#### NARROW WORLD. A



such an utter abandon of joy, that any one, even a man, could have guessed the truth. Fortunately they had chosen the hill road, the least trav-

happened!

eled of all the ways that lead down from the Montecito valley into Santa Barbara, and for the first half hour after the event they met no one.

It was what the inhabitants of the Channel City call a "genuine Santa Barbara day." The sun shone warm and bright and a soft perfumed breeze came out of the west. There was June in the air, although the calendar was set for mid-winter. The birds sang in the trees above them, the squirrels chirped from the hillside, and their horses, wandering at times from the road, sank to the knee in a waving sea of flowers.

'First of all," she said, breaking the silence of a whole minute, "you must

tell my father." "Certainly," said the young man. "Who's afraid?"

"You have never seen papa do the role of the cruel parent," said the girl. "He can be quite a dragon. As you are a kinsman, however"-"A fifth cousin," cried the young

man, with a laugh.

Well, fifth cousins are better than nothing, aren't they?"

'Truly; how else should we be here today?' Then the young man added with peculiar and significant emphasis, 'I am inclined to pride myself on that little scheme."

The girl brought her horse to a sudden stop and turned her clear brown eyes, half opened, under their long lashes, upon her companion.

"That little scheme," she repeated slowly. "I don't understand."

The young man laughed uneasily. "Why, Catherine," said he, "you don't mean that you have believed in the entertaining fiction about our greatgreat-et-cetera-grandfather?"

"Old Ebenezer Strong?" exclaimed the girl. "How dare you call him fictitious, when I saw his portrait at my own grandfather's."

"As your ancestor, my dear one, he is an undoubted reality, but as mine, I regret to say, he is merely a figment of your worthy father's imagination. In short-I would fain break it to you as gently as possible-we are not fifth cousins at all, but just plain ordinary

"Not fifth cousins!"

"No, darling, and if you are going to faint please fail on this side, with your mad right here on my shoulder." "I won't! Wretched boy, how could

you deceive poor papa so?

"I didn't deceive him. He deceived himself. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he seemed determined to locate me somewhere on the Wes ton family tree, and you aided and abetted him in the attempt." "Richard Strong, how can you?"

"I have a sweet and gentle disposition, and when he asked me if I was not descended from Ebenezer Strong of West Brighton Center, and you looked at me so appealingly"

"I didn't any such thing!"

"Why shouldn't I assent? I have doubtless had several hundred ancesors named Strong, and I took chances that some one of them rejoiced in the praenomen of Ebenezer. It is just the sort of a name that my forbears were given to putting on themselves, as an effective and continuous mortification of the flesh. A horsehair

Then, fearful of observation, they spoke in commonplaces. OMETHING HAD

They turned into State street, stopped at the postoffice, the morning's mail having constituted the chief cause There was such a rosy flush on her for the trip to town. Richard Strong dismounted and presently appeared with a letter in his hand. cheek, so bright a gleam in her eye, and on her face

"None for you," he said. "This is for me, from the governor. I'll wager it has something in it about cousins," "Let me see," said the girl, holding

lowed, and they were well into town

before the conversation began again.

out her hand. He tore the letter open and gave it to her. Then he swung himself into his saddle, and they started slowly down the street.

Suddenly the girl gave a faint cry. "Papa has been writing to him!" she exclaimed.

Writing to him? What for?" "He has asked him to pay us a vish on the score of relationship, and your father'

"Well?" said the young man, excited-

ly. "He says he will start immediately-

"Let me see the date of the letter Ye gods! It has been delayed. He must have got here this morning!" He "The train has been in two hours,

she said, glancing at her watch. "I must see him immediately," said her companion, nervously turning his

horse first one way and then another. "Who would have dreamed that both the old boys would take that cousinship so seriously?"

"I did, sir. I knew from the very be ginning that it would make trouble some time.'

"From the very beginning?" repeated the young man, pausing in his excitement long enough to note the force of this chance admission. "So you acknowledge, do you".

"There's the hotel bus," cried the girl, hastily changing the subject. "Perhaps the driver can tell us something." A long, empty vehicle was passing them on its way up the street. Strong called to the driver, and he stopped. "Did you bring up a tall gentleman

this morning, with a white mustache and goatee and gold eyeglasses? "Yes, sir. Your father, don't you

mean? The young people exchanged startled glances

"How did you know?"

"He was inquiring for you, sir, as soon as ever he got to the hotel, and when he found you were gone he went and hired a buggy.

"A buggy—what for?" "He asked the way to Judge Wes-ton's place in the Montecito. He said the judge was a near relative of his." "A near relative!" groaned the hor-rified Strong, while his companion turned away her face, although whether to conceal a look of anguish or a laugh will never be known.

The omnibus proceeded on its way. "We must hurry," said the young man, spurring his horse to a canter. The less time they have together be fore explanations are made the better

"What do you think they will do? asked the girl.

"I don't dare to think. You see on everything except this family tree business our respective parents are as far apart as civilized humans can be. Your father, now, is an elder in the church, while mine has lost all the religion i.e ever had, and he has never recovered from the habit of using swear words acquired during years of service in the regular army. "O dear! O dear!"

"Then, again, Judge Weston is

ardent Republican." "And is your father a Democrat?"

"Worse than that-he is a Mugwump." "How interesting! I have always

longed to see one of them." "And my father believes that Bacon

### WHITTIER'S FIRST POETRY. One Boyish Poem Gained Him Garrison's Friendship.

After he had made the acquaintance of Burns' poems, Whittier began to scribble rhymes of his own on his slate at school, and in the evening about the family hearth. One of his boyish stanzas lingered in the memory of an elder sister:

And must I always swing the flail, And help to fill the milking-pail? I wish to go away to school, I do not wish to be a fool.

With practice, he began to be bolder and he wrote copies of verses on everyday events, and also little ballads. One of these, written when he was seventeen, his eldest sister liked so well that she sent it to the weekly paper of Newburyport, the Free Press, then recently started by William Lloyd Garrison.

She did this without telling her brother, and no one was more surprised then he when he opened the paper and found his own verses in "The Poets' Corner."

He was aiding his father to mend a stone wall by the roadside as the postman passed on horseback and tossed the paper to the young man. "His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses," says a biographer. "Such delight as his comes only once in the lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and keep at work." The editor of the Free Press was only three years older than the poet, although far more mature. He did more for the young man than merely print these boyish verses, for he went to Whittier's father and urged the need of giving the youth a little better education. To do this was not possible then; but two years later, when Whittier was nineteen, an academy was started at Haverhill, and here he attended, even writing a few stanzas to be sung at the opening exercises. He studied at Haverhill for two terms, and by making slippers, by keeping books, and by teaching school, he earned the little money needed to pay his way. At Haverhill he was able to read the works of many authors hitherto unknown to him, and he also wrote for the local papers much prose and verse .- Ex.

### TOOTHBRUSH FOR A PRESENT. Permissable Now That Mrs. Cleveland

Has Set the Example

Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder are fast and firm friends. They are so intimate, indeed, that they call each other by their Christian names, says the New York Recorder. When Mrs. Gilder was about to go abroad Mrs. Cleveland expressed deep regret at the parting, which would necessarily be long, and said that she would be pleased if Mrs. Gilder would accept from her a souvenir of her affection. Mrs. Gilder would be pleased, of course, to receive from Mrs. Cleveland any souvenir of affection. Mrs. Cleveland said the souvenir would not be very expensive, because she could not afford any rich and costly gift, but that it would be something real nice, and worth keeping, and such a gift as would bring Mrs. Cleveland constantly to the mind of Mrs. Gilder. On the day an of her departure Mrs. Gilder received an elaborately tied-up package, which she opened with instinctive apprehension that it was the beautiful and appriate souvenir from Mrs. Cleveland.

# HANDSOMEST LONDON WOMAN.

#### Lady Helen Vincent's Charms-She Comes from a Handsome Race

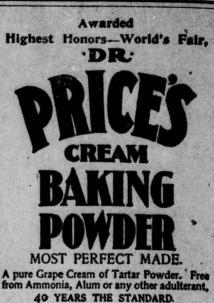
It is now ten years since the beautiful Lady Helen Venitja Duncombe made her bow to London society under the chaperonage of her sister, the Duchess of Leinster. Her Grace's death leaves Lady Helen Vincent, as she has now become, the most beautiful woman of London society. She is of slender figure, with a perfect bust, full arms, and a face exquisitely chiseled and denoting. intelligence of a higher order. Her skin is white with the whiteness of snow, her eyes are a light blue. Her husband, Sir Edgar Vincent, not so many years ago was voted the handsomest man in the Household troops, to which he belonged in the capacity of captain in the Coldstream Guards. At present he occupies the lucrative position of financial adviser to the Khedive and director-general of the Ottoman bank. Lady Helen comes from a stock that has given England many beauties. Her great-grandmother on her mother's Linley," and became the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of "The Rivals," himself a very good-looking man. Other descendants of Sheridan noted for their beauty were Lady Seymour, afterward Duchess of Somerset, at one time England's crowned "Queen of Beauty," and the mother of the pres ent Marquis of Dufferin. And all these women not only inherited the good looks for which their brilliant ancestor was noted, but also some, at least, of the wit that made his fame. Lady Helen Vincent was the brightest of the Duncombe sisters, and did not make the mistake of marrying for love and position alone, like her late sister, the Duchess of Leinster. Her Grace, while in the flesh, was always hard pressed for money, and was very glad of the several hundred pounds per year which the enormous sales of her photographs yielded her. Sir Edgar is a millionaire and is growing richer every day.

AN AUTHOR'S PSEUDONYM.

### How "The Duchess" Got Her Well-Known Title.

"The Duchess" is the pseudonym of

Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, an Irish lady now residing in London. Her name by her first marriage was Argles. Mr. Argles was convicted of forgery shortly after the wedding and was sent to jail. His wife, thrown upon her own resources, turned in despair to literature. "Phyllis" was the first production of her pen. She found a publisher for it, and it made a great hit. It will be remembered that the hero of "Phylits" is named Marmaduke, and is called by the heroine Duke. Hence the herd ine herself, who is supposed to write her autobiography, becomes "The Duchess." This is the literary genesis of the pseudonym, whose use in Mrs. Hungerford's title-pages is the device of her American and not of her English publishers. But it seems that in real life Mrs. Hungerford has been humorously known as the Duchess. In a recent letter to an American friend she gives the following story of how this title originated: "As to the origin of my nom de plume, there is not very much to say about it. Many years ago, when engaged upon my first novel, 'Phyllis,' I happened to attend an 'at home' at the house of one of my intimate friends. As I was about to enter the reception-room my host saw me and



### THIS HORSE.

Much on the Road, but He Wasn't Knew How to Hunt.

"I had a horse," said an old army man, "that had belonged once to the Seventh Cavalry, but he had the "I C" brand under his mane, so he was out of the service. Inspected and condemned. He was a regular old plug, but he was all I could get to go hunting on, so I took him. I rode away out into the plains from the fort, and I saw a bunch of antelopes finally. I got off the horse and dropped the reins on the ground, expecting the horse to stand there till I came back. I started off toward the antelope, and was sneaking along to get a shot, when I looked around, and I'll be blamed if that brute of a horse hadn't started off as tight as he could lope. 'Well,' says I, 'I guess I'm in for a six-mile tramp home.' I cursed that horse to myself for a while, and then I went on. Pretty soon I looked up, and I'm blessed if there wasn't that horse over the other side of that bunch of antelope. 'Well, now,' says I, 'I'd like to know what the devil that horse thinks he's up to, anyhow.' Pretty soon he began to circle around on the other side, and the antelope saw him and started off toward me. I caught on at once, and I lay down and waited. That old horse cut up the most surprising antics out there, and all the while he kept working those antelope toward me. By and by they got in range, and I got two; darned good luck

it was, too. You see that horse was an old Indian hunting pony, and he had been trained to do that way. Well, I went back to the post, and everybody wanted to know how it happened I had such good luck. But I didn't tell 'em. Not then.

"A few days after I took the same horse out after prairie chickens. It was the time of the year when the chickens were flying, and I was riding along, when all of a sudden the critter stopped short, braced himself up and waitedfor what I didn't know. But in a second a couple of chickens flew up ahead of me, and I was so surprised I didn't shoot. 'Well,' I says, 'I'll be switched. Here's a horse that's not only a hunting horse, but is a regular pointer dog, too." And he was. I got my gun ready, and the next time he stopped I was right on hand and dropped a bird. Well, now, no sooner did that horse see that bird fall than he galloped off right to where it fell,

O'Neill, also the northwest twenty-seven (27,) townshi eleven (11.) Plaintiff all chused the above described fendant, M. M. Sullivan, pr October. 1802, and receive deed therefor. Plaintiff pri that he be decreed to be the of said property and that you and your co-defenda have no claim. right, titled said real estate, and plaint in said petition that certain by you and your co-defend defendant M. M. Sullivan and prays that the cloud cestate by reason of said proved and that the title to be quieted and confirmed in that you and your co-defend from having or claiming to a in or to said real estate, and plaint in or to said real estate. That you and your co-defend from having or claiming to a in or to said real estate. Dated August 12, 1895. NOTICE. In The District Court of Hol Robert R. Dickson, plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COUNTY.

r. H. Green, plat

M. Sulli . H. Ber

& Co

To the

Torrey & Com Company. Ja Company. Hen Abeles & Compa B, Lewis & Com

B. Lewis & Company, B. Lewis & Company, Har cona, Bradley and M & Company. Shear chester Rubber Co & Company, a co-insurance Company; will take notice th August, 1895, the abo his petition in the county. Nebraska, a you and the other m ing in said petition and in possession of real estate situated in county. Of Holt, and s Lot 9, in block "G," block "K," all in C addition to said eff and 12 in block 9, o'Neill, also the north wenty-seven (27,) tow

Robert R. Dickson, plainiff. Vs. Nicholas Martin and wife, h Dorr Klump, W. W. Bat Havens, Bennet B. Botsfula Trasher executors of the san Fok, deceased, defendants The above named defendants them will take notice that our August, 1805, the above name his petitton in the district Sounty. Nebraska, agains p you, the object and prayerd being to foreclose a certain far catte, issued by the county tree county. Nebraska, to him en May. 1803, for the delinquent in block 16 in the cityof O'Nell. Of Holt and state of Nebraska. of Holt and state of Nebraia. Inaving purchased the same private tax sale and said certifie the delinquent taxes on said an 1890, also to foreclose certainan 1890, also to foreclose certainan 1890, also the lith day of Deen the delinquent taxes on said wi 1891, 1892 and 1893. Said taxe paid as subsequent taxes and w plaintiff's prior purchase of said taxes. Plaintiff alleges that of said certificate and subseq celpts and that the same at the become and still are a first and that there is due him yr

ceipts and that the same aras become and still are a fislin and that there is due him by tax sale and subsequent tax sum of \$200.00, together with the attorney fees. The plaintiff prays for a taxes be decreed to be afmi premises and prior to the lies of each of the defendants, and defendants be required to part that said premises may be sole umount due, and further pray-terest of each and all the cefend decreed to be subject, junior and plaintiff's lien. You are cequired to answer at

You are required to answ or before the 23rd day of Sc Dated this 12th day of Au 6-4 R. R. Du In the District Court of H Notice to Nonresident Deter T. Arthur Thompson, Plainif. Vs. Luman M. Cleveland, Em land, his wife and C. B. White an estate of Charlotte White decem tif. estate of Charlotte White deceants. Luman M. Cleveland and Email hand his wife and C. B. white, the estate of Charlotte white de-take notice; that on the fith, day D. 1805, the above named plaint office of the district court of mander Nebraska, his petition against rea-and prayer of which is to forecan tax-fien upon lot No. Sixteen is twenty-two in the city of O'Neil enuring to him by reason dear said lot to him by the court of D. 1802, for the taxes then due therecon together with taxes mail thereon is the plaintiff claim is now due him for puchase moder subsequently paid on said break with interest thereon the sam of interest from the 20 day of Jus-asks that said lot be sold to sative matted.

side was known as "the beautiful Miss

would be nothing to it."

"You may laugh, if it pleases you," said the girl severely, "but if papa had known you were not a relative should not be riding alone together. He generally disapproves of the eastern people who spend the winter at the hotel."

"If you really feel that I have been



#### "RICHARD STRONG! HOW' CAN YOU?

guilty of false pretenses," said the young man, drawing his horse a little "suppose we begin all over nearer, again.'

"Keep your distance, sir!" exclaimed the girl, steering to the opposite side of the road. "If we are to start afresh, let it be from the very beginning, three weeks ago."

"Now, as to your father," resumed the young man, "I think I understand him pretty well, because my one and only parent, the governor himself, is constructed on much the same plan. Wherever he goes he is continually in search of the lost tribes of the Strong genealogy. The last letter I had from him in Colorado, where he is spending the winter, contained the announcement that he had unearthed four or five new cousins-choice specimens, doubt not, that he will expect me to meet and embrace on my way home.

"Perhaps it was wrong." he con tinued, after a moment of reflection, "to play upon that little peculiarity of your father's, to get into his good graces, but you must consider the extraordinary provocation, dear. It seemed like my only chance-are you sorry I took it?"

looked her answer, but did not She speak it, and then, avoiding the hand extended to selze her own, she struck her horse a light blow and dashed down the road ahead.

long even canter in silence fol-

wrote Shakespeare's plays." "Heavens! Let us ride faster. Papa

will have slain him before we get there. "Really, Catherine," said the young

man, when they had slackened their pace to climb the hills, "it would not surprise me if they had positively refused to enter into partnership as fathers-in-law.

"Never mind, Richard," said the girl smilingly. "Father has never yet re-fused me anything when my happiness was at stake, as it is now.

Strong shrugged his shoulders. "Mine "He is made of he answered. has," flint, the old general, and if he should take it into his head to say no it would be awkward in ways I don't like to mention."

"Never mind," said the girl, smiling On a slight knoll surrounded by a grove of live oaks and faced with an avenue of old palms stood the ample residence of Judge Weston. As the young people came through the gate and entered upon the graveled roadway they observed two elderly gentlemen emerge from a small forest of roseoushes and start briskly down the path toward them. Presently the shorter of the two took his companion's arm, and they walked along in evident peace and amity.

"They haven't found it out yet," the young man whispered.

Judge Weston assisted his daughter "Catherine," said he," this is to alight. General Strong, the father of our young friend.'

The general bent low in an old-fashioned obeisance, and Miss Catherine instinctively made him a courtesy out of the minuet.

"Father!"

"Dick, my dear boy!"

"See here," exclaimed the judge suddenly. "You were mistaken, Richard, in what you told me about old Ebenezer Strong.

The young man braced himself for a struggle

"And to think, Dick," cried the gen eral reproachfully, "that you never mentioned to the judge that your once great-great grandfather, Hezeklaß Strong, married a Weston."

"And that brings us even nearer than we had supposed," added the judge; "fourth cousins instead of fifth."

"It was stupid of me to forget that," said the young man huskily.

"And now that I have seen Miss Cath erine," said the general, taking her hand, and passing his arm about her waist, "my only regret is that the relationship is not several degrees nearer

Then Catherine looked at Richard. and he told what had happened on the them rather an economical investment, way to town. Straightway there was a great amount of handshaking and a good deal of kissing done in broad day-light under the palms.

box she discovered that it contained a silver toothbrush. Rather a queer sort of souvenir, but certainly one that would bring Mrs. Cleveland frequently to the mind of Mrs. Gilder if the latter should make practical use of the gift.

She was not mistaken. On opening the

### Large Game in Maine.

Those who have recently returned from fishing expeditions at the headwaters of some of the rivers of Maine report that large game was seen in greater numbers than for many years past. While this is very encouraging news there appears to be an impression that many of those who visited the remote portions of Maine at this season of the year ostensibly for the purpose of angling do not confine themselves exclusively to that pursuit. It is reported that on the trail of some of these explorers there have been found evidences of the most reckless slaughter of deer and even moose. Mr. Jonathan Darling, one of the famous Maine guides, who has recently returned from the wilds of Maine, reports plenty of signs of "bad hunters." Mr. Darling intimates that the wicked City of Bangor is the headquarters for these unprincip'- violators of the game law .-New York Sun.

One of the Commandments Ruined. Dr. S. A. Binion, an Egyptologist, while visiting the Boston public library discovered that there is a commandment missing from the decalogue as inscribed on the walls. The Ten Commandments are supposed to be inscribed in Hebrew characters on the tables of stone which the great lawgiver holds, but Dr. Binion discovered that one of the letters in the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has been repeated and the proper character omitted. The result was that there is no meaning to the commandment as inscribed, and there is little doubt that, now the attention of the library authorities has been called to the matter, the defect will be remedied.

### Guest Cards of Delft.

Guest cards of Holland Delft are among the latest novelties for the table. The cards are in odd shapes, showing the conventional delft scenes. The name is written on a white space at the bottom of the card, and may be easily rubbed off when the luncheon or dinner is over. This fact makes as they may be used any number of times.

came forward. He waved the footman back and announced me to the guests as her Grace the Duchess. Very solemnly he said it, and, being very well known to each other, the laugh was universal. Then somebody else took up the plot and said the title well became me."

### Married in Jail.

Tennessee papers are telling of a romantic marriage at Memphis a few days ago, where, in order to be safe from the interference of the objecting father of the bride, the couple were married in the county jail, the jailer being a friend of the bridegroom, and agreeing to keep the troublesome parent outside until all was over. But the point about the case that is apt to strike a non-resident of Tennessee as most notable-it is merely mentioned incidently there-is that a prisoner awaiting trial for assault and battery acted as best man, going from the jail to the county court with the jailer to get the license; supporting the bridegroom during the ceremony in the jailer's parlor; giving away the bride, and performing other functions that might seem strange in a prisoner not so favorably situated as one in a Tennessee jail.

#### A Small Negro Girl Preaching.

Washington Post: A phenomenal 9. year-old negro girl preacher is interesting Society Hill, S. C. For a week the child has conducted a series of revival meetings, and the effect of her preaching is said to be wonderful. She is without education, and developed her strange powers not more than ten days ago. At first she preached only to the negroes, but now white people are flocking to hear her, and the whole country round about is in great excitement. She quotes Scripture by the chapter, uses good language, and shows amazing insight into the frailties of humanity. A number of conversions are reported from her work.

#### He Had Walked 96,360 Miles.

One of the famous umbrella menders, Stephen Boaler, died last night in the almshouse, says a Williamsport, Pa., special. He was 50 years old, and his father is 81. They were known as "Moody and Sankey," and had a route covering Lycoming, Union, Snyder, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry, and Dauphin' counties, which they traversed. They have walked 96,360 miles in 33 years in plying their vocation.

had to do was to reach off and pick it up. He was a great horse, I tell you, and I got lots of good hunting with him."

HIS BROKEN HEART.

### The True Story of an Affectionate and Faithful Dog.

I wish to add to the many stories of the fidelity of dogs, an instance that occurred within my own knowledge and under my own eyes.

In my childhood a young man visited my father with a very fine dog, one so highly trained as to seem possessed of almost human intelligence. A friend, going on a hunting excursion, borrowed this dog for a few days, and during this time its master was seized with a sudden and violent illness, which ended his life in twenty-four hours.

When the dog returned, therefore, its owner was not only dead, but buried. The poor creature sniffed at its master's clothes and looked all over the house and the premises for him in the most wistful and pathetic manner.

At last, by some instinct, or by the exquisite keenness of his scent, he found out his master's grave and stretched himself upon it. There he stayed day and night, rarely quitting the spot except for an hour or so, when he would wander about restlessly and wistfully and then return to his station.

Finding that he would not stay anywhere else, we carried him food and a pan of water two or three times a day. but he barely touched either, and after a few weeks he died of a broken heart. We buried him at the foot of his master's grave, as was suitable in view of such tender and faithful affection.

If any dumb animal deserve immortality or be capable of enjoying it, surely that animal is the dog.

M. W. E.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

TIMBER CULTURE COMMUTATION PROOF-NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

PROOF-NOTICE FOR PURLICATION. United States Land Office. ( O'Neill, Neb., July 9, 1895. Notice is hereby given that August Koenig has filed notice of intention to make commu-tation proof before the register and receiver at their office in O'Neili. Neb., on Friday, the Bith day of August, 1865, on timber culture application No. 6281, for the east ½ north-cast quarter and east ½ southeast ½ of sec-tion number 2, in township number 30 north of range number 9 west. He names as witnesses: Frank Phillips, of Star, Nebraska, W. H. Anderson, of Ftar, Nebraska, A. C. Mohr, of Hainsville, Neb., A. R. Wertz, of Star, Neb. 16

Maud. You are required to answer the on or before the 26th. day of Au

B95. Dated this 17th. day of July 185. T. ARTHUR THOMPSON. B BY E. H. BENEDIOT, his Attorney.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF COUNTY, NEBRASKA

Farmers Trust Company, Chicago. corporation plaintiff.

aid premises mount found defe

the t John W. Sher before the 9th day of Ju