

WHEN JIM CAME HOME A HAPPY OLD MAID.

By M. QUAD.
Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Jim Baker was lazy and shiftless as a young man. He didn't drink, and he was good tempered. He had the reputation of being truthful and honest, but everybody said he would die in the poorhouse. At the age of twenty-four, to the surprise of everybody, he got married. No young woman in his locality would have looked at him twice, but one twenty miles away actually fell in love with and married him. A thousand different times in after years she tried to explain to herself and others how it came about, but she never satisfied any one.

The father of Jim's wife gave her thirty acres of land with a cabin on it, and the couple went there to exist. For the first five years Jim was appalled, to protest at and complained of for his laziness. Then the hard-working wife realized that it was no use and gave it up.

Jim Baker read and heard of the civil war when it broke out, and he saw many of his neighbors enlist and go marching away. He had no particular interest in war. He was a patriot, but he didn't say much about it for fear he would be asked to swing his hat and cheer. That would have been hard work for him. It was only when the days of the big bounty came that he sat down under a tree for serious thought. He was thinking when a recruiting officer came along and sat down beside him and said:

"Jim, if you want to enlist I can get you \$700 bounty money. It looks now as if the war would be over in thirty days, and just think of earning all that money in a month."

"I'll think it over," replied Jim after a long time, and that evening his wife noticed that he was looking very serious. When she asked if he felt ill he answered:

"Num. Say, Bet, I'm thinking of going to war."

She smiled at the idea, and he continued:

"I allus thought it was mighty hard work, but that feller told me today it was dead easy. All you've got to do is to eat and sleep and shoot rebels. You have a nigger to cook for you and load your gun. I believe I could stand that, and I'll get \$700 for going."

Nothing more was said about the matter that evening. Next morning the wife started for the fields, and Jim started for the village. She missed him at noon when she returned to the house, but she didn't worry. When he came home at sundown he tossed a big roll of greenbacks into her lap and said:

"I've enlisted for a soldier and am going away tomorrow."

She counted the money over slowly, and it upon the clock shelf and replied:

"Jim, there's wuss husbands than you. I'll be mighty careful of the money, and I hope you'll come back all right."

There was very little said next morning when he started off. She went to the plow and he to town, and the talk was all among the neighbors. After getting down to the front Jim wrote home now and then, but briefly. Sometimes he was mentioned in other soldiers' letters, but also briefly. The wife lived on alone. She missed the husband, and yet she didn't. Sometimes she wished him back, and sometimes she didn't feel to care whether he returned or not. She was in this neutral state of mind when the war came to a close at last. The soldiers who survived it returned home, and one evening as she sat on her steps with her pipe in her mouth a veteran in uniform turned in at the gate to say:

"Mrs. Baker, have you heard about Jim?"

"Not a word."

"He didn't come back with us."

"No?"

"Because he was killed in the very last battle. I was right near him when he fell. Mighty sorry to have to tell you."

"Thankee for coming," she said, and not a dozen more words were said. In her way the woman felt her loss, but she shed no tears over it. It did not keep her from her work next day. After two years she began drawing a widow's pension, and a sister came to live with her. After the sixth year she was asked to marry again, and again she was a wife. It was seven years almost to a day since she had been told of Jim's death when she sat alone in the house one day and a stranger entered. He was lame and dusty and grizzled and asked for a cup of water. As he drank it she looked at him more closely and then sunk into a chair and was speechless for a moment.

"Is anything wrong?" asked the man.

"My God! But you are Jim Baker, my husband that went to the war!" she whispered.

"You called me Jim Baker," said the man after awhile.

"Of course I did. You have changed, but you are Jim. Why didn't you write? Why didn't you come home sooner?"

"Madam, I beg you to excuse me, but you are laboring under a great mistake. My name is Langford—George Langford. I am a stranger to you and to this part of the country. The resemblance to Mr. Baker is simply a coincidence. Thanks for the water. It has refreshed me. Good day."

And Jim Baker, who was not killed, but whose long silence was not explained, went out of his house and away from his wife and was never heard of again.

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There was no doubt that Martha Baker, thirty years old and unmarried and the housekeeper for her widower brother, was homely. She admitted that she was, and I'm telling you that a woman, old or young, black or white, has got to be at the jumping off place before she will admit that. Yes; she was homely and ungainly, and the future held no hopes for her. If she had the money to buy paints and powders and false hair and fine hats and good clothes she could have concealed much of the homely and ungainly, but she didn't have, you see. Some pitied her, and some made fun of her, and she bore it with such philosophy as she could summon up. Her brother Bill needed her services until he could bring home a second wife, and yet that same brother Bill seemed to take pains to say to her a dozen times a day:

"Martha Baker, I believe you are the homeliest woman in the state. By John, but you'd make a crab apple tree look sick!"

"Well, if anybody's to blame it's the Lord," Martha would reply as she dismissed the matter from her mind.

Sometimes a still, small voice would say to her that her time would come, but she had waited so long that the voice ceased to cheer her. When a woman has worn the same hat all the year round for nine long years, with only changing ribbons from red to blue, she loses hope and can't be blamed for it. That hat of hers was the guy of the village. It never appeared on the street without causing smiles, and it never appeared in church without provoking titters that the minister could not suppress.

However, that still, small voice kept on coming, and one day it turned up trumps for Martha Baker. She had once been extra kind to an old woman, and that old woman was kind enough to die and leave her a hundred dollars in cash. The lawyer came for her signature and brought the greenbacks. Martha had never had even \$2 at a time in her life before. There were people in the village who were fairly well off, but to have a hundred dollars in cold cash put into one's hand all at once—why, it looked like the Monte Cristo business. The news went all over the place in an hour. Children stood at the gate with open mouths, and their mothers went in to count the money and to tender advice. There was advice as to robbers, investments, speculations and what not. Each had different advice to give, and Martha was kind enough to listen to each caller. It was wonderful how her stock came up. It started at zero and went to 150 in a day. She was the it. No one else was talked about. The grocer who tried to sway public opinion by hanging out a sign of "Two Bars of Soap For 7 Cents" didn't make two sales. The minister came with home hints. They were not about her hat this time. They were about repainting the church, new pew cushions and the heathen in Africa instead.

"What was Martha Baker going to do with her windfall?" became the absorbing topic of the day and night.

It has been said that she had worn the same hat for nine years. Do you believe that she had done so without its ranking in her soul? Indeed, she had got the idea that it was the old hat's fault that she was called homely and ungainly. More had been said against the hat than against nature, and her conclusion was a feminine if not a logical one.

Very well. She would discard the hat at last and replace it with a new one. She would do even better than that. She would make certain high headed women and girls in that town look dizzy. Martha was four weeks in coming to this conclusion, and then she didn't take even brother Bill into her confidence. When she announced that she was going to Boston to do a little shopping he tried all sorts of arguments to dissuade her, but she was firm. She refused to believe that the cars would run off the rails or that she would have her throat cut from ear to ear and come home begging for sticking plaster to bring the edges of the cut together. It was a terrible picture that brother Bill dangled before her vision, but she walked to the depot as calmly as an old goose and boarded the train.

There was no rest for any one in the village that day. Martha Baker had gone to Boston to spend or bank her money. Which would it be? No one knew when she came home safe and sound. No one knew for the next four days. Then the cat got out of the bag. In other words, two big dry goods boxes came for her by freight. Brother Bill had them hauled to the house and opened them with his own hands. She refused to name the contents to him or any of the score of callers. It was only when the papers were removed that he stepped back with a "By thunder!" on his lips. It was only when a certain object was held aloft by Martha to be gazed at that the women and children cried out:

"A hat! A hat! Martha Baker's got a new hat!"

"Yes, friends, thirty-six of them," replied Martha as she dived down for others.

Yes, thirty-six—three for every month in the year. There were winter, spring and fall hats. There were all shapes and sizes. There were thirty-six styles of trimmings. Martha had bought the thirty-six for \$36, and the balance of the money had gone for freight and fare. The windfall had been made use of, and she was a happy old maid.

THE MONKEY AND THE PIE.

By HELEN V. TURNER.
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The theatrical manager received a card on which was engraved "Julius Nostand." The manager tapped a bell. An attendant appeared and was directed to admit the visitor. The latter entered with a roll of manuscript. "M. Nostand," said the manager, advancing effusively and taking both hands of the visitor in his. "I am delighted to see you." "Pardon, sir; you have mistaken the name. It is Nostand, not Nostand. I am not the author of 'Cyrano de Bergerac'." "No; you are not, but you are a nephew of the celebrated Rostand and have come from Paris to America incognito to dispose of a play written under the guidance of your uncle." The visitor stood looking in astonishment at the manager, then said: "May I ask how you became aware of that?" "I was informed by an anonymous note."

"Fahien! It was agreed between my uncle and myself that I should come over here and offer my play for what it is intrinsically worth. Unless you will give me your promise not to betray my identity my plan has failed."

"You need not go further with your work. I am ready to make you an offer for it."

"I prefer that it shall stand on its merits."

"It shall, if it is not worthy of production it shall not be placed by me on the boards. I take especial pride in giving to the public only such plays as seem to me to be meritorious."

"But you said you were ready to make me an offer for mine."

"Certainly. I know that your uncle would not consent to your offering an inferior play and that no work could be inferior which he had supervised."

The visitor, who had meanwhile been invited to take a seat, sat tapping the roll in his hand with his fingers. He was evidently dissatisfied with the turn the affair had taken.

"Come, M. Nostand, or Nostand, if you prefer," he continued. "I will take your play home with me tonight, read it and give you an answer tomorrow. I pledge you my word that if I think it will not be acceptable to the public I shall decline it and you shall be free to offer it where you like. I agree to keep your secret."

"Since you already possess that secret," replied the author, with evident reluctance, "I can do nothing but what you propose. I therefore leave my manuscript with you till tomorrow morning at—what hour?"

"Ten o'clock. Nine if you prefer it."

"I will call at 10. I shall rely upon you to ignore me and my uncle's reputation in the matter and produce my play only if you consider it meritorious."

"Certainly."

"Remember that my own name, Nostand, must be published as the author, not that of my uncle."

The manager stroked his beard complacently and looked at the author through a pair of shrewd, twinkling eyes.

"It's the play I want," he said, "not the name."

The author withdrew, while the manager, returning to his desk, opened a drawer and took out a printed form of contract, the blank spaces of which he proceeded to fill. Then he unlocked a safe, put M. Nostand's manuscript within its steel doors, shot the bolts and, taking up his hat and cane, left the theater.

The next morning at 10 o'clock the manager was in his office awaiting a call from M. Nostand. At 11 o'clock, when he had not appeared, the brow of the man who had flattered himself that he had secured a prize began to darken. But, remembering that he had the play locked in his safe, his complacency returned to him. At 11:30 the author was announced. He was received with distinguished consideration. The manager handed him the contract he had prepared.

"What's this?" asked the author, glancing at the document.

"You think," said the manager, "that \$5,000 advance payment is not enough. Very well, I will make it \$10,000."

"Ten thousand," repeated M. Nostand in amazement.

"And the royalty I will double as well."

"Do you consider my poor efforts worth so much?"

"Certainly. It is the work of an expert."

"How do you judge of that?"

"As an expert. It is plain that the scenario received an enormous amount of attention before a word of the dialogue was written, though the dialogue shows the influence of the author of 'Cyrano.' The play will be a grand success."

"Where is the manuscript?"

"Never mind the manuscript. Let us proceed to business. Read the contract!"

"The manuscript!" cried the author impatiently. The manager unlocked his safe and produced it. Seizing it, the author tore off the wrapper and showed only blank pages.

"You are the man," he said, "who a year ago received a play from me. You have never read it to this day, and I have not been able to secure its return. I have played this trick to show that you buy plays simply on the name of the author. I wrote the anonymous letter giving myself away. My name is neither Nostand nor Nostand; it is Jones."

AN ANONYMOUS NOTE.

By HELEN V. TURNER.
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Does He Kick?

We mean your horse. Does his harness fit him or does it chafe his back, his breast or any tender part that makes him uncomfortable? Then bring him to this store when you buy him a new harness and we will fit your horse perfectly with light driving, coach, cart or dray harness. We have everything in the line of horse goods at

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ROAD NO. 322.

To all whom it may concern: The commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road as follows:

Commencing about 20 rods east of the northwest quarter of section 20, township 14, range 29, where Road No. 64 leaves the section line, running thence directly east on the section line between sections 17 and 20, 16 and 21 15 and 22, to the east line of said section 15 and 22 thence in a northeasterly direction across sections 14 and 13 all in town 14, range 29, and across sections 18 and 17 following the old road as near as practical to a point about forty rods east of the northeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 17, thence directly east to the section line between sections 8 and 17 to the east line of said section in township 14, range 29, and terminating thereat. Has reported in favor of the establishment of said road and all claims for damage or objections thereto must be filed in the office of the county clerk on or before noon on the 14th day of December, 1909, or such road will be established without reference thereto.

Dated North Platte, Neb., October 11, 1909.

F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

o12-4

General Election Notice 1909.

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 2nd day of November, 1909, at the voting places in the various precincts of Lincoln county, Nebraska, there will be held a general election for the purpose of electing the following officers, to-wit:

STATE OFFICERS.
Three Judges of the Supreme Court, Two regents of the University, COUNTY OFFICERS.

One County Judge, One County Sheriff, One County Coroner, One County Treasurer, One County Clerk, One County Surveyor, One County Superintendent of Public Instruction, One County Commissioner, First District.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
Two Justices of the Peace, Two Constables, One Precinct Assessor, One Overseer for each Road District.

Which election will be open at eight o'clock in the morning and will continue open until six o'clock in the afternoon of the same day.

Dated North Platte, Nebr., September 27, 1909.

F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

ORDER OF HEARING ON PETITION DISPENSING WITH REGULAR ADMINISTRATION.

State of Nebraska, ss. Lincoln County, ss. In the County Court, October 4th, 1909.

On reading and filing the petition of Albert Morris, praying that the regular administration of said estate be dispensed with as provided by sections 5202, to 5206 of Cobbeys Statute for the year 1907.

Ordered, That the October 23d, 1909, at 9 o'clock a. m. is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in said county, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. This order to be published for three successive issues in the North Platte Tribune prior to October 23d, 1909.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 91859. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., September 27, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Fred M. Koser, of North Platte, Neb., who, on October 20th, 1907, made homestead entry No. 91859, Serial No. 91859, for east half southeast quarter, southeast quarter northeast quarter of section 14, township 14 N., Range 29 W. of the 5th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on the 24th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. M. York, of Maxwell, Nebraska; J. W. James, C. P. Campbell and Wm. Bretteritz, of North Platte, Nebraska.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 92244. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., September 27, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that E. M. Koser, of North Platte, Neb., who, on Sept. 22, 1904, made homestead entry No. 92244, Serial No. 92244 for west half and west half of east half of section 6, Township 14 N., Range 29 W. of the 5th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on the 24th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. M. York, of Maxwell, Neb.; J. W. James, C. P. Campbell and Wm. Bretteritz, of North Platte, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 91869. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., September 27, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that William Hensberry, of Garfield, Neb., who on August 5th, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 91869, Serial No. 91869, for east half southeast quarter section 17, and east half northeast quarter of section 20, township 16 north, range 24 west of the 6th principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 9th day of November, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: James N. Kimer and Frank Day, of Garfield, Neb.; Bert Kimer and John Hayes, of Kimer, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.



That Dream of Your Own

can be made to come true if you want it to. What is needed is not cash so much as determination.

We'll Sell You a House

that you can move right into upon the payment of a small sum down. Then what you would pay for rent you pay off the balance of the purchase price. Think it over. Then come and see.

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A Spanking Good Team

is at your command whenever you tell us you want it. This livery stable is prepared to supply instantly any kind of a rig you require. While in your service it is as much yours as if you owned it. The difference is that you pay only for the time you use it, and not for the time it is standing in the stable. That beats private ownership all hollow.

A. M. Lock.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. S. TWINEM
Homeopathic Physician
and Surgeon.
Office: McDonald Bank Building.
Phone 183.

A. J. Ames, M. D., Marie Ames, I. D.
DOCTORS AMES & AMES.
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office: Over Stone Drug Co.
Phones: Office 273, Residence 273

GEO. B. DENT,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office: Over McDonald Bank.
Phone 130
Residence 115

DR. L. C. DROST,
Osteopathic Physician,
Rooms 7 and 8, McDonald
State Bank Building,
Phone 148.

WILCOX & HALLIGAN,
Attorneys-at-Law.
Office over Schaeff Clothing
Store. Phone 8

T. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office: Cor. Front & Dewey Sts.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS.

To Adam B. Fisher and lots one and two in block eighty-four of the original City of North Platte, Nebraska, defendants:

You are hereby notified that on the 8th day of October, 1909, S. Y. Gillan, plaintiff in said cause, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you and each of you, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain tax lien upon the property described as follows, situated in the County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, to-wit: lots one and two in block eighty-four of the original City of North Platte, Nebraska, said tax lien is based upon tax sale certificate No. 254 issued by the County Treasurer of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on November 7, 1904 to the plaintiff herein for taxes levied and assessed against said premises for the year 1904 to 1905 inclusive with interest and penalties added, together with the subsequent taxes paid thereon for the years 1905 to 1908 inclusive, aggregating the sum of \$16.00 together