

# Public Sale!

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale at James C. Wilson's farm, 6 1/2 miles northwest of North Platte and 8 1/2 miles northeast of Hershey, on

## Friday, February 27, '20,

Commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., sharp, the following described property:

### 275 Head of Cattle,

Consisting of 150 head of high grade Hereford cows, 60 head of Hereford heifers and a number of yearling steers and calves, 7 milch cows.

Two Registered Hereford Bulls and a Pure Bred Hereford Bull.

### 26 Head of Horses and Mules

1 span mules 9 years old, weight 1000 each; 1 span mules 7 and 11 years old, weight 1200 each; 1 span mules coming 4 years old, weight 950 each; 1 span mules 6 and 7 years old, weight 1100 each; 1 bay gelding 6 years old, weight 1300; 1 bay gelding 4 years old, weight 1200; 1 black gelding 6 years old, weight 1600; 1 gray mare 5 years old, weight 900; 1 bay horse 6 years old, weight 1550; 1 black mare 7 years old, weight 1250; 1 gray horse 7 years old, weight 1500; 1 black mare 10 years old, weight 1200; 1 bay saddle horse, 8 years old, weight 1100; 1 black horse 8 years old, weight 1100; 1 roan mare 11 years old, weight 1300; 1 black saddle horse 8 years old, weight 900; 1 two year old mule, weight 900; 1 two year old mare colt; 1 yearling horse colt; 1 mule colt; 1 bay pony coming 3 years old.

### 125 HEAD OF HOGS

Consisting of 40 head pure bred Duroc Jersey bred sows, 1 registered Duroc Jersey boar, and 84 head of shoats.

### FARM MACHINERY

Fordson tractor with plow, 1 McCormick grain binder, 4 mowing machines, 3 hay rakes, 1 sweeps, 1 14 inch walking plow, 1 two row corn cultivator, 2 corn listers, 1 8 foot disc, 3 corn cultivators, 1 beet planter, 2 riding plows, 1 grain drill, 1 beet cultivator, 2 4-inch tire wagons, 1 3-inch P. & O. wagon, 1 3-inch farm truck, 1 7-foot stock tank, 1 grindstone, 1 garden cultivator, 3 beet boxes, 1 roll corn crib, 1 feed cooker, 1 cream separator, 1 John Deere roller, 2 gas engines, 1 cider mill, 1 range, 1 heating stove, 5 sets work harness, 1 set single buggy harness, 2 saddles, 3 washing machines.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

TERMS OF SALE—\$20 and under cash, above that amount eight months time will be given on bankable paper drawing ten per cent interest from date of sale.

**Chas. H. Shin.**

Cols. R. I. Shappell and Ed Kierig, Aucts. Ray Langford, Clk.

### INASMUCH

By FELICIA TERRY.

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For many weeks Ruth Stanton had planned for this vacation day which now seemed a reality. Her ardor was not dampened on awakening, when she beheld rain driven in gusts, as the wind howled around her comfortable home.

While Ruth dressed she thought aloud: "Not going out today! A whole day in the house! No typewriting, no notes, no bells!"

She hurried downstairs to help with the breakfast, but found everything prepared, and disappointedly cried: "Mother, dear, why did you not rest? Did you forget this is my vacation day? We are to have a whole day to ourselves!"

Mrs. Stanton quietly answered: "That's why I rose early. The sooner our work is done, the more time we shall have. My little girl needs a rest."

While eating in their pleasant dining room the telephone bell rang. Ruth answered, and heard a troubled voice say: "Mrs. Stanton, will you please make a cake for Mrs. Parker's sale this afternoon? I promised to, but have fallen and hurt my ankle."

"Why, yes, indeed," Ruth answered. Around ten o'clock Ruth kissed her mother goodby. With the cake securely protected, as well as herself, she started for Mrs. Parker's home, some two miles away. Ruth was young and energetic.

Presently she heard a voice calling: "Ruth, oh, Ruth!" She turned back with a pleasant "Yes?" to agitated Mrs. Brown, who began: "If you are going past the school, will you please take Dean's dinner. He forgot it, and his rubbers are worn out. If his father doesn't forget, he will get him some and leave them later at the school."

"Of course I'll not mind, Mrs. Brown. Why not let me get the rubbers at your usual store, and then if Mr. Brown remembers, they can tell him?"

"Oh, Ruth, would you? It is asking too much." In the end Ruth won and started on. Buying Dean's rubbers meant another half-mile.

She carried the cake to its destination, bought and delivered the rubbers with the dinner, then decided to slip around to see Mrs. Reynolds a few moments. When she arrived Mrs. Reynolds was in great agony, awaiting the physician. The fires were out and no work done.

Without hesitation Ruth removed her wet wraps, donned a big apron, built the fires and gave Mrs. Reynolds a warm, refreshing drink.

She telephoned her mother, explained the situation, and received first-aid directions. Repressing a sigh, Ruth said: "Don't wait for dinner for me, and don't worry, please, mother, I shall get along fine, and be home later." Then she hastened to relieve Mrs. Reynolds, and so effectual did the directions prove, that by one o'clock her patient was comfortable and sound asleep. Soon Ruth had the housework done.

When the doctor finally arrived he gave the ankle a thorough examination, and said: "It is not broken, and your little nurse has done just right."

"The credit is due mother, for she told me how," said modest Ruth. Mr. Reynolds came home at four o'clock. Mrs. Reynolds called Ruth to her. "Thanks or money cannot pay you adequately for what you did today, my dear child," she said, "but the Lord will surely bless and keep you." Ruth refused money, thought a second of that easy chair before the open fire at home, but her words were as she felt. "I am happy to have served you."

It was still storming when Ruth started homeward. She was hurrying along, umbrella almost enveloping her, when she nearly ran into an aged woman who lived alone on the outskirts of the town. "Why, for pity's sake, where are you going, Aunty Morris, on such a day; and getting dark, too?" Ruth exclaimed. "Oh, honey, I'm out of oil and sugar and out of matches and flour. I've waited all day for the store man to come along."

At once Ruth said: "Now, auntie, you go right up to my house, only a step away. Please give me your oil can and basket, and I'll get your things. Tell mother I sent you, and rest your bones." No little persuasion induced Aunty Morris, as nearly all called her, to go back. It was dark when Ruth reached the store. Imagining auntie's scanty larder, she ordered many extra things to be carried out. With her own money she paid for all, while seeing a vision of a much-longed-for hat fly off into space.

Taking the oil and other things she thought necessary, Ruth once more started for home. The storm raged but her thoughts were cheerful as she mused: "Poor old auntie. How lucky I met her! I'll walk part way home with her."

Ruth reached home, to find a mother's fond welcome and a delicious warm supper, with Aunty Morris as a guest, who finally yielded to Mrs. Stanton's insistent urgings to remain for the night, because of the storm.

A few friends came in to spend the evening. After all had departed a tired Ruth sought her bed. Passing her room, Mrs. Stanton glanced in, and saw her daughter sleeping peacefully. The mother thought: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

### USE DOGS AS SMUGGLERS

Animals Aid Illicit Dealers in Bringing Liquor and Drugs into the United States.

Training dogs to smuggle liquor across the Rio Grande river is the latest device of ingenious minds of those who make a living by means of illicit importation to the United States of liquor and drugs. That innovation in line running came to light at El Paso, Tex., recently when a Mexican river guard shot a "dog smuggler" in the act of swimming the Rio Grande with four bottles of tequila, a Mexican liquor of cactus distillation, tied across his back.

The dog, as the story of the service to his master is told by United States customs men, had been making nightly trips between Juarez and El Paso with contraband goods for several months. The strange, but regular, actions of the animal first were noted by customs officers about two months ago. Beginning at two o'clock in the morning, the dog would begin his operations. Signal lights flashed by confederates in the gang of smugglers stationed on each side of the river always preceded the dog's trip across stream. Dashing out of a cluster of squalid adobe houses along the Mexican side of the river, the animal would plunge into the Rio Grande with his load.

Emerging on the American side, the "smuggler" always was successful in eluding pursuers, who often sought to lasso the dog, being loath to shoot an unsuspecting law violator.

### FOUND NEW LAND OF GOLD

A new gold region has been discovered in Colombia, according to J. V. Priest, a mining man, who arrived at New York from Santa Marta, Colombia.

Mr. Priest said that some time ago he was told by a Frenchman, who said he was a government employe, of fabulous wealth that lay hidden in the mines of Colombia. Mr. Priest, accompanied by his wife and C. L. Logue, a mining engineer, visited Colombia recently and spent his time in visiting various sections.

After landing at Cartagena, Mr. Priest said, he and his companions went up the Magdalena river 250 miles and disembarked, going overland through a mountainous country for 65 miles.

At the end of the journey, Mr. Priest said, they found vast gold fields which had never been actively developed because of the absence of the proper machinery. He said this is accounted for by the lack of transit facilities, it being a most difficult matter to ship material of any kind to this point.

### JOHN

By DOROTHY O. GRAVES.

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Perhaps the only real pleasure John Devine had, day in, day out, was the too brief interval of hall space between the third and fourth flights of his rooming house. Here in the room directly beneath his own, the door often stood open a few inches, enough to allow a glimpse to a passerby. There was a jolly little stove always gleaming red—frequently crackling gayly. Beside it stood gaunt, a violin rack. That was all.

John never passed the doorway without a longing glance at the stove and a prolonged gaze into the narrow opening.

For weeks this room had fascinated him. Why, he could not say. Was it the stove? Was it "the roomer" he never saw?

To-night he passed the door slowly. He saw the same few inches only, and he heard the lightest possible rustle and that was all, but his heart choked him, and he stumbled up to his own room.

There he sat on the edge of his lumpy bed, and buried his face in his hands. He wanted to cry. He did not cry. Instead, he thought and thought. Was "the roomer" lonely, too? Was she young or old? Dare he speak to her?

He glanced about his grim four walls which could never be a home to him. His memory of a little gray house in the fields of golden corn, or among the tender spring shoots, or the whitened stubble of December, sent hot tears to his eyes. The Christmas box from home had been meager. "The girls," who took pies and cookies as a matter of fact, and who never knew what it was to be away from home, could not understand.

But little Benny, "queer kid," had sent three ears of the prize corn from the farm, and all the popcorn he had raised in his school garden. "Queer kid, Benny," thought the big brother. But the corn looked good to him. It was the best present he had ever had.

Meanwhile something he had not expected was happening in the room below. The strains of the violin floated up to him; bravely, cheerily they began. It was a tune he knew and loved. A voice joined—a young voice, sweet and tender.

The voice trembled and ceased in a sob. The chords of the instrument stumbled and ceased. The door banged shut.

John leaped to his feet. He hastily selected the three lustrous ears of yellow corn from the others and bound them together with their own dried silk, and as hastily removed his heavy boots. Then stealthily he crept down the stairs. Outside the room under his own, he noiselessly fastened the ears of corn to the door knob and stealthily returned to his room. Up there he hurried "tidying up," whisking his toilet articles into a drawer, kicking his shoes and rubbers under the bed, and stuffing his clothing behind the soiled curtain which served as a closet.

The he snatched up his banjo and strummed the strings. His own voice, untrained, but young and spontaneous, swelled.

Singing lustily, John heard sounds other than the strumming and his singing. Was he sure he heard a stifled cry of pleasure? Was he sure he heard a rustle on the stairs? He sang on.

The unlatched door swung open and standing there half afraid, half joyous, the ears of corn tightly clasped in her arms, stood a girl, black-haired, red-lipped, black-eyed. Her cheeks glistened with tears of homesickness and surprise.

John was singing the tune.

Sobbing, the girl finished the stanza, "and corn and somebody to talk to. You will talk, won't you?" she pleaded. "Tell me about it. I am so homesick."

John was shy, and he flushed, but he saw the girl's distress was greater than his, so he smiled bravely and said: "I come from Mineral. Where do you come from?"

The girl smiled brightly now. The tears sparkled in her dimples. "Oh," she said, "I'm most a neighbor. I'm from Sheffield."

"Sheffield?" John laughed with delight. "I'm John Devine," he said, simply.

"And I'm Lois Prentiss," volunteered the girl. They both laughed for sheer joy.

"John Devine," the girl spoke decidedly, "I'm so homesick I don't know what to do. And, if you're from Illinois you must be all right. And, if you're one of the Devines from Mineral, I've heard about you, so that's all right, too. Now," she entered the room and placidly seated herself on John's lumpy bed, "I've something to say."

John grinned at her.

"Let's take that," she pointed to Benny's popcorn, "and pop it. You come down and we'll pop it on my stove."

"Have you a popper?" asked the practical John.

"Of course not," answered Lois, "but anybody can pop Illinois popcorn in a tea strainer, provided she wants to, checked Lois as she jumped up from the bed and ran to the door. "Of course, if you don't want to—"

But John was talking too. "Provided she and he want to," he was saying, emphatically.

Lois was tripping down the stairs and laughing gayly, so naturally John laughed, too, and hurried after her.

# HAY

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INCORPORATED 1887.

Mutual Building and Loan Association,

Of North Platte, Nebraska.

RESOURCES OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

The Association has unlimited funds at its command to assist in the building or purchase of homes for the people of North Platte. If you are interested, the officers of this Association will render every assistance and show you how easy it is to acquire your own home.

T. C. PATTERSON, BESSIE F. SALISBURY,  
President. Secretary.

# Public Sale

The undersigned will offer at public sale at the Lloyd farm, known as the old Chapin place, seven and a half miles south of North Platte, on

## TUESDAY, FEBR., 24, 1920

Commencing at 12 o'clock, the following property, to-wit:

### 37 HEAD OF CATTLE

Consisting of 26 cows, four coming yearling calves, five coming 2-year old heifers, one suckling calf, one REGISTERED HEREFORD BULL.

### NINE HEAD OF HORSES

Consisting of team of mares 7 and 8 years old, weight 2600; three black geldings coming 5 years old, weighing from 1200 to 1400 each; bay mare, smooth mouth, weight 1200; bay horse, smooth mouth, weight 1150; span mare mules, weight 2000.

### FARM MACHINERY

Deering binder, McCormick mower, hay rake, Tri Bell lister, riding cultivator, two-row, 3-section harrow, disc, two 1-horse grain drills, 3 wagons, rack and truck, buggy, stirring plow, 2 sets harness, one and a half horse power gas engine and power washing machine.

One Ton Ford Truck, Pneumatic Tires and rear wheels and cushion tires.

Six Dozen Chickens.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS:—6-hole range, 2 heating stoves, 3-burner oil stove, oil heater, 2 oil barrels, 3 bedsteads, dresser, 3 rocking chairs kitchen cabinet, 2 churns, cream separator and lots of cobs.

FREE LUNCH AT 11:30 O'CLOCK

TERMS OF SALE:—\$20 and under cash; sums over \$20, 8 months time will be given on bankable paper bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale. No property removed till settled for.

Lloyd Lloyd and F. E. Kronquest, Owners

ED KIERIG, Auctioneer. R. C. LANGFORD, Clerk.

# PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at my place 7 1/2 miles west and 4 1/2 miles north of North Platte, on

## Wednesday, Feb. 25th.

Commencing at 12 o'clock sharp, the following property:

### 95 HEAD GALLOWAY CATTLE

Consisting of 28 calves, 22 coming 2 year old heifers, 43 cows, 2 registered bulls.

### FOUR SUCKING MULES

### Farm Machinery

2 farm wagons with 4 inch tires, wagon box, hay rack, 2 grain binders, riding plow, tongueless disc, John Deere two-row, Moline lay-by, walking lister, Moline riding lister with potato planter attachment, Deering 6 ft. mower, McCormick 12 ft. rake, tool grinder, 8 ft. Superior drill, endgate seeder, 2 pumping jacks, power fanning mill, 2 sets Concord harness, saddle, a few household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

FREE LUNCH AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums under \$10 cash; sums over \$10, 12 months time will be given on bankable paper bearing 8 per cent interest. No property to be removed until settled for.

MRS. H. F. DOEBKE,

COL. ED KIERIG, Auctioneer RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk.