

Ira L. Bare, Editor and Publisher.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1909.

Republican Ticket.

- STATE
For Justice of the Supreme Court: John B. Barnes, Jacob Fawcett, Samuel H. Sedgwick, For Regents University: Chas. S. Allen, W. G. Whitmore, For Regent to fill vacancy: Frank L. Haller, COUNTY
For Treasurer: Ray C. Langford, For Clerk: F. R. Elliott, For Sheriff: I. L. Miltonberger, For Judge: Wm. C. Elder, For County Supt: Wm. Ebricht, For Surveyor: Paul G. Meyer, For Coroner: F. H. Longley, For County Commissioner: R. L. Douglas.

To Judges And Clerks of Election.

Under the new primary law the judges and clerks of elections are appointed before the primaries, and such appointment extends to all general and special county elections during the year. The judges and clerks of election that served at the primaries will therefor be and appear at the regular polling place in their respective precinct on the 2nd day of November, 1909, to serve as such judges and clerks at an election to be held at such time and place pursuant to law.

Auction of School Lands.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of November, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the office of the county treasurer of Lincoln county, the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings or his authorized representative, will offer for lease at public auction, all educational lands within said county upon which forfeiture of contract has been declared, as follows: Northeast quarter section 36, town ship 15, range 32. W. B. McNeal, Commissioner Public Lands & Buildings.

Strayed or Stolen.

From my pasture, one mile west of Hershey, Neb., one iron grey gelding two years old past, weight about 1250 pounds, prominent eyeballs; no other mark or brand. Will give fifty dollars reward for information leading to arrest of thief if stolen and return of animal. C. J. McALLISTER.

Boards and Bells.

Being assured the high price of feed and scarcity of hogs has forced breeding animals of merit to its usual popular demand and needing more room for the brood sow offering, we will again continue our annual public sale, Saturday, Oct 30th, we will sell at the U. F. barn at Lexington 10 Duroc Jersey boars and 5 gilts; 10 Poland china boars and 5 gilts; also 6 Red Polled bulls. D. W. Atkinson, of Cozad, will include 8 short horns, 2 bulls, 6 cows and heifer. If interested, send for a catalog. D. W. ATKINSON, J. O. ANDERSON, Lexington, 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.

Legal Notice.

T. Endow, H. Natomi, N. Harada, H. Higuchi, K. Sakurada, M. Endow, M. Kimashi, T. Meada, K. Omari, T. Wakimoto, K. Nomura, T. Kuanga, known and doing business as an association of persons under the name and style of Japanese Gang No. 4, defendants, will take notice that on the 8th day of Sept. 1909, the county Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$198.95 with interest thereon at 7 per cent from May 8, 1909, against you in an action pending before said County Judge wherein the Rosh Merchandise Company, a Corporation, is plaintiff and the above named persons and association are defendants, that property of said defendants consisting of money in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company garnishee, has been attached in said case and said case has been continued to the 28th day of October, 1909, at 9 o'clock, A. M. RUSH MERCHANTILE COMPANY, By Arthur Rush, Manager.

In the Old Germanic Wilderness. Leeching Munnweisse on a misty morning, you enter a green underworld of strange dew-bellied brilliance, skirt the head of a deep southward-looking valley and emerge upon a sunny open plateau beyond Eckle and look down upon Wildsee, circled by the dark pines of an untouched forest that stretches away to the blue and distant hills. It is easy here to imagine yourself back in the heart of the old Germanic wilderness, in the heroic days when Hagen slew Siegfried with a coward's blow. The morning sun glints upon bright spear tips among the trees and the wind brings snatches of rough war songs shouted by barbarian voices. Your heart swells with the lust of battle and the chase, and if you have German blood in your veins it calls back through the dark middle ages to that dim and mystic outland of the world when heroes met at the Ravena Schlacht. Within the hour you find yourself back in the twelfth century among motorcars drawn up beside the hostelry at Rubehesten, where the Hohenweg drops into the common-place and crosses the government macadam before climbing the steep side of the Rote Schilfkopf. From "A Black Forest Pathway," by Frederick Van Beuren, Jr. in Scribner's.

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles. The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody. Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of his character. When the young emperor broke with him he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Faithful to His Trust. I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich longingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of dill pickle, ate it and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone, the sandwich, however, appearing intact as in the beginning. "Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy with some curiosity. "Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

Where Women Swim Best. "The Korean women are the best swimmers in the world," said a life guard. "The Korean pearl diving is in their hands. They swim—they don't float—they swim out to the pearl fisheries of Quelpart, luring baskets with them. After this swim of half an hour they dive down fifty feet and fetch up queer one-shelled pearl oysters as big as babies. They dive till their baskets are full—the baskets are corked to keep them afloat—and after three or four hours' work they swim back home with their catch. The big one-shelled oysters are valuable as pearl mines and as food too. A half dozen Koreans will sit down to an oyster as gaily as you or I sit down to a broiled lobster. Sometimes when the great shellfish is eaten raw it quivers and moans slightly as the knife is plunged into it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Man and the Lion. "When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapons." "How did it work?" asked his companion. "Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me." "Strange! How do you account for it?" "Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."

Very Queer. "My husband has been out late every evening this week attending important club meetings." "Yes, so has mine. They belong to the same club, you know." "Why, how queer! My husband says he hasn't seen your husband in six months!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Way She Dressed Him. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" was asked of a small boy by the visitor. "Oh," said he, "I want to be a man, but I think mamma wants me to be a lady."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Experienced Father. Wife—My dear, the nursery needs redecorating. What would you suggest for the walls? Husband—Corrugated iron.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Food Expert. "What is a food expert?" "Any man who can make his wages big enough for the family table."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THEIR NEW JUNE.

It Came With the Reunion After Both Had Suffered.

By MARIE SYLVESTRE. (Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Katherine Denton was a not unusual product of a workaday great city, yet was she an exception to her sisters. In years she was twenty-two when Dwight Sanborn first knew her, and, added to physical attractiveness, was an indefinable something that reminded you of Dresden china or dainty, delicate silks—something alien to a strident, jostling world of dollars and duns. Miss Denton was a stenographer in the law office where young Sanborn worked after graduation from the law school and where he subsequently earned a junior partnership. In the first days of apprenticeship to the law he remembered more of Browning than of Blackstone and quoted the philosopher Kant to the neglect of the legal text.

It was similarity in tastes that first brought the young people closer than stenographer and employer. Sanborn was detaching a petition to be filed in an action for breach of promise, and his levity evidenced his distaste of the task. Flippantly he quoted from Mrs. Browning's immortal sonnet, which the incautious defendant had incorporated in a letter destined to be an exhibit in the case: "I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath, Smiles,—"

The rest escaped him. "Smiles!" he repeated, in an effort to remember, when Miss Denton interrupted: "Smiles, tears of all my life, and if God choose I shall but love thee better after death."

The repetition was impetuous, of course, and the young lawyer let escape him the repressed tenseness of the tones which told of sympathy with the heart that gave the sentiment of the world and more than that for a man who could inspire it. Sanborn laughed, thanked her for completing the quotation and finished outlining the petition. Afterward he remembered, and a day or two later a daintily bound volume of the Portuguese sonnets reached Miss Denton's desk with Sanborn's card. That was the beginning.

Love came quickly to both of them, and scarcely a year elapsed until Katherine Denton was Katherine Sanborn. Courtship days were dreams of accomplishment and development of higher ideals they believed they wanted to realize. But, while the woman loved and lived and dreamed, the man deteriorated to the typically masculine. He became brilliant in manipulation of the law's intricacies and was made a regularly retained counsel to a number of immense and important corporations. His days at the office were filled with the law, and the evenings at home felt the dominating influence of ambition's passion.

Instead of the dreams of sweetheart days everything was subordinated to the quest for legal success. And to Katherine came the thought that even in his profession ideals had been dethroned and new gods set up for adoration and devotion, for Sanborn was at his best when plotting a corporation craft through mazes that baffled the intent of the statutes. "I'm losing the man I married," she cried to herself in the solitude of neglected wifehood. "He's slipping, slipping, and I cannot prevent it, cannot hold him."

With disillusionment came unrest, with unrest rebellion. To the woman it seemed that all that life held worth while was being taken from her. She was envious as the wife of a brilliant man, one destined to acquire great wealth, but these were not desirable to her. "Sometimes—I'm not quite happy," she told him falteringly one night when he remarked her apparent illness. "Nonsense, little girl! We're getting along famously," he told her. "You are," she answered dully. "Well, it's for us both," was his reply, but it did not satisfy.

For three years she endured it, and because there were only the two of them life grew lonelier and lonelier until in a moment of desperate aberration she fled his house and left a note bidding him not to seek her. At first she was in doubt where to turn. She had a little money and felt sure she could secure a position as stenographer and that a few weeks would enable her to regain her old time cleverness in the calling. Then she reflected that Sanborn would naturally seek her in the field of her former employment. She thought of nursing, and it seemed a haven. To forget one's own griefs in comforting others in distress appealed to her. A fortnight after her flight she was a student nurse in a private sanitarium under the direction of a kindly old physician who had known and loved the girl since her earliest days in New York. Wisdom had come to him with years, and he knew that a few months of the seclusion she sought would bring clearer vision.

At the first shock Sanborn was nigh to insanity. That his Katherine was discontented he had not believed. Yet in her noise, he saw what they had missed because of his money madness. Night—she was a million times right, he told himself bitterly, and could he find her again they would begin together, at the start and, please God,

go this time aright. But search was unavailing. Then came the breakdown, complete, miserable, and the physician prescribed the sanitarium where his wife was learning the rudiments of nursing. Sanborn was put in a room in a part of the building where only the graduate nurses were usually allowed; consequently it was some days before Katherine knew the roof that sheltered her housed Dwight. The physician installed her in a room adjoining Sanborn's and explained enough of the situation to the nurse in charge to secure her as ally in what he hoped to accomplish. "Hang your medicine! I want Katherine. Do you hear? Get her!" she heard one morning in commanding tones. She started, listened again to his voice in delirium, then peeked cautiously through a half opened door. He was hardly recognizable, this sad low faced patient with sunken cheeks and bulging eyes. With a quick flicker of pity and love she ran to him. "Dwight, Dwight," she sobbed, "here, is Katherine! Here, dear! Don't you know me?" "Go away! You're not Katherine. She left me. I've lost her, and I want her. God, I want her!" And he turned to his eyes, as they did to hers. The wise old doctor permitted her to assist in the nursing, but there were times when she was rightly excluded. The exclusion hurt her, but the doctor was inexorable, and obedience is the first requirement in a resort of the kind, so she had to obey. It was the morning of the 1st of June. Katherine was in the room ad joining her husband when she heard him call: "Oh, Katherine! And there was a naturalness in the tones that indicated returned reason. She dropped the book she had to rush to him, and in his eyes were remembrance and clear understanding. "Katherine, it was you, then. I—I thought I dreamed it." "I'm sorry, Dwight, sorrier than I can tell you. It was all wrong, my going away, I—I want forgiveness," she whispered. "Forgiveness? You? Rather I should ask it. It has been hard, it seemed cruel, but perhaps it was for our good, sweetheart. The boy you used to love is coming back—coming back—coming back, sweetheart."

For a moment he lay silent, his eyes closed. Then he started. "The birds, dearest, the birds?" he asked. "It's the first day of June," she whispered. "June, Katherine, June for us for always," he murmured sleepily as he lifted the hand that lay in his to his lips and kissed it. And like a tired child he slipped into sleep, sweet sleep, with an awakening to happiness and love.

A Bobolink With a Canary Song. A friend of mine tells of a bobolink which learned to sing like a canary. He was captured when quite small and given a cage beside a fine singer, for which he soon exhibited a great attachment. He would sit perfectly still on his perch for a long time watching his friend intently, then try his best to imitate his sweet notes. He tried for three or four weeks before making any progress; then he succeeded in sounding one note almost correctly. When he realized his success his wild joy was pathetic, and the canary's pleasure was very evident. Then he redoubled his efforts until he could sing nearly the whole canary song. After that he and Dick always sang in concert. But, strangest of all his character seemed to change with his song. Instead of singing but a short time in the spring, as bobolinks do, he sang all the time except when molting. And he imitated his friend's characteristics so perfectly that he became a canary in all but appearance.—Ella H. Stratton in Suburban Life.

Was It Worth It? Workmen Smearcut, royal academician, was painting the portrait of Lady Anstruther Anstruthers, and Lady Anstruther Anstruthers was very plain—well, as a matter of fact, she was jolly ugly. And, though she was paying him 200 guineas merely for painting the portrait and was going to pay him 600 guineas more for the portrait itself when it was completed, Workmen Smearcut was not satisfied. He felt he might be going blind. Looking at her face so much hurt his eyes. "Now, what I want, Mr. Smearcut," said the unfair lady, "is for you to do me plain, dear justice." "My dear lady," replied Smearcut, "what you require is not justice, but mercy. When I tell you to look pleasant you don't look natural, and when I tell you to look natural you don't look pleasant."—London Express.

A Cod Liver Oil Fiend. "When I was aaminic," said a pale man, "I took cod liver oil. I had a careless habit of leaving the oil uncorked, and it began to disappear. Some one was drinking it. There was a cod liver oil fiend in the house. I decided to trap the thief." He went on, gazing thoughtfully at his large white feet, "and one night I purposely drank two cups of black coffee so as to keep awake. Gentlemen, you will hardly believe what happened. The thief was a rat—a big, sleek, fat rat. The oil, I guess, had agreed with him. As I watched him from the bed he leaped silently on to the bureau, dipped his tail in the bottle, lifted it out and licked it clean, and then dipped and licked it again and again till a good two inches of the oil was gone."—Exchange.

A man is never appreciated in his home town, and he is usually not known in other places, and there you are.—Atchison Globe.



Does He Kick?

We mean your horse. Does his harness fit him or does it chafe his back, his breast or any tender part that makes him uncomfortable? Then bring him to this store when you buy him a new harness and we will fit your horse perfectly with light driving, coach, cart or dray harness. We have everything in the line of horse goods at

A. F. FINK'S

ROAD NO. 322.

To all whom it may concern: The commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road as follows:

Commencing about 20 rods east of the northwest quarter of section 20, township 14, range 29, where Road No. 64 leaves the section line, running thence directly east on the section line between sections 17 and 20, 16 and 21 and 22 to the east line of said section 15 and 22 thence in a northeasterly direction across sections 14 and 13 all in town 14, range 29, and across sections 18 and 17 following the old road as near as practical to a point about forty rods east of the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, thence directly east to the section line between sections 8 and 17 to the east line of said sections in township 14, ranges 28, and terminating thereat. Has reported in favor of the establishment of said road and all claims for damage or objections thereto must be filed in the office of the county clerk on or before noon on the 14th day of December, 1909, or such road will be established without reference thereto. Dated North Platte, Neb., October 11, 1909. F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

General Election Notice 1909.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 2nd day of November, 1909, at the voting places in the various precincts of Lincoln county, Nebraska, there will be held a 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, 1909. F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

ORD. OF HEARING ON PETITION DIS-PENSING WITH REGULAR ADMIN-STRATION. 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 Morris, praying that the regular administration of said estate be dispensed with, as provided by sections 532, to 533 of Cobden's Statute for the year 1907. Ordered, That October 23d, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m. be assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held at North Platte, Nebraska, at 9 o'clock a. m. on the 23rd day of October, 1909, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. This order to be published for three consecutive issues in the North Platte Tribune prior to October 22d, 1909. Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, October 1st, 1909. W. C. ELLIOTT, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Serial No. 9150. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., September 27, 1909. Notice is hereby given that Fred M. Kiser, of North Platte, Neb., who, on October 20th, 1902, made homestead entry No. 10470, Serial No. 9150 for east half southeast quarter, southeast quarter northeast quarter, lot 1, section 6, township 14, north, range 28, west of the 9th Principal Meridian, has filed 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, Neb., on the 24th day of November, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: C. M. York, of Maxwell, Nebraska, J. W. James, C. P. Campbell and Wm. Breitenitz, of North Platte, Nebraska. J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Serial No. 9224. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., September 27, 1909. Notice is hereby given that Fred M. Kiser, of North Platte, Neb., who, on Sept. 22, 1904 made homestead entry No. 252, serial No. 9224 for west half and west half of east half of section 6, Township 14 N., Range 28 W. of the 9th Principal Meridian, has filed 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, Neb., on the 24th day of November, 1909. Claimant names as witnesses: C. M. York, of Maxwell, Nebraska, J. W. James, C. P. Campbell and Wm. Breitenitz, of North Platte, Nebraska. J. E. EVANS, Register.

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NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS. To Adam H. Fisher and lots one and two in block eighty-four of the original City of North Platte, Nebraska, defendants: You are hereby notified that on the 8th day of October, 1909, S. Y. Gillan, plaintiff in said cause, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you on each of you, for the sum of \$100.00 to which he is to foreclose a certain tax lien upon the property described as follows, situated in the County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, to-wit: lots one and two in block eighty-four of the original City of North Platte, Nebraska, said tax lien is based upon tax sale certificate No. 284 issued by the County Treasurer of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on November 7, 1904 to the plaintiff herein for taxes levied and assessed against said premises for the year 1906 to 1908 inclusive with interest and penalties added thereon for the years 1904 to 1908 inclusive, aggregating the sum of \$100.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the date of filing said petition. Plaintiff prays for decree of foreclosure of said tax lien and an attorney fee of ten per cent of the amount recovered and costs of suit, and that defendants be required to pay said sum, and in default of such payment said premises be sold to pay the amount found due with interest and penalties and attorney fees and costs, and that each and all of said defendants be foreclosed of all equity of redemption in and to said premises and for such other relief as may be equitable and just. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 22nd day of November, 1909. Dated this 8th day of October, at North Platte Nebraska. S. Y. GILLAN, Plaintiff. By Hoagland & Hoagland, His Attorneys.

CONTEST NOTICE. Serial No. 9277. H. E. 2160. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska, October 2, 1909. Assufficient contest affidavits having been filed in this office by Gladys H. Beer-bower contestant, against homestead entry No. 2160, made November 15, 1906, for all of section 1, Township 15, Range 28 W. of the 9th P. Meridian, in Lincoln County, Nebraska, in which it is alleged that said Alfonso Slater has never established his residence on said land, that he has been absent there 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.



That Dream of a Home

of your own can be made to come true if you want it to. What is needed is not cash so much as determination. We'll Sell You a House that you can move right into upon the payment of a small sum down. Then what you would pay for rent you pay off the balance of the purchase price. Think it over. Then come and see.

Buchanan & Patterson,

Real Estate & Insurance.



A Spanking Good Team

is at your command whenever you tell us you want it. This lively stable is prepared to supply instantly any kind of a rig you require. While in your service it is as much yours as if you owned it. The difference is that you pay only for the time you use it, and not for the time it is standing in the stable. That beats private ownership all hollow. A. M. Lock.

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

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

WILCOX & HAL'IGAN, Attorneys-at-Law. Office over Scha' Clothing Store. Phone 8

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