

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM EXCHANGES WHICH REACH OUR DESK.

WELL DONE

With this issue The Courier closes Volume 26, making twenty-six years of a varied existence. For three years and eight months we have endeavored to give our readers a good paper. Whether we have succeeded is for them, not us, to say.—Sutherland Courier.

AFTER CHICKENS

Two men accompanied by fourteen bird dogs arrived here last Saturday morning from Pennsylvania. They act as an advance for a party of wealth sportsmen who are expected later. We understand the Platte Valley ranch is to be the hunting ground.—Brady Vindicator.

DAMAGE

A severe wind storm Sunday evening blew down numerous trees in and around Hershey, also several big window lights in Hershey and a large limb of a tree fell on the electric light wires and the town was in darkness from 9 p. m. on for the balance of the night. No serious damage is reported but many small buildings in the country were upset or blown to pieces.—Hershey Times.

BEEFSTEAK TOMATOES

Some people seem to have the idea that "Bill" Magnuson does nothing but fish, but we are here to tell the world that Bill can also raise tomatoes, because Bill dropped into our sanctum one day last week and left us two of them that tipped the scales at one pound and thirteen ounces. They were what is called the Beefsteak tomato and one slice was just like so much steak when it came to eating quantity, but they also had the tomato quality.—Arnold Sentinel.

FIFTEEN DRILLS

On last Tuesday Photographer Krekeier went ten miles north to the Hi Aden farm to take some pictures of a remarkable field operation. Mr. Aden is at Rochester, Minn., with his son, who is under treatment at the Mayo Bros. institute. Farmer neighbors decided to get together and put in his winter wheat, and with fifteen wheat drills and sixty-two horses at work drilling 205 acres, the photographer got some fine views.—Gothenburg Independent.

CAR SHORTAGE

There has been a wheat car shortage in the Highline during the past ten days and for a couple of days the local grain elevators were shut up because they could not find room for more grain. Why a repetition of last year's conditions should occur, we cannot say, but if some of the petty investigations were turned in the right direction there might be some good accomplished. It certainly does not look good.—Wallace Winner.

FAIR A SUCCESS

The Courier last week went to press after the second day, when rather bad weather had made its financial success doubtful. Friday, however, came along with an ideal fair day, and the attendance was simply immense. It is estimated that there were fully ten thousand people on the grounds Friday, and the officials of the association state that while the final footings had not yet been reached, there was reason to believe the unusually big last day's patronage had put the 1921 fair across with all expenses paid and perhaps something of a profit.—Gering Courier.

WATERWORKS

At last the realization that we are actually to have a water works system has dawned upon the people of Paxton. The pipe is here and is being unloaded and strung along the streets where the water mains will be placed. Within a short time dig-

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE—WE'RE GONNA GET STUCK EITHER WAY



A Dimpled Milkmaid

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"So you think yourself a beauty!" young Maben sniffed. "And you can't help agreeing with me." Lorraine giggled, twining an unmistakably premeditated curl about her forehead. Maben sniffed again, saying:

"What I think doesn't matter—not the least. But if my name were only Wainright—" pausing significantly, Lorraine smiled softly, clasped her hands behind her head and murmured, apparently to the breeze:

"It is nice to be found pleasing by a person who knows." Then, sitting up, head thrust forward: "Tell me, Dicky, does the exalted one really think anything about me? The frozen truth—there's a good fellow."

Young Maben smiled craftily. "Fraid you couldn't hear it," he said, looking past Lorraine to her reflection in the mantel mirror.

"Oh, it won't quite turn my head," she laughed back at him, yet with a deep note under it that hurt Maben to hear. But to be madly jealous at two-and-twenty is to be also entirely ruthless. "He says you are a type—the dimpled dairymaid—mighty fetching here on the farm—but civilization would spoil you utterly," Maben answered slowly.

"Would it, I wonder?" Lorraine answered calmly, with a meditative smile, but something at the bottom of her eyes that was disturbing to her sometime sweetheart. They had grown up together into an illusory love—and grown out of it, they thought, by help of school and college. But since love's possessive case is nearly an immor-



Held Chuckling Conferences.

telle, Wainright's advent had made Maben furious. All the more so that he himself was responsible for it—Wainright, a fellow of Maben's college, specializing in sociology, had taken a fancy to the lad from the wheat country, had helped him in many ways—in return for all of which Maben had almost bullied him into coming to Earable for the holidays.

The farm name had pleased him mightily when he sensed its derivation. It was the old form of arabic and doubtless meant adapted to eared crops. Place names, you see, all hold glints of sociology. Thus Wainright to himself. The basic truth was—wearied of sophistication, he felt a longing for life next to the ground.

He said openly he "collected summer girls," thereby assuring his harmless Lorraine, with no thought of slight or slur. Maben knew as much—knew that his quotation, actually veritable, was spiritually false. But in a losing battle one takes any weapon handy.

Lorraine, in front of the tall mirror, scanned herself narrowly, turning and bending to see herself at all angles. A new and specially wicked dimple played hide and seek in her

left cheek, smoothen, watching it yearned to kiss it away, but felt somehow as though he had forfeited all right even to think of such a thing. Presently he said awkwardly: "I'm glad you don't mind, 'Raine. The old boy meant no harm, but most girls wouldn't understand—"

"God Almighty made 'em to match the men," Lorraine sighed with a twinkle. "But me! I'm the best little understander going. If you doubt it, just you watch me."

"I'm sure you've said things of him," Maben began defensively. She nodded, interrupting again. "Not a patch on the things I shall say to him. Beloved, listen, it will be worth while."

"Going to ask him if a dimpled dairymaid wears her finger in her mouth?" Maben bantered.

"Why didn't you let me think of that?" Lorraine sighed. "You know original sin gets there first always—"

"Shut up! There he comes," Maben admonished over his shoulder, as he rushed to meet a tall, thin person with a scholarly droop of eyes and shoulders, who came up the path between flung after flower borders.

Lorraine blurted after him an inscrutable smile—then vanished, not to reappear until very late afternoon.

Maben stared at her. She was transfixed. Not a curl, hardly a wave broke the sweep of her red-golden crown. She had banished every dimple, gentled her dancing feet to a softer rhythm. All in white, clinging and vaporous, she seemed to float rather than walk across grass already cool with dew. Lifting her head delectable from her low garden seat, she smiled up at Wainright, a smile of primal allurements, saying softly: "Now is the time for wonder stories. You must tell me one—the one I most care to hear."

"What is it?" he asked.

"You promised to tell it," anxiously. "If I know it," he said indolently, in his best elder brother voice.

Lorraine smiled again. "If not you—who does?" she murmured. "It is the story of yourself—tell it from the very beginning."

Wainright gasped. Half a minute before he would have sworn to himself and walked off. Now instead he flung himself on the turf, set his chin in his palms—and made the beginning of the end.

It was a profound social observer who said: "There are no such troublesome ghosts at maturity as the uncommitted sins of our youth." Wainright proved the saying. His youth had been hard and driving, untouched by merry dalliances, unsweetened by saving follies. Naturally his ghost-dancing made him a spectacle for gods and men. But he cared nothing for that. Men might scoff, women sneer; all he wanted was to bathe himself in the sunlight of Lorraine's eyes and let her gentle feet dance over his heart if they chose.

Maben tried to rescue many and various, partly on his own account, partly also because of real friendship. But none of them got him anywhere. He dared not risk open expostulation—the habit of reverence was too strong in him. Lorraine would neither talk nor listen to him—no more than she would to her mother or the minister.

Now and then she held chuckling conferences with her father—who never since the day she was born had seen anything wrong in her. But even he at length grew, not anxious, but compassionate. "Put 'is out of misery gently, honey," he counseled.

"When you don't want a fish throw him back, instead of leaving him flopping and mashing up the bank."

A cryptic saying—perhaps it was in obedience to it that a month after Wainright's beguilement Lorraine again sat in the low chair, bending toward him on the grass at her feet. But instead of saying anything she spread her hands, palms downward—palms all pink and satin-smooth, melting into round baby wrists. Wainright caught them—she did not draw them away. As he made to lay one against his cheek she said softly: "Pity they are so smooth and weak—they quite spoil my type."

"Nothing can spoil your type, whatever it may be," Wainright murmured, trying to kiss a wrist. "She drew it gently away, saying roughly: "Fie! You are not going back on yourself, surely! Remember—you called me a dimpled milkmaid!"

"So I did!" Wainright said sitting up suddenly. "Where's Maben, I wonder?"

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NOTICE OF PETITION
Estate No. 1845 of Sebastian Schwaiger, 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 probate of an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased and for the appointment of Carrie Schwaiger as Executrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on October 18, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m.
Dated Sept. 22, 1921.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge

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(Hoagland & Carr, Attorneys.) NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT

Estate No. 1813 of John H. Singleton, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the Executrix has filed a final account and report of her administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on Oct. 4, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m. when you may appear and contest the same.
Dated Sept. 8, 1921.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge.

EXTENSION ROAD NO. 361.

To Whom It May Concern:—
The commissioner appointed to view and locate a road commencing at the Northwest corner of Section 12, township 11 north, range 34, west of the 6th P. M. n Lincoln County, Nebraska, running thence south on section line between sections 11 and 12, 13 and 14, 23 and 24, 25 and 26, and 35 and 36 said township and range, and terminating at the Southwest corner of said section 36 has reported in favor of the establishment thereof, and all claims for damages, must be filed in the County Clerk's office on or before noon of the 21st day of November, 1921, or such road will be established without reference thereto.
Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 9th day of September, 1921.
A. S. ALLEN,
County Clerk.

(John Grant, Attorney.) NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
In the matter of the application of Charles W. Trembly, Administrator of the estate of George W. Trembly, deceased, for leave to sell real estate.
Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order made by J. L. Tewel, judge of the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, made on the 8th day of July 1921, for the sale of real estate hereinafter described, I will sell at the east front door of the Court House in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the 15th day of October 1921, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, the South East quarter, South West quarter and the North West quarter of Section fourteen, also the South East quarter of Section twelve, all in Township fifteen North Range twenty eight west of the 6th Principal Meridian in Lincoln County, Nebraska to the highest bidder for cash, said sale will be called at one o'clock p. m. and will be open for one hour thereafter.
CHARLES W. TREMBLY,
Administrator of the Estate of George W. Trembly, Deceased.

EXTENSION ROAD NO. 11.

To Whom It May Concern:—
The Board of County Commissioners for Lincoln County, Nebraska, have made the following resolution:—
The Board of County Commissioners for Lincoln County, Nebraska, being of the opinion that the public good requires it, hereby declare the section line running north between the NW 1/4 of Sec. 4 and the NE 1/4 Sec. 6 in T. 14, R. 30 and between Sections 32 and 33, 29 and 28, 20 and 21, 17 and 16, 8 and 9, and 4 and 5, T. 15, R. 30, all west of the 6th P. M. to be opened to the public, and the County Clerk is hereby directed to advertise for claims for damages and to have same appraised, and the County Surveyor is hereby directed to survey same. All claims for damages or objections thereto by reason of opening said above mentioned section lines must be filed in the office of the County Clerk on or before 12 o'clock noon on the 21st day of November, 1921, or said road will be established without reference thereto.
Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 9th day of September, 1921.
A. S. ALLEN,
County Clerk.

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