

Name	Description	Section Amt
Township 15 Range 20		
C. CharltonAll	1 29.20
Wm. R. RittmanNE 1/4 & S 1/4	2 22.20
C. CharltonNW 1/4	2 8.90
C. CharltonAll	3 29.20
Wedman A. StearnsNE 1/4, NW 1/4, S 1/4	4 29.20
Donna PulverSE 1/4, NE 1/4, NW 1/4	4 11.15
C. CharltonAll	5 30.20
L. A. WrightW 1/2	12 28.10
L. A. WrightAll	13 79.50
Louis C. BlandSE 1/4, NE 1/4, & W 1/2	24 28.10
J. E. EvansW 1/2, NE 1/4, E 1/2 NW 1/4	24 9.62
C. V. TurpleAll	27 39.20
C. V. TurpleAll	28 30.40
C. V. TurpleAll	29 29.20
C. V. TurpleW 1/2	32 22.70
C. V. TurpleAll	33 39.20
Township 16 Range 20		
Herman LouchonE 1/2 NE 1/4 & SW 1/4	2 47.94
Oharlotte L. WoodwardAll	3 145.95
Ernest E. KelsarNW 1/4	4 18.25
W. L. MajorowiczNE 1/4	11 35.50
Frank BlytheE 1/2	12 34.40
Wesley BlytheW 1/2	14 41.90
A. J. SalisburyAll	19 27.80
McDonald State BankW 1/2	20 19.90
William H. MarrsNW 1/4	24 15.05
Mos. W. PayneNE 1/4 & NW 1/4	25 21.70
Ray L. PayneNW 1/4 & W 1/2 SW 1/4	26 17.25
Byran FletcherAll	29 10.90
Byran FletcherAll	30 42.42
Byran FletcherAll	31 22.85
P. D. GreeleyNE 1/4 & SE 1/4	32 25.75
McDonald State BankSW 1/4	32 8.57
C. CharltonAll	32 28.01
C. CharltonNE 1/4	34 9.51
Township 9 Range 30		
Hattie SunderlandW 1/2 SW 1/4	2 9.11
Hattie SunderlandAll	3 20.51
Howard Simmes EstateNE 1/4 & E 1/2 NW 1/4	4 21.71
Alma B. SimmesNW 1/4 SW 1/4	6 4.50
Hattie SunderlandW 1/2 NE 1/4	10 9.11
Ellen StevensW 1/2 SW 1/4	10 9.11
James C. StuartSE 1/4 SW 1/4	12 22.11
James C. StuartSW 1/4 SW 1/4	13 11.70
James C. StuartNW 1/4 NE 1/4 & N 1/2 SW 1/4	24 10.71
Royal S. StuckyE 1/2 NW 1/4, SW 1/4	28 53.94
Carl CrumleySW 1/4	31 57.89
S. E. JohnsonNE 1/4	33 9.11
Royal S. StuckyNW 1/4	33 9.11
Lizzie BenkoskyE 1/2 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4	34 13.68
Stephen JohnsonW 1/2 NE 1/4, NW 1/4 SW 1/4	34 22.00
Lizzie BenkoskySW 1/4 SW 1/4	35 4.57
Township 10 Range 30		
Frances KnouffNE 1/4 & E 1/2 SE 1/4	8 28.50
Carson FurnishSE 1/4	11 26.60
G. A. SchrecongostSE 1/4 SW 1/4 & SE 1/4	12 26.10
Wilmeta FilbertW 1/2 SE 1/4	18 27.29
Wilmeta FilbertNW 1/4	20 21.26
Charles W. DillonSW 1/4	20 14.03
Charles W. DillonN 1/2 & SE 1/4	20 44.60
Township 11 Range 30		
N. H. KronquestAll	4 50.22
N. H. KronquestAll	7 47.72
Stella McGuireAll	8 47.72
Nels V. AndersonNE 1/4 & S 1/2	8 31.51
Austin L. FletcherE 1/2 NE 1/4	10 7.37
Walter P. VotawW 1/2 NE 1/4 & W 1/2	10 27.71
N. B. LogansSE 1/4	10 10.83
Mills P. HallidayNW 1/4	15 23.97
J. A. RibletE 1/2 NE 1/4 & E 1/2 SE 1/4	18 10.23
Mary E. SimonsW 1/2 SE 1/4	18 4.91
A. ShoemithSE 1/4	19 10.23
S. B. MansfieldNW 1/4	20 10.23

G. A. SchrecongostSE 1/4	24 12.05
Township 12 Range 30		
M. E. CollinsAll	5 53.90
H. R. BallardSE 1/4	6 10.24
Joseph BlackwellNE 1/4	12 46.37
Joseph C. JohnsonSW 1/4	12 46.47
Gust BrantingSW 1/4	13 46.95
N. E. BuckleyAll	14 43.75
N. E. BuckleyAll	15 100.95
Wm. J. CollinsNE 1/4	15 39.16
Gust BrantingAll	23 127.00
O. DuckworthNE 1/4 & SE 1/4	24 18.55
Township 13 Range 30		
Christina WilsonE 1/2 NE 1/4 SW 1/4 NW 1/4	8 9.25
W. T. BanksPt. Lot 5 & S 1/2	8 175.94
Eva RoddyPt. Lot 2	9 .50
Walter F. CarlsonLots 8 & 11	12 14.77
Walter F. CarlsonW 1/2 S 1/2	12 57.62
Camilla L. BellE 1/2 & E 1/2 W 1/2	16 198.18
Jennie RyanW 1/2 W 1/4	16 74.26
Jennie RyanE 1/2	17 74.26
Thomas E. DoohillW 1/2	18 132.93
James McClellandW 1/2	23 81.65
H. T. WoodgateW 1/2	24 101.29
James McClellandW 1/2	26 28.29
James McClellandE 1/2	27 28.58
Township 14 Range 30		
M. E. BoheskieE 1/2	4 14.96
James A. ShawSW 1/4	8 27.27
Ralph H. FordSW 1/4 NE 1/4 & NW 1/4	12 33.91
John BrattN 1/2 NW 1/4 & SE 1/4 NW 1/4	16 17.93
Marion H. EvansSW 1/4 & NW 1/4 SE 1/4	24 27.47
Wm. H. PittmanPt. Lot 1	24 7.55
H. N. HartPt. 2 1/2	31 360.27
Wm. BaileyW 1/2 E 1/2 SW 1/4 & W 1/2 SW 1/4	31 599.66
Township 15 Range 30		
Frank MichaelAll	2 50.26
Chris JohnsonAll	4 50.51
Chas. HartmanNE 1/4	5 8.42
C. J. HamotNE 1/4	6 12.05
Chas. HartmanNW 1/4 & N 1/2 SW 1/4	6 14.11
Mary McDonaldSW 1/4 SW 1/4, W 1/2 SE 1/4	6 12.29
W. H. McDonaldE 1/2 SE 1/4	6 5.04
P. O. QualleyAll	8 38.60
R. W. HillsAll	15 49.54
L. H. HutchensW 1/2 NW 1/4, SE 1/4 NW 1/4	18 11.13
N. KelsoNE 1/4 NE 1/4	22 7.51
John WeldonNE 1/4	22 14.50
Isaac L. FenselSE 1/4	22 21.72
Isaac L. FenselSW 1/4	25 49.71
Township 16 Range 30		
Harry P. StevensAll	3 51.75
Fred BodieW 1/2	7 24.44
Fred B. HartmanAll	9 37.26
Harry P. StevensAll	10 72.40
Harry P. StevensAll	11 32.55
D. J. GreeleyAll	12 82.18
D. J. GreeleyAll	13 72.40
Harry P. StevensAll	15 32.55
D. J. DenmondNE 1/4	15 12.77
D. W. MoonE 1/2 & SW 1/4	20 35.80
Harry P. StevensE 1/2 & SW 1/4	21 27.77
M. L. WelliverNW 1/4	21 8.05
John BrattAll	26 32.26
Adrian B. DonaldsonAll	29 32.06
Chas. HartmanNE 1/4 SE 1/4	32 16.59
Caroline BeltonSW 1/4	32 18.45
Township 11 Range 32		
George AndersonN 1/2 & SE 1/4	2 28.45
Edwin G. HudsonNW 1/4	8 13.90
Heirs of David FogartNE 1/4	15 9.41
Robert M. DowellNE 1/4	20 6.80
E. A. BrownNE 1/4	22 28.91
H. E. WilsonNE 1/4 & S 1/2	26 30.20
H. A. LathrerAll	18 42.00
Jack WagnerAll	10 54.25
W. T. ErwinS 1/2 SW 1/4 & SE 1/4	32 24.31

Baby's Photograph

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER
(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Humph!" muttered Joel Dorkins, and the accents were those of a disappointed man.

He had glanced to cast his eyes upon the bureau where lay his wife's writing materials. It held a letter which he recognized as from their married daughter, Eunice, who lived in Brampton, and beside it was a photograph, that of a child perhaps two years old. Either it was a poorly taken picture, or the subject was outrageously ugly looking naturally.

"Homely as sin," growled Joel, feeling wronged as a grandparent. "The first in the family, and squints, big nose and ears, and Ma egging me on to be prepared to give it a pretty present. Why, it ought to have a mask!"

Eunice and her husband had not been back home since they were married. Now they had announced a two weeks' visit, and little Virginia was to be brought in triumph. "Little cherub," took the prize at a baby show. "So smart and cute!" and like enthusiastic sentiments from his fond grandmother had aroused pride and anticipation in the mind of Joel Dorkins. Now he was disillusioned, with a positive shock. The photograph lay before him, probably just sent by Eunice. He had gone to a jeweler the week before and had ordered a costly neck chain, he had written out a check for one hundred dollars to be presented to the wonderful granddaughter as the start of a savings account.

"I'll cancel the order and tear up the check," declared Joel wrathfully. "I hope they don't parade the child around to have people endure its appalling homeliness. 'Cherub.' 'Pretty as a picture.' 'Looks just like mother.' 'Wow!'"

Joel swung from room and house in a fever of dissatisfaction and resentment. Half a mile away lived Harper Driggs, the father of Eunice's husband. Driggs was a retired farmer, well-to-do, and Joel located him in the upper floor of the barn where he had a work shop. Originally Driggs had been a weaver in straw and split cane. To write away his idle hours he once in a while indulged in pottering at his old trade, purely for pleasure. He was now making a chair for his granddaughter.

"Whatever possesses father?" more than once during the week Mrs. Dorkins observed to her daughter. "He has a regular grout all of the time. Goes around as if the coming of your sister and Walter and the baby was a bore and annoyance to him."

"Oh, you're mistaken, mamma!" insisted Nora Dorkins. "He is just so anxious to see the little one, and cuddle it, and cry over it that he can hardly wait until Tuesday arrives."

Joel Dorkins overheard the latter opinion expressed and shook himself, and growled, and went out in the garden and kicked up the turf. Those big eyes! That flat nose!

Tuesday took him to town. The Driggs trio were expected to arrive about noon. Joel returned home about two o'clock. He was slightly penitent as to his aversion for the ugly child he was expected to go into ecstasies over. He could not feel pleasant or welcoming, but he felt it a duty to appear glad and cheerful at having Eunice once more under the home roof. As he neared the house he fancied he distinguished a flutter of feminine skirts disappearing. As he walked up the gravel path he stared hard. Seated in the wicker rocker that Driggs had made and presented was the most exquisitely perfect and beautiful little child his gaze had ever rested upon. Her eyes were starlike, her fingers suggested an aureole of burnished gold. The moment she saw him approaching she arose, clasped her hands, and then, extending them earnestly towards him, exclaimed in wild and joyous glee:

"Dear Anpa! 'Pse Virginia Estelle Driggs. How did you do?"

Joel fairly reeled. As there came a suppressed tittering from beyond the screen door leading into the hallway, he realized that the child was repeating a tutored lesson framed for his especial benefit. The child fairly sprang into his arms. There he held her, quivering all over with emotions he could not analyze.

Then he came in for a lugging from Eunice, which his son-in-law followed with a genial, heartsome greeting. And while they all bubbled over the delighted little one, Joel stole out to the kitchen. He hung around his wife in a wavering, unaccountable way until she challenged:

"Joel, what over possesses you, acting like a nut in a daze?"

"I was just wondering," blurted Joel. "I noticed a photograph of a baby on your bureau."

"Oh, that—your picture when you was a baby," replied Mrs. Dorkins. "What about it?"

"Oh, nothing at all!" answered Joel, with a whine.

"Your mother gave it to me years ago. You wasn't much of a looker in those days, eh, Joel?"

He made for his little den of a library in the wing of the house, pondering over his egregious mistake. He closed the door and took up the telephone to call up the town jeweler. "Send up that neck chain," he ordered. "Thought you didn't want it?"

"Changed my mind. Send it up this evening, will you?"

And then, going to his desk, he opened his check book and filled in a blank for five hundred dollars.

A Clever Rescuer

By WALWORTH NIXON
(©, 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Three pairs of eyes viewed the speaker both eagerly and anxiously. They belonged to the grownup "children" of the Doane family—Estelle, Myra and Cyril. The two first named were married and settled in life, Cyril was single. They all lived in the old home the widowed mistress of which had died a year previous. It was then that at a family conclave an arrangement of cooperative companionship was agreed on. The two married couples and Cyril divided the budget of expense and sent for Aunt Lavinia to act as housekeeper.

She was neat, economical and active. Cleanliness was her hobby and orderliness her living principle. Half sister of Mrs. Doane, she assumed a certain guardianship over her grown-up charges as if the care had been left to her as a heritage. Almost unconsciously nieces and husbands and nephew fell into a tacit obedience to the ways of the exacting and at times mandatory severe taskmaster. She had made herself a blessing to the disrupted household, however, and they held their peace when she demanded strict discipline as to meal hours and time of rising and retiring.

"Aunt Lavinia is good as gold," observed Estelle one day to her sister, "but it is really a relief to get a change of atmosphere during our month at the seashore."

"Yes, but she may wish to go with us," remarked Myra.

"I hope not," said Estelle, but the very next day Aunt Lavinia announced that she had decided to close up the house during July and spend the month with someone of the "three children." If she would be welcome.

"You are going to Portland beach, Estelle, and you to Royal Sands, Myra. Well, I don't like the strong sea air. You told me you were going to spend two weeks at Clear Lake, Cyril. That just suits me. I'll keep you company."

The sisters were filled with secret joy. Cyril Doane looked dumfounded. The charge of his old relative during his annual period of recreation was not at all welcome. Her constant presence would involve a devotedness to whims and wishes that would spoil his vacation. For a moment his face fell and his eyes were clouded. Then with a brave smile he conquered his real feelings. A realization of all the kindness and self-sacrifice of this sterling, worthy woman entered his soul.

"Aunt Lavinia," he said gently, "I shall feel it a proud honor to give you the time of your life. You deserve the best on earth and I shall devote myself to seeing that you get it."

"You delightful big boy!" enthused Miss Merton, with tears in her eyes. "No wonder I love you as if you were my own son!"

Cyril did not tell his relatives, but he had an object in selecting Clear Lake as a vacation spot. The season before he had met there quite informally among a group a Miss Vera Blake. He had never before been so impressed and a memory of her fair face had remained with him. He understood that she came to the lake annually and hoped the opportunity would materialize to renew the acquaintance.

Cyril saw in a faint Aunt Lavinia was surrounded by every comfort at the resort hotel. Miss Blake had not arrived, but Cyril heard, was expected with her mother during the week. His favorite recreation was canoeing. Aunt Lavinia accompanied him several times and one afternoon had come as far as the beach and had placed in the canoe her umbrella and a wrap, when she said:

"I am so timid on the water in a storm, Cyril, and I think we are going to have one."

"Not before we have finished our trip," declared Cyril, but as a lady invariably set in her opinions Miss Lavinia returned to the hotel and Cyril started out alone.

Miss Lavinia's prediction came true an hour later. The wind blew and the rain fell, and Cyril was making a hasty dash for the shore when he noticed a canoe nearly half a mile off shore contending vainly with the rising elements of the tempest. He could make out a form faintly apparently in a whirling craft. Then it capsized outright and the imperiled being, whoever she was, clung desperately to the overturned canoe.

Cyril could make no progress against the baffling winds, but a quick suggestion came to him. He seized Aunt Lavinia's umbrella, outspread it, and with this unique sail was borne through the water straight toward the spot where the accident occurred.

There was a double glory of heroism and delight when he had lifted the victim of mishap from her dangerous position, for she was Miss Blake, the lady of his thoughts—the entrancing lady of his choice, as he decided before his delightful vacation had come to an end, for the unexpected episode of rescue made him precious and beloved in the eyes of the peerless Vera.

He kissed Aunt Lavinia with warmth and tenderness the day he became Vera Blake's fiance, and she thrilled and quivered when Cyril told her that but for her umbrella he might never have won his life's happiness.

DENMARK TO BE REPUBLIC?

According to Reports, the Little Country May Abandon the Monarchical Principle Soon.

News dispatches from Copenhagen state that there is a possibility of the establishment of a republic in Denmark, the little country that has been a monarchy since King Harald ruled the country in 400 A. D.

Denmark is today a limited monarchy, ruled by King Christian, who divides his power with the two houses of parliament. During the war it suffered heavily in both its leading industries, shipping and the merchant marine. Many Danish ships were sunk by U-boats despite their neutrality, and the large herds of cattle that had supplied a large part of Europe's butter and cream were killed for food.

Denmark has a population of 2,500,000, a large part of whom live on small farms. Its area is 14,829 square miles, slightly larger than the state of Maryland. It is densely populated, with 165 people to the square mile on the mainland and 275 to the square mile on the many islands along the coast. Copenhagen, the capital and principal seaport, is situated on the island of Zealand. The island folk form the merchant marine and the fisheries, while the farmers live on the fertile mainland.

Nothing Left to Eat.

"A telegram from your husband. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much. He simply wired me: 'Come home. I've run out of sardines.'"



STILL the GREATEST MOTHER in the WORLD

The "Greatest Mother" concept which was visualized in the famous art poster used by the American Red Cross in its second war fund campaign has had its symbolism adapted to the Red Cross works of the post-war era and will illuminate the main poster to be used in the Fourth Roll Call November 11-25. This adaptation will bear the title "Still the Greatest Mother in the World." Everyone is familiar with the original "The Greatest Mother in the World," the effectiveness of which has been shown in part by the fact that it has furnished a synonym for Red Cross that has come to almost a household term. More than any other symbol, except the red cross itself, the public has made it the trademark of the American Red Cross.

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