he is, widder," he said, with an air of confidence. "Take a look at him from the window. Forty-eight years old, in good health and not a blemish on him. Don't swear, chaw tobacco nor drink. Never gits mad and allus willin' for his wife to go to town. Got five children, and they are little angels. Only takes an hour to scrub one up so that you want to kiss him. Big farm, keeps a hired gal, lives well and bound to make you happy for the rest of your life. When I add that his late wife left four pairs of almost new shoes behind her you can see what kind of a man he is. Shall I holler to him to come in?"

"No, you needn't holler," quietly replied the widow.

"But what's the matter?" "I shan't marry him."

"But look a-her, widder, this is the seventh man I've brung to your notice."

"Yes."

"And don't you think you're a bit cranky to turn the hull drove of 'em down?"

"I shall never marry," she replied, with a sigh.

"You won't? Say, I kin show you statistics to—"

"I shall never marry unless the right man comes along."

"But who is the right man? Where am I goin' to find him?"

The widow took a step forward and laid a hand on Uncle Ben's arm, and a beautiful blush mantled her cheeks.

"Good Lord, but why didn't you say so six months ago?" he exclaimed as he put an arm around her.

Heaping Coals of Fire

[Copyright, 1925, by American Press Association.]

The Rev. Marcus Butterfield toiled arduously for years to pay off the mortgage of St. Mark's church. At last he got the mortgage down to \$5,000, and there it stuck. The rector was getting on in years and was not capable of the energetic efforts he had formerly made.

Mr. Butterfield's congregation never had a thought of being dissatisfied with him till Miss Amelia Tetling, fifty-five years old, with three short grizzly curls on each temple, told them they were. Miss Tetling made up her mind that she would undermine Mr. Butterfield with a view to securing a man in his place who could raise the required \$5,000. When Miss Tetling determined to accomplish anything she usually did it. She began by calling Mrs. Beeswick's attention to the fact that the pastor's voice was becoming husky.

Miss Tetling's next move was to remark to Mrs. Beeswick that the pastor's wife seemed to have lost interest in the welfare of the congregation. Mrs. Beeswick hadn't thought of it, but now it was mentioned she remembered that Mrs. Butterfield had not been in her house for a year. True, Mrs. Butterfield had been ill most of that time, but the remark set Mrs. Beeswick to thinking. She mentioned the matter to several members of the congregation, and all but one said they, too, had the same complaint to make.

Miss Tetling, following up her initial efforts with "little drops of water, little grains of sand," in time arrayed a party behind her in the matter of getting rid of the rector. Her group finally comprised two-thirds of the congregation, while the other third were equally determined to keep him. Mr. Butterfield finally learned of the movement—that is, he learned that "a few of his parishioners" were anxious to supplant him with a better man. He promptly tendered his resignation. He was astonished that it was accepted by a vote of 100 to 50.

If there was anything the church was proud of it was its treatment of "their beloved pastor" when "he left them." They gave him half a year's salary and resolved to call on him for an occasional sermon, for each of which he was to be paid \$15. "Could anything be more generous?" remarked Miss Tetling to Mrs. Abercrombie, Mrs. Abercrombie was of the party of the pastor's supporters.

"Very generous," she replied. "Just think, he has been even better treated than was our Saviour."

"What do you mean?" "He hasn't been crucified."

Mr. Butterfield found it impossible to get another church. He had none of the requisites for a new position. He was too old; his voice was impaired; he lacked vim. Most of the churches looking for a rector were languishing and wanted an energetic young man with business talent to build them up. Simple piety would not pay off mortgages. He got some work to do for a publisher of religious literature, but the pay was inconsiderable. He moved into a cottage and kept his family from starving as best he could.

During Mr. Butterfield's prosperity he kept a horse and buggy. One morning when his friends were gone and his larder empty he drove his rig into the city to sell it. He was turning a corner when an automobile coming in the opposite direction ran into his buggy, smashed it, but left the clergyman unhurt.

"You idiot!" exclaimed the man driving the automobile. "Why did you turn to the left?"

"Because," gasped poor Butterfield, "I supposed you wanted room to swing round the corner."

A crowd collected. Mr. Butterfield wore a clerical garb, and all saw that he was an inoffensive clergyman. They began to hoot at the auto man to pay for the damage he had done.

"All right," he said. "I wish to do what is just and liberal, though I'm a lawyer, and it wouldn't cost me anything to defend a suit." Then, taking out his pocketbook, he drew a card from it and a pencil and prepared to make a memorandum.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Butterfield."

"First name?"

"Marcus."

The man looked up at the clergyman and surveyed him critically.

"Any other name?"

"Antonius."

"By thunder!" exclaimed the auto man.

"What's the matter?" asked the clergyman, surprised.

"You a son of Charles Stanton Butterfield?"

"Yes."

"Nephew of Anna Maria Stanton?"

"I believe I had an aunt of that name."

"Well, my friend, all I have to say is that this is a lucky smashup for you. I've had \$200,000 for you for four years, left you by Anna Stanton. I've been looking for you all over the world. If you were not found within five years after the bequest it was to go to charity."

Mr. Butterfield, amid the cheers of the crowd, got into the automobile, was driven to a distant city and received his legacy.

Then what did he do? He astounded his former congregation by paying off the mortgage on the church.

"I do think," said Miss Tetling to Mrs. Abercrombie, "that man is a real Christian."

"No one will ever accuse you of that," was the unvarnished response. BERTHICE TUCKER.

One Hundred Dollars Reward.

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who have been breaking into the school houses in District No. 5 and destroying property.

W. H. SIMANTS,
LOUIS MACEY,
LOREN PURDY,
School Board.

Barb wire for sale at
Hershey's, corner Fifth
and Locust St. Phone 15.



CALL ON US

for any information you may require regarding real estate. If you desire to buy, sell, exchange or rent our advice will be of value to you.

REAL ESTATE VALUES AND CONDITIONS

are constantly changing. We make it a point to keep in touch with all such changes, and this being so puts us in a position where we can help our friends decidedly. Drop in and have a talk.

Right now we have some very desirable vacant lots in the west end and several modern priced dwellings close in that are bargains.

Buchanan & Patterson.

LADIES' CLOAKS AND SUITS.

The ladies of North Platte and vicinity are fast learning that they can be well dressed and that their clothing will have that stylish look if bought from our Ready to Wear Department. They are finding that this class of goods bought from us cost no more than if bought elsewhere, while we give them far better values in workmanship and style and all those little touches that every woman realizes make her appear better dressed than her neighbor. The time to buy winter suits and cloaks is in the fall when you can get some benefit from wearing them. Our line is still complete.

Wilcox Department Store

City Cleaning and Dye Works

W. O. BRIDGES, Proprietor

All classes of cleaning, dyeing and pressing. All cleaning done by the French dry process. A specialty made of all classes of ladies' garments. Give me a trial and I guarantee satisfaction. Goods called for and delivered. Works: Ottenstein building Sixth street opposite Elks' lodging house.

T. F. WATTS, AUCTIONEER.

My services are worth all they cost. If you go to a cheap man you will probably fail to sell or be compelled to sell at a sacrifice. The only reason any auctioneer is cheap is because his services are not worth much. For terms and dates write or wire at my expense, Phone E504

NOTICE.
To the persons who have made application for county bounty on coyotes. As the state legislature convenes soon and it has the power to appropriate money for the payment of state bounty on coyotes etc., Your attention is called to this matter that you may file claim with the Secretary of State for bounty if you wish to do so. F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

Wood Turning and Furniture Repairs,

Cabinet Work, Screen Frames, Saw Filing and Setting. All kinds of Job Work done on short notice at prices to suit. Terms Cash.

P. M. Sorenson.

Shop North of P. O.

Do You Know

The comforts of a hot water bottle? Come in and let us explain their many uses. We order direct from the factory insuring you new goods and at lowest price.

Two-quart Hot Water Bottle 75c.

Schiller & Co.,

Family Druggists.
First door north of First Nat'l Bank.



MUTUAL FRIENDS

when they want to treat each other to cigars will find none finer than those we make. Our five centers are as good as the ten centers of many other makes, while our ten centers are at the head end of all cigars. And besides when you smoke North Platte made cigars you are patronizing home industries and assisting to build up a greater North Platte.

J. F. SCHMALZRIED.

Notice to Bidders.

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the county clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on or before December 31, 1928, for records, blanks and supplies estimated as follows:

Class A books.
4-8 qr. plain records.
4-8 qr. printed page records.
4-tax list 1-8 qr., 1-6 qr., 1-4 qr. and 1-3 qr.

All records to be made of the best linen ledger paper, patent backs, full bound, extra ends, bands and fronts. 6,000 tax receipts in duplicate or 6,000 tax receipts in triplicate. 1 dozen chattie files of 200 each. 41 assessor's books, ledger paper, cloth bound per book. 5,000 assessor's schedules (linen paper).

Polk books for 41 precincts (general election).

Polk books for 41 precincts (primary election).

Class B.
Whole sheet blanks per 100.
Half sheet blanks per 100.
Quarter sheet blanks per 100.

Class C.
Sanford's, Carter's, or Stafford writing fluid per quart.

Spencerian, Glucium or Talla pen nibs.

Vanadium or Falcon pens per gross. Perfection pencils or equal, rubber tips, per gross.

All of said supplies to be first class and to be furnished as requested by the county officers. Successful bidder to furnish bond to be approved by the county board. Each bidder to have printed on the envelope, "Bids for printing."

The commissioners of said county reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated North Platte, Neb., December 3, 1928.

F. E. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued by J. M. Scudder, a Justice of the Peace and for Lincoln County, Neb., in favor of Chas. Brittingham and against John Langdon and to me directed, I will at one o'clock p. m. on the 2nd day of December, 1928, at the home of M. E. Pearson in Deer Creek precinct, in said county, offer for sale at public vendue the following goods and chatties to-wit: One fifty about 2 years old, color black and one two row culivater, taken said execution as the property of John Langdon.

Dated this 19th day of Dec., 1928.

M. E. PEARSON, Special Constable.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION OF THE BUCHANAN COMPANY.

The name of this corporation is the "Buchanan Company," its principal place of business is in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. The general nature of the business to be transacted by this corporation shall be to own, conduct and operate a general store, both wholesale and retail in the city of North Platte, Nebraska, buying and selling merchandise and other personal property, and said corporation shall have the power to acquire, own and hold any real estate deemed necessary by its board of directors for the transaction of its business and shall have power to do anything that may be incidental to its said business. The authorized capital stock of said corporation shall be the sum of \$10,000.00, one half of which has been subscribed and paid for and the remainder may be issued by the board of directors from time to time upon full payment of same. Said corporation will commence doing business on the 10th day of December, 1928, and will terminate on the 31st day of December, 1928. The indebtedness of said corporation shall not at any time exceed two thirds of its paid up capital stock. The affairs of said corporation shall be conducted by a President, Secretary, Treasurer and a board of three directors.

BUCHANAN COMPANY,
BY BUCHANAN BUCHANAN,
PERRY BUCHANAN, Directors.
FRANK N. BUCHANAN, 1

ORDER OF HEARING FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the county court December 15th, 1928.

In the matter of the estate of Alice C. Buckner, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Emory B. Spencer, praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to petitioner as administrator.

Ordered: That January 15th, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted. This notice to be published for six successive publications in the North Platte Tribune prior to January 15th, 1929.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

di-3

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. S. TWINEM,
Homeopathic Physician
and Surgeon.
Office McDonald Bank Building.
Phone 183.

A. J. Ames, M. D., Marie Ames, A. D.
DOCTORS AMES & AMES.
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office: Over Stone Drug Co.
Phones: Office 273, Residence 273

GEO. B. DENT,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office: Over McDonald Bank.
Phones: Office 130
Residence 115

D. R. L. C. DROST,
Osteopathic Physician,
Rooms 7 and 8, McDonald
State Bank Building,
Phone 148.

WILCOX & HALLIGAN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office over Schatz Clothing
Store. Phone 48

T. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office: Cor. Front & Dewey Sts.

W. W. SADLER, M. D.

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All calls answered promptly
day or night.

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DENTIST.

Office 505 1/2 Dewey. Himman Block.
Office hours: 8:30 to 12:00 m.
1:30 to 5:00 p. m.

Serial No. 791. H. E. 21586.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., November 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that John W. Childers, of Lyon Neb., who on Dec. 18, 1925, made Homestead Entry No. 21586, for west half section 27, southeast quarter south of and east of range 31, west sixth principal meridian, north half north quarter, northeast quarter, southeast quarter section 28, township 15 north, range 31 west, sixth principal meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Rowan, Clerk of the District Court at Lyon, Nebraska, on the 23rd day of December, 1928.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Kaho, Fred Popham, Robert McPharland, William Scott, all at Lyon, Nebraska.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

Probate Notice to Creditors.

In the county court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Patrick Cushing, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the executor of said estate, before me, County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the county court room in said county, on the 25th day of December, 1928, and on the 26th day of June, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance, six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims and one year for the executor to settle said estate from the 14th day of July, 1928. This notice will be published in the North Platte Tribune for eight successive publications prior to the 26th day of December, 1928.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 25th day of November, A. D. 1928.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, Erasmus B. Pickett and Caroline Boyd, defendants, will take notice that upon the 25th day of November, 1928, the plaintiff Eugene W. Pickett filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, the object of which is to have partition of lots 1, 2 and 3 in block 28 of the town of Maxwell, Lincoln County, Nebraska, that in case equitable partition is decreed, the same cannot be had that the same be sold and the proceeds thereof divided between said plaintiff and the defendants share and share alike, one-third to each.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 11th day of January, 1929.

ERASMUS B. PICKETT, di-4 By Albert Muldoon, His Attorney.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at one o'clock on Saturday, the 23rd day of January, 1929, at the East front door of the court house in the city of North Platte, Neb., I will sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder the south half (34) and the northwest quarter of section thirty-five (35) township thirteen (13) north, range thirty-one (31) west of the 6th m. in Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Terms of said sale to-wit: one-third cash, balance one-half in one year and one-half in two years from date of sale with interest at six per cent per annum.

Said sale is made by virtue of an order of the District Court of Lincoln County, Neb., entered on the 23rd day of November, 1928, in a case wherein Elbert C. Gearhart is plaintiff and Jennie A. Farles, Arthur L. Gearhart, John H. Gearhart and Watson S. Gearhart are defendants, brought to partition the above described land and said sale is held pursuant to said order.

LESTER WALKER, Referee.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN SALE.

In the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

In the matter of the