

THE NEW CLARION

By... WILL N. HARBEN

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CHAPTER XXI. Suspicions.

“NOW, the matter is like this,” continued Pole, “an’ I want you to think hard on it, fer I’m all balled up an’ hardly know what I believe an’ what I don’t believe. Now, in the first place, it is impossible to even start on a hunt like this unless you have some little thing or some particular person to aim at. Now, I’ve got this much to start on, an’ it is all I have got. The Lord knows it is small enough when you realize that you may be suspectin’ an innocent man an’ one without a dollar to defend hisself with. You remember the day Howard an’ Craig met in town an’ had that row? Well, that mornin’, just as Craig was startin’ off to town, I happened to be in Trumbley’s piece of woodland on the slope overlookin’ Craig’s farm. I was up there to see about some trees I’d agreed to cut down and stack up in cords fer Trumbley’s winter supply. Well, I seed Craig leave his boss at the barn an’ walk across his field to whar Abe Fulton was makin’ a wire fence fer ‘im. The truth is, I tuck no particular notice of ‘em, an’ the distance was so great that I couldn’t see their faces good nor hear what was said, but somehow it struck me at the time that they was havin’ words.”

“Whether it was their notions or looks or what I don’t know, but, anyways, I remember that the first thought that popped into my head after Craig’s mixup with Howard was that Craig had quarreled with Abe an’ that was one reason he was so ready to pounce on somebody else. But I didn’t let the thing weigh much with me at the time, fer, you see, I was followin’ the other scent, but after that failed I tuck up the other an’ tried to see if I could connect Abe with the killin’.”

“An’ did you—did you, that’s the question?—Abe’s lower lip was quiverin’ under tense suspense. His bushy brows had met.

“I don’t know, Uncle Abe,” God is my final judge, I don’t,” Pole returned, “an’ that’s why I’ve come to you. All I could do was this: I went by Craig’s field an’ seed that the fence wasn’t finished, but I couldn’t say that meant anything, fer Craig was slow pay, an’ no sensible person would keep on workin’ fer a dead man without knowin’ who was his boss, anyway.”

“No, of course not,” Abner agreed. “Was that all?”

“No, not quite. I next set out to look fer Abe. I seed ‘im in a bunch of loafers at the cotton compress, whar jobs by the hour was give out fer truckin’ an’ loadin’ an’ the like. I tuck most of ‘em. All the time Abe set on a bale of cotton whar I stick an’ sayin’ nothin’. I noticed that he wouldn’t laugh much along with the balance, but when I came to think of it I couldn’t remember ever seein’ the cuss smile or pass a joke nobow, an’ so, you see, I couldn’t go by that. I studied ‘im a good hour. I got the crowd to talk about the murder once, an’ I watched Abe, but I couldn’t notice that he acted any different from the rest. He jest set with his feet crossed an’ the brim of his old hat over his eyes an’ trimmed straight in front of ‘em.”

“I see, I see,” Abner nodded, thoughtfully.

“I set about in a sly, underhand way among folks that had known Abe a long time, to see if he’d ever been in any difficulties. Now, here comes the only p’int I’ve found worth considerin’, an’ I want your opinion. Ten years ago, when Abe lived over the mountain, he was arrested an’ tried fer assault on a feller an’ put in jail for a year. The feller who he mighty nigh killed owned a little sawmill whar Abe was workin’, an’ one day at log rollin’ the sawmill man got mad at Abe fer some blunder or other an’ kicked ‘im like a dog in the presence of all the rest. Now, watch close, Uncle Abe. Witnesses said on oath at the trial that Abe tuck his kickin’ without a word. He rolled logs on the rest of the day an’ drawed his pay; but that night evidence showed that he waylaid the sawmill man, beat ‘im over the head with a hickory club an’ left ‘im unconscious in the road.”

“It is some’n anyway,” Abner answered interestedly. “Let’s go yonder, have a chew and plan this thing further,” Abner continued.

One sultry evening at dusk, as Abner sat talking to Mary about Howard in the front yard, Abe Fulton trudged along past the gate, a small bag of flour on his shoulder. He did not look toward them, but kept his eyes on the dusty road. Seeing that Mary was looking at the man, Abner remarked casually:

“That feller looks like he is purty hard up. He had a regular job workin’ fer Craig, but that’s all off now, of course.”

“I’m sorry for his wife,” Mary said listlessly. “I don’t believe the poor creature gets enough to eat half the time, and as for clothes, she is a pitiful

sight. I’ve heard that she is constantly complaining.”

At this instant Mrs. Trumbley called Mary into the house, and Abner was left alone. Going to the gate, he looked after the disappearing figure he had just noted; then he glanced back into the house. “Might as well now as later,” he mused. “Time is valuable, an’ after all Pole may be away off the track. Twenty men could ‘a’ done the thing as well as this un.”

Taking a cautious look into the house, Abner slipped around the corner and went down the path to the stable. Opening the door of a stall containing his favorite horse, he took the animal by the forehead and led it across the lot to a gate, which he opened. Then, raising his hands threateningly, he drove the horse through, watching it as it galloped off into the woods. Then going to a wagon shed near by, Abner took a bridle from a row of saddles and halters, and with it on his arm he passed through the gate and started down the road, the leather reins dragging in the dust at his side. Half a mile farther on he turned aside into the wood and walked through the twilight till he saw a gleam of fire through the trees and knew it was from the cabin occupied by Abe Fulton and his wife. Here Abner began to walk more slowly, and as he moved toward the light he whistled loudly after the manner of farmers calling their horses. Presently he emerged from the low, scattering bushes immediately in front of the cabin. Mrs. Fulton came to the door, her hands white with some dough she was mixing.

“Lost yo’ hoss, Mr. Daniel?” she asked as she recognized him and noticed the bridle in his hand.

“Yes, have you seed ‘im?” Abner came closer. “He’s the very devil to slip a halter when he’s hitched to a post. He farn’t the trick somehow, an’ I hain’t never broke ‘im of it.”

“No, I hain’t noticed a loose hoss o’ any sort,” the woman answered. “Maybe Abe has; he’s just come from town, say, Abe”—she turned to look into the cabin—“have you seed anything o’ Mr. Daniel’s hoss?”

There was no immediate answer, but a crumching tread came from within, and Abe stonched forward into the doorway. Abner remarked a certain restless stare in the man’s eyes and fancied that he saw a hunted look of despair in the almost brutal face.

“Excuse me, I smell my bacon a-burnin’,” Mrs. Fulton exclaimed suddenly. “Abe, give Mr. Daniel a chair. I’ll bet he’s tired.”

Abe went into the cabin and brought out a crude, splint-bottomed chair, and when Abner had taken it Abe sat down on a wash bench near by.

“Yes, I think it is the indoor work that does me up, Abe,” Abner went on glibly. “A feller that’s lived on a farm all his life makes a poor out at a job like my new one. I acted the plumb fool when I put good money in that plant. But you know, of course, that I was countin’ on Howard Tinsley to run it fer me; but, la me, considerin’ the plight the boy’s got hisself in, that’s all off, an’ I’ve got the bug to hold, green as I am.”

The man tapped the toe of his ragged shoe with the battling stick. He swallowed, glanced furtively at Abner and cleared his throat. Presently, with a wavering glance, he jerked out:

“He’ll come out all right.”

“Humph! I say,” Abner sniffed, “what makes you think that, Abe?”

“Oh, clear fellers like him always come clear. Howard’s got influential kin, an’ he stands at the top. The courts are a sort of joke an’ so is the general run of juries. A feller jest has to have a little pull in politics, a few dollars behind ‘im an’ wear good clothes to git out o’ anything.”

“I wish you was right; I really do,” Abner answered. “You ain’t as old as I am by a long sight, Abe.” Abner’s tone had never been so confidential and friendly. “You ain’t seed as much o’ lawin’,” Billy Barnett, as you may know, is as keen a practitioner as the state has got. I’ve retained him, an’ he’s workin’ with might an’ main on the case, but him nor me nor all the law in the world can’t do a thing as long as Howard holds out as he is doin’.”

“Holds out?” For the first time the glance of the small eyes sought Abner’s inquiringly. “What do you mean by holdin’ out?”

Abner seemed to hesitate, and when he finally spoke it was as if he had decided that he might fall deeper into confidence with a man whom he trusted.

“Why, Abe, just between you an’ me, I’m afraid that the boy’s blundered stubbornness is goin’ to block all our efforts in his behalf. You know the law well enough. All of us know the law well enough to know that the courts are lenient when a man comes right out an’ admits that he done a wrong thing. I’m talkin’ to you now as a friend an’ a neighbor. In fact, I’ve heard Howard say lots o’ nice things about you an’ your wife, an’ I know you are interested in his welfare, an’ will hate to hear how he is actin’. But the truth is—the sad truth is—that he won’t listen to reason. Talk as we will, the boy sticks to his plan o’ claimin’ that he knows nothin’ at all about the shootin’.”

“Well, maybe he don’t!” burst impulsively from the man on the bench. “A feller ain’t guilty till he’s proved guilty.”

Abner’s eyes gleamed.

“I’m glad to hear you stand up fer ‘im, anyway, Abe,” Abner went on suavely; “but, nevertheless, I wouldn’t like fer you to talk to him on that line. That’s too much evidence agin’ ‘im.”

“Yes, I have—that is, I’ve heard folks talk. I know all they are a-sayin’. I— I don’t blame Howard. He—he’d be a fool to say he done it unless—unless he done it, no matter what you an’ Bar-

neit advise. Life’s too short. Huh, ef Howard claims he didn’t do it, maybe he didn’t. He’s always treated me fair. The boy lent me some money once when I couldn’t git it from anybody else.”

“Oh, yes, Howard has a big heart in ‘im, an’ this is killin’ ‘im. You only have to think about it, Abe, to see how humiliated he must be. He was jest gittin’ a firm foothold in this new line. The papers all over the state was talkin’ about him an’ his work. Darley is right now gittin’ on a boom which Howard set afoot. A new railroad is comin’, a site has been selected an’ bought in the edge o’ town fer a cotton mill with thousands of spindles that will give employment to mountain folks fer miles around. But right in the middle of it the silly boy lets his hot temper git the best of ‘im. He has a few words with a feller that nobody liked an’ then waylays ‘im an’ shoots ‘im dead in his tracks, an’, of course—well, he’ll have to take his medicine, that’s all.”

“I don’t believe Howard done it!” Fulton blurted, “because you say he says he didn’t.”

“What you believe don’t settle the matter,” Abner said, as if contemptuous of an opinion which seemed so ill grounded. “Howard can’t prove nothin’ at all to offset the evidence piltin’ up mountain high agin’ ‘im. Lawyers, judges an’ experts generally are laughin’ at his stupidity in holdin’ out like he is doin’. You ain’t entirely alone in your opinion, Abe; that’s his mammy. You’d hardly expect that broken hearted woman to doubt the word of her only child, an’ I wouldn’t talk as free with her as I have to you. Ef she sees fit to believe Howard’s cock an’ bull yarn about sleepin’ on that mountain an’ all the rest he made up—well, that’s jest her right. Then, thar is another one that won’t listen to reason nuther, an’ that is Mary Trumbley. I don’t know fer sure, but I imagine of this calamity hain’t fallen then two would ‘a’ hit it off together. La, Abe, that’s pitiful! I think sometimes ef she’d jest jine me an’ Billy in advisin’ Howard to tell the whole truth that he might be influenced to own up before it is too late.”

“He’d be a fool to do it,” Abe muttered.

“Well, have it your way,” Abner sighed. “After all, Abe, Craig was an overbearin’ man, wasn’t he? You done some work fer ‘im now an’ then an’ ort to know as to that. I remember seein’ you about his place. Ef he was as bad as folks say you’d know it, I reckon?”

“He was a devil on human legs!” Abe’s eyes were daring indignantly. “He deceived several young gals that I knowed. One was a fust cousin o’ mine, a pore orphan, with nobody to take her part. He got ‘er love some way, an’ after he’d left ‘er high an’ dry fer another gal she used to hang around the woods tryin’ to see the skunk. She broke down an’ told me all about it. Oh, I knowed ‘im!”

(To Be Continued.)

FOR SALE—McCormick hay sweep.
Only used a day and a half.
Inquire of A. W. Smith or call phone No. 475-W. 6-1-24w

ODD FELLOWS GIVE CONCERT
From Wednesday’s Daily.
Last evening the members of Platte lodge No. 7, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, were given a most pleasant surprise at the lodge rooms following the business meeting, when Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Setz gave a very delightful informal musical program. Several vocal numbers, both solos and duets, were given, as well as a few piano and guitar selections, which served to make the occasion one of the greatest of enjoyment to everyone in the lodge. This splendid concert made a most excellent feature of the evening and a rare treat in the musical line.

A VERY PLEASANT VISIT
From Wednesday’s Daily.
Yesterday the editor of the Journal, Colonel M. A. Bates, had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Dan Killin, now of Omaha but a former representative for several terms in the legislature from Gage county, and where Colonel Bates first made his acquaintance in the session of 1909. It is needless to say that the visit was most thoroughly enjoyed and it was with the rarest of pleasure that we met our old friend. Mr. Killin accompanied Henry R. Gering to this city and took the occasion to visit the Journal. He has embarked in business in Omaha since removing from Beatrice.

ELECTED TO OMAHA SCHOOLS
From Wednesday’s Daily.
Miss Esther Larson of this city, who fer the last term has been teaching in the public schools at Tilden, Neb., has just been elected as a member of the teaching force of the Omaha public schools. This is a well deserved tribute to the ability of Miss Larson in her profession as she has been very successful in her teaching in the different cities in which she has been engaged in school work. The school board at Tilden parted with reluctance with Miss Larson, but the opportunity in the larger city was much greater and brings her closer to home.

SHOWER IN HONOR OF MISS CHRISTINE SOENNICHSEN

From Wednesday’s Daily.
Last evening a very pleasant social time was enjoyed at the J. C. Peterson home on lower Main street, when Miss Edna Peterson and Mrs. L. L. McCarty entertained at a most charming miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Christine Soennichsen, whose wedding is to soon take place. The rooms of the Peterson home were very prettily decorated with a color scheme of red, white and blue, the American flag, predominating in the rooms. The ladies were entertained at the Airdome in the earlier part of the evening and later adjourned to the Peterson home, where a few hours were spent in music and a general good time and in showering the guest of honor with the many beautiful remembrances that she will treasure in the years to come. During the evening dainty and delicious refreshments were served, which were prepared and served in keeping with the patriotic nature of the decorative scheme.

For Sale.
My carriage and furniture wagon for sale. Can be seen at the Parmele livery barn. M. Hild.

BILLY T. 76142



Billy T. is a sure foal getter, and can show over fifty colts from last season’s service. He has been inspected for 1916, and found perfectly sound in every way.

PEDIGREE.
That the Percheron Stallion Billy T. is recorded by the Percheron Society of America, and that his recorded number is 76142.

Color and Description: Black; Star; Right hind foot white.
Foaled March 6th, 1910. Bred and owned by Clyde Hayhurst, Shelby, Nebraska.

SIRE: Brouillard, 76141, by Nerveaux, by Picador, by Brutus, by Germanicus, by Abd El Kader, by Passe Partout, by Comet, by French Monarch, by Ildertum, by Valentin, by Vieux Chaslin, by Coco, by Mignon, by Jean Le Blanc.

DAM: Nora 50861, by Pedro, by Invincible, by Voltaire, by Brilliant, by Coco, by Vieux Chaslin, by Coco, by Mignon, by Jean Le Blanc.

Second Dam: Lavina 47669. Third Dam, Letitia 23360. Fourth Dam, Black Nell, by Pravo 1621; imported 1881. Fifth Dam, Bay Tib, by Monarch 1704; imported 1880. Sixth Dam, Vance, by Tempest 458; imported 1876. Seventh Dam, Nellie; imported 1873.

In witness whereof we have hereunto affixed the seal of the Society. Dated at Chicago, Illinois, April 3d, 1911.

H. E. McWilliams, Pres.
Wayne Dinsmore, Sec’y.

—The Celebrated Jack—

Spanish Warrior, 20412
SPANISH WARRIOR is jet black, mealy nose and belly; was foaled November 17, 1911, and was bred by J. H. Hardin, at Ninevah, Ind.; will weigh at the present time 975 pounds, but when fully matured will make a 1,000-pound jack. He stands 16½ hands high, and has an excellent reputation as a quick performer and foal getter.

Billy T. and Spanish Warrior will make the season of 1916 as follows: Every day in the week at Nehawka, phone me at Sheldon’s store. If I am not there leave your name and I will call you up or call at your place.

TERMS—The service fee for both Billy T. and Spanish Warrior will be \$15 to insure standing colt. Money becomes due at once if mare is parted with or leaves the community, and when so parted with my guarantee ceases. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should any occur.

JULIUS RUMMANP, Owner

“A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL” AT THE AIR DOME TUESDAY

Helbrook Blinn and Vivian Martin Co-Starring in World Film—To Be Shown at Airdome June 6.

The World Film Corporation presents the five-part photoplay, “A Butterfly on the Wheel,” based on the stage play of the same name, which was a remarkable success at its public presentation a few years ago. Helbrook Blinn, one of the most popular as he is assuredly one of the most gifted, motion picture artists in the world, plays the lead in the drama, and Vivian Martin is opposite him. You couldn’t possibly have a more striking hero and heroine in a motion picture than these two favorite players, who have won for themselves warm places in the affections of motion picture theater-goers.

With Mr. Blinn and Miss Martin in the picture there are also such fine artists as George Ralph, June Elvidge, John Hines—thus making the cast of principals exceptionally strong and attractive. Miss Martin and Miss Elvidge are two of the most beautiful women now appearing in pictures.

The story concerns itself with the matrimonial adventures of a successful business man and his young wife, Peggy, who, after the honeymoon, becomes unhappy because hubby neglects her. And in that mood she is ready to listen to the pleadings of a friend of her husband, who wants her to elope with him.

But, notwithstanding the equivocal position in which she is placed, Peggy is loyal to her husband. Still you cannot play with fire and remain unhurt; and if you touch pitch you are bound to be defiled.

The result of Peggy being frequently seen in compromising circumstances with Collingwood, the lover, is that her husband divorces her. But a reconciliation is affected between them. Before this consummation is reached, however, there are many striking happenings in this photoplay which, among other sensations, has a terrible and terrifying theater fire scene; this scene provides the movie fan with a real thrill.

This great photoplay will be shown at the Airdome or Grand theater on Tuesday evening, June 6.

Holbrook Blinn and Vivian Martin
—IN—
A Butterfly on the Wheel!
A Thrilling Drama of Matrimonial Strife.
Produced by the Great Director MAURICE TOURNEUR
A Shubert Feature!
Tuesday, June 6
Gem Theatre—Matinee Air Dome Evening

\$10,000 SUIT FOR SLANDER IS FILED IN DISTRICT COURT

From Wednesday’s Daily.
This afternoon a damage and slander suit for \$10,000 was filed in the office of the clerk of the district court, in which Nathaniel Flood is the plaintiff and Hulda Loider is the defendant. The petition states that for the past thirteen years the plaintiff has resided at Greenwood and has had the confidence and respect of his fellow men. That on or about May 19, 1916, the defendant, in the presence of Lewis Shafer, Aaron Pailing, Earl Howard and divers others, made the statement, “Nathaniel Flood stole a lawnmower belonging to me.” This has caused the plaintiff great mental anguish, it is claimed, and for which he desires the sum of \$10,000 as a balm to heal. Both parties are residents of near Greenwood and the trial of the case will attract considerable attention from that part of the county.

Study Food Values

Food provided for the family table deserves the careful thought of every housewife. Do you use thought when buying baking powder?

The quality of cake, biscuits and all quickly raised flour foods depends largely upon the kind of baking powder used.

Royal Baking Powder is made from cream of tartar derived from grapes. It is absolutely pure and has proved its excellence for making food of finest quality and wholesomeness for generations.

Royal Baking Powder contains no alum nor phosphate.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
New York

SUIT IS FILED IN COUNTY COURT THIS MORNING

From Wednesday’s Daily.
A suit was filed in the county court this morning entitled Estelle Hornbeck Hyde, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas M. Hornbeck, vs. Idd G. Hornbeck, in which the plaintiff sets forth that the deceased was possessed at the time of his death of a farm in Saline county, Missouri, and that since his death the rental amounting to \$301.80 has been in the possession of the defendant, Idd G. Hornbeck, who has failed to turn the amount over to the plaintiff as administratrix of the estate, and she prays that a judgment for the amount be rendered by the court.

Shetland Pony For Sale.
Fine Shetland pony for sale cheap at \$100. Call on William Gilmour, Plattsmouth, R. F. D. No. 1.

Read the want ads in the Journal

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
State of Nebraska ss.
Cass County

In the matter of the estate of Frederick Engelkemier, 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 10th day of June, 1916, and on the 11th day of December, 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 10th day of May, 1916.
ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.
(Seal)
John M. Leyde,
Attorney for Administratrix.

W. A. ROBERTSON,
Lawyer.
East of Riley Hotel.
Cotes’ Block,
Second Floor.

GOOD AUTO ROADS TO OMAHA

The cost of Bridge Tolls for Round Trip using our Commutation Books

Auto and Driver, round Trip..... 50c
Extra Passengers, each,..... 5c
\$10.00 Book,..... \$5.00
\$5.00 Book,..... \$2.50

Commutation Books Good any time and Transferable.

PLATTSMOUTH
Auto & Wagon Bridge Co.

Pasture
For cattle and horses. Good running water. Two miles southeast of this city. Inquire of James Kennedy.
Sales bills come quickly at the Journal.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.
In the matter of the estate of Charles R. Craig, deceased.
NOTICE.
To all persons interested in the estate of Charles R. Craig, deceased: You are hereby notified that Thomas T. Young has filed a petition asking for the administration of the estate of Charles R. Craig, deceased, alleging among other things that said deceased died intestate in Cass county, Nebraska, leaving personal estate to be administered. Also that said deceased left him surviving as his only heirs at law, his widow, Alice E. Craig, and Mildred Craig, daughter; Bernese Craig, daughter and Harold C. Craig, son.
You are further notified that a hearing on said petition will be had on the 29th day of June, 1916, at the hour of ten o’clock a. m., at the office of the County Judge, Plattsmouth, Cass County, Nebraska.
All objections or exceptions to said petition and the appointment of an administrator of said deceased, must be on file on or before said date, or the allegations of said petition will be taken as true and the prayer thereof granted.
Dated this 27th day of May, 1916.
By the Court,
ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE COUNTY OF CASS, NEBRASKA.
Archibald Hohenshell, et al.
Plaintiffs.
vs.
Kate Hohenshell, et al.,
Defendants.
NOTICE OF RECEIVER’S SALE.
Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the District Court duly entered on the 25th day of May, 1916, in the above entitled cause, authorizing me as referee in partition to sell the following described real estate, to-wit:
The west half of the northeast quarter, and the west half of the southeast quarter, the south half of the northwest quarter, and the north half of the southwest quarter, all in Section twenty-three (23) Township twelve (12) Range nine (9), all in Cass county, Nebraska.
for cash, and as upon execution, I will on the 1st day of July, 1916, at eleven o’clock a. m., at the south front door of the court house, in Plattsmouth, Cass county, Nebraska, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the foregoing described real estate. Said sale will remain open for one hour.
Dated this 29th day of May, 1916.
CHARLES E. MARTIN,
Referee in Partition.
C. A. RAWLS, Attorney.
5-29-30d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
State of Nebraska, Cass county, ss. In the matter of the estate of Loretta Ault, 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 18th day of June, 1916, and on the 16th day of December, 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 15th day of May, 1916.
ALLEN J. BEESON,
County Judge.
(Seal)
JOHN M. LEYDE,
Attorney for Administrator.