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If you are interested in securing 160 acres of this rich land, wrap up a quarter and send for this booklet and map at once.

Address Homestead Information Bureau, Pierre, S. D.

If you need help of any kind, tell as many people as possible. There are more than 40,000 people who subscribe for the Omaha Bee. You can tell them all or one cent per word per day. Write today.

**HUNTER'S NOTICE**

All hunters found trespassing on Sunnyslope ranch will be prosecuted.

J29-tf W. B. FERRY.

**Land for Sale.**

160 acres of land located ten miles north of the city for sale on reasonable terms. Inquire of W. D. Grant. M27-tf

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Eyes tested and glasses fitted. -10-tf DR. BARTHOLOMEW.

We are in the market FOR WHITE and YELLOW CORN Will pay the highest price offered on the Broken Bow market. Call and see us before selling. 34-tf S. J. LONERGAN

**The City Livery**

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Feeds your horses no poor grain and will supply you with good

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at reasonable prices. Come and see me.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Fitting of glasses. EYE, EAR, NOSE and THROAT Office in Dierks Bldg. Phone 260 BROKEN BOW, - - NEB.

**Robinson's Detective Work**

I was telephoning Randall about a business detail that had popped into my head just as I was leaving the theater, when the thing happened.

"I am sure that number is not busy," I assured the operator, and there followed the usual provoking silence. "Plague take it," I muttered, when I heard something like a moan through the phone.

"My God, they'll kill me!" I almost dropped the receiver in surprise. The words, uttered in a low tone, evidently a woman's, had the effect of coming from blank space. The shock set me to quivering.

"They'll be back in a moment. They'll have no mercy. Help me, for God's sake."

The words came jerkily over the phone, cut into sentences, and were spoken in a repressed fashion as if the speaker were trying to conceal them from someone. But they began to grow louder and more charged with emotion.

"They can't be gone much longer. I think I hear them on the stairs now. Good God, they're coming! Help me! help me! They're—"

It was Randall's blatant voice that broke in. "Hello," he said. "Hello. Well?"

"Hang up your receiver," I shouted. "This is me, Robinson. Hurry, you idiot. Something terrible's happened."

It took an endless time to make him understand. The moment he did cut off I began violently to work the receiver-holder of my phone in an effort to attract the operator's attention. There was a snap somewhere. The phone suddenly became absolutely dead. It took me some time to realize this; then I jammed it down on the desk and ran to the door.

As I opened it, a cab was creeping by. Hailing the driver, I jumped in. "Go like the devil," I said, and gave him the address of the west exchange with which I knew my phone was connected.

I fairly gnawed my nails to the quick as the driver whipped his horse along at top speed. The words were ringing in my ears: "Help me! Help me!" What had happened?

Around the corner we whirled and the lights of the exchange flashed into sight. "Wait," I shouted to the driver, as I leaped out and dashed up the stairs. A girl pointed out to me the manager.

"The forces have just been changed," he said. "The operator on your line has gone home."

"But can't anyone else tell me what phone I was connected with?" I exclaimed.

He said they couldn't. Then another resort came into my mind. "Where does the girl live? I'll go to her home."

He asked each separate girl and none knew. I was growing desperate when the boy who did call jobs said he thought she lived with her aunt on Queen and Oak streets in the Millsworth suburb. The next instant I was in the cab, driving like fury. The Millsworth suburb was six miles away. It was three o'clock when we reached there. The girl and her aunt had moved back within the city fully ten miles from where we were. As soon as possible I changed cabs, for the horse I had been using was utterly done up. "Drive for all you are worth," I said to my new caddy.

The words I had heard over the phone kept running through my brain: "Help me, help me!" Perhaps it was too late.

There was a growing light in the east when we stopped before a small frame house. Aching in every joint from my hard drive, I ran up the steps. Bur-er, went the bell. There was a wait, the patter of feet, then the gas in the hall was lighted. I shouted who I was and whom I wanted to see.

The door cracked and a head done up in curl-papers appeared. "I'm her. What's the trouble?"

I told her, clenching my hands, knitting my brows, filling my tones with dramatic emphasis the while. She started, slowly her eyes opened, then her mouth expanded into a smile. For a moment I stood unbelieving.

"But, do you understand?" I cried. "This is a life and death matter. Whom was I connected with?"

"Me."

"What?"

She extended a yellow-back volume through the door. "I had got to the third chapter, just where the princess had been thrown into the dungeon, when I had to go on duty; so I took the book along with me, and was reading a bit out to Mamie Moore when you asked for a number. Listen: 'My God, they'll kill me! They'll be back in a moment. They'll have no mercy. Help me for God's sake. They can't be gone much longer. I think I hear them on the stairs now. Good God, they're coming! Help me, help me! They're—' The boss came along about that time."

I turned brusquely away. "Good night," I said. She giggled.

**German Shipbuilding Depression.** During the year 1908 there were 99 (against 435 in 1907) seagoing steamships, of an aggregate of 147,270 gross register tonnage, built in German shipyards; at the close of the year 67 ocean steamships were in course of construction, representing 187,362 tonnage. Ship-building and the shipping trade have not been prosperous in the last year.

**The Cook Came Back**

Mrs. Jarr and Gertrude Come to an Understanding.

"Gertrude is back!" said Mrs. Jarr to Mr. Jarr when he came home the other evening.

"It seems like old times to have her around the house," Mrs. Jarr went on. "After all, there is such a thing as attachment from long service, in spite of all you say, and it also shows that it pays to be kind and considerate, too!"

"Do you mean, Gertrude, that grim Amazon, who condescended to burn food for us for one day and then rough-housed the place till we paid her for a full week?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, you mustn't talk that way," said Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude was very sorry. She said that she didn't think we loved her, and she comes from a very fine family that has seen better days, and she has a lot of property that she was cheated out of before she was born, and it is a great mystery where it is or what it is, but Gertrude thinks it's very valuable real estate in Syracuse, because her aunt's people come from Syracuse."

"Well, I have troubles of my own and I don't want to hear hers," said Mr. Jarr. "If you are satisfied I suppose I will have to be. But what did she come back for, to bring back the door key she took away?"

"No," said Mrs. Jarr; "she wants to keep the key. She feels it is a tie. She came back because she said there had been a mistake. We had only paid her \$4 and she never worked, not even for society people, for less than \$5 a week, and only for that as a personal favor. And she wanted another dollar, so, as the new girl we got yesterday left this morning when I asked her to help me dust the parlor I thought I'd use diplomacy, and I told Gertrude I'd give her the dollar if she'd take up her place where she left off."

"And she went right out in the kitchen and burned the salt and bread—the only two things she left unscorched the day she was here?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, you mustn't talk that way," said Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude is very sensitive, and I think it was something she must have heard you say that made her act the way she did when she left. But she says she feels like one of the family and likes to stay in a place"—"A day at a time," interrupted Mr. Jarr.

"If she hears you talk like that she won't stay at all," said Mrs. Jarr. "She really is attached to us."

"Ah, the loyalty of the old family retainer!" said Mr. Jarr. "How touching it is—how it appeals to our tenderest emotions when we see it—on the stage. We never see it anywhere else."

"That isn't so," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mrs. Stryver's second maid has been with her for nearly three months. Of course she is lazy and untidy and makes trouble by carrying tales on the other servants, but Mrs. Stryver likes to hear kitchen gossip, and, besides, the girl is so impudent she is afraid to discharge her, so you see it isn't only on the stage that there is devotion and loyalty in servants, and Gertrude says—"

"O, Gertrude must have been extremely loquacious," said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, I never heard her talk so much. She seemed feverish and excited, but I guess it was joy in getting her old place back," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Maybe it was gin," said Mr. Jarr. "Now, once and for all," said Mrs. Jarr, sharply, "once and for all, you must stop interfering with the servants! How can I keep a girl if you do? You are always detecting liquor on other people."

"You are always detecting it on me," said Mr. Jarr. "But if you are satisfied I am, and I hope Gertrude is satisfied, too."

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr in a hesitating manner, "she wants different wall paper on her room. She says the pattern looks as if it were moving. And she wants us to patronize the other butcher, because the delivery man of the one we have is so cold and distant. I think that's why she left. And she says she has to have her evenings out and she has scruples against cooking on Sundays, and she thinks it will show we appreciate her if I buy her a nice hat."

"Anything else she wants? Gertrude is so modest in her demands?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Now, you leave me to attend to how this house is run!" said Mrs. Jarr. "She just comes back when the house needs a thorough cleaning. We'll start in to-morrow and wash the windows and woodwork—"

"What's the matter with doing it now?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, you see," said Mrs. Jarr, "after I gave Gertrude the door key I owed her she remembered an appointment she had with her lawyer and had to go. She'll be here early to-morrow."

But Mr. Jarr laid a mental bet of ten to one that Gertrude wouldn't.

**For a Hard Man.**

An American guest for the night at an inn in Stirling, Scotland, descended to the office at break of day and complained to the person in charge that the bed was hard.

"It was like sleeping on a board," he said.

The person in charge replied with cold austerity: "The great duke of Wellington once slept in that bed."

"No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" remarked the guest, ruefully rubbing his person as he turned away.—Youth's Companion.

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With your breakfast  
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& COFFEE  
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**NOTICE BY PUBLICATION.**

Henry W. Waltermire, ——— Waltermire his wife, whose first name is unknown; Charles Barnes; and the unknown heirs, devisees and legal representatives of Emma Barnes, deceased, defendants, Take Notice, that on August 3rd, 1909, Joseph E. Waltermire, plaintiff, filed his petition in the District Court of Custer County, Nebraska, against Caroline Waltermire and the above named defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendant Caroline Waltermire and Jacob Waltermire, now deceased, to the plaintiff upon the west half of the northeast quarter, the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section twenty-six, in township fourteen, range twenty-five in Custer County, Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note dated June 9th, 1904, for the sum of \$300.00, due and payable on or before June 9th, 1909, at 8 per cent interest, that there is now due on said note and mortgage from this date, for which sum and interest and costs plaintiff prays for decree that defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due, with general relief and for such other matters as appear in said petition and prayer thereto.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 31st day of October, 1909, as ordered by the Court in making order for this notice.

Dated Sept. 14th, 1909.  
JOSEPH E. WALTERMIRE, Plaintiff,  
By his attorney, J. A. ARMOUR,  
S 16494-51

**NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.**

In the matter of the estate of William Thompson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Bruno O. Hostetler, Judge of the district court of Custer County, Nebraska, made on the 22nd day of May, 1909, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at the main entrance door of the Court House in Broken Bow, in Custer County, Nebraska, on Saturday, the second day of October, 1909, at one o'clock p. m., at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate to-wit: The southwest quarter of the northeast quarter and lot two in section one in township fourteen north of range twenty-one west of the 6th P. M. in Custer County, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open one hour.

Dated this 13th day of September, 1909.  
T. T. BELL,  
Administrator of the estate of William Thompson, deceased.  
S 1630-31

**PERFUMES**

Delicate and delectable odors—all the new summer fancies and the old-time favorites.

Perfumes of refinement—sweet, soft and lasting.

We have all the newer varieties.

J. G. Haerberle

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If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. Consult him often. Keep in close touch with him.

We publish our formulas We banish alcohol from our medicines We urge you to consult your doctor  
**Ayer's**  
Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills.  
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

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We will have everything for you in the line of Fruit and Lunch.  
FOR FRUIT:  
Peaches  
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Cheese Dried Beef  
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We want all our friends to call and see us.  
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You know we always have the stock and we can take care of you and your wants in our line.  
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**1888 Welcome 1909**

Oil sardines, 6 cans	25c
Mustard sardines, 3 cans	25c
Mustard ham, 5 cans	25c
Nut butter, a large bottle	30c
Sockeye Salmon, the best	20c
The best Red Salmon, per can	15c
Fancy minced luncheon loaf per pound	15c
Extra fancy bologna, per pound	10c
Extra fancy wienerwurst, per pound	15c
Summer sausage, per pound	20c

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APPLES, PEARS, PEACHES, GRAPES, PLUMS, BANNANAS, ORANGES, LEMONS  
Highest price paid for fancy butter, fresh eggs, melons and produce during fair week.  
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