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Shop 107 East Fifth.
Hunting Prohibited.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned land owners and lessees of land in Hall Precinct, that no hunting is hereby permitted on the land owned or leased by us, and any person found thereon will be prosecuted under the law relating thereto.
S. H. W. & Marlett Geo Kopf
H. Waltemath G. W. Long & Son
Frank Steel Geo. Shanks
Fred Malone Blankenburg Bros.
Geo. T. Patterson Charlie Robinson
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General Practice of
Medicine, Surgery
Together with his
Specialty, Eye, Ear, Nose
and Throat.**

Your Glasses Carefully Fitted.
Office and residence 413 East Fifth St., on ground floor, no stairs to climb. Phone 559.
North Platte, - - Nebraska.

Serial No. 9933
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
Dec. 6th, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that William B. Turley of North Platte, Neb., who on July 9th, 1891, made Homestead Entry No. 2031, Serial No. 9933, for north half southwest quarter north half northeast quarter and northwest quarter section 26, township 12, north range 11 west of the sixth 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, Nebraska on the 21st day of January, 1910.
Claimant names as witnesses: Carl Broeder, Hugh Soper, John Scharmann and Curtis Bowman, all of North Platte, Neb.
J. E. EVANS, Register.

LEGAL NOTICE.
The unknown heirs of John Harlan, deceased will take notice, that on the 18th day of June, 1909, Isaac Dillon, plaintiff, herein filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against the unknown heirs of John Harlan, deceased, the object and prayer of which said petition are to quiet the title of the plaintiff in and to the north 1/4 of the northwest 1/4 and the southwest 1/4 of the northwest 1/4 of section 14, township 12, north range 11, west of the sixth principal meridian, Nebraska, and that the decree rendered in said action, be of the same force and effect as if the plaintiff had a certain deed of conveyance from the said John Harlan, deceased, to F. H. Longley, of said lands and which said deed has been destroyed and has not been placed on record in the records of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
You are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of January, 1910.
Dated December 6th, 1909.
ISAAC DILLON,
By Wilcox & Halligan, his attorneys.

ORD. REHEARING ON PETITION DIS-PENSING WITH USUAL ADMINISTRATION.
State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss.
In the county court November 22nd 1909.
In the matter of the estate of James H. Beckwith, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of James H. Beckwith, praying that the regular administration of said estate be dispensed with as provided in sections 5322, to 5326, Code of 1906.
Ordered, That December 14th, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said estate may appear as 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 in the North Platte Tribune for six successive weeks prior to December 14th, 1909.
J. E. EVANS, County Judge.

Notice for Publication.
Serial No. 9225.
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
October 23rd, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Wilkins of North Platte, Neb., who on October 23rd, 1891, made Homestead Entry No. 2030, Serial No. 9225, for north east quarter and south half of southwest quarter, section 20, township 12, north range 11, west of the sixth 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, Nebraska, on the 22nd day of December, 1909.
Claimant names as witnesses: G. E. Mayer, Arthur Gomez, Carl Broeder, and Thomas Zimmerman, all of North Platte, Neb.
J. E. EVANS, Register.

CONTEST NOTICE.
Serial No. 9123.
U. S. 2219.
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
North Platte, Nebraska,
December 11, 1909.
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Jacob L. Harlan, contestant, against the Homestead Entry, No. 3123, made May 20, 1891, of the 1/2 section 12, Township 12, N. Range 11, W. of the 6th P. Meridian, by Les Nelson, Contestant, in which it is alleged that said Les Nelson has never established his residence on said tract that he has abandoned said tract for more than six months last past and has failed to cultivate or improve said tract said parties are hereby notified to appear, testify and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on February 11, 1910, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office at North Platte, Nebraska.
The said contestant having in a proper affidavit filed on 12/11/09, made which shows 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.
W. H. C. WOODHURST,
Register.

Alone in Saw Mill at Midnight
unmindful of dampness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins worked as Night Watchman, at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settle on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle" he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free, Guaranteed by Stone Drug Co.



SOLID COMFORT
in our five cent cigar for those who wish to enjoy a smoke that will give pleasure and gratification at low cost. Our fine brands of cigars are the acme of fine flavor and quality.



J. F. SCHMALZRIED.
Santa Claus is on the Road, and will arrive in North Platte "the night before Christmas." What will papa or the "boys" need as much as a new harness, a handsome driving whip or lap robe, or a blanket for an Xmas gift? Our Christmas stock is ready for your inspection, and you can choose some beauties from it at Fink's.



A. F. FINK'S
You Needn't Mind the Storm even if you have calls to make or shopping that must be done. Call up this livery stable and order a carriage to help you fulfill your duty. Then you can call or shop as long as you want in both comfort and style. You come back untired and with dry shoes and skirts. Well worth our moderate charge for the carriage isn't it?
A. M. Lock.

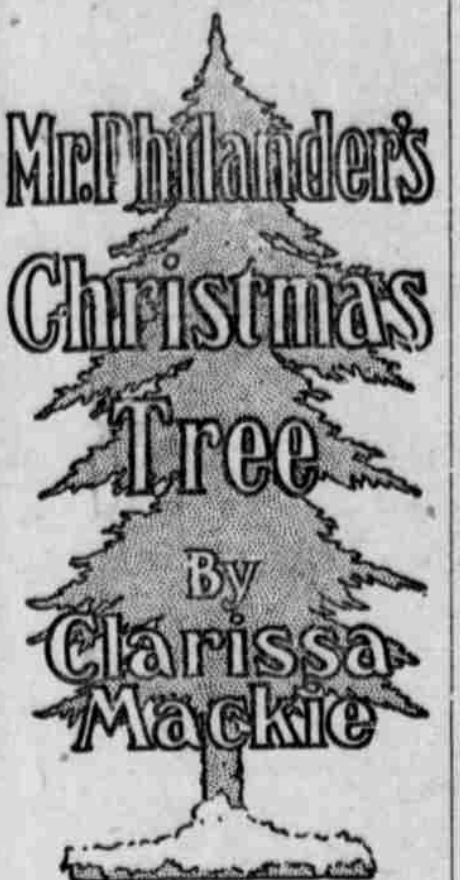
Road No 327
To All Whom It May Concern:
The special commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road,
Commencing at the S. W. corner of Section 17, Township 10, Range 33 and running thence east on section line to the S. E. corner of Section 17-10-32, all on section 11, has reported in favor of the location of said road as follows:
Commencing at the S. W. corner of Sec. 17, T. 10, R. 33 running east six miles on section line to the S. W. corner of Sec. 17 T. 10 R. 32, thence south on section line about 100 rods to the railroad right-of-way north of the track, thence southeast to Dickens about with road no 102, and all claims for damage or objections thereto must be filed in the office of the county clerk, on or before noon of the 17th day of Feb., 1910, or such road will be established without reference thereto.
Dated North Platte, Neb., Dec-10-09.
F. R. ELLIOTT,
County Clerk.

ROAD NO. 330.
To all whom it may concern:
The commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road as follows:
Commencing at the center of section 17, township 12, range 23 and running thence north on half mile line to the laid out road on half mile line running east and west across section 8, township 12, Range 23, said road to be 88 feet wide, 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 of the 12th day of February, 1910, or such road will be established without reference thereto.
Dated North Platte, Neb., December 6, 1909.
F. R. ELLIOTT,
County Clerk.



BESSIE.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"WHERE is the tree?" whispered Mrs. Philander anxiously as her husband shook the snow from his coat and carefully wiped his feet on the brand new doormat.
"Couldn't get one," returned Philander moodily.
"Couldn't get one! Why not, James Philander?"
"I forgot it, Bella, until just as I got off the train, and as that was the last train from town I couldn't very well walk back and look up a tree. By that time the shops would all be closed and—"
"Walk back! Such nonsense! Of course if you haven't thought enough of the children to buy them a tree!"
"My dear," interposed Philander desperately, "don't say another word I'll find a tree somewhere tonight if I have to rob the church of the Sunday school tree!"
He thrust his arms into his overcoat and grasped his hat, but Mrs. Philander put out a detaining hand.
"James," she said seriously, "you cannot find a tree in Rose Heights tonight. You know there is not a shop in the Heights, and where else would you look for a tree?"
"I shall walk into the woods and dig one," returned Philander, with dignity.
"Well, you could do that, James, but it is 11 o'clock now and there is no moon. You will lose your way."
"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Philander. "I hope I know my way around Rose Heights. I saw a very handsome pine tree in that strip of woods back on the Turkey hill road. I could walk there blindfolded and lay my hand upon that tree," he asserted rashly.
"Very well," returned Mrs. Philander reluctantly. "I hate to have you go, James, but the children will be so disappointed. The presents are all ready, and I have been up in the attic and got the base for the tree and all the ornaments—in fact, everything is ready except the tree."
"The tree will soon be here," said Mr. Philander grimly as he jerked on his arctic and turned up his coat collar. "Just bring me the spade from the woodshed, please," he added.
"A spade, James! I thought they chopped trees down. The ground is frozen."
"Of course, the ax by all means," replied Philander irritably. He was vexed with himself for having forgotten to order the tree, which was one of the necessary adjuncts to the Philander Christmas. He had never forgotten it before. He meant to order it that morning and have it sent to his suburban home later in the day, but an important business matter had driven the remembrance of the festival from his mind until his wife's greeting when he opened the door recalled it to his attention.
He sallied forth, bearing the ax, and waded through the newly fallen snow to the corner of the street, where he turned toward Turkey hill road. The snow was only six inches deep, and the walking was not so bad. Gray clouds hung low, and there was a thick flurry of flakes as Philander turned the corner. When he reached the strip of woods it was snowing heavily, and he could only guess at the location of the particular pine he had in mind.
He whistled cheerily as he walked along, for his spirits were rising. He felt a warm glow stealing over his tired frame as he anticipated the delight of the three small Philanders when they beheld the selfsame tree that they had so warmly admitted a short while before set up in their own parlor, ablaze with candles and rich with gifts.
Mr. Philander stopped and thrashed himself vigorously with his arms. There was a faint grayness in the air that was reflected from the fallen snow, and there was the tickling rush of flakes in his eyes. When he reached the very opening in the woods where they had admired the tree he turned around and looked carefully up and down the road. Of course he could see nothing, nor was there the faintest tinkle of bells. It was a very lonely spot.
Mr. Philander knew that the strip of woods was private property, and he also knew that he could make it all right with Lake, the owner of the woods, on the following day, as Lake lived four miles away and it was impossible to ask his permission now.
Although Mr. Philander had stated that he could put his hand on the tree in the dark, he found it rather a difficult thing to do after all. He lost himself several times in the dense thickets, and all the tree trunks seemed unfamiliar to his touch. Then, all at once, he emerged from the underbrush and spiky boughs of pine brushed his face.
"Hi! hi! by Jove!" he exclaimed. He dug the snow away from the trunk and with a few lusty blows laid the tree low and dragged it trailing through the snow. He lost his bearings once or twice, and finally, at a moment when



that night, he found himself standing before his own gate.
He carried the tree around to the back door, and with Mrs. Philander's help it was taken into the house and set up in the parlor.
Mr. Philander thawed himself out in front of the kitchen stove and quaffed fragrant coffee that his grateful wife had prepared.
"It is a beauty, James," she said gleefully; "the finest we ever had. How delighted the children will be. I am sorry, though, you are so tired, dear."
"Oh, I'm all right now, Bella," said Philander cheerfully. "I was worried after I found that I had forgotten the tree, but I closed out that deal with Weils today, and I was busy every moment."
"How lovely that you got the contract, James!" cried his wife excitedly. "That is a fine Christmas present for you!"
"You bet your life it is," returned Philander jocosely. "Now let us get



JACK.

wanted Bessie, dragging her new doll comerselously by its flaxen hair.
"An' I finked it came that way, too!" protested Robin indignantly.
"It's a Santa Claus tree, babies, so don't feel bad about it. Run away and play," said Mr. Philander reassuringly. Then he turned to Jack. "Yes, it's the very same tree, my boy," he said proudly.
"It doesn't look like it, father," said Jack bluntly.
"Doesn't, eh? What's the matter with it?"
"Oh, nothing. It's fine, but it isn't the tree we saw," insisted the boy obstinately.
"Never mind, never mind," returned Mr. Philander good naturedly.
He sought his wife, who was helping Norah with the breakfast. "Our tree was a great success, my dear," he said genially.
"It is beautiful," replied Mrs. Philander happily. "The children are so delighted."
"Well, I'm glad of that. I was telling Taylor yesterday morning going down on the train that Christmas was not Christmas without a tree, and he said that it wouldn't be Christmas at their house, then, for they were not going to have one."
"How strange!" uttered Mrs. Philander.
"Why not, pray?"
"Oh, I don't know. He said something about hard times. He said the good, old fashioned Christmas suited them well enough; that they would hang their stockings before the fire and all that, you know."

lander. "Mrs. Taylor told me it was the pride of her husband's heart."
"How did it happen, Jack?" asked Philander, with interest.
"Mr. Taylor said his wife heard some one chopping about half past 11 last night but she didn't think anything of it, and this morning they found the tree was gone—only the stump left."
"That's very strange," observed Mr. Philander. "Hard luck for Taylor."
"And, father," continued Jack earnestly, "I was in the woods on Turkey hill road today and that little tree we saw last Sunday is there yet. You didn't cut it down, I knew that one wasn't it!"
Mr. Philander paled slightly.
"Why, father," pursued the terrible Jack with a directness born of sudden revelation, "this is Mr. Taylor's tree! I knew I'd seen it before!"
Mr. Philander shrank from their horrified gaze.
"The Taylors will be here in a few minutes, James," said Mrs. Philander coldly.
"My dear, I must have got turned around in the storm, but the Lord only knows how I got in Taylor's yard."
"It's on the other side of the woods, father," said Jack sympathetically, "and I guess you walked right through and into Mr. Taylor's yard."
"I must have done that," groaned Mr. Philander. Then with sudden inspiration he stripped the tree of its ornaments and candles and carried it through the house into the back yard. He scratched a match, and in five minutes the Philander Christmas tree was a charred ruin.
"Too bad, old chap," said Taylor commiserately as Philander agitatedly explained the absence of the tree. "That's one reason why I don't believe in Christmas trees. They are apt to take fire, and there you are. I am glad it happened before we arrived."
"So am I," ejaculated Mr. Philander.
But all the little Philanders agreed that it was the most beautiful Christmas tree they ever had.

**A TRUE STORY OF
CHRISTMAS AT SEA.**

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]
The gathering of "old salts," officially known as the Harbor club, was in session at Captain Truman's store, down by the dock. Outside the wind howled and shrieked through the rigging of the fleet of coasting vessels warped alongside the Main street wharf, and unconsciously the men hitched their chairs closer to the fire as a fiercer blast rattled the windows. During a temporary lull in the storm Cap'n St. Tuttle broke the silence with the following narrative:
"Twas just such a Christmas eve as this, along back in the eighties, when I was round'n' old Hatteras in the good ship Tirzah Ann. You recollect, don't you? Hailed from Greenport and could smash through any gale that ever blowed.
"In course 'twas some wet on deck, and the further we pounded along the rougher it got, and finally we had to turn and run afore the wind. Never saw such a gale to hang on! We plowed through seas you could only guess the height of. And dark! You couldn't see your hand afore your face.
"There was five of us aboard, and we was pretty well tuckered out next mornin', but daylight showed no let-up, and, to make things wuss, a heavy snow set in. Seemed as if it turned to lee to wunst soon as it hit the deck, and afore you could say 'Jack Robinson the riggin' was froze solid, and a dozen men with axes couldn't have cast loose the dory.
"Along about six bells the fust mate took the wheel, and I went below to get a brace, when there come a heavy crash, and both masts went by the board. I went up the companionway in two jumps, but afore I reached the deck the water was pourin' into the fo'cabin in tons, and the ship began to heave and wallow like a stuck pig.
"There warn't any use tryin' to launch the dory, even if we had had time, and in two shakes of a dog's tail 'be Tirzah Ann rose high on the top of a huge comb, quivered like a dyin' lion and then plunged head first beneath the waves with all on board."
Captain St. Tuttle stopped and leisurely bit off a chunk of cat plug, when some one asked, "How did you escape?"
"We didn't," drawled the captain. "Every blamed one of us wuz drowned."
W. F. H.
Christmas Superstitions.
If Christmas day on Sunday be,
A troublous winter ye shall see,
Mingled with waters strong;
Good there shall be without fail,
For the summer shall be reasonable,
With storms at times among.
Wines that year shall all be good;
The harvest shall be wet with flood,
Fertileness shall come to many a country,
Ere that sickness shall have passed;
And while great tempests last
Many young people dear shall be.
Princes that year with iron shall die,
There shall be changing of many lords high.
Apoth knights great debate,
Many tidings shall come to men;
Many wives shall be weeping then,
Both of pain and great estate.
The faith shall then be hurt truly,
For divers points of heresy
That shall then appear
Through the tempting of the fiend,
And divers matters unkind
Shall bring great danger near.
Cattle shall thrive, one and the other,
Bave oxen; they shall kill each other,
And some beasts they shall die,
Both fruit and corn will not be good,
Apples will be scarce for food,
And ships shall suffer on the sea.
—From Harleian MS. in British Museum, Struvsen's Census.



DRAGGED IT TRAILING THROUGH THE SNOW.

the tree ready for the kiddies. Everything handy?"
"There isn't a thing for you to do, dear, save to hang them on the tree," said his wife, leading the way to the lighted parlor, where the tree stood, its symmetrical branches glistening in the light and exuding a fresh balsamic odor.
"By Jove, it is the handsomest tree we ever had!" exclaimed Mr. Philander, surveying the shapely conifer admiringly.
They were soon at work, and presently the beautiful tree blossomed forth in glistening festoons of gold and silver tinsel. A radiant star tipped the highest point, while daintily decorated gifts burdened the branches and were heaped at the base.
It was with unusual satisfaction that the Philanders retired that night. They were loth to leave the resplendent tree, but after weariness drove them to bed.
It was daylight when the first delighted shriek from a small Philander awoke his tired parents. Mr. Philander groaned dismally. He ached from head to foot, and he was sick from lack of sleep. Mrs. Philander was equally tired; but, with the self-abnegation of mothers in general and mothers in particular on Christmas morning, she got up and went downstairs to enter into the joys of the happy children.
When Mr. Philander came downstairs to breakfast the children gathered about him eagerly.
"Father," asked Jack, the eldest, "is this the very tree we saw last Sunday when we walked along Turkey hill road? Is this the very tree?"
"Who told you that, Jack?" asked Mr. Philander sharply.
"Oh, mother did. I told her I had seen it somewhere before, and she said it was the very tree."
"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Philander.