

**FOR SALE**  
My Little Six Buick touring car in first class condition at a very reasonable price. T. C. PATTERSON, 2 Building and Loan Building. 9117

**NOTICE**  
To Stephen Pirkey and Mrs. Stephen Pirkey, his wife, first and real name unknown, their heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives, and all persons interested in the estates of the said Stephen Pirkey, and Mrs. Stephen Pirkey, his wife, or either of them; James B. Turner and Mrs. James B. Turner, his wife, first and real name unknown, their heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives, and all other persons interested in the estates of the said James B. Turner and Mrs. James B. Turner, his wife, or either of them, and the Northeast Quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Ten (10), and the Northwest Quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Eleven (11), all in Township Eleven (11) North, Range Thirty-three (33), west of the 6th P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, defendants:

You and each of you and said above described real estate are hereby notified that Benjamin B. Simmons, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court in and for Lincoln county, Nebraska, against you and each of you and against said real estate on the 28th day of November, 1919; plaintiff alleges in his petition that he is the fee simple owner of said described real estate; that Stephen Pirkey and Mrs. Stephen Pirkey, his wife, claim some right, title or estate in and to the South Half (S $\frac{1}{2}$ ) of the Northwest Quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Eleven (11), and the Northeast Quarter (NE $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Ten (10), all in Township Eleven (11) North, Range Thirty-three (33), west of the 6th P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska, by reason of a certain mortgage executed by John I. Orrison and wife, Alice G. Orrison, which appears of record in the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska, and recorded in Book "40" of mortgages, at page 596, but plaintiff alleges that said debt for which said mortgage was given has been paid, but no release has ever been given, and that the said Stephen Pirkey and the said Mrs. Stephen Pirkey, his wife, their heirs, devisees, legatees, personal representatives and all other persons interested in their estates, or either of them, have no right, title or interest in and to said described real estate and said mortgage should be released. Plaintiff further alleges that he is the owner in fee simple and in possession of the said Northwest Quarter (NW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Eleven (11), in Township Eleven (11) North, Range Thirty-three (33), west of the 6th P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska, and that plaintiff and his grantors have been in the open, continuous and adverse possession of the same as against the defendants and as against all persons claiming by or through the defendants and each of them and against the whole world for more than ten years last past, and that by reason thereof, any claims of the defendants and each of them are barred by the statute of limitations, and the defendants and each of them have no right, title or interest in and to said real estate.

The object and prayer of plaintiff's petition is to quiet title in and to all of said described real estate, and to exclude each and all of the defendants from any right, title, interest in and to said lands and for such other relief as may be just and equitable.

You and each of you are hereby notified that you must answer said petition on or before the 12th day of January, 1920, or decree and judgment will be taken and entered against you.  
BENJAMIN B. SIMMONS,  
Plaintiff  
By Geo. N. Gibbs, His Attorney.

d2-d26

**NOTICE**

Harry R. Holdeman and Leda N. Holdeman will take notice that on the 4th day of November, 1919, W. H. C. Woodhurst, county judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$22.10 and costs of suit in an action pending before him wherein North Platte Light & Power Company, a corporation, is plaintiff and Harry R. Holdeman and Leda N. Holdeman are defendants, that property consisting of 2 night shirts, 3 shirts, 5 union suits, 1 silk waist, 1 cut glass pitcher, 1 pillow cover, 1 bath robe, 10 yds. drapery, 3 dresses, coat and vest, 3 skirts, 10 books and holders, 12 pictures framed 3 aprons, lady's coat, 1 bath rug, 1 pr. leather leggings, 1 lady's hand bag, 1 steel fishing rod, boy's coat and hat, 1 electric fixture, 1 double blanket, (cotton), 1 feather bed, 2 barrels glass and crockery, 1 soldier's uniform (coat and pants), 17 dollies, 10 pennants, 2 table cloths, 2 pillow slips, 13 towels, 1 wool vest, 2 table pads, cutlery, 3 fancy baskets, 2 dresser scarfs, 1 center piece, 3 piano scarfs, 5 bed sheets, 3 bed spreads, piece of new cloth, piece of plush cloth, 1 comb tray, 14 handkerchiefs, 4 curtains, 1 cotton blanket, 6 pillows with slips and 8 quilts and sundry household articles, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 22d day of December, 1919, at ten o'clock a. m.

Dated this 29th day of November, 1919.  
NORTH PLATTE LIGHT & POWER COMPANY, Plaintiffs. d2-19

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**

Estate No. 1702 of Mary A. Simants, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.  
The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is April 2, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is November 28, 1920, that I will set at the county court room in said county on January 2, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on April 2, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.  
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge  
d2-d26

**HER ESCAPADE**

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

Mollie caught her cloak from the hall rack, and pulled a velvet turban over her wavy hair.

"I have an errand down the street," she told the group around the fireplace. "I won't be gone more than ten minutes." But the clock on the mantel chimed seven, and still dinner waited.

At 7:30 Aunt Millicent called her guests for the evening meal.

"I don't see what has become of Mollie," she said, "she is always as good as her word."

"Perhaps," suggested Mollie's brother, Reverend James, "her errand may have been to see a sick person who needs help."

"You don't think an accident—" began Aunt Marie, from the city.

"If anything had happened, I should have heard by this time," Aunt Millicent decided comfortably. "Let's enjoy our dinner and be ready to receive the later guests when they come."

Mollie at that minute was flying along a moonlit road in a soft-rolling car, driven by a strange man whom Mollie had never seen. She was enjoying herself immensely; the crisp breeze of autumn fanned her rosy cheeks, and the pace she and her unknown companion were traveling was exhilarating. It was all part of the witchery of the night, she told herself exultingly, borne of crackling leaves in the roadway and shadows tall and beckoning, from the moonlit hills.

Mollie had been, during the course of her useful life, a well-disciplined young woman. Tonight the errand which urged her forth was to carry a glass of jelly to a protegee of hers in the old folks' home.

The old folks' home was set back from the road, and Mollie expected to leave the jelly and return at once to Aunt Millicent's party. She and Aunt Millicent were anxious to make a success of the little party, that Mollie's brother, Reverend James, might feel proud in thus entertaining his friends.

Suddenly, as Mollie stepped out from the entrance of the old folks' home, and stood revealed in the brilliancy of the October moon, a noiseless automobile rolled toward her like an apparition of the night, and immediately received her into its embrace.

A man's voice, a pleasing though commanding voice, had said peremptorily:

"Step in, please," and Mollie had "stepped in."

As the car went flying up the hill, Mollie was not dismayed at her own unquestioning obedience; instead, a sense of pleasurable adventure possessed her.

"Who sent you for me?" she asked her silent companion, "and who are you?"

The man, busy with the intricacies of the narrow road, cast a glance at her, but did not reply until he had brought the machine to a stop in a safely sequestered corner.

"I was asked to pick up a Miss Hill at the old folks' home," he said. "It seemed she was visiting there, and a friend telephoned her that I would drive her farther on to her destination."

"You are—Miss Hill?" Mollie sat up very straight.

"I am not," she answered shortly. The man looked suddenly into Mollie's face and she gazed back at him, wide-eyed.

Her long gaze proved strangely reassuring. It was a frank, manly face which regarded her wonderingly. Mollie smiled, and Mollie's smile was charming.

"We have both been mistaken," she explained. "I thought when you called, that my brother had sent one of his friends to hurry me home. You can drop me on your way back to the old folks' home. By this time Miss Hill is probably waiting."

The man uttered a low exclamation. "And I've brought you on here, out of your way," he said. "You must let me take you safely home, before I call for Miss Hill." But Mollie objected.

"I couldn't think of troubling you so far," she replied. "You may let me out just where you found me."

Regretfully, the man turned the machine about.

"These hills are wonderful in the moonlight," he murmured. "Would you mind," he added impulsively, "if I rode on a bit farther to get a better view before taking you down?"

It was then that Mollie blamed the witchery of the night for the promptness of her eager consent.

When the car halted at last before the old folks' home the man turned to her.

"Let me drive you home," he begged, "after I have found my charge."

**SOLOMON ON VERMONT BENCH**

Decision Handed Down by Judge Some Generations Ago Remarkable for Many Reasons.

A singular compound of law, good sense and sarcasm characterized Elias Keyes, one of the early Vermont judges.

A disconsolate-looking tramp was once convicted before Judge Keyes of the larceny of the boots of United States Senator Dudley Chase. The judge addressed him as follows:

"You are a poor creature and ought to have known better than to steal. Only rich men can take things without paying for them. And then you must steal in the great town of Windsor, and the boots of a great man like Senator Chase, the greatest man anywhere around. If you wanted to steal why didn't you steal in some little town in New Hampshire and the boots of some man who wasn't of any consequence?"

"And then you must steal from him when he was on his way to Washington and perhaps the only boots he had. You might have compelled him to wait until some shoemaker made him another pair, and shoemakers never keep their promises. And perhaps by the delay some important treaty might have failed of ratification because he was not present in the senate."

"I have got to say that you seem to know a demed deal more about stealing boots nor what I do!" piped the prisoner.

"That is a sound observation," he said. "I will give you only one month in the county jail, and that not so much for stealing as for your ignorance in not knowing better than to steal the boots of a great man like Senator Dudley Chase."

**Made a Mistake.**

We ate that evening in the kitchen. In a bedroom, off the dining room, slept our two-year-old boy. In that room, in a drawer of the dresser was a box containing all of my jewelry.

When my husband had finished his dinner he made his way to the front part of the house and while doing so, he ran squarely into a man. He asked the man what he was doing there, and the man answered: "Pardon me, sir, but I'm a piano tuner, but I think I've made a mistake."

My husband turned on the light, and there, a little satchel in his hand, bowing and apologizing, stood a slim, fair-haired, innocent-looking individual. My husband kept on berating him, and I, somewhat ashamed of him, begged him not to be so hard on a man, who had made a mistake and seemed truly sorry for it.

Finally, amidst more bowing and profuse apologies, the man took his departure. We found out later that the shabby little tuner's satchel contained the contents of my jewel case. He had left me my wedding ring because it was on my finger.—Chicago Tribune.

**What is Charm?**

The charming woman possesses a definite personality. She makes her entrances and exits felt, and one would rather talk with her than with many other people. She may not be anything remarkable, but she utters even commonplaces in a way of her own. She is a sympathetic listener and neither her eyes nor her interest ever wander.

Tact and charm are near akin, as both include the gift of saying the right thing at the right time. We all know the woman who quite unintentionally makes her friends as uncomfortable as the kitten with her fur rubbed the wrong way. We all know, also, her opposite, the creature from whose presence one always emerges cheered and comforted, with the agreeable sensation that one has been appreciated at last.

The charming woman never stoops to flattery. She honestly believes the best of everyone, and considers it her mission on earth to diffuse happiness around her. To spread sunshine on earth seems a divine attitude, and the charming woman usurps it as her special prerogative.

**They Must Have Left Soon.**

Unexpected company dropped in on us, and not having much for supper, we did not want to invite them to stay, but they stayed quite late and I was compelled to ask them to supper. After supper my mother retired and during the course of the evening while our guests were still with us a door was heard to creak. My mother, thinking the guests had left, called down to me, "Did they go, Annie?" My guests urged me to say "Yes," wondering what mother would say, so I was forced to do as they wanted me and I answered, "Yes, mother, they have gone." To my embarrassment mother called down, "Thank goodness! Did you ever see such pigs on butter?"—Exchange.

**The H. C. L. Again.**

The Landlady—I'll have to get \$2 more this week. I can't wash at the old rates.

The Housewife—But you seemed satisfied when I gave you a raise last week.

The Landlady—Yes, but furs an' gasoline an' motor accessories have went up something terrible since then.

**Would Have Pleas'd the Queen.**

Mrs. Styles—I see it stated that when the Belgian king flew over New York in an airplane he would not allow his queen to fly with him.

Mr. Styles—That was unkind of him, for she really would have had the opportunity of seeing an awful lot of women's hats.

**WELCOME HOME**

By LIZZIE M. PEABODY.

The old mill town seemed steeped in glorious sunshine the day it welcomed home its returned sons from the various branches of war service; bells rang, bands played and banners waved everywhere.

The beautifully staged floats, each representing its bit of history, each bearing loyal men and women who had in their appointed way fought hard to help win the war, were also generously applauded as they passed on their way.

After the parade came the banquet and speeches, and then dancing in the town hall. Certainly each returned man and boy should have felt his hearty welcome given him, and Stephen Glenn, honorably discharged that very day, and who had arrived in town only a short time before the parade started had honestly appreciated every effort made in his behalf as a returned soldier, and yet there was a dissatisfied look in his dark eyes as they roved around the hall, even as he danced with the prettiest girl and best dancer there.

He was looking for little Betty Plummer, and she had not yet appeared.

Seven laboriously written letters which should have passed the censor, he had sent to her.

Even while keeping step to the gay music he sorrowfully admitted to himself that as far as he was concerned he might as well have tied a stone to each letter and have dropped it into the deep sea; for he had not heard from her. Members of his company had received letters from the home town more or less regularly, but the sensitiveness which made him hide deep his hurt feelings, counseled silence, and he had asked no questions of them.

Although he was fond of dancing he suddenly decided early in the evening to go home; and as a result soon found himself walking rapidly in the direction of the old Plummer homestead, where Betty lived with her grandmother, and which was in the opposite direction from his boarding place.

Supposing that Betty had stayed away from the dance in order to avoid him, he argued to himself—supposing even that she preferred spending the evening at home with someone who had taken his place in her heart. There really wasn't any reason why he shouldn't stroll down by the old-fashioned gambrel-roofed white cottage where she lived, and he was soon standing close to the old furrowed stone which after many years of service as a part of the busy old grist mill had been chosen by Betty's grandfather as a suitable stepping stone to his front door. In the sitting room there was a cheery light and outside the old-fashioned flowers which grew about the sides of the old stone seemed to sleepily nod to him a welcome as they swayed toward him in the pale moonlight. Then the unexpected happened. From force of habit, and almost unconscious of the act, he raised the old brass knocker and knocked upon the door.

It was Betty who came, opened the door quickly, and then stood gazing at him.

Without being wholly successful she tried to veil the look of happiness which sprang into her blue eyes as she recognized him, and checking an exclamation, with hands hanging limply by her sides, she silently waited for him to speak.

"Don't stand there looking like that, Betty!" he burst out. "You must have known that I couldn't keep away; that I would have to learn from your own lips your reason for not answering my letters to you. Maybe they weren't interesting, maybe they weren't well written; but, oh, Betty! couldn't you have written just once?" Her expression changed and she tried to speak calmly, but her voice trembled and broke.

"You told me you would send your address, and I waited for you to write."

"At first I was very patient, and then I—but oh, I didn't get any letters, Stevie," and for a moment she covered her eyes with both hands.

A feeling of perfect comprehension crept over him. Couldn't he understand well enough how hard it had been to bear the strain of waiting? Eagerly he caught at her hands and drew them swiftly away from her face.

"Seven letters, Betty!" he cried. "Seven letters I wrote and sent and would have written 77 more, only I made up my mind at last that you did not care for my letters, or for me." In his voice was the ring of truth. Truth shone in his clear, young eyes, and all her doubts and fears vanished; but with gloomy foreboding he asked: "Can't you believe me?"

"Yes! Yes!" she replied hastily. "And no one else in all the wide world could be so welcome," she said softly.

As a few moments later she stood in the sitting room doorway, watching as he placed his hat on the hook in the little front entry, her smiling eyes and lips seemed to him to still be saying: "No one else in all the wide world could be so welcome."

Looking over her shoulder he noted the big old armchair, the red and green woolen carpet, so familiar to him. And even the little sitting room echoed her softly spoken words, and a boyish smile lit up his face as he remarked: "The right sort of welcome from the right girl. Can you beat it?"

**KEITH THEATRE WED. 10th**  
North Platte DEC.

Prices from \$2.50 Down. No Phone orders. No seats laid away. Mail orders now. Box office sale Dec. 5th. CURTAIN WILL RISE PROMPTLY AT 7:30.

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