

The FORESTERS DAUGHTER



A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

This little story is the outcome of two trips (neither of which was in the Bear Tooth forest) during the years 1909 and 1910. The golden trail is an actuality for me. The camp on the lake was mine. The rain, the snow I met, the prying camp robbers, the grouse, the muskrats, the beaver, were my companions. But Bertha McFarlane was with me only in imagination. She is a fiction, born of a momentary powerful handclasp of a western rancher's daughter. The story of Wayland Norcross is fiction also. But the McFarlane ranch, the mill and the lonely ranger stations are closely drawn pictures of realities. Although the stage of my comedy is Colorado, I have not held to any one locality. The scene is composite.

It was my intention originally to write a much longer and more important book concerning Supervisor McFarlane, but this is merely the very slender story of a young western girl who, being desired of three strong men, bestows her love on a tourist whose weakness is at once her ailment and her care. The administration problem, the sociologic theme, which was to have made the novel worth while, got lost in some way on this low trail and never caught up with the lovers. I'm sorry, but so it was.

CHAPTER I.

The Happy Girl.

THE stage line which ran from Williams to Bear Tooth (one of the most authentic then to be found in all the west) possessed at least one genuine Concord coach, so faded, so saddened, so cracked and so splintered that its passengers entered it under protest and alighted from it with thanksgiving, and yet it must have been built by honorable men, for in 19-- it still made the run of 120 miles twice each week without loss of wheel or even so much as molting a scrap of paint.

And yet whatever it may have been in its youth it was in its age no longer a gay dash of color in the landscape. On the contrary, it fitted into the dust brown and sage green plain as deservently as a beetle in a dusty path. Nevertheless it was an indispensable part of a very moving picture as it crept, creaking and groaning or it may be it was the suffering passenger creaking and groaning, along the hill-side.

After leaving the Grande river the road winds up a pretty high divide before plunging down into the park, as they call that region lying between the Continental range on the east and the Bear Tooth plateau on the west. It was a big spread of land and very far from an eastern man's conception of a park. From Dome peak it seems a plain; but, in fact, when clouds shut off the high summits to the west this "valley" becomes a veritable mountain land, a tumbled, lonely country, over which an occasional horseman crawls, a minute but persistent insect. It is, to be exact, a succession of ridges and ravines, sculptured in some far off, post glacial time by floods of water, covered now, rather sparsely, with pines, cedars and aspens, a dry, forbidding but majestic landscape.

In late August the hills become independent, opaline with the translucent yellow of the aspen, the coral and crimson of the red wood, the blood red of huckleberry beds and the royal purple of the asters, while flowing round all, as solvent and neutral setting, lies the gray-green of the ever present and ever enduring sage brush.

Through this gorgeous land of mist, of stillness and of death a few years ago a pale young man seated beside the driver rode one summer day in a voiceless rapture which made Bill McCoy weary.

"If you'd had as much of this as I have you'd talk of something else," he growled after a half dozen attempts at conversation. Bill wasn't much to look at, but he was a good driver, and the stranger respected him for it.

Eventually this simple minded horse man became curious about the slim young fellow sitting beside him.

"What you doing out here anyhow—sitting or just rebuilding a lung?"

To his discerning eye "the tourist" now became "a lunger." "Where do you live when you're to home?"

"Connecticut."

"How did you know it?" The youth seemed really interested to know.

"I drove another fellow up here last fall that dealt out the same kind of brogue you do."

Bill was prevented at the moment from pursuing this line of inquiry by the discovery of a couple of horsemen racing from a distant ranch toward the road. It was plain, even to the stranger, that they intended to intercept the stage, and Bill plied the lash with sudden vigor.

"Hi give 'em a chase," said he grimly.

The other appeared a little alarmed. "What are they, bandits?"

"Bandits?" sneered Bill. "Your eye sight is piercing. Them's girls."

The traveler apologized. "My eyes aren't very good," he said hurriedly.

He was, however, quite justified in his mistake, for both riders wore wide rimmed sombreros and rode astride at a furious pace, bandanas fluttering skirts streaming, and one was calling in shrill command, "Oh, Bill!"

As they neared the gate the driver drew up with a word of surprise. "Why, howdy, girls? Howdy?" he said with an assumption of innocence. "Were you wishin' fer to speak to me?"

"Oh, shut up!" commanded one of the girls, a round faced, freckled Berrie. "You know perfectly well that Berrie is going home today. We told you all about it yesterday."

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Bill. "I'd forgot all about it."

"Like nothin'" exclaimed the maid. "You've been countin' the hours till you got here. I know you."

Meanwhile her companion had slipped from her horse. "Well, goodby, Molly. Wish I could stay longer."

"Goodby. Run down again."

"I will. You come up."

The young passenger sprang to the ground and politely said: "May I help you in?"

Bill stared, the girl smiled, and her companion called: "Be careful, Berrie, don't hurt yourself, the wagon might pitch."

The youth, perceiving that he had made another mistake, stammered an apology.

The girl perceived his embarrassment and sweetly accepted his hand. "I am much obliged, all the same."

Bill shook with malicious laughter. "Out in the country girls are warranted to jump clean over a measy little back like this," he explained.

The girl took a seat in the back corner of the dusty vehicle, and Bill opened conversation with her by asking what kind of a time she had been having "in the east."

"Fine," said she.

"Did ye get as far back as my old town?"

"What town is that, Bill?"

not greatly fear his smiles the youth sprang down and offered a hand to assist his charming fellow passenger to alight, and she, with kindly understanding, again accepted his aid, to Bill's chagrin, and they walked up the path side by side.

"This is all very new and wonderful to me," the young man said in explanation, "but I suppose it's quite commonplace to you—and Bill."

"Oh, no—it's home."

"You were born here?"

"No, I was born in the east, but I've lived here ever since I was three years old."

"By east you mean Kansas?"

"No, Missouri," she laughed back at him.

She was taller than most women and gave out an air of fine unconscious health which made her good to see, although her face was too broad to be pretty. She smiled easily, and her teeth were white and even. Her hand he noticed was as strong as steel and brown as leather. Her neck rose from her shoulders like that of an acrobat, and she walked with the sense of security which comes from self reliant strength.

She was met at the door by old lady Yancy, who pumped her hand up and down, exclaiming: "My stars! I'm glad to see ye back! 'Pears like the tourist is just naturally goin' to the dooz with you. The dance last Saturday was a frost, so I bear—no snap to the fiddlin', no gimps to the jiggin'! It shoredly was pitiful."

Yancy herself, tall, grizzled, somewhat, shook her hand in his turn. "Ma's right, girl, the country needs ye. I'm scared every time ye go away fer fear some feller will snare ye up."

The young tourist—he signed W. W. Norcross in Yancy's register—watched her closely and listened to every word.

"I would gladly have lingered, listening to the song of the water, but as she passed on he followed. The opposite hill was sharp and the road stony, but as they reached the top the young customer called out, "See the savins!"

Before them stood a grove of cedars, old, gray and dead, as weirdly impressive as the cacti in a Mexican desert. Torn by winds, scarred by lightnings, deeply rooted, tenacious as tradition, unlovely as Egyptian mummies, fantastic, dwarfed and blackened, these unaccountable creatures clung to the ledges. "What do you suppose planted those trees there?"

The girl was deeply impressed by the novelty of this query. "I never thought to ask. I reckon they just grew."

"No, there's a reason for all these plantings," he insisted.

"We don't worry ourselves much about such things out here," she replied, with charming humor. "We don't even worry about the weather. We just take things as they come."

They walked on talking with new intimacy. "Where is your home?" he asked.

"A few miles out of Bear Tooth. You are from the east, Bill says—the far east," we call it."

"From New Haven. I've just finished at Yale. Have you ever been in a city?"

"Oh, yes! I go to Denver once in awhile, and I saw St. Louis once, but I was only a yearling and don't remember much about it. What are you doing out here, if it's a fair question?"

He looked away at the mountains. "I got rather used up last spring, and my doctor said I'd better come out here for awhile and build up. I'm going up to Meeker's mill. Do you know where that is?"

"I know every stovepipe in this park," she answered. "Joe Meeker is kind of related to me—uncle by marriage. He lives about fifteen miles over the hill from Bear Tooth."

This fact seemed to bring them still closer together. "I'm glad of that," he said pointedly. "Perhaps I shall be permitted to see you now and again? I'm going to be lonesome for awhile, I'm afraid."

"Don't you believe it! Joe Meeker's boys will keep you interested," she assured him.

The stage overtook them at this point and Bill surlily remarked, "If you'd been alone, young feller, I'd 'a' give you a chase." His resentment of the outsider's growing favor with the girl was ludicrously evident.

As they rose into the higher levels the aspen shook its yellowish leaves in the breeze and the purple foothills gained in majesty. Great new peaks came into view on the right, and the lofty cliffs of the Bear Tooth range loomed in naked grandeur high above the blue green of the pines which clothed their sloping eastern sides.

At intervals the road passed small log ranches crouching low on the banks of creeks, but aside from these—and the sparse animal life around them—no sign of settlement could be seen. The valley lay as it had lain for thousands of years, repeating its forests as the meadows of the lower levels send forth their annual grasses. Norcross said to himself, "I have circled the track of progress and have re-entered the border America, where the stagecoach is still the one stirring thing beneath the sun."

At last the driver, with a note of exaltation, called out, "Grab a rope, everybody; it's all the way down hill and time to feed."

And so as the dusk came over the mighty spread of the hills to the east and the peaks to the west darkened from violet to purple black the stage rumbled and rattled and rushed down the winding road through thickening signs of civilization and just at nightfall rolled into the little town of Bear Tooth, which is the eastern gateway of the Ute plateau.

Norcross had given a great deal of thought to the young girl behind him, and thought had deepened her charm. Her frankness, her humor, her superphysical strength and her calm self reliance appealed to him, and the more dangerously because he was so well aware of his own weakness and loneliness, and as the stage drew up before the hotel he fervently said, "I hope I shall see you again."

(To Be Continued.)

Norcross understood. She didn't re-

lax the notion of being so close to the frankly amorous driver, who neglected no opportunity to be personal. Therefore he helped her to her seat inside and resumed his place in front.

Bill, now broadly communicative, minutely detailed his tastes in food, horses, liquors and saddlers in a monologue which would have been tiresome to any one but an imaginative young eastern student. Bill had a vast knowledge of the west, but a distressing habit of repetition.

In this informing way some ten miles were traversed, the road climbing ever higher and the mountains to right and left increasing in grandeur each hour. All of a sudden and in a deep valley on the bank of another swift stream they came upon a squalid saloon and a minute postoffice. This was the town of Moscow.

Bill, lumbering down over the wheel, took a bag of mail from the boot and dragged it into the cabin. The girl rose, stretched herself and said: "This staging is slow business. I'm cramped. I'm going to walk on ahead."

"May I go with you?" asked Norcross.

"Sure thing! Come along."

As they crossed the little pole bridge which spanned the flood the tourist exclaimed: "What exquisite water! It's like melted opals."

"Comes right down from the snow," she answered, impressed by the poetry of his simile.

He would gladly have lingered, listening to the song of the water, but as she passed on he followed. The opposite hill was sharp and the road stony, but as they reached the top the young customer called out, "See the savins!"

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(To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Friday's Daily.
Miss Angie McCarroll of near Union who was here attending the Teachers' Institute, returned this afternoon to her home.

Adam Meisinger came in yesterday morning from his home near Cedar Creek to look after some trading with the merchants.

W. F. Moore, from near Murray, was here today for a few hours looking after some matters of business and calling on friends.

Mrs. J. E. Wiles, Mrs. S. A. Wiles and Mrs. Luke Wiles and son, Linville, were among those going to Omaha this morning on business.

Albert Gardner of Curtis, Neb., who has been here visiting Ralph Haynie and Robert Peters, departed last evening for his home in the west.

Ben Beckman came up yesterday from his farm home near Murray and spent a few hours here with friends and in looking after some trading.

Miss Viva Hubbard of Glenwood, who has been visiting with friends in this city for a few days, departed this morning for her home, going on No. 6.

T. M. Carter of Blair came down last evening from his home to spend a few days here looking after his business interests, as well as visiting with friends.

Dr. G. H. Gilmore and J. A. Walker, of Murray, were here today for a few hours looking after some matters of business, motoring up from their home in the car of the doctor.

Mrs. Vance Pitman was a visitor in Omaha yesterday for a few hours, and was met here by her husband and they motored to their home at Murray.

Fred Jones and wife of Ruskin, Nebraska, who have been here visiting at the home of Mrs. Jones' mother, Mrs. J. T. Baird and family, departed this morning for their home.

Mrs. J. O. Wagner of Gretna, who has been here visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGuire for a short time, departed this morning for her home, being accompanied as far as Omaha by Miss Mary McGuire.

Charles Haynie and wife, who have just returned home from their honeymoon in Colorado, departed this morning for Glenwood for a visit there with Mr. Haynie's parents and will then return here to make their home.

Mrs. H. T. Batton and little grandson, Russell Jensen, who has been visiting for a short time with his relatives here, were passengers this morning for Omaha, from where Russell will go to his home at Newman Grove, Nebraska.

P. H. Meisinger, jr., and mother, Mrs. George A. Meisinger, were among those going to Omaha this morning, where they will be present at the St. Joseph's hospital when Mrs. P. H. Meisinger is operated on this morning.

G. W. Manlove of the Nebraska Lighting company, came down last evening from Omaha, where he has been for a few days visiting with friends in that city and vicinity and looking after the interests of the light company.

Adam Kaffenberger and wife departed this afternoon for Madison, Neb., where they will visit for a few days at the home of Mike Meisinger and family near that place. They are old friends and neighbors of the Kaffenberger family.

Mrs. E. O. Steinh and little daughter, who have been visiting for a short time in Wisconsin and Chicago, came in this morning on No. 1 for a short visit here with Mrs. Steinh's parents, Judge and Mrs. J. E. Douglass, before returning to their home at Lincoln.

Miss Teresa Hemple and Miss Helen Egenberger, who have been enjoying an extensive tour of the Pacific coast country for several weeks, returned home last evening and are delighted with the beautiful trip they enjoyed. They returned home via the northern route, through Canada and Minneapolis and St. Paul.

George W. Harshman, jr., one of the leading citizens of near Avoca, and one of the best gentlemen in Cass county, was in the city today for a few hours, and while here called at the Journal office and renewed his subscription for the Old Reliable. He was a passenger this morning for Omaha, in company with Attorney W. A. Robertson.

From Saturday's Daily.
Joe Carrigan and wife came down this morning from Havelock to spend a few days with friends in this city.

Dave Amick came in this morning from his home near Mynard to spend a few hours looking after some matters of business.

Mark White and wife drove up this morning from their farm home to spend a few hours looking after some matters of trading.

Ed Reynolds, wife and babe of Havelock came down this morning for an over Sunday visit here with their relatives and friends.

Miss Blanche Horning was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where she will visit for the day, looking after some matters of business.

Arthur Troop, wife and little daughter departed this afternoon for Omaha, where they go for a short visit with relatives and friends.

P. H. Meisinger, jr., was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he goes to visit his wife at St. Joseph's hospital for a few hours.

Herbert Chriswiler came down last evening from his home at Havelock to visit over Sunday with his relatives and friends in this city and vicinity.

J. W. Thomas departed this morning for Milford, Neb., where he goes to enter the Soldiers' home, after a visit here with relatives and friends.

T. E. Fulton, the Nehawka blacksmith, was in the city last evening for a few hours, looking after some matters of business and calling on friends.

Will Propst and sister, Miss Mayola, and Miss Hazel Cowles were among those going to Omaha this afternoon to visit with friends for a few hours.

George P. Meisinger of Cedar Creek was here yesterday for a few hours looking after some matters of business and visiting with his many friends.

Miss Jean Gates of Scotts Bluffs, Nebraska, will arrive here this evening for a short visit with her old school friend, Mrs. A. G. Cole and family, near that place.

Mrs. W. D. Wheeler and Mrs. S. O. Cole departed this morning for Ord, Neb., where they go for a visit at the home of their brother, J. D. Cook and family, near that place.

W. W. Moore came in last evening from Schuyler to join his wife and little son here, where they are visiting at the home of Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Spies.

George A. Kaffenberger, wife and daughters, Olin and Mina, were among those going to Omaha this morning to visit for the day, looking after some matters of business in that city.

Mrs. Charles Harold of Pekin, Illinois, who has been here in attendance at the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Eva Pettig, departed yesterday afternoon for her home in the east.

Prof. Frank Jean and bride, who have been in Minnesota on their honeymoon, have returned and are spending a short time with Mr. Jean's parents on the farm southwest of this city.

Miss Bell Speck departed this morning for Arlington, Neb., where she will take up a position as teacher in the schools in that city during the coming season. Her brother, Fred Speck, accompanied her as far as Omaha.

L. H. Puls, the Murray automobile man, was in the city for a few hours this morning, en route from his home to Omaha, where he goes to secure some material for his new garage building in Murray, which is in process of erection.

Martin Lohnes and mother, Mrs. J. G. Lohnes, came in this morning from their farm home near Cedar Creek to spend a few hours, and while here called at the Journal office and renewed for another year's subscription to the Old Reliable.

W. C. Ray of Bethany, Missouri, who, with his grandsons, Leon and Ray Linthanes, of Bethany, have been visiting at the home of his son, George Ray, near Murray, for the past two weeks, departed this morning for their home in Missouri.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In the County Court of Cass County, Nebraska.
In the Matter of the Estate of Charles S. Wirtman, Deceased.
Notice to all persons interested in said estate is hereby given that Clinton M. Wirtman, executor of said estate, will meet the creditors of said estate in the county court room in the city of Plattsmouth, said county, on the 20th day of September, 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m. All persons having claims against said estate, or who may hereafter acquire any such claims, must file the same in said court on or before the 20th day of September, 1915, or their claims will be forever barred. Dated this 1st day of September, 1915.
ALLEN J. REESON, County Judge.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF CASS COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
Charles C. Parmele, Plaintiff,
vs.
C. H. Kleeman, et al., Defendants.
To C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown; Mrs. C. H. Kleeman, first real name unknown; J. C. Small, first real name unknown; James L. Small, et al., first real name unknown; W. M. Small, first real name unknown; May Catlin, Daisy Miller, nee Wright; Harry T. Miller, Deane Jackson, nee Wright; James B. Burns, et al., known as James S. Burns, and the unknown heirs, legatees and devisees of Alice N. Newton, deceased, also known as Alice Newton, deceased.
You are hereby notified that on July 29th, A. D. 1915, plaintiff filed his suit in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, to quiet title to the following described lands in Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska, 19-317:
Lot Five (5), in Block Thirty-three (33), in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.
The object of said prayer of which suit are to have expunged from the record and declared null and void any certain deed, pretended deed, or other instrument, to-wit: C. H. Kleeman, said lot, dated August 15th, 1911, and filed for record August 25th, 1911, and recorded in Book 51, at page 28, of the deed records of Cass County, Nebraska; and to enjoin you and your heirs, assigns, legatees or claiming any right, title or interest in or to said real estate, and forever quieting the same in favor of the plaintiff, and for equitable relief.
You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, September 20th, A. D. 1915.
Dated this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1915.
C. A. RAWLS, Attorney for Plaintiff. 5-2-1915

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIT TITLE.
In the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska.
Amelia Valley Streight, Plaintiff,
vs.
A. L. Small, first real name unknown, et al., Defendants.
To the Defendants: A. L. Small, first real name unknown; J. C. Small, first real name unknown; James L. Small, et al., first real name unknown; W. M. Small, first real name unknown; May Catlin, Daisy Miller, nee Wright; Harry T. Miller, Deane Jackson, nee Wright; James B. Burns, et al., known as James S. Burns, and the unknown heirs, legatees and devisees of Alice N. Newton, deceased, also known as Alice Newton, deceased.
You are hereby notified that on July 20th, A. D. 1915, plaintiff filed his suit in the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet title to the following described land, to-wit:
Lot three (3), in Block nineteen (19), in the City of Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.
Because of her adverse possession by herself and her grantors for more than ten years, plaintiff claims the ownership of said suit, and to enjoin each and any of you from having or claiming any right, title, lien or interest, either legal or equitable, in or to said land or any part thereof, and for general equitable relief. This notice is made pursuant to the order of the Court.
You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 13th day of September, A. D. 1915, or your default will be taken as an admission.
AMELIA VALLEY STREIGHT, Plaintiff.
W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney. 5-2-1915

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.
To Jacob Stettler, James Stettler, Sarah Jackson, William Bauman, George Bauman, James Bauman, Kate Swisher, William Kanous, Theron Stettler, Maude Stettler, Edward Stettler, Cleon Stettler, Edward Hall, Theda Williams, and Emma Hamlin, Non-Resident Defendants.
You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1915, Harley Wolfe as plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Cass County, Nebraska, against the defendants and each of you as defendants, impleaded with Frank J. Stettler and George Stettler, et al., in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: The East Half (E. 1/2) of the Northwest Quarter (N. W. 1/4) of Section Twenty-two (22), in Township Eleven (11), North of Range Nine (9), East of the 6th P. M. in Cass County, Nebraska.
That Jacob Stettler, James Stettler and Sarah Jackson each own an undivided one-fourteenth thereof, that William Bauman, George Bauman, Jacob Bauman, James Bauman and Sarah Cowles each own an undivided one-eighth thereof, that Kate Swisher, Willie Kanous, Theron Stettler, Edward Hall, Theda Williams and Emma Hamlin each own an undivided one-sixteenth thereof, and that Maude Stettler, George Stettler, Frank J. Stettler, Cleon Stettler, Cleon Stettler, Edward Stettler and Cleon Stettler each own an undivided one-thirtieth thereof. That the object and prayer of said petition is to obtain a judgment of said Court confirming the shares of a parties as above stated and to partition the said real estate.
You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 27th day of September, A. D. 1915, and in failing so to do your default will be duly entered therein and judgment taken as prayed for in plaintiff's petition.
Dated this 12th day of August, A. D. 1915.
HARLEY WOLFE, Plaintiff.<