

Battle

By M. QUAD

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Our battery had been doing splendid service. From our position on the right we could see the shells drop into the woods and break up the formation of the Confederate cavalry every time they left cover.

We knew where they were. Jeb Stuart's old troopers were there; Wade Hampton's dragoons were there—Imboden, Rosser, Mosby—every Confederate cavalry command we had fought in Virginia was making ready in the shelter of the woods to charge on our left flank.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!" The gunners knew what was at stake. The orders were to die at the guns if the position could not be held. For half an hour their bursting shells kept the front clear, and we of the cavalry cheered them.

Out from the cover of the forest at half a dozen places gallop the gray troopers by hundreds. They wheel to the right and left, form in two lines, take their distance, close up with a trembling motion, and now there will be a grand charge. The shells burst in front of them, among them, but discipline is stronger than the fear of death.

Less than 300 of us—all cavalry—to support the battery. If that mob of gray riders ever reaches the foot of the slope we shall be picked up and sent whirling like dry leaves in a hurricane. The fire of the six guns becomes morbid. It is truly terrible, but in their haste the gunners do less execution.

"Left wheel! Forward! Right dress!" Just 278 of us by actual count as we dress in two ranks. What are we going to do?

"Draw sabers! Forward! Trot! Gallop! Charge!"

They are driving us down at that body of men—ten times our number—to break and check the charge. If we can stop them for ten minutes the battery will be saved by the infantry. We oblique to the left as we go to close up. We are a living wedge, driving down to enter a living mass and split it in twain.

The wedge enters. The wedge drives ahead over fallen horses and dismounted men, yelling, slashing, cutting, keeping their pace. A trooper slashes at me, a horse goes down in front of mine, I feel myself falling with my horse, and then I am out of the fight for a moment.

The darkness which enshrouded things passes away after a bit, and I and my horse lying across my feet with the saddle flap so holding him that his dead body must be lifted up to get me out.

The charge of the gray troopers was broken. That wedge drove right through the mass and turned to attack them in the rear. Swirling about in circles like the vulture of war, the mass of men edges away until the field about me is clear of all but the dead and wounded. I've got a saber cut on the shoulder and can feel the warm blood bathing my arm, but I know I could walk away if I could get my feet clear. I am working to extricate them when I hear hoofbeats behind me. The next moment a riderless horse dashes up and comes to a halt. He has not been hit, but he has left his rider dead back there in the stubble, a Federal captain.

The horse stands pawing and snorting when out from the whirl of death, half a mile away, breaks a chestnut charger and comes galloping down upon us. There is blood on the saddle flaps—drops of blood on his shiny flanks. It is not his blood, but that of the Confederate man who rode him, and who has been cut down by a stroke of the saber.

It is gray versus chestnut—Federal versus Confederate. The newcomer is still a hundred feet away, when the gray horse rushes at him with ears laid back and mouth open, and as I watch them I forget that shells are screaming, bullets whistling and the saber doing bloody work within sound of my voice. As the two horses come together they rear up, neigh defiance at each other and a fight begins—a battle within a battle. Each seems embued with a deadly hatred for the other, and to be determined to destroy his antagonist.

Of a sudden I realize that they are close upon me. In their mad fury they see neither dead nor wounded—hear not the shout and shot of battle.

The gray kicks a dead man aside as he backs up for a fresh effort; the chestnut tramples the life out of a wounded man as he dances about. They will be over me if I do not stop them. The heels of the gray are throwing dirt into my face as I unsling my carbine and rest it across my dead horse for a shot. I fire at the gray, as he is the nearer and the greater menace, but the bullet misses the target. At that moment they begin to work to the left, and in the next they are past me, leaping over dead horses and trampling on dead men as they scream and bite and kick.

Above the roar of battle I hear a rifle shell coming. It gives out a growling, complaining sound which no man ever hears without a chill. The sound grows louder—nearer—crash! The horses were fifty feet away, and it must have struck one of them. There was a cloud of smoke, a whizzing of ragged fragments, and when I could see again both horses were down—torn and mangled and almost blotted off the face of the earth by the awful force of the explosion.

Charles Lissach in his book, "The City of the Dancing Dervishes and Other Studies From the Near East." Speaking of the Turk as the author knows him, he says: "For parental authority he entertains a deep regard. A grown up Turk who is lax enough to drink wine will usually hesitate to do so in the presence of his father. Similar diffidence is even shown sometimes with regard to smoking. Near relationship does not engender what the Turks regard as unseemly familiarity. Turks address their elder brothers by the titles of Agha or Agha bey, their sisters as Abba, scarcely ever by name unless the difference in age is very slight. They obey seriously the injunctions of their faith as to charity, and the solidarity of Islam does not permit them to suffer carelessly to starve. Furthermore, they do not blaspheme."

The Hollow in a Boiled Egg.

There is an air space in every egg, but we notice it particularly in a boiled one because the contents have been made solid by cooking and made the hollow space more apparent. This space is a provision of nature so that the chick which grows within the shell may have air to breathe from the time it comes to life until it becomes strong enough to break through the shell to the outside world.

To generate life in the egg it is necessary that it be subjected to a certain degree of heat for a period of twenty-one days. When this is not done the egg remains indefinitely in its raw state.

When it is boiled the pocket of air within the shell, which would have been used up by the chick if the egg had been set to hatch, begins to fight for its space and pushes the boiled contents of the egg back, leaving the hollow space.—Rocky Mountain News.

How Long Your Nails Grow.

The growth of an average finger nail is about one thirty-second of an inch a week, or nearly one and one-half inches in a year, so those aristocratic Chinese who proudly exhibit nails six to eight inches in length must have refrained from cutting them at least four to six years. Finger nails grow faster in the summer than in winter. The nail on the middle finger grows faster than any of the others, and that of the thumb is slowest in growth. The nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left. A nail is supposed to reach its full growth in about four and a half months, and at this rate a man seventy years old would have renewed his nails 262 times. On each finger he would have grown nine feet of nail or on all his fingers and thumbs no less than ninety feet of nail.—St. Louis Republic.

The First Tooth Festival.

Among the Syrians there is no such thing as giving a party in celebration of the first anniversary of the birth of a child. The celebration is held when the baby cuts its first tooth. On such an occasion friends of the parents are not invited to the house to eat cakes and listen to a phonograph, but whatever sweets may be prepared for the occasion are sent by the parents to the homes of the friends whom they wish to inform of the news. The friends later visit the parents and tender their congratulations. The dishes in which the samanieh is carried to neighbors and friends are not returned immediately. Sometimes it is a week or even two before they are back in their customary places in the family cupboard. When they are returned they are not empty.

He Got a Poor Drive.

Colonel Carter, says Collier's Weekly, had been playing golf for only three months. Therefore when the secretary of the club saw the colonel playing his ball several feet in front of the tee disks during a tournament he thought the veteran soldier had forgotten the rule.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he exclaimed. "You must play from behind the tee disks!"

The colonel's face turned red, but he preserved his dignity. "It's none of your business, sah," he answered as calmly as possible, "but this is my third stroke!"

Footie and Garrick.

Footie's favorite butt was Garrick, whose thrifty habits he was constantly turning into ridicule. One day while in his company Garrick after satirizing some individual wound up his attack by saying, "Well, perhaps before I condemn another I should put the beam out of my own eye."

"And so you would," Footie replied, "if you could sell the timber!"

A Stone That Is Elastic.

There is a stone that is as flexible as rubber and that, when set up on edge in a thick plate, sways to and fro in the wind like a piece of leather. This stone is called itakolumite, and the Scientific American says it is the mother rock of Brazilian diamonds.

A Mean Suggestion.

"I assure you, madam, my ancestors came over with the first settlers." "Very likely. We had no immigration laws then."—Baltimore American.

Encouraged Him.

He—'I'm afraid if I ask you to marry me you'll treat my proposal as a joke. She—But all jokes are not rejected, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—Shakespeare.

Still Waters Run Deep

By EUNICE BLAKE

Wilton Page was twenty years old and handsome as a picture. He had an oval face, large dreamy eyes and cameo cut features.

Wilton entered a parlor car one day for a journey. On the opposite side were three women. One was about thirty, another twenty and the third seventeen. The two younger ones called the oldest Aunt Sue, while she called the next younger Dorothy and the younger Fanny. Aunt Sue seemed to be on terms of equality with the others and was the merriest of the three. Dorothy and she were continually cracking jokes with each other, while Fanny was sober, but childlike.

Wilton, having placed his hand baggage in the rack above him, settled himself in his chair, pulled a novel from his pocket and began to read. He did not therefore observe the effect his manly beauty had on the ladies. Dorothy looked from him to Aunt Sue and back again to him with an expression that being interpreted meant, "Isn't he just too lovely for anything?" Aunt Sue returned the glance, indicating "Handsome enough to kiss." Little Fanny observed the mute comments of her elders, but said nothing.

Dorothy leaned toward Aunt Sue and whispered something in her ear. Aunt Sue cast her eyes aside, rested them on Wilton for a few moments, then whispered something in Dorothy's ear. Then Dorothy swung her chair around and said something to Fanny, who glanced at Wilton and shook her head, indicating a negative.

Wilton read on unconscious of the attention he was attracting from those three ladies. Indeed, he had not given them a glance on entering the car and had begun his reading as soon as he had settled himself. They were all comely, dressed in a manner of refinement, and since women like to be noticed Wilton ignoring them may have spurred them to a conspiracy they concocted concerning him. But of this the reader must form his or her own opinion after hearing what this conspiracy was.

Those were the days when trains on passing through tunnels were not lighted as they are today. On the line upon which these three persons were traveling was a tunnel so long that some three minutes by the watch were required for a train to pass through it. The train reached the tunnel in about an hour after starting. As soon as they entered it Wilton dropped his book on his knee and with his face to the window waited for the return of light. About half the distance under ground had been passed when he felt a pair of arms thrown around his neck and a pair of lips pressed against his own.

Having been plonked from behind, he was powerless to resist the kiss—if he had wished to do so—or to get a hold on the kisser. He tried to clutch the arms, but they evaded him, and all the satisfaction he derived from the attempt was a knowledge that they were covered with feminine material. He reached out wildly in the dark, but came in contact with nothingness.

Nearly two minutes elapsed before the train shot out into daylight. When it did so Wilton swept the car with his glance with a view to discovering who had kissed him. There were a number of women in it besides the three ladies mentioned. Having noted those at a distance, he fixed his glance upon his neighbors. Aunt Sue was peering out of the window, and her back being toward him, he could not see her face. Dorothy was wiping the dust out of her eyes with her handkerchief. Fanny was leaning back in her chair looking up at the car ceiling apparently wrapped in thought.

Wilton formed an opinion that he had been kissed by one of his neighbors. He came to this conclusion because there was no other woman on the train who looked as if she would be likely to commit such an act. Of the three he fixed upon Dorothy as the culprit. And yet when she finished wiping the dust out of her eyes he noticed an amused rather than a guilty expression on her face. Aunt Sue kept her back turned toward him so long that he was not sure after all that she was not the perpetrator. The only one of the three that he was quite sure was innocent was Fanny. She looked fitted to sit as a model for a Madonna.

When the train reached the terminal Wilton left the car, still uncertain as to who had kissed him. The three ladies left at the same time, and he saw them driven away in a private carriage. They took no notice of him, seeming to be oblivious of him.

One evening not a week later Wilton appeared, handsomer than ever in evening dress at a function. He was walking toward a group of ladies, and when within a few feet of them one of them whose back was toward him turned suddenly and faced him. The moment she saw him she turned scarlet.

She was Fanny. An introduction—embarrassing for the young lady—followed, while a satisfied smile played on Wilton's lips. Since they are now an old couple there can be no harm in stating that she was put up to kissing her fellow traveler by the other two women, who assured her that they would draw the gentleman's attention to themselves as soon as an inspection was made. But what at the time saved Fanny from detection was her admirable nerve.

first English author whose writings have been studied for hostile ends by his country's enemies. Napoleon assured Sir Colin Campbell at Elba that he greatly admired "Paradise Lost" and had read it to some purpose. The plan of Ansterlitz was borrowed from book 6 of that work, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his angelic host with such direful effect.

Training his devilish engine, impaled On every side with shadowy squadrons deep.

To hide the fraud. This mode of warfare appeared to Napoleon so likely to succeed if applied to actual use that he determined upon its adoption and succeeded beyond his expectations. By reference to the details of the battle of Ansterlitz it will be found to assimilate so completely with Milton's imaginary fight as to bear out the emperor's assertion.—London Chronicle.

Why Men Eat More Food Than Women.

That men eat 5 or 6 per cent more than women—not because they are gluttons, but because they actually require that much more nourishment—appears as a result of an investigation made in the nutrition laboratory of the Carnegie Institute at Washington by Francis G. Benedict and L. E. Eames, says the Literary Digest. The reason for the discrepancy seems to be that women have a smaller proportion of active tissue than men of the same weight and more inactive material, such as fat. The investigation disclosed that the average woman generates only 1,355 heat units in the twenty-four hours as against 1,638 produced by the man, or about 2 per cent more for the latter per pound of body weight. When groups were compared after careful selection of individuals of nearly the same height and weight the men were found to produce about 12 per cent more heat than women.

Marriage Superstitions.

In some parts of Germany the duties of the bridesmaids are tinged with superstition. It is one of their duties on the morning of the marriage day to carry to the bride a myrtle wreath, for which they had subscribed on the previous evening. This they place on her head and at night remove it, when it is placed in the bride's hand, she being at the time blindfolded. The bridesmaids then dance round her, while she endeavors to place the wreath on one of their heads. Whoever is fortunate enough to be thus decorated with it, it is believed, be a wife before another year has passed. In removing the bridal wreath and veil the bridesmaids are careful to throw away every pin or the bride will be overtaken by misfortune, while any unwary bridesmaid who retains one will lessen her chances of marriage.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Meteoric Hypothesis.

The nebular hypothesis of La Place has been abandoned in favor of the meteoric hypothesis of Lockyer and planetary hypothesis of Chamberlain. All suns, planets and moons, by these two nearly identical theories, were made by the falling in from space of small cosmic bodies, such as the meteors now falling on the earth.

Trillions of years ago there was a motor moving in space. It is now in the center of the earth. Another meteor joined this by collision, then another, and this falling in is now going on at a vastly diminished rate, so that comparatively few are now coming in, as may be seen on almost any clear night.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

White Man's Graveyard.

Africa is a remarkably beautiful country. Its coast lines are picturesque, graceful, fascinating, alluring. Its seaport towns and cities are usually clean, pretty and reasonably healthful. Equatorial Africa has, until the last two decades, been called the white man's graveyard, but clean living, quinine, mosquito netting, sobriety and sanitary improvements have made Africa a place where one can not only exist, but live in as much comfort, take it all in all during the year, as in the city of New York.—New York Telegram.

Stale Candy.

Stale candy can generally be worked over by reboiling. In the case of acid candies, such as lemon drops, the candy is boiled, the acid is withdrawn by the use of lime or chalk, and the syrup may then be used in the manufacture of that or any other species of candy.

Taking Up Time.

"I like to have my friends extend their congratulations," said the newly appointed public official. "Yes?" "But that last caller extended his over an hour and a half!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Refined It.

"Here's a dealer advertises a sale of hereditary mahogany furniture." "Just what does he mean by that?" "That's merely a polite way of saying secondhand."—Pittsburgh Post.

Inefficient Management.

Smythe (dismally)—"Nell, I simply can't meet my creditors. Mrs. Smythe—"Why should you? What in the world do you employ a secretary for?"—Puck.

Setting a Veritable Record. "I don't like him. He's as unreliable as the weather."

"As the weather predictions, you mean."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of pleasures.—Vauvenargues.

COMING BACK

To Maxwell, Nebr., United Doctors Specialists

Will Again Be At The KNAPP HOTEL

Wednesday, October 20.

ONE DAY ONLY

Hours 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Remarkable Success of These Talented Physicians in the Treatment of Chronic Diseases

Offer Their Services Free of Charge

The United Doctors, licensed by the State of Nebraska for the treatment of deformities and all nervous and chronic diseases of men, women and children, offer to all who call on this "trip, consultation, examination, advice free, making no charge whatever, except the actual cost of treatment. All that is asked in return for these valuable services is that every person treated will state the result obtained to their friends and thus prove to the sick and afflicted in every city and locality, that at last treatments have been discovered that are reasonably sure and certain in their effect.

These doctors are among America's leading stomach and nerve specialists and are experts in the treatment of chronic diseases and so great and wonderful have been their results that in many cases it is hard to find the dividing line between skill and miracle. Diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver, blood, skin, nerves, heart, spleen, kidneys, or bladder, rheumatism, sciatica, diabetes, bed-wetting, tape worm, leg ulcers, weak lungs and those afflicted with long-standing, deep seated, chronic diseases that have baffled the skill of the family physicians, should not fail to call. Deafness often has been cured in sixty days.

According to their system no more operations for appendicitis, gall stones, tumors, goiter, piles, etc., as these diseases are treated without operation or hypodermic injection. They were among the first in America to earn the name of "Bloodless Surgeons," by doing away with the knife, with blood and with all pain in the successful treatment of these dangerous diseases.

If you have kidney or bladder troubles bring a two ounce bottle of your urine for chemical analysis and microscopic examination.

No matter what your ailment may be, no matter what others may have told you, no matter what experience you may have had with other physicians, it will be to your advantage to see them at once. Have it forever settled in your mind, if your case is incurable they will give you such advice as may relieve and stay the disease. Do not put off this duty you owe your suffering friends or relatives who are a visit at this time may help you.

Worn-out and run-down men or women, no matter what your ailment, consult them. It costs you nothing.

Remember, this last free offer is for this visit only.

Married ladies come with their husbands and minors with their parents.

To Richard L. Groves owner of lots 1, 2 and 3, Block 11, North Platte Town Lot Co's Addition, North Platte, Nebr.

The owners of property on the south side of 6th street, between Jefferson and Grant Ave, are hereby notified that the Mayor and Council of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, passed and approved an ordinance on the 18th day of June, 1913, ordering a sidewalk adjoining their said premises, to be constructed as to line and grade, and of permanent material, as provided in the general ordinances of said city, regulating the construction of sidewalks in said city.

Unless said walk is constructed by you along the north side of said lots owned by you, in accordance with said ordinances, on or before the 9th day of November, 1915, the same will be constructed by said city and the costs assessed upon the said lots owned by you adjoining which the same shall be constructed.

C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

Notice.

Charles E. Rima, Hattie M. Rima, Ann Phillips, William L. Phillips, husband of Ann Phillips and R. B. Dennis, defendants will take notice that on the 11th day of September, 1915, William E. Sampson filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendant Charles E. Rima and Hattie M. Rima to the plaintiff upon the Northwest quarter of Section Twenty-nine, Township Twelve, Range Thirty-two in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to secure the payment of one promissory note dated December 26, 1911 for the sum of \$1,000.00; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$1244.97 for which sum with interest from the 26th day of September, 1915, at 10 per cent per annum plaintiff prays for a decree, that the defendants be required to pay the same, and that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount due.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 1st day of November, 1915.

Dated September 29, 1915. WILLIAM E. SAMPSON, By Wilcox & Halligan, His Attorneys.

Notice for Publication

Serial No. 95301 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebr., October 2, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Louis E. Macey, of North Platte, Nebr., who, on Oct. 30, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 95301, for NE 1/4 Section 23, Township 14 N., Range 29 W., 6th Principal Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final three years' proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebr., on the 24th day of November, 1915. Claimant named as witnesses, Purdy, Jess Long, all of North Platte, George Kopf, Laben Hollar, Frank Nebr. o12-6w J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOT A HOSPITAL BUT A HOME

Nurse Brown Memorial Hospital

1008 West 4th St., North Platte, Neb.

Mrs. Margaret Hall, Superintendent.

Miss Veta Pickard, Graduate Nurse.

Dr. J. S. Twinem,

Physician and Surgeon

Best for Humanity's Cure—Original Surgery with Homeopathic Medicine for Acute and Chronic Diseases.

To Margaret McGovern, owner of lots 1 and 2, block 85, North Platte, Nebr. The owners of property on the south side of Eighth street between Locust and Walnut streets, are hereby notified that the Mayor and Council of the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, passed and approved an ordinance on the 18th day of June, 1913, ordering a sidewalk adjoining their said premises, to be constructed as to line and grade and of permanent material, as provided in the general ordinances of said city, regulating the construction of sidewalks in said city.

Unless said walk is constructed by you along the north side of said lots land 2, block 85, owned by you in accordance with said ordinances on or before the 19th day of October, 1915, the same will be constructed by said city and the costs assessed upon the said lots owned by you adjoining which the same shall be constructed.

C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

Notice to Contractors

You are hereby notified that sealed bids will be received by the director, Leonard Laubner, of School District No. 33 in Lincoln county, Nebraska, at the office of Beeler & Crosby in North Platte, Nebraska, up until 1 o'clock p. m. of the 16th day of October, 1915, for the erection and completion of a four room brick and reinforced concrete school house at O'Fallon, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Such bids must be accompanied by certified check in the sum of one hundred and fifty, 00.00 (150.00) dollars, payable to Henry Fulk, treasurer of School District No. 33, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, which will be forfeited if the person to whom the contract is awarded fails to enter into the contract.

The school board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Plans and specifications may be examined at the office of Bert M. Reynolds, architect, North Platte, Nebraska.

Bids will be opened at the office of Beeler & Crosby, North Platte, Nebraska, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day.

LEONARD LAUBNER, Director.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an order for sale issued from the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein Commercial Bank of Grant, a Corporation, is plaintiff, and Patrick P. Doyle, et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 30th day of October, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m. at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

East half (E 1/2) and the east half of the west half (E 1/2 of W 1/2) of Section Twenty-two (22), Township Nine (9), North of Range Thirty-two (32), west of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, September 25, 1915. A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

To the estate of Frederick N. Dick, deceased owner of lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, Block 9, North Platte Town Lot Co's Addition, North Platte, Neb.

The owners of property on the south side of 6th street, between Jefferson and Grant Ave, are hereby notified that the Mayor and Council of the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, passed and approved an ordinance on the 18th day of June, 1913, ordering a sidewalk adjoining their said premises, to be constructed as to line and grade, and of permanent material as provided in the general ordinance of said city, regulating the construction of sidewalks in said city.

Unless said walk is constructed by you along the north side of said lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, Block 9, owned by you in accordance with said ordinances, on or before the 9th day of November, 1915, the same will be constructed by said city and the costs assessed upon the said lots owned by you adjoining which the same shall be constructed.

C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

PROBATE NOTICE

In the Matter of the Estate of Nancy A. Beightel, Deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, September 23, 1915. Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Administratrix of said Estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the Court Room, in said County, on the 29th day of October, 1915, and on the 29th day of April, 1916, 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 Administratrix to settle said Estate, from the 29th day of October, 1915. This notice will be published in the North Platte Tribune, a legal semi-weekly newspaper printed in said County, for four weeks successively, prior to October 29, 1915. GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

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To Walter Hinkley, owner of lot 8, block 29, North Platte, Nebr.

The owners of property on the west side of Willow street, between 12th and 11th streets, are hereby notified that the Mayor and Council of the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, passed and approved an ordinance on the 18th day of June, 1913, ordering a sidewalk adjoining their said premises, to be constructed as to line and grade, and of permanent material, as provided in the general ordinances of said city, regulating the construction of sidewalks in said city.

Unless said walk is constructed by you along the east side of lot 8, block 29 owned by you, in accordance with said ordinances, on or before the 19th day of October, 1915, the same will be constructed by said city and the cost assessed upon the said lot owned by you adjoining which the same shall be constructed.

C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.