THE NEW CLARION

By...
WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XIV.

The Murder of Craig.

JAMES L. TARP one Sunday morning drove out to Trumbley's. Mrs. Trumbley had been in the store the day before, and as he with his own hands cut off and wrapped up the few yards of calico she had bought she had chided him for not coming out to see them as often as had been his habit. He had pleaded overwork as the reason he had not visited them, so she had reminded him that Sunday was a good day for town people to come to the country and ended by inviting him to dinner the next day. She had not told Mary of this at once, for she feared her daughter's displeasure.

Mary was not informed of the anticipated visit till the next morning at breakfast. She was an obedient girl and said nothing, though her lips were drawn firmly and there was a cold gleam in her eyes. When the merchant arrived he and she attended service at the little meeting house half a mile down the main road, and when they returned they found that dinner was ready. Abner Daniel was seated with her father on the porch, and Abner rose to shake hands with Tarp as the couple came up the steps.

After dinner Tarp asked Mary to take a ride with him in his buggy, and, fearing her mother's displeasure, she accepted. They drove along a delightfully shaded mountain road. Mary had noted her companion's peculiar manner.

"There is no use beating the devil about the bush, Miss Mary," he began when he had reseated himself by her side and taken up the reins. "I've got to get a wife, and you are the sort of a girl I like."

Mary was fairly pale. She was silent for a moment, then faltered:

"The trouble is that I really do not feel as you do. I look at marriage differently. I must love the—the man I marry, if I should marry. I admire you, but you must never mention this subject to me again."

"Well, you know best," the merchant slowly answered. "I must now give my attention to Miss Bessie Williams, my new milliner, whom you have met. I should rather have you, but your attitude compels me to leave the matter slide."

* * * * * * * *

Despite the strong efforts made by Abner Daniel and Pole Baker to prevent a meeting between Howard Tinsley and Fred Craig, the thing came about sooner than expected. One morning as Howard was entering the postoffice he encountered Craig coming out. As usual, the farmer was flushed with drink. His eyes flashed with fury as they met those of the younger man, and he grunted in contempt. Stepping up to him, Howard demanded

He Drew Back His Right Hand to Strike.

an apology. With an oath Craig refused. Instead, he drew back his right hand to strike. Howard caught it, twisted it sharply downward and hit him on the cheek. For an instant they stood apart, then rushed together, and several powerful blows were given and taken before the town marshal and deputy reached the scene and, aided by the bystanders, separated the two by sheer force. Craig was struggling wildly and was wiping the blood from a gashed lip, trying to draw his revolver from his hip pocket and growling like an infuriated brute. Frank Reymond was among Howard's friends who seized him and led him toward his room in the hotel that he might wash his bruised face and arrange his dress, his shirt and necktie being torn.

"You must have common sense and not fight a drunken fool like that," Frank said soothingly.

Howard drew back on the edge of the pavement. "Common sense!" he panted, beside himself with rage as the curious crowd gathered and pressed close about them. "There is only one sort of common sense I'll have, and that is this. Listen, all of you. I'll kill that puppy as sure as God let's me get at him. Wait and see if I don't. You may pull us apart now, but I am not through with him."

"Don't listen to him," Frank said to the crowd. "He's mad and excited. He doesn't mean that."

"Mean it? You don't know me," Howard cried. "The world is not big enough for us both. I'll settle him. I swear I will. I'll kill him like a dog. Some of you heard what he called me. If you think I'll take it you are no friends of mine."

At this moment Abner Daniel pushed his way through the throng to Howard's side. "Come up to your room and get your clothes straight," he said, his face pale with excitement and sympathy. "We've got some important work to do at the office."

"I've got important work to do outside of the office," Howard fumed, but he allowed his old friend to lead him by the arm up to his room, where he left him.

At the door of the office Abner found Pole Baker waiting for him. Pole had heard the news, and Abner had never seen him look so grave.

"Meddling folks have been totin' tales betwixt the two," he remarked. "I got onto several nasty squibs floating about. Thar are men who had rather keep bad blood stirred up than make a fortune in money, and a good many are jealous of Howard's rise. This has just begun, Uncle Ab; nothin' but gun shots will satisfy them two. I can't blame Howard, fer the boy simply was born with a pride and a temper that nothin' kin check in a mess like this."

"Howard said too much before that crowd just now," Abner answered. "If—if he did happen to harm that skunk he'd have a hard case in court to fight, after the positive way he spoke before so many witnesses. What's to be done? I don't know, I'm sure. We can't put the boy under restraint, fer he is his own boss—free, white, an' twenty-one. They say Craig used an awful word to 'im; but the courts won't be influenced by that if anything deliberate is done, an' ef they meet again it would be after deliberation."

Half an hour after the fight Howard visited Higgins, the gunsmith, and asked if his revolver were fixed.

"Yes, it is ready, Howard, but"—The old man hesitated. "The truth is, Howard, that I don't want to return it to you just now."

"Give it to me!" Howard demanded sharply. "It's my property, and I will have it.

"Pardon me for being rough, Mr. Higgins," he said sharply, "but Craig is armed, and I've got to be also."

With the weapon in his pocket, Howard left the shop and went down to the office. Abner, unable to work through sheer worry, was waiting for him.

"There is a thing you mustn't forget," Abner remarked, with the intention of taking his young friend's mind from the dangerous theme, "and that is you have an engagement to call on Mary this evening. I heard you make it, you know, and I told her I would fetch you back with me in my buggy and make you take supper there. You could spend the night at her house or walk back to town afterward, just as you see fit."

"I will walk back," Howard answered. "I like to get to work early. I hadn't forgotten my engagement."

From a passing farmer Tobias Trumbley had heard of the encounter. He had brought the news home before sundown, and Mary was quite upset, though she endeavored to conceal her emotions from the family.

After supper Abner and the others left the young couple under the tree in the moonlight. Nothing had been said at the table on the all important subject, and it looked as if Mary scarcely dared to touch on it. However, as he was rising to leave she ventured to speak of it.

"I'm awfully sorry and worried," she faltered, "and not alone for myself, as your best friend, Howard, but for your mother. When she hears of this, as she is sure to do, it will almost break her heart. She heard about the dispute you had with Craig not long ago, and she, along with many of us, has been dreading the outcome."

Howard smiled in a forced sort of a way. He had taken Mary's hand and he now stroked it soothingly. "I can't talk to a girl about a thing of this nature, Mary," he said gently. "You women do not understand."

"We understand a great deal more than you give us credit for." Mary gave him her eyes steadily. "We understand—those of us who read and think do, at least—that what you call defending your honor and the like is simply a relic of ancient barbarism. There is no doubt about it. A bad man, habitually insane from whisky drinking, in his stupor insults a high tempered moral man in his right senses. Now, one intellectually is full grown, and the other is a child. Ancient barbarism whispers to the sober man that he must resent what the other—the child—has said, so he arms himself and stands ready to shoot the child on sight. But that is not all. Howard, I am sorry to speak so pointedly, but I know that I am right, even if it hurts your feelings. The whole thing is absolute selfishness at the bottom of it. You would not say a word that would pain your mother, but under this mistaken idea of what your rights are you would torture her and others who love you more than if you beat them with a club. Howard, we are here to conquer flesh. I admire you very much, but I'd admire you more if you could crush out the rage in your heart tonight. You are on the brink of a precipice. One step and your whole life may be ruined."

"You are right, I suppose," Howard faltered. "I wish I could be as you are, but I am not. Men can't be like women. We are closer to the primitive fighting period. You are the natural peacemakers."

"Won't you promise me, Howard," Mary urged as she took his hand and clung to it—"won't you promise me not to—you know what I mean, Howard—not to meet Craig?"

Howard pressed her hand. He smiled gently. "Don't bother," he said. "I may not see Craig again for a long time. I won't look him up. I promise that. I won't put myself in his way, so don't worry any more."

Leaving her mute and still at the gate, Howard walked toward the town in the clear moonlight. Something in Mary's talk had lifted him higher than he had ever been lifted before. He was beginning to realize what she had been and was to him.

Ahead of him, outlined in the moonlight, was the roof of Craig's farmhouse. The house was unlighted. Craig lived there alone, attended by a negro woman who occupied a cabin some distance in the rear. Howard paused at the gate. What better opportunity to demand satisfaction could he have? Craig was in the house doubtlessly asleep. Why not rap on the door, call him out and demand an apology? But he had promised Mary that he would not intentionally meet the man, and he must keep his word. He heard a step down the road. Some one approached and passed on the other side. It was a man carrying a plow stock on his shoulder. In the darkness Howard did not recognize him. For a few moments he stood in sharp struggle with himself, through which Mary's face, eyes and words were with him.

A rugged hill, deeply wooded, rose in the moonlight near by. He had read of philosophers seeking such places in spiritual stress, and it seemed to beckon to him. Suddenly and by sheer strength of resolution he turned sharply away and, plunging into the wood, began the ascent of the steep hillside. Higher and higher he climbed among the stately pines, plunging through retarding vines, thorn bushes and briers, till the valley in which the village nestled lay before him. Only here and there lights showed, for the hour was late. The night was oppressively warm. A vast sense of dissatisfaction and unrest lay on him like a weight. Throwing himself down on a heap of sweet scented pine needles, Howard gave himself up to keen, even morbid, introspection. Never had he felt so discontented. One moment he would be filled with rage at the memory of Craig's bloated face and snarling insults, and the next Mary's suffering appeal would sweep over him like a cooling breeze from infinity itself. Presently he grew calmer, and a drowsy feeling stole upon him. As he was drifting into unconsciousness the thought came to him that he might as well spend the remainder of the night there as in his stuffy room at the hotel, and so he allowed himself to sleep.

He had many turbulent dreams. One that seemed to stand out more vividly than the others was this: He fancied he heard a horse trotting along the road from Darley to Craig's house. It seemed to be Craig returning home. He thought he heard Craig call out at the gate in a drunken tone to some one. A surly voice seemed to respond, and then there was a sound like the sharp slamming of a door or the report of a gun. This was followed by the beating hoofs of a riderless horse as it galloped off down the road.

With a broom in his hand Sugart was sweeping out the office the next morning, and as Howard suddenly appeared before him he shrank back as if alarmed. Indeed, he turned pale and leaned on the counter, dropping his broom to the floor and awkwardly bending down to recover it.

"What is the matter?" Howard asked, with a smile. "Do I look as tough as all that?"

"Why—why"—Sugart stammered as he continued to stare open eyed—"I thought—we all thought that you—Some said you'd left on the midnight train."

"Left? Where to?" Howard asked, his astonishment growing.

"I don't know." Sugart was still pale and wore the disturbed air of a man unable to meet a delicate situation. "But the report is out that the sheriff said you'd left. Him and the town marshal was down here together when I got up half an hour ago. They—they asked me if you slept here last night, and when I went up and looked to satisfy them and found that your bed hadn't been used and told them so they said you must have taken a train here at midnight or gone through the woods and mountains to get to the other road."

Howard's indignation was rising. "Did they think that I would actually leave the country?" he demanded. "Is there a man in this town fool enough to think that I would do all that to avoid meeting Fred Craig? I refuse to believe it. Tom, I'm not a coward. I've never been accused of it."

"I don't know anything about it." Sugart was still quite bewildered, and in angry impatience Howard ascended the stairs to his room. Entering it, he was about to bathe his face and hands when a colored chambermaid suddenly entered, and, seeing him in the light from the window, she uttered a sharp scream and beat a hasty retreat down the corridor. What could it all mean? he asked himself as he changed his clothing. Surely they were acting queerly.

Going down to breakfast at the first sound of the gong, he was met by other surprises. He saw Mrs. Langham in agitated conversation with Sugart at the dining room door. Seeing him face to face, she started, bowed hastily and turned away as if anxious to avoid him. At the table, as he sat waiting for his breakfast to be brought, he noticed that the three waiters, with their heads together on one side of the room, seemed to be deliberating as to which should take his order, and when finally one of them came he seemed to act more stiffly and awkwardly than was a waiter's habit. And when the food was being brought in Howard noticed that the cook and a couple of dishwashers were peering in at him curiously, but on catching his eyes they at once disappeared.

Further perplexities were before him, for when he had eaten his breakfast and was going out he saw Abner Daniel talking to Sugart in the office. There was no mistaking the fact that Abner was disturbed. Howard had never seen such a woebegone expression on the cheerful old countenance as his friend turned upon him.

"I heard you'd come back, an' thought I'd stop by to see you." Abner's voice shook. "Of course, at a time like this"—

"At a time like what?" Howard asked, fixing Abner with an impatient stare.

"Why, why, you see"— Abner began, but he went no further, for several drummers, leaving the dining room, had gathered around and were gazing boldly and curiously at Howard. "Let's go down to the office," Abner suggested, laying his hand on his friend's arm. "Our talk must be more private. I don't know how much time we've got either, and the sooner we understand what is best to do the better it will be. Time is valuable."

"You seem to be crazy like all the rest," Howard said impatiently as they went out into the street and started down to the office. Just then they saw Pole Baker on horseback, and he reined in at the sidewalk.

"I had started down to see you, Uncle Ab," he said grimly. "I didn't know Howard was here. So many false reports are in the wind—hundreds of lies mixed up with it. I'll put up my hoss an' come down. You kin both count on me. What's done is done, and thar ain't no use cryin' over spilt milk. We got to git to work an' face the thing."

"Another fool!" Howard said angrily. "For God's sake, what is the matter with you all?"

Abner was in such deep thought that he failed to hear what Howard had said. However, when they had reached the office and found themselves alone Howard demanded, fiercely:

"Tell me what is the matter? Why are you all acting this way?"

Abner bent a startled gaze on him. Without a word he stared steadily for a moment, then he faltered: "We must understand each other, Howard. Do you intend to—to deny all knowledge of it? Have you reflected and decided to—to take that course?"

"Good God, what is the matter with you?" Howard repeated. "Come to the point. I'm tired of all this blasted tomfoolery. You all act as if I were a wild beast escaped from a cage."

For another moment Abner continued to stare, then he suddenly took a deep breath, and his eyes lighted up as from faint hope.

"Howard, my boy, didn't you know that Fred Craig was shot and killed on his hoss at his own gate last night?"

"Killed—shot?" Howard gasped.

Daniel laid his hand on Howard's shoulder. He bore down on it affectionately and hopefully. "Look me in the eyes, my boy," he said, with emotion, his lips quivering. "I know you won't keep back anything from me, and the truth is important. Did you do it? Forgive me, but so many things point that way."

(To Be Continued.)

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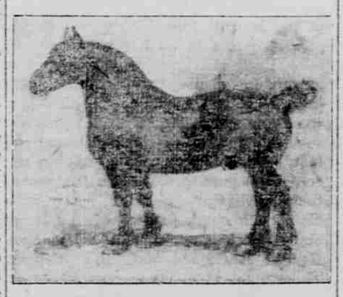

KOPRIN will make the season of 1916, after April 10, as follows: On Monday and Tuesday on the Henry Urish farm, 4½ miles east of Weeping Water; on Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday on the John Urish farm; on Thursday and Friday on the John Lohnes, sr., farm, 1 mile west of the German Lutheran church.

KOPRIN is a black imported Percheron stallion, weighing 1,900 pounds. He is licensed and inspected and pronounced sound.

We hereby certify that the Percheron stallion Koprin (93646), imported September, 1912, by E. J. Heisel, Fremont, Iowa, is recorded by the Percheron Society of America, and that his recorded number is 91043.

Terms: To insure colt to stand and suck, $15.00. If mares change ownership, service fee becomes due at once. Care will be taken to avoid accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

JOHN URISH, Owner.

Local News

From Friday's Daily.

P. A. Hild drove in this afternoon from his home near Murray to spend a short time here looking after matters of business.

Mrs. Lee Cotner was at Avoca this week, being called there by the death of her uncle, Jacob Conrad, who died there Tuesday morning.

Ed Leach and Ed S. Tutt motored up this morning from their home at Murray to look after some business matters for a few hours.

John Tighe came in this afternoon from his home at Manley to spend a few hours looking after some matters of business at the court home.

Mrs. S. A. Wiles was among those going to Omaha this morning where she will spend the day looking after business matters and visiting friends.

Miss Etta Nickels of near Murray was here yesterday afternoon for a few hours looking after some business matters and calling on her many friends.

Creed Harris, one of the prominent residents of near Union, was in the city yesterday afternoon attending to some matters of business and visiting with his friends.

George P. Meisinger of near Cedar Creek was in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters at the court house and visiting with relatives and friends.

Hon. William Deles Dernier and sons, Harry and Lloyd, motored over from Elmwood last evening and spent the day here attending to some matters at the court house.

W. G. Meisinger, wife and children were in the city for a few hours today looking after some matters of business and spending a short time with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Fred Rezner came in yesterday afternoon from Omaha for a short visit here with her parents, Superintendent and Mrs. G. H. Tams, at the county farm west of the city.

Edwin Scotten arrived last evening from Albuquerque, N. M., and will spend a short time here visiting with his father, W. T. Scotten, who has been very ill for the past few days.

E. A Lorenz returned home last evening from O'Dell, Nebraska, where he was in attendance at the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. W. J. Lorenz, which was held there Wednesday.

Miss Bertha Nathan came in this afternoon from Lincoln to take part in the entertainment at the high school this evening and while here will be a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Levi Golding.

Mrs. T. N. Julian departed this morning on No. 6 for Glenwood, Iowa, where she will enjoy a visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Albee, and family for a few days. Mrs. Julian has been here visiting at the home of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Barwick.

From Saturday's Daily.

L. A. Meisinger and wife and children departed this afternoon for the metropolis to visit over Sunday there.

P. A. Horn was a visitor in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business with the merchants.

John H. Hennings of near Louisville was in the city yesterday for a few hours attending to some matters of business and visiting with friends.

C. A. Gauer of near Cedar Creek was in the city for a few hours today looking after some trading with the merchants and visiting with friends.

Frank P. Sheldon, the Nehawka merchant, was a visitor in the city today for a few hours looking after some matters of business in the county seat.

Paul Heil came down from Omaha this afternoon to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heil, at their farm home in Eight Mile Grove precinct.

Mrs. M. A. Hail and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, motored in this morning from their country home and departed on the early Burlington train to spend a few hours in Omaha.

Mrs. L. F. Vroman and daughter, Mrs. Con Grebe, who have been visiting a son and brother at Yutan, Nebraska, for the past few days, returned home last evening.

Frank Salsberg drove in from his farm home west of this city yesterday afternoon to attend to some business matters and visit friends for a short time. He was a pleasant caller at this office.

W. F. Gillespie, the Mynard grain man, was in the city for a few hours yesterday afternoon while enroute to his home from Omaha, where he was called to look after some matters on the stock market.

W. D. Wheeler came up this morning from his home south of this city and in company with his son, Albert Wheeler, was a passenger this morning for Omaha to secure some repairs there for his farm machinery.

W. G. Meisinger wife and children drove in yesterday from their farm home and spent a few hours here where Mrs. Meisinger visited with her sister, Mrs. S. D. McCool, of Lincoln, who was here for a few days.

Henry Horn came in this morning from his country home near Cedar Creek to spend a few hours in this city and departed on the early Burlington train for Omaha where he was called on some matters of importance.

W. A. Brown, editor of the Union Ledger, and wife were here yesterday afternoon for a few hours, visiting and looking after some matters of business. Mr. and Mrs. Brown motored up in their trusty Ford and enjoyed a very pleasant trip.

Nicholas Volk and wife of Renfrow, Oklahoma, who have been here visiting with their relatives and friends in this city and county, departed this morning for Pierce county to visit for a time before returning home. Mr. and Mrs. George Friedrich, who have been visiting in this county for a short time, also returned to Pierce county. While here the visitors were guests at the M. L. Ffiedrich and Jacob Tritsch homes.

Letter files at the Journal office.

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Auto & Wagon Bridge Co.

THE ATHLETICS DEFEATED AT NEHAWKA YESTERDAY

The Athletic base ball team, under the leadership of Vern Long, journeyed down to Nehawka yesterday to take on the team representing that thriving little city and returned home last evening after a defeat by a score of 6 to 5. The game is reported as being one filled with some mighty good playing by both sides and the pitching of Long was especially effective in heading off the runs of the Nehawka lads. With the excellent showing made the boys feel greatly encouraged in their work and will soon engage a number of other games with teams in the nearby towns and hope to make a mighty good record on the diamond before the season is over. The Athletics play a good, clean game and may be classed as a pretty fast bunch of young ball players with plenty of skill and pep in their playing.

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WANTED—Stock to pasture. John A. Koukal. Phone 2922.
4-29-3tdly1tw

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
In County Court.

STATE OF NEBRASKA,
Cass County, ss.
In the Matter of the Estate of Adam Kurtz, Deceased:

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased that hearings will be had upon claims filed against said estate, before me, County Judge of Cass County, Nebraska, at the County Court room in Plattsmouth, in said County, on the first day of May, 1916, and on the 31st day of October, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., each day for examination, adjustment and allowance.

All claims must be filed in said court on or before said last hour of hearing.

Witness my hand and seal of said County Court, at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 1st day of April, 1916.

(Seal) ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.
4-3-4wks

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.

Joanna Baxter, Plaintiff,
vs.
Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, et. al. Defendants.

NOTICE OF SUIT TO QUIET TITLE

To the defendants Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young; John Doe Young, first real name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young; Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown; John Doe, first and recal name unknown, husband or widower of Clara E. Young Doe;the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Young, also known as Clara Ellen Young, otherwise described as Clara E. Young Doe, real name other than Clara E. Young unknown, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe Young, first real name unknown, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John Doe, first real name unknown, deceased; Samuel H. Jones, also known as S. H. Jones, Mrs. Samuel H. Jones, first real name ununknown; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Samuel H. Jones, also known as S. H. Jones, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mrs. Samuel H. Jones, first real name unknown, deceased; Packard & Miller, a partnership composed of Spencer Packard and Jason G. Miller; Spencer Packard, Electa Packard; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Spencer Packard, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Electa Packard, deceased; Jason G. Miller, Mary P. Miller, the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Jason G. Miller, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary P. Miller, deceased; John R. Clark; Amelia B. Clark; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of John R. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Amelia B. Clark, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Susanah Drake, deceased; Louis F. Cole, also Lewis F. Cole; Clara E. Cole; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Louis F. Cole, also known as Lewis F. Cole, deceased; the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in the estate of Clara E. Cole, deceased; William L. Gray, Mary E. Moore, Isabelle Moore and the unknown owners and the unknown claimants of fractional lots six (6) and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (N.W. 1-4), of section twenty-four (24), township eleven (11), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska.

You are hereby notified that on April 19th, A. D., 1916, plaintiff filed her suit in the District Court of the County of Cass, Nebraska, to quiet plaintiff's title to the above described lands, to-wit:—fractional lots six (6), and seven (7), in the northeast quarter (N. E. 1-4) of the northwest quarter (N. W. 1-4) of section twenty-four (24), township eleven (11), north range thirteen (13), east of the 6th P. M., in the County of Cass, Nebraska, because of her adverse possession by herself and her grantors for more than ten years prior to the commencement of said suit and to enjoin each and all of you from having or claiming any right, title, lein or interest, either legal or equitable, in or to said lands or any part thereof; to require you to set forth your right, title, claim, lein or interest therein, if any, either legal or equitable, and to have the same adjudged inferior to the title of plaintiff 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, May 22, A. D., 1916, or your default will be duly entered therein.

JOANNA BAXTER,
Plaintiff.
W. A. ROBERTSON, Attorney.