WAS living in se clusion in a small town about thirtyfive miles north of London I was writing a novel. light in the signal box, about a quarter

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time even to read the newspaper and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the

It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with considerable flourish, too, words, "End of Volume the Second."

It was useless doing any more that night, so I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm and the re-"Buy an evening paper, sir?" bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

My landlady had brought in my supper, and, as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef awaiting my attack.

I had laid the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cozy armchair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter.

Therefore I looked at the "leader." Something about a new "Greek loan." That didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph heading:

"Impending Execution of the Clinfold Murderer.
"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged tomor-

row morning at 8 oclock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence.'

The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior and had died about two years previous ly. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to south Africa early in life. Could this be the same man? I read on:

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fent-hurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold.

"It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises and that, apparently, he was expected there on the evening in ques-He was seen near the place after the crime was committed and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against

"He has persisted from the first, how ever, in maintaining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about 7 o'clock in the eyening. At that hour he says he was returning from London, where had been spending part of the day. Only one witness, he says, could prove this, and this is an individual who traveled with him as far as P-- and en-tered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advis-ers, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. The murder was committed on February 6. Since his condemnation the prisoner has been confined in Silkminster jail, where his execution will take place.'

me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly

I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other oc-



"OH! YOU'VE COME TO, HAVE YOU?

cupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this bistinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my dairy and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the

horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon

I looked at my watch. It was just 11 o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should

My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock and that the postmaster took the 8:30 train to a large town about five miles off, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a

caretaker, and returning by an early train the next morning. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and

a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than I?

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the

post-office. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from town. As I hurried along. I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8:30 p. m. Should I wait till the morning and

telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till 8 o'clock.

I had, by this time, reached the station. Of course it was all shut up and all the lights were out except those Of course it was all shut up in the signal 'amps for the night ex-press. It is now 11:30. Was there no hope? Yes! At this moment my eye caught a

of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch: the down express from London was almost due. I

would make a rush for that signal box, and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it.

Even as I reached the rails, a sema phore signal that was near me let fall its arm, and the red light changed into a brilliant green. Would there be time?

It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared about half the distance, when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's lamp-head bear-

ing towards me. At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly-looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through It resembled a one-arm gallows with a man dangling from it

This strange looking apparition was none other than a mail bag suspended from a post-in fact, part of the ap-paratus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. The train that was bearing down, and that would reach me in one minute, should pick me up with the mails. If I could hang on to that bag so that it came between me and the net, it would break the force of the shock, and the net would receive me as well as the bag.

The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible.

Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me.

I shall never forget the row lighted carriages passing about a foot away from me-closer even than that suppose—and I hanging and waiting for the crash to come.

And it came. There was a dull thud a whirr and a rush, and all was dark When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling, made out of a handkerchief.

'Where are we?" I asked

"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now, perhaps you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got a part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar bone broken. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out; and look here if we find you've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give em the slip any further. The mail van isn't a refuge of that sort.'

They would not believe me at first Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my dairy in my pocket, so I showed them the paragraph and the They were civil enough then.

"Well, sir, we shall be in Silkmin-ster about 3, or a little later. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar You must excuse our turning to work again, and the best thing for you will be to rest yourself."

Before he went to work again the other one said:

"What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden like."

"What was that?" 'Why, you should have got the signalman to telegraph to Silkminster; he

could have done it all right."

What an idiot I had been after all! However, I should be in time to stop the execution.

A little after 3 we drew up at Silkminster station. There was a police-man on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove around to the jail and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in

what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execu-The home secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours anxious suspense, a reprieve was received from him.

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged, and about a fortnight after-ward the real murderer was discovered and captured.

A Bicyclienne.

Saturday afternoon passengers on north-bound limits car going past Lin-coln part saw a large, odd-shaped object fitting among the trees and moving along a distant driveway in the same direction as the car.

"It moves like a bicycle, but the top part is too big for a man," said one. "Maybe he's got a load of hay on his back," said another.
"I bet that's the fat bicycle agent,"

was the inspiration of the man who spoke first. As the object sailed along people wondered. Suddenly there was an opening in the trees and the object darted out into the sunshine, disclosing a combination of bicycle and a large

The Daily News reporter who was a ing to view the 500 feet extension of the lake shore speeding drive yearned to know more. The car steadily gained on the rider, and when it had got far enough ahead the reporter dropped off the footboard and started on a crosscountry move toward a spot where interception and an interview seeme plausible. But it was too warm for the nature of the undertaking and the bicyclienne had passed the point of arrival. The parasol had lace on it and she wore bloomers.-Chicago News.

The purest treasure mortal times afford Is spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded loam or painted

GOOD HABITS OF WORK. Once Acquired, They Are Like Oil to

Life's Machine If the time that many of us waste in I have had an interesting conversation with my hairdresser about the making up our minds over little matcharacteristics of the ladies of the ters could be employed in doing somemany nationalities on whom he operthing really useful how much more ates, says a writer in London Truth. would we be able to accomplish? As with most bad habits, moralizes Har-The American, though so fully emancipated, has, he thinks, no originality. per's Bazar, the habit of indecision in She assimilates everything and origlittle everyday affairs is the easiest thing in the world to acquire. We think inates nothing. In Paris-and, for that matter, in New York-her get-up is exso much of the small duties of life that they get to assume the most formidable actly modeled on that of the Parisienne. When guided by a model she has taste. proportions and in deciding what we But she is dependent upon a model. Her shall do about them we leave ourselve little time for greater and more serious quickness and sharpness in selecting merchandise are to be noted. The Engthings. How we envy those people who have the knack of accomplishing a lishwoman is fond of simplicity-too great deal without apparent effort! We fond, perhaps. She timidly follows the look at them in wonder and vainly wish Parisienne in her coffures and pays that we might discover their secret. well and cheerfully. She is always does not appear difficult. "Why," afraid of what is suggested "not suitask ourselves, "can not we do as much ing her" and has no idea what does as they?" But strive as we may w suit her. She is not hard to please, yet never seem to succeed. The secret is not a hard one to find, but it is a hard at bottom she is never thoroughly satisfied because uncertain whether her one for us to put in practice, at first head is dressed exactly as it should be if we have been of the hesitating, unde-The Russian lady is the most tastecided kind. They have learned to make up their minds quickly, and then never to permit themselves to have any doubts as to the wisdom of their decisions. They do their work systematic

less woman alive. She is helpless in the hands of her hairdresser and has no suggestions to offer. It may be that her national headdress has prevented her taste running on the colffure. The Rusally, and put into each working mosian lady has soft, quiet manners, but ment the best that is in them, without scans bills with a suspicious eye. thinking of the result. They are the Italian lady is a bad payer, hard to please, stingy, and never more than half satisfied with a Parisian coiffure. people who rise at the same time each morning and take up their daily tasks at the same hour every day. They are She will write from Italy for a dozen the creatures of habit, but their habits imitation tortoise-shell hairpins costing are nearly all good ones, that lead them sous apiece. She had them at that in the direct line of that which they are orice in Paris and does not calculate the striving to do. There is no one factor oss of time, and money too, that is inof success stronger than that of having curred in sending them by a well-paid assistant to the district post office. He acquired good habits of work. Having once formed these, we are left free to may have to stand there half an hour look beyond the mere details of the before his turn comes in the waiting work and to see how best we may cue. Five francs for the ballroom coifaccomplish that which we have under fure is not thought too much to ask for taken. It is like playing the piano. At a chance customer. An Italian lady will protest against it as though she had first we have to study the music and the keys, and each note we strike requires a separate and distinct effort of fallen into the hands of thieves who wanted to rob her. The Roumanian lathe will, but in a little while we begin dies are the sweetest and most tasteful to read music readily, and as our fin in Europe. Their manners are, perhaps, better than those of the best Parisigers wander readily over the keys we are not conscious of guiding or directennes. They have in youth splendid ing them. And this is the way w hair and know how to dress it or how should learn to do our work, whatever it the coiffure should arrange it. It is a may be. The details of it should never pleasure to receive their hints. Sometrouble us, but they should become as a how they manage to pay their bills reg-

ularly. The hereditary princess is a

customer of my coiffure. He can show

a charming letter from her to say that

The Scheme of a Chicago Man to Beat

the Railroads on Baggage.

flat and found Mr. and Mrs. Brightside, and their wise little terrier, "Ming,"

Brightside was busy boring holes with

an auger in the end of a good-sized

packing box, while Mrs. Brightside and

the dog, seated side by side on the floor,

regarded him with intense, though pos-

sibly hypocritical, admiration. Near by

stood another packing box with four

holes in each end, through which loops

of strong rope had been so fastened as

my life," observed Mr. Brightside.

'How do you suppose I got that rope in

without opening the box? Just figure

As the caller belongs to the sex which

has never produced a great epic poem,

discovered a continent, or voted for the

Governor of Illinois, she gave up the

problem with a cheerful meekness born

of centuries of acknowledged incapac-

ity. Mr. Brightside having finished

boring, produced a bent wire and a

piece of string, one end of which was

fastened to a few feet of rope. With

the wire he proceeded to insert the string into one hole and wiggle it out at

another. By means of the string the

rope was then towed into position, the

whole process ending triumphantly in

"But what are you doing it for?"

"He's making trunks," explained Mrs.

"The only trouble with me," said

"But what on the top of the prairie

are you making trunks out of packing

boxes for? Cui bono, you know."
"To save freight. I'm sending them to

ome other friends starting out there to-

night, and if these things have handles on they can take them as baggage.

Otherwise the railway company won't

let them. Can your female mind as-

The caller joined the intent audience

on the floor, and contemplated Mr.

praise. It was pleasing to find any one

clever enough to get ahead of a rail-

Mary E. Wilkins' Home Life.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is the fortu-

nate possessor of the treasury with

which the romantic novelist adorns his

heroines—a wealth of beautiful golden hair, and it is of the real yellow golden

hue which one seldom sees growing

naturally on a woman's head. The dis-

tinguished novelist is very tiny in fig-

ure, and very shy and modest in man-ner. She cares little for the applause of the world; indeed, she seems hardly

to know what to do with the fame that

she has won. At a little distance one

would take her for a shy and sensitive

child who begs that she may not be

Deer Hunting in Maine.

plenty of the game in the woods.

A trinity there seems of principles, Which represent and rule created life-

The love of self, our fellows, and our

he added modestly, "it's a

Taking it by and

love and

Brightside. It's his latest speciality."

Mr. Brightside, with apparent irrele-

another pair of handles.

vance, "Is that I'm lazy.

similate that fact?

road company.-Ex.

beautiful piece of work."

Brightside with wonder,

large."

a friend in Wisconsin, you see.

This is about the greatest crisis of

to make good serviceable handles.

on it now."

caller dropped into the Brightside

assembled in the kitchen. Mr.

all the things he sent her were exactly Many Invalids Were Cured There Befor what she wanted. Her payments are made by return of post. This is less the Deception Was Found Out.

AN ELECTRIC SPRING.

usual in her class than might be imag-HOME-MADE TRUNKS.

In one of the shipyards of Cleveland there is a young man who demonstrated to some people of the Rocky Mountain country the great influence of the mind over the body, says the Cleveland Leader. In their cases this influence was sufficient to cure various diseases until they discovered the hoax, and then a relapse came to some who had not as yet thoroughly recovered. The young man and his companions were not pos ing as priests of any peculiar faith, but were simply looking out for the dollars that might come from their patients, and the cures were in no wise credited to faith, but to the natural properties of an "electric spring." This they claimed to have discovered under the bluff at Pike's Peak, and over the water they built a fancy sanitarium. Soon people came from far and near, and not only came, but were cured. From various diseases the patients obtained relief, and the sufferers from rheumatism were numerous, some being terribly crippled. The phenomena of the spring were remarkable and unique. Those who bathed in its waters felt pleasing currents of the subtle energy coursing through their anatomy; and when a cup (which was chained) was touched to its surface a shock was felt by the arm which held the cup. Marvelous success came to the sanitarium, and wealth was ing the several months that the cure was in operation, until one day a party of electricians visited the place and discovered the secret of the spring's peculiar action. Thereupon, fearing the wrath of the people, the young men fled, leaving everything behind. The visiting electricians, strolling over the mountain, had found wires, and these were traced into the spring. Beneath the rocky bottom of the basin there was a network of the conductors. The secret of the shock obtained at the drinkingplace was found to lie in the fact that the water was connected with a wire, and when the cup touched the surface a circuit was formed. The discovery of the fraud destroyed in many cases all the good that had been done by the treatment.

Fire Proof Celluloid. A unique method is lately described as introduced in England for manufacturing fireproof celluloid simply from the spent fibers from paper mills. The process is simple—that is, as described, the pulp, consisting of fibers collected from washing water of the paper mill, is subjected to the action of certain chemicals which reduces it to a glutinous state, and is it then sent through a centrifugal pump, which gives it an even substance, any shade of color being imparted to it at the same time by the use of aniline dyes. After this it is strained through flannel into square boxes, in a short time assuming an almost solid consistency. In this state the celluloid can be cut into slices or molded when the composition is in a liquid condition. The substance thus formed is asserted to be perfectly safe, and it is proposed to make from it printing surfaces for illustrations, for stereotyping, and to utilize it for various purposes as a substitute for other materials now employed.

Pneumatic Mail Service.

Within a year the mails between New York and Brooklyn will be whisked back and forth through pneumatic tubes, running from one government building to the other. The pipes will be large enough to admit small pouches and it is said the cost will not exceed \$100,000. The pneumatic delivery of parcels also is under consideration in several large cities.

Drying Up.

The region of the Caucasus is said to be drying up through the recession of the Caspian sea, leaving barren tracts of sand, which the wind carries over the plains. During the last hundred years no less than 7,000 square miles of shore have been laid bare in this way.

IN FRENCH EYES.

Awarded Highest Honors-World's Fair, American Women Have Good Taste, but No Originality. DR

BAKING

MOST PERFECT MADE. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

"It is the best patent medicine in the world" is what Mr. E. M. Hartman, of Marquam, Oregou, says of Chomberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dlarrhoes Remedy. "What leads me to make this assertion is from the fact that dysentery in its worst form was prevalent around here last summer and it never took over two or three doses of that remedy to effect a complete cure." For sale by P. C. Corrigan druggist.

One night when Mr. Isaac Reese was stopping with me, says M. F. Hatch, a prominent merchant of Quartermaster, Washington, I heard him groaning. On going to his room I found him suffering from cramp colic. He was in such agony I feared he would die. I hastily gave him a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He was soon relieved and the first words he uttered were, "what was that stuff you gave me?" I informed him. A few days ago we were talking about his attack and he said he was never without that remedy now. I have used it in my family for several years. I know its worth and do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends, and customers. For sale by P. C. Corrigan druggist.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD FIDDLE. It Brought Wealth and Land to a Wichita Man.

Hugh McGuire, a farmer near Goddard, Kan., received a violin by express that had in it something more soothing to a Kansas farmer than music. Two years ago his uncle, Peter Conroy, died at Washington city. He was supposed to have some money saved up, and as McGuire was his only heir he anticipated a little fortune. When Conroy's will was opened it was found that he left nothing to McGuire but an old fiddle he brought from Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, in 1848. McGuire was so indignant that he would not pay express charges on the fiddle to Kansas. One night he dreamed the fiddle was full of money. He spoke about it to his wife, and the latter, believing in dreams, appropriated \$2.80 from her butter and egg to pay the charges. arrived to-day, and when examined be found in it \$1,800 in money and a deed to 160 acres of land near Glymount, Va. Not a word of explanation was with the money and Hugh McGuire is wondering what his uncle's idea was. The instrument was torn to pieces to get the money out, but it will be glued together again and hung on the wall of Hugh McGuire's cottage as a monument to his uncle's memory.

A young married couple lived very happily together. One morning, however, the young woman was very morose at the breakfast table and behaved in a most extraordinary way. The husband noticed the change in her manner, but on being questioned by him as to the cause of it she would not give him satisfaction until he finally insisted on being told what was the matter.
"Well," she said at last, "if I dream

again that you have kissed another woman I will not speak to you again as long as I live."—Ex.

Still to ourselves in every place con-Our own felicity we make or find.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

To the owners, occupants, proprietors and lessees of lots, parts of lots, lands and plats within the City of O'Neill, Neb.:
You and each of you are hereby notified to destroy or cause to be destroyed all Russian thistles growing upon all lots, lands and plats owned, occupied or leased by you and each of you within said city, and all Russian thistles growing upon the streets and alleys adjacent to and abutting the lots, parts of lots, lands and plats owned by you and each of you.

of you.

You are further notified that if the same is not destroyed on or before August 15, 1835, the city marshal of said city shall destroy the same and certify the amount charged against each lot, part of lot. plat. land and lands therein to the county clerk, and that the same shall be collected as other taxes.

Street Commissioner.

NOTICE.

In the district court of Holt county, Nebraska J. C. Franklin, plaintiff.

John C. Devine, Laura M. Devine, his wife, Noah Rush, Mrs. Noah Rush, his wife, Check H. Toneray and William Baldwin, defendants.

Check H. Toneray and William Baldwin, defendants.

John C. Devine, Laura M. Devine, his wife, Noah Rush, Mrs. Noah Rush, his wife, Check H. Toneray and William Baldwin, defendants, will take notice, that on the 10th day of July, 1895, plaintiff filed in the office of the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, his petition against said defendants. the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage, executed by the defenants John C. Devine and Laura M. Devine, to one J. G. Snyder, upon the following described premises to-wit; The east half of the northwest quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section number eleven (11.) in township number twenty-five (25.) north of range number fourteen (14.) west of 6th P. M., in Holt county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of his bond of \$400.00 with ten interest coupons thereto attached, dated on the 20th day of May, 1887, due and payable on the 1st day of January, 1892. That there is now due plaintiff upon said bond, coupons, and taxes paid to protect his security on said premises, the sum of \$791.68 with interest at the rate of ten per cent. from the 20th day of June, 1895, for which amount plaintiff prays judgment and that said premises be sold to satisfy the same.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 19th day of August, 1895.

Dated this 10th day of July, 1895. pointed out to public notice, rather than for the successful authoress whose work is ranked by critics among the best of the century. Miss Wilkins was a student at Mount Holyoke college, and her home is in a small town in eastern Massachusetts, not far from Boston. There will be good deer hunting in Maine this year. In many districts recently numbers of the animals have been seen on farms and in fields very close to settlements and villages, which the hunters take to indicate a great

Dated this 10th day or July, 1895.
1-4
J. C. FRANKLIN, Plaintiff.
By E. H. Benedict, his Attorney.

TIMBER PROOF-NOTICE FOR

CULTURE

ORIGINAL NOTE

Amos L. Shannon and Elia
defendants. take notice that
vestment Company, a corons
by virtue of the laws of the
chusetts. plaintiff. filed a
district court of Rolt coast
against you and each of one
prayer of which are to fore
mortgage executed by Amosl
Elizabeth Shannon, to the Gis
Company, upon the souths
section eleven, in township to
of range ten west of the
ment of a promisory post
excounty, Nebraska, given to
ment of a promisory post
due upon said note and more
sendo with interest thereon at annum from Februs, 1.84,
with interest and costs the
for a decree that defendan
to pay the same or that
may be sold to satisfy the
thereon.
You and each of you are read
said petition on or before
August, 1895.
Dated July 2nd, 1895.

By S. D. Thornton, its Attention

To the provided the same of the
By S. D. Thornton, its Attention

To the provided the satisfy the
thereon. ORIGINAL N

By S. D. Thornton, its Attr

IN THE DISTRICT COURT COUNTY, NEBRASE Farmers Trust Company. Ch corporation plaintiff.

corporation plaintiff.

James Harris and wife Hannah W. Sherwood and wife Mrs. In wood, Thomas G. Cowgill as Thomas G. Cowgill as Thomas G. Cowgill Rocked wife, Mrs. Rockwell Sayer, de NOTICE.

The above named defendant them will take notice that on it July, 1895, the above named the above named defendant the above named defendant and prayer of said petition has a certain mortgage deed, and defendants Hurris and wifes upon the following described mated in the country of Holt and braska, to-wit:

The southeast quarter of at the north half of the northeast the north half of the northeast country and plaintiff alleges in said petition mortgage deed was to secure an issory note, dated July 1.88, im signed the secure of the country of the complex of the country of the country of the country of the northeast the north half of the northeast the north half of the northeast the north half of the northeast country of the country of

issory note, dated July 1, 188, in \$1,500 due and payable Decembri interest at seven per cent payable pecabel interest at seven per cent payable pa

In the District Court of Holt Our
Notice to Nonresident Defeat
T. Arthur Thompson, Plaintif.
Vs. Luman M. Cleveland, Essal
land, his wife and C. B. White conestate of Charlotte White decess,
ants.

ants.

Luman M. Cleveland and Email and his wife and C. B. White of the estate of Charlotte White death of the control of the control of the district court of Barbon of the district court of Barbon of the Charlet of said lot to him by the county maid county, on the 19th, day of Fe D. 1892, for the taxes then due at thereon together with taxes she paid thereon; that plaintiff claims is now due him for puchase moor subsequently paid on said premise with interest thereon the sum of the taxes of the taxes of the said premise with interest from the 20 day of Just asks that said lot be sold to saisly mand.

You are required to answer the on or before the 25th. day of Aug. Dated this 17th, day of July 186.

T. ARTHUR THOMPSOS, PARTHUR THO

NOTICE. In the district court of Holt county. J. C. Franklin, plaintiff.

In the district court of Holes.

J. C, Franklin, plaintiff.

Franklin W. Hotchkiss, Mrs. FraHotchkiss, his wife, first name with
N. McKee, tull name unknown, M. McKee, tull name unknown, M. Moffitt, heirs of Edward W. Moffitt
Geased, and Check H. Toncray, del.
Franklin W. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Franklin W. Hotchkiss to Mrs. Franklin W. Hotchkiss to one J. G.

Franklin W. Hotchkiss to one J. G.
Upon the following described premises object and prayer of which are to fee certain mortgare executed by the franklin W. Hotchkiss to one J. G.
Upon the following described premises object and prayer of which are to fee for thirty-two (32.) in township number as even (27.) north of range number as taxes of the 6th P. M. in Holm (13.) west of the 6th P. M. in Holm (13.) west of the 6th P. M. in Holm (13.) west of the 5th P. M. in Holm of \$400.00 with ten interest coupon a tatched, dated July 6, 1887. That hon the 1st day of July, 1892. due plaintiff upon said bond, copped as taxes paid to protect his security as taxes paid to protect his security as taxes paid to protect his security of June, 1895. for which amount prays judgment and that said premises on the 20th day of July, 1892. On the 19th day of August. 1800 before the 19th d Dated this 10th day of July, 186, 1-4 By E. H. Benedict, his attorney.

CAN I OBTAIN A PAT prompt answer and an hones; MUNN & CO., who have had n experience in the patent busines tions strictly confidential. A Hi