

THE MAN OF ONE IDEA

By B. WINTHROP JONES.
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One morning about fifty years ago a tall man with a black beard, his head bent in thought, sauntered along the bank of a creek in Pennsylvania. An idea had got into his brain, and he could not get it out.

There have been many men similarly infected, but there have been few—a very few—who have worked out their idea successfully.

The man of one idea stopped beside a trench and watched people placing blankets on the water it contained, then taking them up and wringing them over tubs. This was the early method used in gathering petroleum. The oil exuded from the soil and when collected in the trenches, being lighter than water, rose to the surface, from which it was either absorbed by the blankets or skimmed in dippers. The process had been borrowed from the Indians, who used petroleum for liniment.

The man watching the work had seen it often before. Whence came this oil? A vision of a great oil lake lying below the stratum of rock covered by the soil from which the petroleum exuded filled his mind. And why did it come up through the soil? Because of pressure. There was not room for the oil lake in its rock prison, and it was striving to get out.

Then came the thought, if he could bore a hole in the rock the oil would burst forth as water from a hydrant.

One morning in the spring of 1857 the man of one idea started from New Haven, Conn., for the banks of Oil creek, Pennsylvania, with a thousand dollars in his pocket, furnished by backers, to be used in drilling that hole. With it he bought an engine and hired an experienced driller. The engine was long in coming, and the driller, convinced that his employer was a crank, finally refused to stand by him. The summer wore away, the money was expended, and the enthusiast's backers, losing faith in him, declined to furnish more funds.

Those who were collecting oil in blankets and skimming it from the surface of water went on with their work regardless of the man of one idea. The people living on Oil creek, passing day after day his uncompleted preparations, considered him a monomaniac—a man who wished to bore down into the earth to find a lake of oil. What more absurd idea had ever got into the brain of man? The stories of Munchausen were no more improbable. The children in the streets jeered him, and their parents tapped their foreheads as he passed.

The winter came on, and the man of one idea found himself facing poverty. His funds both for the purposes of working out his dream and for supporting his family were exhausted. His children needed food and clothing, but shopkeepers declined to give credit to one who was looking for a petroleum lake in the bowels of the earth.

A year passed, during which not a ray of hope came to the man of one idea. Then in the spring of 1859 he succeeded in infecting two others with his delusion, and they provided him with new capital with which to continue his boring. He secured the services of a practical salt driller and his two sons, who possessed a complete outfit of tools to be used in the work.

No sooner had they begun to drill than through the porous soil water poured into their well, filling it with mud and interfering with their work. The drill ceased to bore, but the brain of the man of one idea worked on. He must invent some method of preserving his well. Various experiments he tried failed. Then, securing some cast iron piping, he drove it into the ground that he might bore within it. That it was of cast rather than wrought iron indicates the man's pinched resources. It would not stand the blows necessary to drive it into the soil. After more delay better piping was secured and a section driven in. It stood the hammering, and another section having been welded to it, this was also pounded down successfully. Thus some sixty feet of piping was introduced and bedrock reached.

The obstacle having been removed, the drill was set to work. The man was nearing the attainment of his idea. He drilled but two days when the bit struck a crevice, and, being withdrawn, it was found to be smeared with oil. This was on Saturday night, and operations were suspended to be recommenced the following Monday.

The chief driller, who lived in a shanty near the well, early Sunday morning went on an errand to the derick house. There he saw a sight that told the story of his employer's success. The oil was bubbling over the piping, running over the floor of the derick and thence into the ground.

The first idea that entered the mind of the discoverer was that a fluid then worth a dollar a gallon was running to waste. Having arranged for catching the flow, he went and announced his discovery to the man of one idea.

And what did this oozing of oil through an iron pipe inserted beneath the rock mean? It meant that a new source of wealth had been opened to the people of the earth destined to produce thousands of millions of dollars, to give light and heat to myriads of people, to be manufactured into unlimited products.

This man of one idea, who drilled the first oil well in Pennsylvania, was Edward L. Drake. A handsome tomb in Woodlawn cemetery, in Titusville, marks his last resting place.

An Early Georgia Monster.

In the fore part of August, 1812, a party of hunters found in a mountainous region now known as Rabun county, Ga., a being nearly eight feet high covered with bluish hair and having a human face adorned with immense ears resembling those of an ass. The creature was stone deaf and on that account seemed wholly unconscious of the approach of the men. This monster seems, from all accounts, to have been seen upon several occasions during the next four years. In 1816 a number of adventurers from Virginia, most of them surveyors working up the unexplored portions of Georgia and the Carolinas, formed themselves into a party for the express purpose of capturing the uncanny being if possible. They scoured the hills and valleys for several days and at last returned unsuccessful to the starting point.

The many tales told of this extraordinary being seem to have created quite a stir all along the Atlantic coast. A printed circular issued by a land company in 1815 says, "The climate of Georgia is exceedingly mild, the soil productive, and the danger of attack from uncouth beasts which are represented as being half beast and half man are fairly tales not worthy of consideration."—Exchange.

Made It Quite Clear.

The engineers of a party in the field were continually annoyed by the curiosity of the farmer folk in the country round. Each and every day their progress was blocked by some inquiring soul who would have liked to spend the forenoon acquiring answers to questions of why and whither and how far and what for, relates the New York Sun. At last a serious faced young man took an interested bucolic graybeard one side and explained matters.

"Now," said he, "I'm telling this to you, and I don't want it to go any further. We have discovered that the earth is a parabolic hoid, and the orbitals and co-orbitals do not quite tally by a foot or perhaps by fourteen inches. The place where the gap comes has been located in that field just behind of us. We don't want it mentioned, but we are getting ready to blow up the spot and make an incision before beginning the operation of joining the two."

The engineers finished their labors in peace and solitude.

The Shilling Bequest.

The wealthy millioner who reduced the inheritance of a daughter to an annuity of £101 because she had become a Socialist reminds one of the old-fashioned scuttling off with a shilling. Why a shilling rather than nothing? Blackstone explains. The Romans used to set aside wills as deficient in natural duty if they disinherited or totally passed by any child of the testator. But the smallest legacy was accepted as evidence that the testator had not lost his reason or his memory, as the law otherwise assumed he had; hence the groundless belief in England that a father could not disinherit his child without a shilling, although the English law knows no presumption of insanity or forgetfulness in such a case. Of Sheridan and his son Tom and of other fathers and sons the story is told: "Father—I'll cut you off with a shilling. Son—I'd rather have it now, dad."—St. James' Gazette.

Appealed to His Pride.

It was the most obstinate mule in the lot and refused to enter the car of a train held up at a little wayside station. Threats, cajolery and blows were alike useless. The mule refused to budge, and the slant of his ears told those of the passengers who were familiar with mule ear talk that where he was he intended to stay. Then the aged African who was trying to load him in said in honeyed tones:

"Whuffo' yo' behave dis way befo' all dese strange people? Why, yo' fool mule, don't yo' know dat dese people will jes' believe dat yo' neber done trabeled befo' in all yo' life?"

The long ears lost their aggressive slant, and the beast went sedately up the inclined plank with the air of a man entering a drawing room car for the first time and determined not to betray the fact.—Exchange.

To Lady Correspondents.

Our young lady correspondents will confer a favor if they will write on only one side of the paper. We mean, of course, by this correspondence intended for the paper. As to the other, not intended for publication, we don't care if they write on all four sides and even across it.—Sylvania (Ga.) Telephone.

Probably on the Team.

"Such ignorance is inexcusable!" exclaimed Aunt Hypatia. "My nephew Percival has been going to college nearly three years, and when I asked him this morning whether he knew anything about Homer he said: 'Sure! A homer is a bit that's good for four bases.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Out of Date Now.

"Tommy, you have written this sentence, 'The pen is mightier than the sword,' and it is incorrect. How should it be changed?"

"Pen ought to be changed to type-writer, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Try.

Harold—Couldn't you learn to love me? Amelia—No, but I'll try awfully hard. Papa has promised to send me abroad if my health breaks down from overstudy, you know.—London Scraps.

Men are the sport of circumstances when the circumstances seem the sport of men.—Byron.

HOW HE WON HIS FIRST CASE.

By EDGAR B. GARDNER.
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Edward Snelson went from the farm to college. Bred to an out of door life, he distinguished himself there rather in athletic sports than in his studies. Though not a large man, he was wiry, and his muscles were like steel. What he lacked in weight he made up in pluck, and, as for quickness, he was spry as a cat.

Snelson after being graduated studied law and returned to his country home to practice his profession. But his neighbors lived too peacefully together to afford him any cases, and he went to a mining district in the Rocky mountains.

The young lawyer hung out his shingle and so long as no one required his services lived in peace. He was not quarrelsome, and no one had any reason to quarrel with him. Occasionally some one in sombrero hat, woolen shirt and trousers stuffed in his boots would rally him on his eastern ready made clothes, but there was nothing in this to warrant the shedding of blood.

But law cases were not plentiful in the west, when suddenly one day the Empire Mining company employed him in a case against one who had jumped a claim it owned.

Traphagan, the defendant, had no title whatever to the property. He proposed to hold it by brute force. He had killed half a dozen men simply by shooting first. He would hide a pistol in a pocket of his coat and shoot without drawing the weapon. His method was well known and terrorized every one who came in contact with him. As soon as Snelson was announced as the mining company's counsel Traphagan stated publicly in the Alhambra saloon that if the tenderfoot appeared in court to argue the case he would pay for his assurance with his life. Of course he intended the statement for the lawyer, and the message went straight to Snelson.

It was generally conceded that the case would never come to trial. No one thought that the quiet young tenderfoot would pay the penalty of arguing a case with his life, nor was there any other lawyer in that region who would stand in his place. Traphagan did not concern himself further in the matter, not doubting that he would be left, for the present at least, in possession of the claim he had jumped. When the day and hour for trial came around he had forgotten all about it. Notified that the case had been called, he hurried to the courtroom.

The sight he saw there startled him. The court was seated on a three legged stool before a board resting on two barrels. The jury occupied a dozen cracker boxes. A large number of spectators were present, not for the purpose of hearing the evidence, but to see the fun. The most noticeable feature of the spectacle was the tenderfoot attorney standing before a barrel turned on one end, the other being covered with two long knives and two revolvers of the heaviest caliber. Snelson looked the defendant in the eye and said:

"I have heard that you intend to kill me if I argue this case. To kill me you must get your hand in your pocket. The first motion you make in that direction I'll fill you full of bullets and then go for your carcass with these knives."

Snelson then presented undoubted evidence of the title of the Empire Mining company to the property in litigation. Traphagan let the case go by default, and the jury without leaving their cracker boxes gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

But it was evident from the look on Traphagan's face that the case had not been settled between him and the tenderfoot. As soon as the verdict against him had been recorded he said to the latter:

"I don't want to kill a gal, but I do want to give you a thrashing. I'll allow any gent here to disarm me, and we'll go out with nothin' but our fists to find out which is the best man."

"I have no quarrel with you," replied Snelson, "but if you insist upon it I'll accommodate you."

Traphagan was relieved of his weapons—there was one in each of his coat pockets—and Snelson, leaving his layout on the barrel head, went outside with his antagonist. Odds as high as four to one were laid on Traphagan, who was big and powerful. Snelson's muscles, on which there was nothing but skin, did not show under his loose shirt sleeve, while Traphagan's frame was gigantic. The big man could not restrain his wrath, and no sooner was the fight on than he strode toward Snelson for the purpose of annihilating him. But when he struck Snelson was not there. Besides, before his antagonist could recover himself he received a blow that put one eye out of the combat. Then Traphagan brought his ponderous fist down on the tenderfoot's shoulder, but Snelson ducked so as to escape most of the weight of the blow. His fist shot up against the bad man's nose and drew a plentiful supply of blood. Though only a few minutes had elapsed, from this point Traphagan, who was used to drinking a good deal of whisky, lost wits and strength, and his finishing was easy. Snelson, who by this time seemed possessed of a fury, hammered his man till he lay unconscious like a mass of gelatin.

Snelson was engaged as permanent counsel for the Empire Mining company at a salary of \$1000 a year.

Household Hints.

Do not throw away old umbrellas. By removing the cloth cover and cutting it up in strips you can make a number of dainty neckties for your husband. The ribs properly twisted and woven together make a very good rat trap, and the stick when carefully polished will do for a cane to present to the clergyman at Christmas.

To keep freckles from showing get a small paint pot, quart size, and fill with a pink paint carefully matching the tone of your complexion and with a camel's hair brush paint each freckle out.

Young wives cannot be too often reminded that they should always greet their husbands with a smile. It is safe to say that there is nothing in the world that will more deeply irritate him than this, and it should therefore not be forgotten.

If your lamp wicks give out, a very satisfactory substitute can be made of Irish point lace or valenciennes, carefully wound round the wick holder. A knitted necktie will serve the same purpose, but is apt to burn fitfully and give out a pungent odor.—Harper's Weekly.

Judges on Circuit.

It was the genius and foresight of Henry I. that saw the necessity of creating a close connection between the central king's court and the local courts up and down the land. It was Norman and wandering, going where the king went. They were Saxon and stationary; hence to link them together in 1124 a special deputation of judges was for the first time sent on circuit in the country, of whom it is recorded that they "hanged so many thieves as never was before, being in that little while altogether forty-four men."

This vigorous administration of justice by royal authority gained for Henry the title of "the lion of justice" and paved the way for the permanent institution in his grandson's reign. These traveling judges were called justices-in-eye—i. e., in itinere, on journey. Their head, the justiciar, is still seen in our title the lord chief justice.

Henry II. in 1173 fixed these circuits at six—the home, midland, eastern, western, northeastern and northern, which correspond roughly with those that still exist.—London Standard.

None of That For Them.

They had been married only a month, and it was their first experience in seeking country board. After riding ten long miles in a rattling farm cart they arrived at the door of the farmhouse.

"And now, strangers," said the old farmer after he had asked about a score of questions, "I want to tell you right now that down here with us you're supposed to go to bed with the chickens." The young man whispered to his young wife, and then both climbed back on the farm cart.

"Boy," said the young man, his lips compressed with determination, "drive us back to the station."

The freckled lad grinned and whipped up the horse.

"You uns didn't seem to like the place?" he chuckled.

"No," said the young man, "We have often read about crowded farmhouses, but when it comes to shoving us off to the henhouse that is going a little too strong. I guess we'll stay in the city."—Chicago News.

What He Could Do.

During the South African war there was a young officer just from Standard who was attached to General French's staff. The young fellow has himself achieved some distinction since then and shall be nameless. At that time he was fresh and fitzy and was always imagining a constant menace of attack by the Boers, whom he invariably pronounced "Bores." This pronunciation General French had in vain tried to correct, and it gradually got on his nerves. One day the young officer came to the general to report that he believed he could make out through his fieldglass quite as many as twenty "Bores" hid in the rocks above his camp. "Bores, you say?" inquired the general. "Yes, sir, Bores. Can I do anything, sir?" "Yes, don't do them."

A Serious Question.

"My dear Mr. Fellows," said the doctor, "I will admit that I am not quite decided as to whether or not yours is a constitutional disease."

"Huh! That so?" said the patient, with a heavy sigh. "And have I got to go to the expense of appealing to the United States supreme court to find out?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Rather Liked It.

"I don't mind Jack's slang," said one of the girls. "He is so clever in the use of it."

"How so?"

"Why, he sent me three dozen photos of famous beauties, with a card on which the only words were, 'You're another!'"

A Changed Girl.

"How is it that Julia is so jealous and quarrelsome? She used to have such a sweet disposition."

"I know, but the past year she has been singing in a church choir."—Baltimore American.

He Filled the Bill.

Mr. Woody—Music is a most fascinating study. Do you know I'd like to sing awfully. Miss Blunt (who had heard him)—Oh, you do!—London Tivbits.

Wise Man.

"I made a big hit with that woman, all right." "What did you say to her?" "Nothing. I just kept still and listened."—Chicago News.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

By FLORENCE ETHEL CROSBY.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

We never know when we are on the brink of a change for better or for worse. At forty I was tired of life. I had built up a good practice in my profession, the law, and the novelty had worn off legal questions. I loved no one, and no one loved me. I was a member of several clubs, but they had grown to be very dull places to me. As for society, the old were too old and the young too young for me. In short, I had exhausted the pleasures of youth and had laid no foundation for those of age.

One night I was traveling on a sleeper. Lying in my berth, I mused: Tomorrow morning I shall arrive, go to my rooms, bathe and then to the club for breakfast. At 10 I shall reach the office, to be pestered all day by clients who are dissatisfied with the law's delay or the injustice of justice; on the way to my rooms stop at the club for the regular 5 o'clock cocktail; at 7 hunt for some one with whom to get through a dinner; evening forced in order to pass the time to make a perfunctory call; at 11 bring up at my desolate quarters. And this will be my program day in and day out. Oh, for a new sensation!

"Here, darling, drink this."

The new sensation had come the moment I asked for it. The voice was a woman's, soft and sweet. In the dim light I saw something extended to me. It was a cup. I took it, and in doing so my fingers grazed a soft hand. There was a spasmodic effort on the part of the giver to withdraw the cup, but I had got my grasp on it and refused to part with it. When I had quaffed the contents I extended it, but there was no hand to take it. I put it under my pillow and went to sleep to the sound of an angel's voice saying:

"Here, darling, drink this."

In the morning I fished out the cup. It was of silver, and on it were the letters "Bennie." After dressing I looked about me for its owner and was not long in finding both Bennie and her mother. They occupied the next section to mine. The mother's features were as refined as her voice. She was about thirty and dressed in half mourning.

Heaven forgive me for hoping that her boy was fatherless!

I tried to catch her eye, but never did a woman before absolutely ignore me. She appeared to be absorbed in her boy and had no eyes for any one else, certainly not for me. As we were entering the terminal station I stepped up to her, doffed my hat, extended the cup and said:

"Pardon me, madam. I think this must be yours."

"Not at all," was the decided reply.

One would have supposed from the sharpness of her tone—not at all like the endearing words of the night before—that I had insulted her. This irritation and the fact that she would not look at me convinced me that I was not the owner of the cup her boy was. A woman on meeting a stranger to whom she has said lovingly, "Here, darling, drink this," would naturally be ruffled.

As I said in the beginning, we don't know what is in store for us. The night before I had gone over what I would do on the day of my arrival. I did nothing, as I had supposed I would. I followed at a distance the lady and her boy, saw them enter a carriage, took another myself and told the driver not to let the first out of his sight. Half an hour later I made a note of the street and number at which they alighted. Instead of going to the office that day I sat in the library of the club reading. What I read was "Here, darling, drink this," in every line on every page. One other matter alone occupied my thoughts—I was planning how to find out all about the lady and perhaps make her acquaintance. The "perhaps" refers to whether some one was living or dead.

When I learned that he was dead I said, "Thank"—and checked myself. I was not long in making the widow's acquaintance through the good offices of a mutual friend. What luck that she had refused to look at me on the car! She met me with an unmemorable smile. My smile broke out all over me at once, like measles. If she only knew! Thank heaven she doesn't. During my call she mentioned her little boy. Sly fox that I was, I pretended to be surprised that she had a boy. I asked how old he was, his name whether he had begun to go to school. She loved to talk about him, so I kept it up.

There was a courtship, of course. What else could be expected on my part concerning one who had said in the nighttime of my loneliness, "Here, darling, drink this?" All the while I dreaded that she should discover that I was the man to whom she had said it. But this was sheer senseless terror, for I had confided in no one. I longed to restore Bennie's cup. Indeed I thought of giving him a gold one but dared not lest the act might betray me. I waited and hoped.

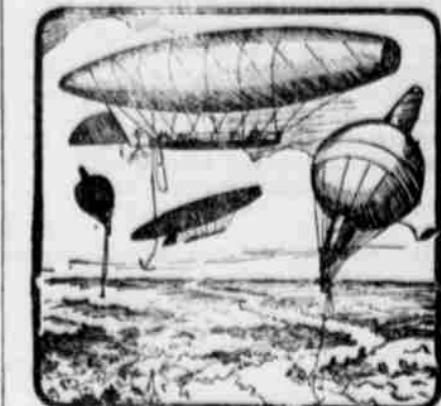
When I saw that the plum was ripe I plucked it. But not till the day before our wedding did I dare bring forth Bennie's cup. Then I produced it, looking somewhat anxiously for what was to accompany its reception.

She threw her arms around my neck laughing.

"Stupid, I knew you the moment I laid my eyes on you!"

For Sale.

Pure bred Duroc Jersey hogs, both sexes, eligible to registry. Also our registered herd boar. All at reasonable prices. Inquire of or address BLANKINBURG BROS., North Platte, Neb.



Above All Others.

Our cigars do not sail up with the clouds, but in quality and purity of tobacco and cleanliness they are above all others of similar price. We have been making cigars for North Platte smokers for a quarter of a century, and men who smoked our cigars the first year we made them in this city are still our patrons. It strikes us that this is a pretty good recommendation for our cigars.

J. F. SCHMALZRIED.

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P. M. SORENSON

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WINDOW SCREENS

... A Specialty.

Shop 107 East Fifth.

General Election Notice 1909.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 22nd day of November, 1909, at the voting places in the various precincts of Lincoln county, Nebraska, there will be held general election for the purpose of electing the following officers, to-wit:

STATE OFFICERS.
Three Judges of the Supreme Court,
Two regents of the University,
COUNTY OFFICERS.

One County Judge,
One County Sheriff,
One County Coroner,
One County Treasurer,
One County Clerk,
One County Surveyor,
One County Superintendent of Public Instruction,
One County Commissioner, First District.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
Two Justices of the Peace,
Two Constables,
One Precinct Assessor,
One Overseer for each Road District.

Which election will be open at eight o'clock in the morning and will continue open until six o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Dated North Platte, Nebr., September 27, '09.

F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

HEARD OF HEARING ON PETITION DISMISSING WITH REGULAR ADMINISTRATION.

State of Nebraska, ss
Lincoln County, ss
In the County Court, October 4th, 1909.

In the matter of the estate of Mary T. McDaniel, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Albert Boring, praying that the regular administration of said estate be dismissed with as provided by sections 5222, to 5226 of Coburn's statute for the year 1907.

Ordered, That October 23d, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said motion, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. This order to be published for a successive issues in the North Platte Tribune prior to October 23d, 1909.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Serial No. 12577.
H. E. 1249.
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
North Platte, Nebraska,
October 4, 1909.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by George H. J. Beer, former contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 2546, made November 15, 1905, for all of section 15, Township 48 N., Range 28 W., of the 9th Meridian, by Alton S. Swisher, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Alton S. Swisher has never established his residence on said land; that he has abandoned the same for more than six months last past. That he has failed to improve said tract in any manner and has failed to cultivate any part thereof, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m., on November 15, 1909, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in North Platte, Nebraska.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed October 2, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

Serial No. 10129.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
Sept. 26, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that William Hansberry, of Garfield, Neb., who on August 14th, 1899, made Homestead Entry No. 1771, Serial No. 10129, for east half southeast quarter section 15, and east half northeast quarter of section 20, township 16 north, range 28 west of the sixth principal meridian, has given notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 21st day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Jonas N. Risher and Frank Hoy, of Garfield, Neb. Bert Klueter and John Hayes, of Klueter, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

Serial No. 10129.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENTS.
Notice is hereby given that the rental upon the lease contracts to the following described lands in Lincoln county, Nebraska, as set out opposite the names of the holders thereof is delinquent and the amount which is due is not paid within sixty days from the date of this notice said contracts will be declared forfeited by the Board of Educational Lands and Funds and said forfeiture will be entered of record in the manner provided by law.

Description Lease
S.W. 1/4 Sec. 31, T. 16 R. 29 S. B. Callender
N.E. 1/4 Sec. 30, T. 16 R. 31 S. B. Callender
W.S.W. 1/4 Sec. 36, T. 16 R. 31 S. B. Callender
S.W. 1/4 Sec. 30, T. 16 R. 24 Adams A. Patterson

J. E. EVANS, Register.