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First publication Nov. 5.
Notice.

To Cecil Oscar Webb, Herbert Mayo, Benjamin Graham, James Brown Potter, Somerset Trust Company (a corporation) James Brown Potter, surviving trustee of the English and Scottish American Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited (a corporation), the unknown heirs and devisees of James Cooney, deceased, Benjamin Graham and James Brown Potter trustee for the English and Scottish American Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited (a corporation), and Benjamin Graham and James Brown Potter trustees and successors to Dillwyn Parrish and James Brown Potter former trustees for the English and Scottish American Mortgage and Investment Company Limited, James Brown Potter and Benjamin Graham succeeding trustees of the English and Scottish American Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited, and successors of Dillwyn Parrish and James Brown Potter Trustees of the English and Scottish American Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited, and the English and Scottish American Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited (a corporation), non resident defendants.

You and each of you will take notice that Frank Wilmerton as plaintiff has commenced an action in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against you and each of you alleging in his said petition that he is the absolute owner of and in the possession of the following described real estate situated in Holt county, Nebraska, to-wit: the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section six, and lot one and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter and the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section seven (7) and the east half of the southeast quarter of section six (6) and the east half of the northeast quarter of section seven (7), all in township twenty-five (25), north of range nine (9) west of the 6th principal meridian, and further alleging that he and his prior grantors have been for more than ten years last past in the actual, continuous, notorious, adverse, visible, exclusive and open possession of the above described real estate, claiming to be the owner thereof and asserting title to said real estate; and further alleging in said petition that you and each of you have no claim, right, title, lien or interest in or to said real estate or any part thereof either in law or in equity and that you and each of you ought to be excluded from claiming or asserting any claim, right, title, lien or interest in or to said real estate and that your claimed interest in said real estate casts a cloud upon his title to said land which ought to be removed and the title thereto quieted and confirmed in him, and you and each of you restrained and enjoined from claiming any right, title, or interest in and to said real estate, and prays that the title to said real estate be quieted and confirmed in him and that he be adjudged to be the absolute owner thereof and that you and each of you be excluded from claiming any interest in or to said real estate and that you and each of you and all persons claiming by through or under you be restrained from asserting any right, title, lien, or interest in and to said land and that the cloud cast upon plaintiff's title by reason of your claimed interest in said land be removed by a decree of the court and for other equitable relief. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 14th day of December 1908.

R. R. DICKSON,
Attorney for plaintiff.

In the County Court of Holt County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of A. L. Wilcox, an Incompetent Person.—Notice of Application to Sell Personal Property.

Now on this 19th day of November 1908, this cause came on for hearing on the application of O. E. Hall, guardian of A. L. Wilcox, an incompetent person, for a license to sell the personal property belonging to said estate. On consideration whereof it is ordered that said application be heard at my office in the court house in the city of O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 25th day of November, 1908, at ten o'clock a. m. at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and show cause if any, why said license should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the O'Neill Frontier in its regular issue of November 19th, 1908.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be served upon Eliza Wilcox the wife of A. L. Wilcox.

Given under my hand and the seal of the county court affixed this 19th day of November, 1908.

C. J. MALONE,
County Judge, Holt County, Neb.

First publication Nov. 12.
Notice to Creditors

In County Court within and for Holt County, Nebraska, November 5, 1908. In the matter of the estate of Nels P. Gibson, deceased. To 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 7th day of December, 1908, on the 8th day of March, 1909, and on the 7th day of June, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 7th day of December, 1908, and the time limited for the payment of is one year from said 7th day of December, 1908.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court, this 2nd day of November, 1908.

C. J. MALONE,
County Judge.

First publication Nov. 5.
Notice to Creditors.

In County Court within and for Holt county, Nebraska, November 2, 1908. In the matter of the estate of Abbie K. Jewell, deceased. To the Creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit in the county court room in O'Neill, in said county, on the 30th day of November, 1908, on the 27th day of February,

1909, and on the 31st day of May, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. each day to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 30th day of November, 1908, and the time limited for the payment of debts is one year from said 30th day of November, 1908.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court, this 2nd day of November, 1908.

C. J. MALONE,
County Judge.

C. C. FOUTS,

of O'Neill, - Nebraska.

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Chambers, - Nebraska

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TRAINING HARRINGTON

By LULU JOHNSON.

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Crisp and bracing was the morning as Harrington came on deck, and he drew great drafts of the cool air down into his lungs, assuring himself that people who took vacations in the hot months were fools indeed. He even felt sorry for poor Fannie, who was left behind in the city. A few weeks of this bracing air would do her more good than the five-dollar-a-visit specialist who looked grave and shook his head when he stood by the bedside and declared that she must have complete rest.

It was true that Harrington himself had wanted to take his vacation in August, and when Fannie's collapse had prevented his leaving then he had stormed and chafed and succeeded in making everybody uncomfortable and bloodthirsty to varying degrees, according to their temperaments and fondness for Fannie. Harrington's calm assumption that Fannie had no right to be ill when he wished to go on his vacation was irritating to the others.

Now as the steamer moved slowly between banks on which the green was giving way to the first blush of autumn tints the world seemed good to Harrington, and he could even think kindly of the little woman who lay at home in a darkened room and whose breakdown had been responsible for his delayed vacation. In August he would have gone to the shore, as was his custom, but in the latter part of September the country offered greater appeal, so he was to spend a month with his sister. The latter had lent no ear to the call of the city, but had remained content to live a farmer's wife as she had been born a farmer's daughter.

It was afternoon when the train pulled into the tiny station. The ride had been hot and dusty and, after the early morning on the boat, the worse by contrast. Harrington met his brother-in-law with the tolerant patronage that the city man feels for his country cousin and considered that he had discharged his obligation when he offered the other a smoke with the explanation that it was a city cigar.

"I guess most of them come from the city," suggested Sam Dryer, with a chuckle, as he lit off the end and applied the match. "I guess you're about the twentieth chap this summer that's given me a city cigar with the air of expecting me to drop dead with delight because it comes from the city."

"You don't have to smoke it if you don't want to," snapped Harrington as the last vestige of the morning's benediction fled.

"I don't mind," explained Sam good humoredly. "I'm used to smoking city cigars. That's Life Spence's new barn over there. Before he got it done a pill man came along and painted one end up with his sign, and Life got hoppin'. He danced around and told the man that was just what he built barns for, and the man said if that was the case he guessed he'd paint the other end too."

"Well, what's the rest of the story?" demanded Harrington sharply when a pause was not broken by speech.

"I was waiting for you to laugh at that," explained Sam. "The answer is that he painted the hull barn, just like you see it. Life's constable, and he threatened to put him in the lockup if he didn't do the right thing."

Harrington cursed the evil fortune that brought him into contact with his brother-in-law and inane country jokes, and his irritation against Fannie returned. If she had remained well they would have gone to the shore, where amateur humorists could be snubbed into silence. He was glad when the old homestead came into sight and Ella, on the front porch, waved him a welcome.

The remainder of the afternoon and the evening passed off pleasantly enough, but the morning brought its troubles. Harrington was always at his worst in the early hours. He had been compelled to rise a full hour before his accustomed time, and there was no hot water for shaving. The studs were not in his clean shirt, nor was the shirt laid out. At home, even from her sick bed, Fannie had made certain that the little things were looked after. It was the little things that Harrington cared about, and he was in a black humor when he came to the breakfast table.

He had been slow in dressing, and the breakfast was cold, though it had been placed in the oven to keep warm. Sam had already left the table and Ella was alone.

Harrington pushed the bacon from him.

"I never eat bacon unless it's crisp," he said irritably, "and I don't like the eggs fried so hard. Can't you cook some more that are just set? And for heaven's sake, Ella, please remember I can't eat hot bread for breakfast."

"I'll get some cold bread," volunteered Ella. "It will only take a few minutes, Ben."

"Then hurry," he commanded. "I hate to sit idle at the table."

There was a little exclamation from Ella, and Harrington looked up into Sam's gray eyes. There was an expression there that he did not like.

"You're not going to sit idle at the table," exclaimed Sam. "You're going to burry up and eat your bacon and eggs. You don't have to eat biscuit if you'd rather have bread, but that stuff was all good when breakfast was

ready. If you want to spend an hour in your room cursing your cuffs and your collar button, get up earlier or else eat cold breakfast.

"You're welcome here, Ben, because you're Ella's brother and because she's got her heart set on a visit from you, but you've just got to understand that you can't cuss and domineer my wife into a sick bed the way you've done your own."

Harrington swallowed a retort; then he swallowed the bacon and eggs. Sam stood over the chair, and Ben knew that he meant what he said.

When the meal was done Sam left the room, and Ben followed him out to the yard to stammer an apology. Then he sat on the horse block while he smoked a cigar, and Sam's words came back to him.

His brother-in-law was right. He had cursed and domineered his wife. There had been lots of mornings when he had acted worse than this and with far less cause.

When the nervous breakdown had come he had cursed it because it had interfered with his vacation plans, and not until he had left home did he realize how much Fannie's quiet ministrations had meant.

Once or twice he half rose to go into the house and ask Ella's pardon, but he thought of something else at home and sank back into his seat again. He did not even realize that the horse block was an uncomfortable seat, and Sam came in from the fields at noon to find him still sitting there with a half smoked cigar, making an odorous offense to heaven.

"Thought worth a penny?" he asked pleasantly as he made pretense of feeling in his pocket for the coin.

"You can buy my whole miserable carcass for a penny," retorted Ben dolefully. "I've been sitting here thinking over what you said."

"I didn't mean to get so hopping mad," said Sam shamefacedly.

"It was right," went on Harrington. "I have worried Fannie into her bed, just as you said. She made things so comfortable that when anything did go wrong I scolded her about that instead of giving her credit for all that she had done."

"If you know it, that helps some," reminded Sam. "I tell you what the trouble is, Ben. Just because you earn the money that pays the bills you don't realize that your wife is working too. You wouldn't dare talk to a servant the way you talk to her. You know your wife won't get mad and quit."

"I never should have come away and left her," lamented Harrington.

"They sent you on a vacation to give Fannie a rest," explained Sam, "but if you really mean to be a good boy it would be a good idea to send for her. The trouble with her has been that she cared so much for you that she worried when you were not pleased, and you never were pleased, so she worried all the time. It will do her good to come up here and have you wait on her."

"I'll go after her," offered Ben hastily. He was thinking of the cool of the morning on the boat when they two should have the deck alone. It was there that he wanted to tell her how sorry he was. He could not know that Sam had wired. It was well that he could not read the message, for it ran:

Better come up. Ben's found out what the matter was, and I'll see that he remembers.

SAM.

But Sam's share of the task was light, for Harrington remembered of his own accord as he coaxed the roses back to where the lilies had been in his wife's pale cheeks. When his irritation rose there rose before him a vision of cold bacon and a threatening face. It was not romantic, but it was effective.

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