

**VERA CRUZ WORTH VISITING**

Mexican City Has a Number of Attractions That Invite the Wandering Tourist.

Vera Cruz is a city of contrasts. Its vividly painted houses of red, blue and yellow, built close to the narrow streets, have grating windows and heavy, forbidding doors, which give little evidence of the charming interiors with their patios, palm-shaded, filled with exotic flowers and cooled by fountains.

Modern street cars look out of place in the same streets with burros laden with merchandise, fruits and vegetables, and caballeros in their broad sombreros, vividly colored blankets, enormous spurs and silver-mounted saddles. Even the tropical climate is in sharp contrast with the snow-capped, extinct volcano, Orizaba, which towers almost 20,000 feet into the cold air above. Although this peak is nearly fifty miles away from the city, it can be plainly seen from there and makes a beautiful picture standing white against the sky or catching all the colors of the sunrise.

Another point of interest is the ancient fortress of San Juan d'Ulloa, which is built on an island, connected to the mainland at the northern end by a long sea wall. It has a fair exterior, being painted a pure and radiant white, but hidden beneath this innocent mantle are dark and noisome dungeons where many political prisoners of Mexico have been kept for years.

Turning hastily from this unpleasant scene, gentle reader, let us retrace our steps to the center of the city, which is marked by the plaza. This is a large and beautiful square filled with palms and flowers, and watched over benignly by the ancient and stately cathedral. Every evening during the band concert it is the quaint custom of the youths of Vera Cruz to promenade around the square on the outside of the walk in one direction, while the young girls, carefully watched over by their duennas, walk in the opposite direction on the inside. In this way most Mexican flirtations are begun.

**KNOW ALL ABOUT WEATHER**

Animals, in the Construction of Their Houses, Show They Can Forecast the Seasons.

The weather man has co-partners in the prediction of a bad season in the wild animals who qualify as weather prophets for the experienced out-of-doors man.

"Trappers believe firmly in the ability of wild animals to forecast weather conditions," says the Hunter-Trapper-Trapper, published in Columbus, O.

"The type of house which the muskrat builds for the season indicates the kind of weather he expects. When the muskrats build large houses, with thicker walls, a cold winter is to be expected. If the houses are made unusually high, much snow and high water will come.

"Just before a storm, all animals are unusually active and travel fast and far. Even human beings notice a difference in their feelings just before a storm, especially if they are troubled with rheumatism or other ailments of a like nature.

"It is reasonable that nature has provided animals with a sixth sense for forecasting weather conditions which mean so much to them."

**Desert Compensations.**

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mystery as the stars move in the wide, clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpable, as if they moved on some stately service, not heedful to declare. Wheeling to their appointed stations in the sky, they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.—Mary Austin, in "The Land of Little Rain."

**Not a Stickup.**

While motoring in Tennessee on a lonely road one night we were being followed in a machine containing five colored men. They kept uncomfortably near us, and after a few miles we motioned them to pass, hoping they would speed along, as we feared a possible holdup. Instead of continuing on, they stopped directly in front of us, and when one big black fellow asked us to stop our hearts were almost at a standstill. However, we breathed easier when he said: "Will you-all be so kind as to let us have a little gas? We sho' can't make it to town, fo' we am about out."—Exchange.

**American Pearls.**

There is a species of green or iridescent pearl found occasionally in the abalones, or ear shells, of the California coast. Black and gray pearls are found in Lower California waters; white, pink, brown and other colored pearls in some of the fresh water brooks of Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Kentucky, and Wisconsin; purple and black pearls are sometimes found in the shells of the common clam of Long Island sound and the Atlantic coast. The principal pearl fisheries of the world are Ceylon, the Persian gulf, western Australia, Torres straits and the Sulu archipelago.

**NO EXCHANGES**

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

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There would be plenty of time to make the exchange, Evelyn reasoned to herself, before the bill went in to Laurie. The lawn party was the 19th, and she could take the gown back and make the change the following week. He would be away until the 28th, anyway, so there wasn't a ghost of a chance he would ever find it out.

Yet she hesitated and went back to look at the temptation several times. It hung on a model in the showrooms upstairs at Allaire's, the sheerest, faintest hand-made lingerie gown in peach-blow tint with a crush girdele of deep-toned velvet and underslip of satin.

She knew she could take her black chiffon hat and make it look right, and there would be a saving, for she had planned on a hat, too, besides a cheap little dress that would "get by" at the lawn party.

The idea of the exchange had come like a blessing. They had an account at Allaire's, one she had never overstepped or presumed on, it had been so precious in times of need. By taking the peach-blow gown she could wear it for two days, just to the lawn party and for tea on the Wainwright's terrace Sunday afternoon. Then on Monday she could go back to the store and could exchange it for a sensible blue serge suit that Laurie would approve of, and this would tide her over for early fall besides.

There were no alterations. She had made sure of that, and she ordered the gown sent home over the telephone bravely. It came just before dinner. Hugging the long white box she ran upstairs to try it on and was just pluming herself before the mirror when there came the sound of wheels outside on the gravelled drive.

She held her breath for fear it might be Laurie, but instead there came a full-toned gentle voice that sent the color back to her cheeks. It was Laurie's Uncle Sandy, the sole hope she possessed in the line of inheritance.

Slipping out of the gown, she put on a plain linen dress and hurried to greet him.

"Never mind if he is away," Sandy said when he heard of Laurie's absence. "I'm going to stay a couple of weeks with you. The air up here always does me good, and I like your cooking, Evelyn. Don't notice me a bit. I'm going to get an axe and cut some wood for you to tone myself up a bit."

It had been her very first social indulgence since their honeymoon, and every minute at the lawn party seemed happier than the last. She knew people were looking at her and asking about her who had never been aware of her existence before, and later on Mrs. Wainwright complimented her as they sat over their coffee after dinner.

"You always seemed like such a little brown wren," she laughed. "I didn't know you cared for pretty things."

Alice returned home Sunday night, and Monday morning, while Uncle Sandy was safely out of earshot, she called up Allaire's, and asked them kindly to call for the gown, as she had decided to exchange it for a suit.

"No exchanges on that, Mrs. Buell," said the clerk. "I'm sorry. It was a special model."

She hung up the receiver in a daze of consternation. No exchanges, and she had a \$85 charge, with only a little perishable lingerie gown to show for it. Before she knew it she had laid her head on the mahogany hall stand and was sobbing miserably. It had been so perfectly senseless and reckless of her, just a piece of childish vanity to appear in the gown when she knew she couldn't afford it. And she did need a suit badly. So did Laurie need a suit, and there was the interest to meet and taxes. She heard Uncle Sandy's cough before she knew he was standing staring at her.

"Well, girl, did you get bad news?" he asked cheerily. "Mustn't take on like that? Is it anything happened to Laurie?"

"Uncle Sandy," she said desperately. "I've done something terrible, and I'm afraid Laurie won't forgive me." Brokenly she went on explaining while the old Scotchman listened, his eyes keen and humorous. "You see, it is the deuce that he will despise me for," she cried. "And I deserve it, too, for being so silly."

"So you do," he agreed. "But it was a mighty neat-looking frock. I thought so myself when I saw you walk out in it, and I was proud of you, and Laurie would have been, too."

"But we can't possibly afford it, Uncle Sandy!"

"No, you can't, but you'll have to," he said firmly. "I'm not going to give you a check, either, to help you out. You'd best wear it and do without the suit, but I'll help Laurie so he doesn't feel the loss of it."

"And I will have to tell him?" Evelyn begged. "It might break down all the love and faith between us."

"Tell him," he said kindly. "He'll love and trust you the more for it." He wrote the check slowly, and then patted her shoulder as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"'Twas a bonny frock," he said gently. "Run put it on for Laurie. He just phoned from the station. I don't believe in coercing any judge, but you can persuade them sometimes."

**THEED'S FEET**

By LILLIAN CYR.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Feeling buoyant with all the confidence and assurance due to a young man in his first long trousers, Theed Laurence, Jr., stood before a poster calmly surveying the announcement of the sophomore high school dance.

Although he had a perfectly good-looking pair of feet, and took lessons from an excellent master, Theed was in the awkward squad when it came to dancing in public. It was very natural, therefore, that he should suffer himself to lose a bit of his confident bearing when he saw that Anita Wilkins, the new girl in town, had approached him so quickly that they were greeting each other directly in front of the poster.

She stopped and looked at the fateful announcement. "Oh! It will be on Friday evening!" she exclaimed. "I'd love to go, but I don't know any of the boys here," she added wistfully.

Immediately the boy defended the lone girl. "I'll take you," he said.

It was now Friday evening, and Anita and Theed were approaching the school. The grounds and rooms were ablaze with light. Theed was frightened and miserable; he had an idea that the evening would be disagreeable. Anita was chatting gaily, all unconscious of his anxiety; but when they had reached the hall and she left him to take off her wraps, he breathed more freely.

The school's military band was playing an accompaniment to gay laughter and the rhythm of dancing feet—the dance was on.

Theed groaned inwardly as he thought of the last time he had come to a school dance. "By his clumsy dancing he had sent one couple spinning over a settee.

He was brought back from his horrible reminiscences by the reappearance of Anita, who sweetly said that he could have her first dance.

"Miss Wilkins," he began, hoarsely, "I really don't—er—think—I really don't think I'm feeling well, and if you will please—er—excuse me—"

Anita feared he was ill, and offered to sit out the dance with him, but as he would not hear of it, she reluctantly allowed herself to be led away by Fred Marston.

Theed fled to the cement walks on the grounds. Why was it that he could dance without a break when he was alone and yet not be able to when he reached a hall? He tried it out on the walk. He danced smoothly and easily. He became encouraged. He would try it on the floor with the other dancers that very night. However, on second thought he decided that if he should make a break he would not want to humiliate Anita, and therefore he asked another girl for the next dance. His trial dance worked! He could dance in public! And with such a good dancer as Anita he was sure that his dancing would be even better.

He was just about to ask Anita for the next dance when someone on the platform announced that two prizes would be awarded to the best dancing couple of the next dance number. The prize for the young lady was a white silk bag with pink piping, and a membership card to the school's exclusive Billiken club. The prize for the young gentleman was a membership card to the Billiken fraternity and a fraternity pin. Theed hadn't counted on this, and he was again about to flee when he saw Anita looking longingly at the lovely, pink-trimmed favor. He now noticed that the pink just matched the ribbon on her dress. She turned and looked at him in the same wistful way as on the day he had asked her to the dance. His ebullient courage remounted, and he crossed over to her. "You'll have your pretty bag," he said, with smiling assurance. He would show people that he could dance. The flash and pep of the military band suited his mood, obstinate and resolute, and that of Anita, who was determined to win the white silk bag with the pink piping. They darted nimbly in and out among the throng of dancers. On and on went the dance; on and on whirled the competitors.

Almost abruptly the dance came to an end. There was a general turning of heads toward the band platform as the judges stepped into the hall to announce their verdict.

"The prizes for the best dancing of the evening are awarded to Miss Wilkins and Master Laurence."

After receiving the prizes they were greeted by great applause, and the prize winners were made to perform a dancing skit by the admiring crowd, which was promptly encored and encored.

They were walking slowly toward her street. "You dance wonderfully!" she exclaimed.

Theed was watching the stars and fingering his fraternity pin. Would she? He wondered if she would. He held up the fraternity pin, mutely seeking her eyes as they were passing under a corner light.

"Will you wear it for me?" he said hesitatingly.

She bowed her head in silent consent, and suffused with a sudden joy, he pinned it, his hands trembling, on her white dress.

He was a trifle dazed as he left her at her gate by the brilliance of his success. He paused for one breathless moment under an elm tree near the sidewalk; then he took a long breath and turned, a champion dancer, exultingly home.

**PUBLIC SALE**

Having leased his land and quit farming, the undersigned will offer at public sale at his place two miles south and five and one-half miles west of North Platte, on

**THURSDAY, MARCH 25th,**

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

**28 Head of Cattle**

Consisting of one 2-year-old high grade Hereford Bull, 3 milk cows, 3 stock cows, four 3-year-old heifers, three 2-year-old heifers, two yearling steers and seven fall and winter calves.

**8 Head of Horses**

Team of grey geldings, 4 and 5 years old, wt. 2900; team grey of grey geldings, 6 and 7 years old, wt. 2650; team brown and mares, 7 years old, wt. 2700; team of grey horses, 7 years old, wt. 2250.

BROOD SOWS:—10 Poland China Brood Sows and a thorough bred Poland China Boar.

**Farm Machinery**

Two lumber wagons with boxes, hay rack and wagon, buggy, 2 McCormick mowers, Minnesota mower, 12-foot McCormick hay rake, Jenkins hay stacker, Champion hay sweep, disc, harrow, 4-section harrow, 2 riding cultivators, Best Ever 12-inch gang plow, P. & O. 16-inch sulky plow, 16-inch walking plow, two 2-rows, two one-horse grain drills, two Acme binders, hog choker, Nisko manure spreader nearly new, Tribell lister, 5-foot galvanized tank, Admiral hay press, grindstone, five sets of good work harness nearly new, set carriage harness, two sets of single harness, feed grinder, 1916 Ford Touring Car.

FREE LUNCH AT 11 O'CLOCK.

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

**G. W. SMITH, Owner.**

COL. H. M. JOHANSEN, Auctioneer RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk

**PUBLIC SALE!**

The undersigned will offer at public sale at his place 8 miles north of North Platte on the east Tryon route, on

**Wednesday, March 24th, 1920,**

Commencing at 2 o'clock, the following property, to-wit:

**6 HEAD OF WORK HORSES 6**

Consisting of 2 mares 7 and 8 years old, weight 1400 each; 2 geldings 7 and 8 years old weight 1400 each; one 2-year old mare weight 1200 and one saddle horse.

**10 HEAD OF CATTLE 10**

Four Durham milch cows, ranging from 3 to 6 years old; six 2-year old heifers.

**FARM MACHINERY**

2 mowers nearly new, 10-foot hay rake, 2 hay racks, 1 wagon practically new, one-row lister, new one-row cultivator, new go-devil, new one-horse seeder, four-horse seeder, 14-inch plow, incubator and brooder, new Beatrice cream separator, set double work harness, set single harness and other articles.

**50 Brown Leghorn Hens and 6 Turkey Hens.**

Also Some Household Goods.

FREE LUNCH AT ONE 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 to be removed until settled for.

**B. A. ELIAS, Owner.**

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

<b>DOCTOR D. T. QUIGLEY</b>	
Practice Limited to	
<b>Surgery and Radium Therapy</b>	
728 City National Bank Building.	
Omaha, Nebraska.	
<b>DOCTOR C. A. SELBY</b>	
Physician and Surgeon	
Office over Rexall Drug Store	
Office Phone 371. House 1063	

<b>Gamble with Springer.</b>	
<b>THE CHAIN SYSTEM</b>	
No. 1, 220 North Locust, Phone 203.	
No. 2, 116 East B Street, Phone 496.	
No. 3, 621 East Fourth, Phone 971.	
No. 4, 824 West Third, Phone No. 75.	

<b>NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION</b>	
Department of the Interior,	
U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, March 10, 1920.	
Notice is hereby given that Frederick W. Tibbels, of North Platte, Nebraska, who, on May 15, 1916, made homestead entry, North Platte No. 66355, Broken Bow No. 011910, for the N½ NE¼ Section 18, Township 11 North of Range 30 West of 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. C. Woodhurst, United States Commissioner, at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 29th day April, 1920.	
Claimant names as witnesses: George Menary, of North Platte, Nebraska, David G. Tibbels, of North Platte, Nebraska, Norman White, of Wellfleet, Nebraska, John H. Boyle, of North Platte, Nebraska.	
MACK C. WARRINGTON, Register.	
<b>ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES</b>	
On this 2d day of March, 1920, the	m5-4w

**DRS. STATES & STATES**  
Chiropractors  
5, 6, 7 Building & Loan Building.  
Office Phone 70. Res. Phone 1243

**DR. HAROLD FENNER**  
Osteopath  
Over Hirschfeld's  
Office Phone 333 Res. Phone 1020

**AUTO LIVERY.**  
Romigh Garage.  
Phone 844 Day Call. Phone 1270 Commercial Hotel Night Call.  
Taxi Service.

**Col. H. M. JOHANSEN,**  
AUCTIONEER.  
Sale Dates:

March.  
G. W. Smith, 2 miles south and 5½ miles west of North Platte, March 25.  
Land Sale, 8 miles north of Maxwell, March 31.

**EXTENSION ROAD NO. 309.**  
To Whom It May Concern:—The Special Commissioner appointed to locate a road as follows: Commencing at station 21 of Road No. 309 in the SE¼SW¼ of Section 35, T. 13 N., R. 29 W., running thence in a northerly direction along the slope of the east side of a canyon about 40 rods to the North line of the NE¼NW¼ of section 3, T. 12 N., R. 29 W., terminating there, said road to be 40 feet wide, has reported in favor thereof as follows:

Beginning at a point on the North and South center line of Section 35, T. 13 N., R. 29 W., 7.60 chs, North of the ¼ section corner on the South Line of said Section, running thence N. 85 degrees W. about 9 chains, thence S. 45 degrees W. about 1 chain, thence S. 10 degrees W. about 7 chains, to a point on the South line of said Section 35, or N. line of Section 3, T. 12 N., R. 29 W., about 10.25 chains west of the ¼ Section corner on the South line of said Section 35; all objections thereto or claiming for damages by the reason of the establishing above road must be filed in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on or before 12 o'clock noon on the 5th day of May, 1920.

Witness, my hand and official seal this 24th day of February, 1920.  
(SEAL) A. S. ALLEN, County Clerk.

**NOTICE OF SALE.**

By virtue of an order of sale issued by the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on December 17, 1919, in an action in partition wherein A. Belle Swarthout is plaintiff and William E. Pickens, the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives of said William E. Pickens, and all persons interested in the estate of said William E. Pickens are defendants, I will sell at public auction at the east front door of the court house in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the third day of April, 1920, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., the following described real estate situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: Lots five (5) and six (6), Block one hundred and eighty-six (186) of the original town of the city of North Platte; part of lot three (3), Union Pacific plat lying south of lots five (5) and six (6), block one hundred eighty-six (186) in the city of North Platte; the north forty-four feet of lots one (1) and two (2), block one hundred seventeen of the original town of the city of North Platte; all of lot three (3), block one hundred twenty-seven (127), of the original town of the city of North Platte; west twenty-two feet of lot three (3), block one hundred four (104) of the original town of the city of North Platte; part of lot six (6), block one hundred four (104) of the original town of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of said lot, thence 132 feet in a southerly direction along the east side of said lot to the southeast corner thereof, thence 66 feet in a westerly direction along the south line of said lot to the southwest corner thereof, thence 82 feet in a northerly direction along the west line of said lot, thence east 3 feet, thence 15 feet in a northerly direction on a line parallel with the west line of said lot thence east 3 feet, thence 35 feet in a northerly direction on a line parallel with the west line of said lot to the north line of said lot, thence east 60 feet to the place of beginning; all of blocks one (1) and two (2) in Thomson's sub-division of a part of lot 4 of Section 4, Township 13, North of Range 36, west of the 6th P. M., of the city of North Platte, Nebraska.

I will sell at public auction at the west front door of the court house in the city of Lexington, Dawson County, Nebraska, on the second day of April, 1920, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. the following described real estate situate in Dawson County, Nebraska, to-wit:

Lots one (1), two (2), and three (3) in block fifty-six (56) of the original town of the city of Lexington; all of block ten (10) in C. L. Ervin's addition to the city of Lexington; and a part of block seventeen (17), MacColl's Addition to the city of Lexington, Nebraska, described as follows: Commencing 100 feet west of the northeast corner of said block 17, thence south parallel with the east line of said block 150 feet, thence west parallel with the north line of said block 100 feet, thence north parallel with the west line of said block 150 feet, thence east to the place of beginning.

The terms of said sale to be cash in hand.  
Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 1st day of March, 1920.  
m2a2 O. E. ELDER, Referee.