

UP THE LADDER

By ORVILLE R. MACOMBER.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Don't I tell you my entire fortune is swept away—that I am a pauper!" Thus voiced old Anson Lorne and the tones were high-pitched, because the announcement seemed in nowise to disturb his nephew, Wallace Drake.

"You do tell me," responded Wallace, "and I'm sorry for your sake, but you're no pauper as long as I have a pair of strong arms and a brain in working order. I've been expecting you, uncle, and never were you more welcome. Forget your troubles and watch me pay back some of the unforgettable kindnesses you have showered on me for years."

"I—I declare!" faltered the old man, his voice husky with emotion, "It's—It's almost worth the loss of fortune to find one true heart among the many. It's too bad for you, I suppose you will have to give up college just as you was reaching the end?"

"I've arranged all that, Uncle Anson," said Wallace brightly. "As soon as I heard of your difficulties I saw your lawyer. He told me clearly that when you paid your debts you would have nothing left except some questionable securities, foisted on you by the unscrupulous brokers who have ruined you. I saw your doctor, too, uncle. I am not afraid of our getting along, but I am afraid you will worry over this trouble and break down. The doctor says you must get your mind off from it and find occupation. I've planned it all. We want to get on our feet. Then you will help."

"Why, I'm willing to," declared old Anson Lorne.

"All right. You let me be captain for a spell and follow my orders. It may be bare bread and butter for a time, but we're going to get results."

Anson Lorne went to sleep that night, mind relieved, free of care for the first time in many a long day. He was like a shipwrecked sailor finding a safe harbor after being sorely buffeted about by adverse wind and wave. When the collapse of his fortune had come those whom he had benefited had deserted him. It was this that depressed and well nigh crushed him. Now had come the word from Wallace Drake. With pride, with fervent joy the old man recognized one pure heart of gold, staunch as steel in the stress and strain of adversity.

Wallace Drake formulated no grand plans. When the crash came he had little cash, but he did have the equipment of an advanced college man. He proceeded to sell his library, his athletic outfit, all of his jewelry, all of his extra wardrobe and furniture. When he came finally to count up his liquid capital, he was agreeably surprised to find himself the possessor of nearly nine hundred dollars.

"We'll take a walk, Uncle Anson," he said one pleasant afternoon, and the stroll terminated at a little one-story building opposite a public school. There was a 10 by 12 store room and behind it two living apartments. The store shelves held school supplies, such as books, slates, stationery and the like, and some confectionery.

"Bottom rung of the business ladder, uncle," spoke Wallace cheerily. "All I'm thinking of is keeping your mind and time occupied. You love little children. You will have a clientele here to your heart's content."

It was marvelous how placidly Anson Lorne accepted the humble conditions into which circumstances had plunged him. Wallace had secured a position as assistant at a physician's office and arranged so that by studying nights until the end of a year, he could graduate with a diploma. The variety, the activity, the steady, though small profit the little store brought in gave Mr. Lorne a vivid interest in the business, and soon he had a happy, welcome coterie of little ones who delighted in visiting "Grandpa Lorne." Uncle and nephew developed great housekeeping ability, and the old man avowed he had never been so contented and happy in his life.

Then a young lady, a Miss Oro Scofield, began to drop into the store. She was a settlement worker, an heiress it was said, and the history of uncle and nephew interested her. Besides that, she discovered among some favorite books Wallace had saved from the wreck unique works on botany, and to his surprise and pleasure one afternoon Wallace found the charming young lady in question immersed in one of the same. This new friend brought an appreciated element into the life of the young man.

He found Ora in the living rooms back of the store one evening when he came home, preparing a meal, and the domestic ensemble warmed his heart.

"I'm going to inflict my cookery school requirements upon you for one occasion only," Miss Scofield advised Wallace smilingly. "It is your uncle's birthday. My mother is invited and Mr. Lorne seems greatly pleased with the arrangement."

It was after the meal that Anson Lorne sat back in his chair, drowsy, dreamy, infinitely content. He had a vision—and it came true. The old discarded securities turned out half good in this dream. His nephew and Ora Scofield were fast becoming something more than friends. Fortune smiling, step by step the way back to a competency if not opulence was gained. Ora a bride, and a beautiful future woven out of a blighted past—all this was to be, and came about when the June bride roses were in their sweetest bloom.

THEIR TRIBUTE TO FIGHTER

Spontaneous Expressions of Admiration From Colonials at Sight of Gallant American Destroyer.

The next sunrise found us anchored at the entrance to an English harbor. Ahead and astern, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a line of ships waiting to carry food into England. That is how England is being starved by Germany! And that is how the British and American navies are doing their work!

After several deeply loaded ships had shot in just as we got our pilot and joined the procession. Round out in the opposite direction a powerful destroyer of the latest type swept up, three black plumes trailing from her funnels and a great white tone in her teeth. She was the very spirit of dash and daring, with a tinge of swank.

"I say, that's a tophole," "Look at that," "Absolutely it," "Ripping," was chorused in the English of the Isles. A big South African nudged me.

"Yank, look at that flag."

It was the Stars and Stripes. More than all the speeches I had heard on the significance of this war to the Anglo-Saxons meant the quick glimpse of that fine ship under that flag outward bound to defend the shores of England.

"Come on, Springboks, a good one for the Yanks," yelled the big colonial, and the men who had licked the Germans in East Africa and who were going to lick them in France roared the Zulu war cry.—Gregory Mason in Outlook.

INNER MAN WELL FORTIFIED

American Soldier, Ordered to the Front, at Least Did Not Set Out on Mission Hungry.

An American doughboy entered a restaurant in the Rue Richelieu and after carefully studying the menu, ordered dejeuner.

The waitress brought him bacon and eggs, cheese and a pint of beer. When he had finished eating, he paid his bill and called the waitress.

"Now I want some lunch," This time she brought him a plate of roast beef, vegetables and chicken, which he washed down with half a dozen cups of tea; then he paid his bill and called the wondering waitress back again.

"Now, my dear, I want dinner."

He ate some beef, vegetables, apples and drank a bottle of wine. At 1:30, after having taken all three meals at once, the soldier left the restaurant, and a little while later set out on a mission to the front.—Stars and Stripes.

Nitrogen From Atmosphere.

There has been erected at the United States department of agriculture's experiment farm at Arlington, Va., the largest experimental plant in the United States for the production of nitrogen from air. The nitrogen so produced is combined with hydrogen to form ammonia, which can be used in the manufacture of explosives and fertilizers. Experiments with the view of increasing the efficiency of the process are now being conducted by the bureau of soils. The Haber process of manufacturing nitrogen is being employed. This process involves the production of ammonia from hydrogen and nitrogen. The two gases are mixed in the proper proportion, put under high pressure and subjected to intense heat. They are then passed over a spongy iron, whereupon a portion of the mixture combines to form ammonia.

Fish-Skin Shoes.

At the recent exposition of the chemical industries at New York there was an interesting exhibit of leather made from the skin of fishes, shark, porpoise and tuna fish, which showed it to be as full of good qualities as leather made from the skins of animals.

Scientists of the Pratt Institute and the United States bureau of fisheries have been experimenting with fish skin as a substitute for leather, and the raw hide of sharks and porpoises already is in commercial use. Porpoise skin razor straps have been used for years, and other kinds of fish leather would have been on the market long ago, the scientists say, had it not been that there was an abundance of real leather.

Industrial Exemption.

Conscription boards have their troubles, and occasionally a tragedy, but once in a while they have a little joke, too. The local draft board at Scottsburg thinks it has a "good one" on the third district appeal board.

Recently the Scottsburg board sent up papers of a man who sought exemption because of marriage since August 5, 1918. In due time the papers were returned by the appeal board with the ruling "deferred classification refused. Place can be filled by another."

It is presumed that the appeal clerk wrote a reason for refusal of an appeal for exemption on industrial grounds on the papers instead of the one intended for case.—Indianapolis News.

Impedimenta.

How much stuff does a Yank take into the line? It all depends on the Yank.

In one squad you will see a man carrying full pack, including extra shoes and overcoat, and wearing a whole string of corned Willie cans such as a Fiji Islander wears a loin cloth. Another man in the same squad will go up minus his blouse, and carrying only a blanket, gas mask and helmet.—Paris Stars and Stripes.

THE UNUSUAL ONE

By MADGE WESTON.

The Rev. Paul Worthington, when he received the call to his latest charge, wished desperately that he might love, even as other men, and marry. For the Reverend Paul was of so fine an appearance, combined with pleasing personal qualities, that it was not to be wondered at when maidens of every age and station besought him with veiled or openly bestowed attentions.

Paul, who was not conceited, went over the situation studiously, concluding it was the supposedly superior position of pastor's wife which the girls coveted, he himself being merely a covet to that end. The Reverend Paul loved his work and desired above all things to go about it fearlessly.

As a single man, Paul's visits and interest were wont to be personally construed. But as the perverse god of love seemed determined to pass him by he decided to adopt a manner of forbidding aloofness where young women were concerned and seek assistance entirely among their elders.

Thus it happened that the young set of Farmington church at first dubbed the new minister a "conceited prig." His eloquent sermons Paul felt instinctively were not being received with general favor—even the good fellowship sought with the men of his congregation was a failure.

"What was wrong?" he asked himself. "In what way was his endeavor lacking?"

He was bound to look for help at last from the bright-eyed girls in the choir, and immediately that help was forthcoming, but the singing brought forth no enthusiasm. It was necessary to seek out church decorators among the young women; they were also quickly found, but Paul realized that he was again passing through the experience of past charges.

Then one day, as his eyes flashing with the truth of his statements glanced over the upraised faces of his congregation, Paul paused suddenly before the steady light of a young woman's concentrated gaze. Almost, it seemed, that she was reading his soul. Unwilling, yet drawn by some compelling power, he turned again and still again to that absorbed, strangely winsome face. He had found his inspiration. Paul Worthington preached that day as he never had preached before. And when after service he hastened down the aisle for his customary hand-shaking, it was in a fever of impatience lest someone should obstruct his progress until the young stranger had gone.

"A splendid sermon!" praised the girls of the choir.

"The pulpit flowers?" questioned a fair member of the decorating committee; "were they arranged as you wished?"

The Reverend Paul nodded absently; he had located the girl of the observant eyes as she was about to step out to the street. "Good morning," he greeted. "I wish to thank you for your earnest attention. A good listener is a pastor's help."

The girl's unique attraction seemed enhanced with nearness. Unsmiling she allowed him to clasp her hand.

"Your sermon was good, but far too long," she said quietly.

The Reverend Paul fairly gasped as the little figure of his mentor passed on her way. He was still perturbed as he ascended the pulpit steps at evening and looked defiance toward the pew where the girl demurely waited. Then his defiance was lost in satisfaction. She should see that her criticism had not influenced in the least his evening sermon; not once would he look in her direction. But he did. And when, during the evening Paul saw the girl glance at her wrist watch, unexpectedly even to himself, he ended his discourse.

At the door it was the girl who extended her hand.

"That was much better," she said, and cast back a dimpling smile.

He could not avoid seeing the girl at the midweek lecture—she wore such a dashing hat, and her face glowed beneath its brim.

"Next Sunday," she suggested, her eyes were twinkling. "In addition to the shorter, more graphic sermon, I would institute the singing of newer and more tuneful hymns in place of the old solemn ones. Farmington people need cheering up."

That evening the pastor passed through many moods, from indignation to speculation. "After all, there might be truth in the suggestions so crudely given. His labor lacked result; this was true. He would humble himself to try the girl's advice. There was about her some confident power.

He missed her attentive presence from his newly arranged services for some time after his decision. He had the people all singing now; they came in interested numbers to hear his short, forceful sermons. But success could not compensate for his inexplicable disappointment in the girl's absence.

Love had found the Reverend Paul at last. He admitted it freely, love, in the presence of the only one who had dared to criticize himself. And when her face looked up again from the old pew in the corner the heart of the Reverend Paul sang.

Later when he held her hands in his it was as though always they had known each other and understood.

"You were brave enough to help me," said the new, humble Paul.

"I wanted you to stay, you see," the unusual girl confessed.

ED. KIERIG, Auctioneer.

General Farm Sales a Specialty. References and Deeds at First National Bank, North Platte, Neb. Phone 1000.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Morell Keith Neville, Plaintiff.

vs. David Cash and Ellen L. Cash, and the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives and against all persons interested in the estate of David Cash and Ellen L. Cash, deceased, and against the unknown owners and claimants of the following described land situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, Northeast Quarter of Northeast Quarter and Lots 2, 3 and 4 of Section 1, Township 13, Range 30; East Half of Northeast Quarter and Lots 1, 2 and 3 of Section 35, Township 14, Range 30. The unknown heirs, devisees, or legatees of Abram Wiley, deceased, unknown heirs, devisees or legatees of Cynthia T. Wiley, deceased, and the unknown heirs, devisees or legatees of Frank M. Wiley, deceased, and against the unknown owners or claimants of the following described land situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, South Half of Northeast Quarter and Lots 1 and 2 of Section 4, Township 13, Range 29. George A. Hoagland, his heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and unknown claimants of the following described land situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, South Half of Southeast Quarter, South Half of Southwest Quarter of Section 12, Township 13, Range 29, Defendants.

First Cause of Action. To David Cash, Ellen L. Cash and the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of David Cash, deceased, and Ellen L. Cash, deceased, and the unknown owners and unknown claimants of the following described land situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: Northeast Quarter of Northeast Quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and Lots Two (2), Three (3) and Four (4) of Section One (1) Township Thirteen (13), N. of Range Thirty (30), and East Half of Northeast Quarter (E $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and Lots One (1), Two (2) and Three (3) of Section Thirteen (13), N. of Range Thirty (30), West 6th P. M., defendants.

You and each of you will take notice that Morell Keith Neville has commenced an action in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which said petition is to quiet title in plaintiff against you and each of you in the following described lands situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: Northeast Quarter of Northeast Quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and Lots Two (2), Three (3) and Four (4) of Section One (1) Township Thirteen (13), Range Thirty (30), West 6th P. M., and to have decreed to him new and independent title by reason of adverse possession of said described premises against you by himself and his grantors.

Second Cause of Action. To Abram Wiley, Cynthia T. Wiley, Frank M. Wiley and the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of Abram Wiley, deceased, Cynthia T. Wiley, deceased, and Frank M. Wiley, deceased, and the unknown owners and the unknown claimants of the following described lands situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: South Half of Northeast Quarter (S $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) of Section Four (4) in Township Thirteen (13), Range Twenty-nine (29), west of the 6th P. M., defendants.

You and each of you will take notice that Morell Keith Neville has commenced an action in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which said petition is to quiet title in plaintiff against you and each of you in the following described lands situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: South Half of Northeast Quarter (S $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) of Section Four (4) in Township Thirteen (13), Range Twenty-nine (29), west of the 6th P. M., and to have decreed in him new and independent title by reason of adverse possession of said described lands against you by himself and his grantors.

Third Cause of Action. To George A. Hoagland and the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives and all persons interested in the estate of George A. Hoagland, deceased, and the unknown owners and unknown claimants of the following described lands situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: South Half of Southeast Quarter (S $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$) and South Half of Southwest Quarter (S $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$) of Section Twelve (12), Township Thirteen (13), Range Twenty-nine (29), west of the 6th P. M., defendants.

You and each of you will take notice that Morell Keith Neville has commenced an action in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which said petition is to quiet title in plaintiff against you and each of you in the following described lands situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: South Half of Northeast Quarter (S $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$) and Lots One (1) and Two (2) of Section Four (4) in Township Thirteen (13), Range Twenty-nine (29), west of the 6th P. M., and to have decreed in him new and independent title by reason of adverse possession of said described lands against you by himself and his grantors.

That the amount of the capital stock authorized by the said Corporation is Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), all of which has been paid in full.

That the time of the commencement of said Corporation is January 1, 1919, and the time of the termination thereof is January 1, 1969. That the highest amount of indebtedness or liability, to which the Corporation is to at any time subject itself is Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred Thirty-three Dollars and Thirty-three Cents (\$33,333.33), exclusive of money or property held in trust.

That the officers, who are to conduct the affairs of said Corporation are five directors, a President, Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer. Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, December 27, 1918.

EDWARD R. GOODMAN, NEWTON E. BUCKLEY, GRACE S. GOODMAN, NELL E. BUCKLEY, JOHN BURKE, Incorporator

Notice of Petition. Estate No. 1510 of Evangeline Gough, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of O. E. Elder as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on January 24, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m. Dated December 28, 1918. Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

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ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND RED COCKERELS

I have a good supply of splendid Rose Comb Cockerels that are all brand new blood in country. Large boned, sturdy fellows, that will please the fancy of the most particular breeder. Twenty birds that range in price from \$3 to \$10 each. These are from high scoring, bred from laying stock. See these before you buy elsewhere.

So. Park Poultry Yards

Rose Combs Reds Only. J. H. VAN CLEAVE

Best Price Paid for HOGS

AT THE Hog Market Office at the Old Stock Yards We also buy cattle. Call phone Black 381 for prices ED. TODENHOFT, North Platte, Nebraska.

Big Price for Furs.

From \$2 to \$4.50 for primeskins. Muskrats from 20c to \$1.50

L. LIPSHITZ.

Notice of Incorporation of Goodman-Buckley Trust Company.

Notice is hereby given that Edward R. Goodman, Newton E. Buckley, Grace S. Goodman, have associated and John Burke, have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a Corporation, under the laws of the State of Nebraska.

That the name of said Corporation is "Goodman-Buckley Trust Company." That the principal place of transacting the business thereof, is North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. That the general nature of the business to be transacted is to receive trust funds for investment or in trust; to act as a safe deposit company; to accept and execute all trusts and perform all duties as may be committed to them as assignees, receiver, trustee or depositor; to take, accept and hold any real or personal property in trust and to care for, manage and convey same; to act as agent or attorney-in-fact for any person or corporation for the management and control of any real or personal property and the sale thereof, and the investment of money; to accept from and execute trusts for married women in respect to their separate property and to act as agents for them in the management thereof; to act as administrator or executor of estates or as guardian, curator, or conservator of the property of persons under disability; or as trustee of any person or estate; to loan money upon real estate and to borrow money and to execute and issue its notes payable, and to pledge its real estate, mortgages or other securities therefor; to buy, own, hold and sell bonds, stocks, warrants, bills of exchange, notes, mortgages and other investment securities, negotiable or non-negotiable; to purchase, own or rent real estate and to erect buildings thereon and to do and perform all acts and exercise all powers connected with, belonging or incident to the powers and responsibilities hereinbefore stated.

That the amount of the capital stock authorized by the said Corporation is Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), all of which has been paid in full.

That the time of the commencement of said Corporation is January 1, 1919, and the time of the termination thereof is January 1, 1969. That the highest amount of indebtedness or liability, to which the Corporation is to at any time subject itself is Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred Thirty-three Dollars and Thirty-three Cents (\$33,333.33), exclusive of money or property held in trust.

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GEO. B. DENT,

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DR. SHAFFER,

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Eight years a Government Veterinarian. Hospital 218, south Locust St. one-half block southwest of the Court House.

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Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1599 of Abner W. Dillon deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is June 14th, 1919, and for settlement of said Estate is December 13th, 1919; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on March 14th, 1919 at 9 o'clock a. m., and on June 14th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge. D17-4wks.

Estray Notice.

Taken up on the Hansen ranch, seven miles northwest of North Platte, on or about August 1st 1918, one cow and calf, cow branded with J bar under J and figure one under bar; calf about five months old and not branded. Owner call