

THE BANK MYSTERY.



NE day the directors of the Bank of England were much puzzled and not a little amused when the secretary read to them at their annual sitting the following ill-spelt and somewhat curious letter:

"Two gentlemen of Bank England: You thing you is all safe hand you're Bank his safe, butt I knows better. I bin inside the Bank the last 2 nites had you nose nuffin about it. Butt hum not a thief, so hif you will mett mee in the sret squar rom, werh arl the monely is, at twelf 2 nite Ie I explain orl to yew. Lett oncy 1 hor 2 cum along and say nuffin to nobody.

—Jno. Smiffin."

The detectives looked grave. There was a plot at work, they saw, and with their usual penetration they at once penetrated the deepest depths of the inquiry.

There is a very large room underground where the huge wealth of the bank is deposited—millions of English sovereigns, bars of gold and hundred-weights of silver, with myriads of notes to an incalculable amount.

The detectives, of course, knew that this room must be the place which the writer of the letter had designated as "the gret squar rom."

No one from outside could enter, but of course the police well understood the trick. There must be some confederate within the bank, and one of the conspirators, being more cowardly than the rest, had resolved to betray his fellows to save himself.

All night long the detectives were secreted in the room, but they saw nothing and heard nothing, with the exception that some said they heard about 2 o'clock a strange sound which they could not account for.

The next night was the same, and the next, and the next; and when the "heard day" of the bank came around the directors would have treated the affair as an idle attempt to frighten them had not their attention been more strongly called to the subject by the following incident:

A heavy chest had been forwarded by the Parcels Delivery company, directed to the "Directors of the Bank of England." The chest was, of course, opened before them at once, such a thing being very unusual, and found to contain a large packet of most valuable papers and securities, which had been safely deposited in the vault. With them was the following letter:

"To the Directors of the Bank of England—Gentlemen: My husband, who is an honest man, wrote to you last week and told you he had found a way which he believes is known only to himself, of getting into your strong room, and offered, if you would meet him there, tonight, to explain the whole matter.

"He has never taken anything from that room, except the enclosed box. You set detectives upon him, and he took the box to show that he could go there if he chose.

"He gives you another change. Let a few gentlemen be in the room alone and my husband will meet you there at midnight. Yours very respectfully, "Ellen Smith."

The only thing that was evident was that the writer, "Ellen Smith," was a better scholar than her husband. The detectives were shown the letter and acted accordingly. The cleverest men were posted in the room.

In the morning they told a strange story. They said they saw a light at about 12 o'clock. It seemed to come from a dark lantern; but directly they ran to the spot from whence the light proceeded it went out and the strictest search had discovered nothing.

Every night the strictest watch was set, but nothing turned up until, on the morning when the next sitting of the board was to be held, another letter was found upon the table of the



strong room. How it was got there, considering the room was guarded day and night, was a mystery. Its contents were as follows:

"It was for your own good that you were warned that the strong room of the bank is not really safe. At any time any one can enter it. If we wished to steal we certainly would never have told you about it or returned that box.

"If the police are there tonight we will never explain the easy way of getting into your strong room, but most likely some one else will let you know that we told the truth when they help themselves to what is there.

"E. S."

There were two things perfectly evident—one, that the writer of the letter really had access in some mysterious way to the strong room and the other that he had discovered that the police had been put upon his track.

So it was determined that some of the directors, who could conveniently do so, should visit the strong room at the time indicated in the letter.

The plan was carried out. But, as might be expected, the directors were not alone. The police had advised them too well for that; and half a dozen of the best detectives were placed in such a way that any one would have supposed that they formed one group.

They waited there the whole night long, but nothing was seen or heard. Their labor was in vain. About four o'clock in the morning the detectives whispered that it was needless for the

gentlemen to remain any longer; they themselves would wait as long as the gentlemen choose, but the hour for breaking into the strongest of all strong rooms—if it could be broken into at all—was long past.

The next morning the board held an extraordinary meeting, in order to discuss the result of the efforts of the gentlemen who had been all night in the vault. After a long argument about nothing, a porter entered with a letter, which he stated had been found on the table in the strong room. It ran as follows:

"You can do ass yeou like. Lars nigh I herd some speak to Mr. Feidin, who I know is an hossifer of the perlice, sow of course I did not come, as I mite ave don. I give yeou another chance. Come to nite. If two or 3 gentlemen are there aloane hi will be with um. If eny detective is there hi shal give it al up at 1st. Yeou may choose as yeou will

—J. S."

Every suitable precaution was taken when night came. The sentinel paced up and down outside; the detectives were not far off; and after the most rigorous search had been instituted, the gentlemen were locked in.

At last one of them who paced the floor impatiently, beginning to think that perhaps after all it was only a clever trick, cried out:

"You ghost, you secret visitor, you midnight thief, come out! There is no one here but two gentlemen, and myself. If you are afraid, I give you my word that the police are not here."

It was more in jest than in earnest that Major Clifford—for it was a military man—shouted out this absurd speech. His astonishment, however, was great, when, in reply to what he had said, he heard a voice, saying:

"If you have kept your word, I will keep mine. Put out your light, and then I'll come."

The major and his fellow directors did not much like putting out the light, but they were not cowards, and after some demur it was done.

When the light was out they waited in silence, while the major grasped firmly in one hand a revolver. For a little while a low, grating sound was heard, then the falling of a heavy body, and the next instant a man was visible, standing in the middle of the vault, with a dark lantern in his hand.

The man soon spoke for himself and the directors listened in astonishment. It appeared that he was a poor man, and obtained a precarious living in a strange way. When the tide was low it is the custom of a certain class of people unknown to refined society to enter the sewers to search for any articles of value that may have been accidentally washed down into them.

One night he discovered an opening leading to some place above. There was a large, square stone, which he found could be easily raised. He listened for some time, and finding all was silent, lifted up the stone without much difficulty, and found, after some little investigation by the light of his lantern, that he was in the strong room of a bank.

He told his wife, who was a woman of much superior education to his own, of the whole affair, and then he wrote, as we have seen, to the directors.

The mystery was now cleared up, and the directors, casting for lights, examined the place carefully, and fully verified the man's statements.

The directors felt that they owed the strange man a debt of gratitude. There was incalculable wealth hidden there, in the shape of not only notes and the most valuable securities, but also in solid bullion and hard cash.

The very strictest search proved that nothing had been taken besides the box, which was returned intact.

When this point was fully settled it was agreed by the directors that the mysterious visitor should be rewarded for his honesty, and it was currently reported that they settled upon him a liberal annuity, sufficient to support him in comfort for the rest of his days.—Boston Globe.

Flour of Bananas.

A good deal of attention has been drawn of late to the use of the banana as a source of flour or meal, and though such an application is by no means new or the discovery modern, it seems not at all unlikely that banana flour is an article that has a prospect of great development in the near future.

Wherever the banana or plantain thrive, the fruits, when dry, are converted into meal and used for making cakes, puddings, and for various other uses in cookery. An effort is being made to establish a factory for the manufacture of banana meal. As to the use of banana flour for brewing purposes, Mr. Kahke, one of the best known manufacturers of yeast in Germany, writes in this connection: "Banana flour, without doubt, from its richness in starch and its good flavor, is particularly suitable for the manufacture of yeast. This flour is easily rendered saccharine. The yeast obtained by adding banana flour to the other ingredients has a good color, all the requisite properties of an excellent class of yeast, and, moreover, keeps well. The alcohol obtained from it leaves nothing to be desired, so that this flour may be introduced as an article of commerce and employed without any special preparation. Satisfactory experiments have also been made in some breweries, where 20 per cent of malt has been replaced by the flakes and flour of bananas. The flavor of the beer was not altered, and the quantity of liquid was increased, and the malt was replaced by a less expensive substance. Experiments are being made in which the proportion of banana flour is increased."

How Mrs. Sprague Saw a French Duel.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is one of the few American women who ever had the pleasure of witnessing a real duel. One day in Paris she accompanied a French lady of high social position to see a duel in the outskirts of Paris. Two journalists of the boulevard were the combatants. Of course, the ladies remained in their carriage, and their presence was unknown to all, save one of the seconds, who had invited and escorted them to the scene of conflict. For a wonder, the duel was not a bloodless one. At the first shot one of the belligerents was seriously wounded, and as the blood spurted the French woman in the carriage screamed, and would have betrayed the presence of the feminine audience if Mrs. Sprague had not clapped her hand over her friend's mouth.

Beethoven Appreciated.

She (at a concert)—"Oh, I just dote on Beethoven."

He—"Do you?"

She—"Yes, indeed. Beethoven's music is so delicate, so refined, so musical, it doesn't interfere with the conversation at all."

POLITENESS PAYS.

Even a Sleeping-Car Porter Can Afford to Treat Travelers Courteously.

Henry Carey, one of the very best of the many good servants employed by the Pennsylvania railroad, died about two years ago, lamented and respected by every officer of the road whom he came in contact with, says the Philadelphia Times. Carey was one of those ideal servants who were never around except when he was wanted, and then he was sure to be in evidence. He had that happy faculty of just knowing what was the right thing to do at the right moment, and if he was not wanted you would think the earth had swallowed him up, and in the moment he was wanted he appeared to descend from the clouds. A little incident in his life before he got in the employ of the railroad company is worth relating.

At that time he was a porter of one of the Pullman cars and one day just as they were leaving the station in Chicago he was going through the cars, when one of the passengers asked him for some slight information. He said he didn't know, but he would find out and bring back the answer, which he did in a few minutes. The passenger then asked him to be good enough to hand him a drink of water. He said certainly in a most polite way and brought him the glass of water. The passenger was quite taken with the kindly face of Carey, and said to him that he was not very well and that he might get worse on the journey and asked him if he wouldn't be good enough to pay him some little attention on the way. Carey then told him that that was not his car, that his car was in front and that he could give him but very little attention there. He then asked if he might not be removed to the front car. Carey said he would have to consult the conductor, which he did. The conductor agreed to the transfer and he was moved into Carey's car. For the first eight or ten hours the man was rather under the weather, but Carey gave him every attention in his power, and from that on he rather improved, but Carey still kept up his kind attention, bringing him everything that he thought he might like, and doing everything that he wanted. When he arrived in Philadelphia Carey took his valise out to the platform. When the passenger, watching his opportunity, saw the porter of the other car that he had left come up to talk with Carey, the passenger put his hand into his vest pocket, took out a hundred-dollar note and handed it to Carey, saying: "I want to thank you for your attention to me on the journey here, and I also want to reward you for your kindness to me. Good-day, I hope you may have a prosperous time." To say that the porter whose car the passenger had left dropped dead, is to moderately depict his feelings.

AFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

Ex-Valued States Senator Conger of Michigan Destitute.

From position and power to penury and want is an epitome of the life of ex-Senator Conger, of Michigan, who has for many years resided in Washington. Fifteen years ago he was one of the great leaders of the republican party, yet to-day his name is almost unknown to the readers of the daily papers. In the Chicago convention in 1890, when the Grant contingent, led by Roscoe Conkling, apparently had possession of the organization of the convention, Senator Conger, of Michigan, delivered a speech of such impregnable, logical force that the report of the committee on credentials was defeated, and thereby the Grant forces were ultimately routed. For two hours Senator Conger held that vast concourse spellbound by his eloquence, and his effort has never been paralleled in any national convention save by Bourke Cockran in 1892, but Cockran failed, while Conger triumphed. Senator Conger is now 74 years old, and has long been in feeble health. Two years ago his wife died, leaving him an annuity of \$100 a month. Her brother, James Humphrey, is executor of the estate, and for more than a year he has withheld the payments of the legacy. The aged senator has brought suit for this stipend, and has fought it through several courts, receiving favorable decisions on every occasion. In court a day or two ago Senator Conger's lawyer stated that Humphrey is withholding payments with the manifest hope that the aged senator may die, when the amount due him would revert to Humphrey. The lawyer said, however, that the hope is in vain, as Senator Conger is daily swinging dumbbells and is as determined to live as his brother-in-law appears to be determined that he shall die.

Cure for Rattlesnake Bites.

George Lewis, the snake catcher, who captured six 5½-foot rattlers near Port Jarvis, N. J., two weeks ago, was bitten in the left hand by a rattler while removing an old stump in a lot. He bound a handkerchief tightly around the wrist, and, going home, steeped the leaves of a plant called "pilot master" in water and applied poultices to the wound every hour. The arm swelled to an enormous size as far as the shoulder, but the weed proved a sure cure. Lewis was able to be about the next morning in Port Jarvis and exhibited the curative weed. It is like a house plant, spotted, and grows from three to four inches high.

A Hen That Kills Mice.

Councilman Samuel Bell, a horse importer of Wooster, O., has a Minorca pullet that takes as much delight in catching rats and mice as a rat dog. The hen was raised with a litter of fox terriers, and from being associated constantly with the dogs has acquired their hatred for rodents. She will tackle the largest kind, and while she has never killed a large one, will keep them at bay until the dogs come to her relief. She has killed many half-grown ones. She seems to know that the big rats are too much for her. It is in dispatching mice that she is at home, and two to four picks from her bill always lay the mouse out. A funny part of the hen's accomplishment is that she will stand for hours on watch for mice, and when one appears, pounce on it with the fury of a cat.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, 'DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ONE YEAR OF CO-OPERATION.

Their Motto Is "United to Relieve; Not Combined to Injure."

The experiment of organizing a society on the co-operative plan in Knoxville and Allentown is now a year old. The other night the first anniversary of the Integral Co-operative association, composed of people in that community, was celebrated with an entertainment in the Allentown Turner hall. While the association has a membership of only 123, there were 700 people at the celebration. The programme consisted principally of vocal and instrumental music by good local talent.

President J. Edward Chesley made a speech, in which he told of the progress the movement had made. Mr. Chesley is an enthusiast, who believes the world is slowly but surely resolving itself into one mighty social organization, in which the Golden Rule will be universally practiced, and in which everybody will buy groceries at one common supply house at cost. During his talk the president called attention to a large streamer stretched across the hall, on which was painted this motto: "United to Relieve; Not Combined to Injure." In fact, this sentiment was the keynote of his short speech. He declared that the "old boat of competition is sinking, and the lifeboat of co-operation is coming to the rescue."

He explained the value of co-operative effort, as illustrated by the grocery owned and conducted by the association at 48 Washington avenue, Thirty-first ward. He said that all the storerooms now occupied by stores in excess of those absolutely necessary to supply the people was a waste of rent. His theory is that all profit made by the stores which the community could get along without is a species of robbery, and that the patrons are the people robbed. In connection with the printed programme was a statement of the condition of the co-operative grocery. From these figures it would appear that the weekly sales are \$385, and that there has been a gain in the assets of the grocery of \$415.42 since it has been running. The balance sheet shows that the store invoices \$1,022.39 in merchandise and \$484.30 in fixtures, with \$134.79 cash on hand. The Belamy association, which is an outgrowth of the Integral association, now owns a toby factory and employs sixteen people.—New York Sun.

MINKS IN AN ODD BATTLE.

They Fought Each Other Viciously In the Water and Out.

An unusual battle was witnessed at Greenwood lake on Wednesday by Mr. Silas Pickering, of Newark, and old Steve Garrison, the veteran guide, says New York Sun. Steve was rowing, and St was catching frogs for bass along the east shore of the lake, a short distance below the Brandon house. Suddenly they heard a remarkable squealing, and as they turned a point of rocks they saw on the shore of a little cove two full-grown minks in combat. The usually shy animals were so busy that they paid no attention to the approach of the boat, and Steve rowed up to within fifteen feet of them. The minks seemed each to be fighting for a throat-hold, and the way they sparred and scratched was highly interesting. Finally, one caught the other by the back, and they rolled from the rock into the water, where they continued to fight as energetically as on the shore. Soon they emerged, separately, but clinched as soon as they were on the rock, and the fight waged sharper than ever. Both minks squealed almost continuously as they snapped and scratched at each other. Three times they pitched from the sloping rock into the water and crawled out to renew the fight ashore, but after another dip only one came up. The other had evidently tired of the fight and sneaked away under water. The victor crept upon the rock, and not seeing his adversary, began to strut to and fro as if much pleased with himself. Suddenly he caught sight of Pickering's striped blazer and fled into the bushes.

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40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A Modern Crusoe.

A Norwegian fisherman named Brakmo is posing as a modern Robinson Crusoe. Last year he was driven by a storm to Spitzbergen, where he was compelled to live for thirteen months in a hut lined with reindeer skin, subsisting on what he was able to kill.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE OF PETITION.

State of Nebraska, Holt County, ss. In County Court: Notice is hereby given that, petition having been filed in the county court of Holt County, Neb., for the appointment of an administrator of the estate of Ada M. Benedict deceased, late of said Co. The same is set for hearing at 10 o'clock a.m. on Saturday, the seventh day of September, 1895, at the office of the county judge in O'Neill, in said county, at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and be heard concerning said appointment. Notice of the time and place of said hearing shall be given by twenty-four days notice in writing to all persons whose names are placed on the list of persons interested in said estate by the Frontier three successive weeks prior thereto. Given under my hand and official seal this 20th day of August, 1895.

G. A. MCCUTCHEAN, County Judge.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.

In the district court of Holt county, Nebraska. J. C. Franklin, plaintiff, vs. William L. Lay et al., defendants.

The defendants, William L. Lay, Elizabeth Lay, his wife, William A. Boggs, administrator of the estate of Wm. Corbit, deceased, Elizabeth Corbit Boggs, William A. Boggs, her husband, Anna Corbit Perkins, Frank Perkins, her husband, Emma Corbit Lovejoy, Mr. Lovejoy, her husband, William C. Corbit, Mrs. William C. Corbit, his wife, E. F. Corbit, Mrs. E. P. Corbit, his wife, P. M. Corbit, and Mrs. P. M. Corbit, his wife, heirs of William Corbit, deceased, and Elizabeth Corbit, deceased, will take notice, that on the 27th day of August, 1895, there was filed in the county court of Holt county, Nebraska, his petition against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain real estate mortgage, executed and delivered to J. G. Snyder by the defendants William L. Lay and Elizabeth Lay on the 20th day of May, 1887, conveying to the said J. G. Snyder the following tract of land, to-wit: Lots number two and the south half of the northeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section number eleven in township number thirty-four north of range number thirteen, west 6th P. M., for the purpose of securing a certain real estate coupon bond of \$600.00 with ten interest coupons, dated 1887, that were made due and payable on the first day of June, 1892, one of said interest coupons due each six months from and after the date thereof and to have said premises sold to satisfy said bond interest and taxes. That there is due and owing upon said bond, coupons, and for taxes paid to protect said lien the sum of \$1,650.00.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 14th day of October, 1895. Dated this 27th day of August, 1895.

J. C. FRANKLIN, Plaintiff. By E. H. Benedict, his Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court, within and for Holt county, Nebraska, August term 1895, in the estate of A. A. Lowe, deceased.

The creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in O'Neill, in said county, on the 18th day of September, 1895, and on the 16th day of November, 1895, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. Claims against said estate must be presented to me on or before the 16th day of August, A. D. 1896, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 16th day of August, 1896.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court, this 16th day of August, 1895.

G. A. MCCUTCHEAN, County Judge.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

Frank J. Toohill non-resident defendant: Notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of August, 1895, O. O. Snyder, Receiver of Holt County Bank, the plaintiff in this action, filed his petition in the office of the clerk of the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by Frank J. Toohill and Bell Toohill upon lots 12 and 13 in block 20 of the original town of O'Neill, in Holt county, Nebraska, which mortgage was executed and delivered to Holt County Bank and filed for record on the 11th day of December, 1892, and recorded in book 50 of mortgages at page 103, and the sum of \$1,150.00.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 30th day of September, 1895, or the time taken as true and judgment entered accordingly.

H. M. UTLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Holt county, Neb. William H. Hale, Benjamin Graham, William H. Hale, Jr., and Harris H. Hayden, plaintiffs, vs. Henry C. Meyers and wife, Martha J. Meyers, Thomas Davis and wife, Elizabeth Davis, Frederick H. Davis and wife, Mrs. Frederick H. Davis first and full name unknown, Sinker Davis & Co., Sturdevant Brothers & Co., a partnership composed of Joseph B. Sturdevant, Brantley E. Sturdevant, Sara J. Sturdevant and Ella E. Sturdevant, Alexander C. Ayers trustee for Sinker Davis & Co., Thomas Davis, Sarah C. Gibson, T. W. Iron, first and full name unknown, W. H. Beebe, first and full name unknown, and wife, Mrs. W. H. Beebe, first and full name unknown, defendants.

To the above named defendants and each of you: You will take notice that on the 21st day of August, 1895, the above named plaintiffs filed their petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against you and each of you. The object and prayer of said petition being to foreclose a certain trust deed or mortgage executed and delivered by the defendant Henry C. Meyers and wife, Martha J. Meyers, to E. S. Ormsby, trustee for P. O. Rensell upon the following described real estate situated in Holt county, Nebraska, to-wit: The east half of land numbered 35 on the plat of No. three (3) and bound as follows: Commencing at a point fifty (50) links south and fifteen hundred sixty-five (1565) links east of the one quarter (¼) corner on the section line dividing section number thirty-two (32) and thirty-three (33) of township number thirty (30) north, range number fourteen (14), west of the 6th P. M., thence running north and west to the one half (½) link, thence running southerly seven hundred seven and one half (707½) links, thence running northerly seven hundred seven and one half (707½) links, to place of beginning, containing five (5) acres more or less and situated in the northeast quarter (NE¼) of southwest quarter (SW¼) and the northwest quarter (NW¼) of the southwest quarter (SW¼) of section number thirty-three (33) of township number thirty (30) north, range number fourteen (14), west of the 6th principal meridian and containing five (5) acres according to the United States government survey. Said trust deed or mortgage being given to secure the payment of a certain note or bond for the sum of \$40,000, dated August 10, 1890, due June 1, 1891, and plaintiffs allege that said trust deed or mortgage is a valid and stands security for the payment of certain extension notes made and delivered by the defendant Meyers to said P. O. Rensell on the 21st day of May, 1891, and plaintiffs allege said note or bond and extension notes, and said mortgage and trust deed securing the same, and that there is due thereon at this time the sum of one thousand seven hundred and fifty (1750) dollars, and that the sum of 80 taxes paid on said real estate by the plaintiffs to protect their security. Plaintiffs allege that they are the owners of said note or bond and extension notes, and the trust deed or mortgage given to secure the same, and pray for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises be sold to satisfy the amount found due thereon, and that the lien or interest of all said defendants be decreed to be subject to the lien of plaintiffs trust deed and for other equitable relief.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 30th day of September, 1895. Dated this 19th day of August, 1895.

E. H. DICKSON, Attorney for Plaintiff's.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, NEB.

T. H. Green, plaintiff, vs. M. H. Sullivan and wife, E. H. Benedict and wife, John W. Wooten, Spitzbergen, Brantley E. Sturdevant, King & Company, John B. Lewis, Manufacturing Company, Receiver, Straut & Company, Kilpatrick & Company, D. Ducona, Brady & Company, Geo. Shoe Company, The county of Holt, Nebraska, County Bank and O. O. Snyder, trustees of the Colebrook & Company, R. L. McDonough, ship, John B. Lewis, Company, defendants.

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