

## Stories in Passing.

Without, the wind screamed around the corners and whipped the falling snow in gusts against the window panes. In spots where a plank or a barrel or the wall of the gutter offered obstruction, little drifts were building. But the pavement was still bare enough for the rattle of hurrying carriages to be heard distinctly. The engine whistles down in the yards, screamed shrilly in the frozen air. Shutters and loose boards and the beer signs or the door posts rattled fitfully in the wild wind of the night.

Within the little saloon, a few men with unshaven faces and rough overcoats, sat about the stove in which the fire roared up the long rusty pipe so furiously that the metal was a fiery red about and below the damper. The tables and the wine rooms at the side were all deserted. The keeper mopped off his bar and counted the cash sales. It was about eleven o'clock then.

The door opened and a woman entered. She was not young, nor was she old. She wore an old, blue wool skirt and a faded pink silk waist. A pair of dirty dance slippers were on her feet, and as she walked across the room, the skirt flapping back and forth, revealed her bare ankles. Her face was deeply rouged, and her hair done high, was covered by a ragged scarf. Her eyes were unnaturally brilliant and constantly wandering in every direction.

"Hello, Nan!" said one of the men.

"Good evening, gentlemen—yes, Milt, bring me a small drop over here in the corner—whiskey. No, Bill, I drink alone tonight."

The bar keeper served her and came back to his accounts. The men about the stove melted away. Others came in for a drink and went out again. The bar keeper was busy and quite forgot the woman in the corner.

At midnight the storm had increased to a gale. The snow covered the street and was piling in great drifts at the corner. The electric lights blinked hazily and were caught and swung about by the wind. The cold was so intense that the last few men who came into the saloon found their faces frozen in little white spots, and their fingers and ear tips icy cold, even within the heaviest covering.

The bar keeper finished his counting and locked the money in the little iron safe under the bar. Then he began closing up his place for the night. He banked the fire and drew down the shades. Then he locked the rear door and started to turn out the lights. As he turned to one of the side lights the figure of the woman caught his eye. He went over and found her asleep. Her limbs were stretched out under the table and her head rested upon her folded arms. He touched her roughly on the shoulder.

"Come—get out of this!"

She stared and looked up at him bewildered. Something in her attitude touched the man.

"Come, Nan," he said more kindly, "it's time to go home." She arose and followed him still half dazed to the door.

"What'd you say," she asked stupidly. "It's midnight—time to go home," he repeated.

"Home—home," she answered vacantly, and then with a terrible laugh "oh, of course—home, of course—home—home—my God!"

And the wind howled on unceasingly, beating the snow against the panes, and tearing and tugging at the signs and the roofs and racing and plunging along the streets and around the corners with fiendish glee.

He was a queer sort of a fellow and it was just like him to send her a note the day of the Junior Promenade saying, "it was impossible to take her" and vouchsafing no reason for his action.

Her father had given it to her at the

dinner table that evening. She had already dressed for the party (a little way she had of pleasing her father and the boys) and when she read the note, there were tears stealing into her eyes.

"I wonder what can be the matter," she said, "he doesn't give a word of explanation."

"Perhaps he was called out of town unexpectedly," suggested her father.

"Or, he didn't have the cash for a carriage," said one of the boys.

"No, he thinks Helen's too little for him."

"I'll bet he's got another girl—too bad."

"Yes, just as Helen's got a new dress and has been fixing all the afternoon."

She was accustomed to this teasing, but was in no mood for it just then. Her lips trembled uneasily and her lashes were wet. She half rose to leave the dinner table. Just then, Fred, the youngest boy of the family, who had listened gravely to all the talk broke in.

"Well, he's a darn fool, whatever the reason is, to give up taking the best and prettiest girl in town to the party. I'd like to pound his face."

"And at that she sat down again with a smile upon her lips.

When Silas Chapin came out of his front gate early one spring morning, he saw his friend Homer Marlitt also turning into the street. The two were past fifty, had been friends from boyhood, and for over thirty years had walked the street of the little town to business in this way. Chapin was of medium height with iron gray hair, sharp black eyes and fierce Napoleons. Marlitt was of large frame with bald head and clear blue eyes.

"Mornin', Homer."

"Mornin', Si."

"I heard a rumor last night, Homer, that you were going to run agin me this election."

"Yes, Si, you heard correct. Some of the boys said you'd been mayor of this town fifteen years and it was time to have a change. I didn't want it, but they kept talking so much of my being the only man who could down you, and that it was duty to the town, and the like that I gave in to get rid of 'em."

"Well, I'm glad it's you. I'm about tired of the place and was goin' to resign. I'll keep in the race just to please my friends, but you'll win sure. And I'll be glad of it."

"But Si, I know I won't win. I'll just bet you a new hat I won't."

"Well, I'll just bet you a hat you do," replied Chapin.

And the two old men shook hands on the wager and parted.

Every morning as they walked down, the two chaffed each other good naturedly about the coming election and their bets became known through all the town. As the election approached it became evident that the Marlitt opposition to Mayor Chapin was assuming threatening proportions—so much so that Chapin was as happy as a boy, while Marlitt became greatly agitated for fear he would really receive the office which his friend had held so long.

The night of election, Chapin went home in a tranquil mind and went to bed. But Marlitt was so afraid that he would be elected that he remained at the polls until all the ballots had been counted. It did not take long in the little town to reach the result. At ten o'clock it was determined that Silas Chapin had been reelected by a majority of eight votes.

Chapin had just retired when he was suddenly aroused by some one running hurriedly up the walk and ringing the bell violently. He raised an upper window and asked who was below.

"It's me—Marlitt!"

"Marlitt! Have you won? Have you come for your hat?"

"No Si, I've lost the bet. Get into

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your clothes and we'll go down and get that hat at once."

In ten minutes the two old men were walking down the street, arm in arm, talking and laughing and singing as boys of twenty.

"Say Si, I was darn 'fraid you weren't going to be elected."

"So was I. I even bought a hat this morning to give you. Well, I'll have two now."

A silence fell on the two for a moment which was broken by Chapin.

"Homer, old man, I guess I might as well admit I'm rather glad after all that the election turned out as it did. After fifteen years it'd be pretty hard to step out. Yes, I'm glad."

"So am I, Si—damn glad!"

And the two passed into the hat store which was still open.

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GEO. W. BONNELL, C. P. &amp; T. A.

(First Publication January 29)

## MASTER'S SALE,

Docket R.—No. 348.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska.

The National Life Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vermont, complainant,

vs.

Margaret A. Fedawa, et al., defendants.

In Chancery.

## FORECLOSURE OF MORTGAGE.

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 29th day of December, 1907, I, Samuel S. Curtis, Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska, will, on the first day of March, 1908, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the east door of the county court house building, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, state and district of Nebraska, sell at auction, for cash, the following described property, to wit: All of lots number three (3) and nine (9) and the west half of lot number ten (10), in block number thirty-two (32) in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

The above described real estate will be offered in parcels as follows: Lot number three (3) as one parcel, the north thirty-two (32) feet of lot nine (9) and the north thirty-two (32) feet of the west half of lot ten (10), as one parcel; and the south one hundred and ten (110) feet of lot nine (9) and the south one hundred and ten (110) feet of the west half of lot ten (10), as one parcel.

SAMUEL S. CURTIS,

Master in Chancery.

S. L. GEISTHARDT,

Solicitor for Complainant.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a dozen fried oysters.

Waiter—Sorry, sah, but we's all out o' shell fish, 'ceptin' eggs, sah.

A recent caller at a handsome home was asked, "Can you tell me the style of this room, so many people want to know."

"I think it is Colonial."

"I don't think so," was the prompt rejoinder, "we've been in Cologne and did not see anything like it there."

"I made this hat myself," said Mrs. Gobang, "How do you like it?"

"Well," said her candid friend, "I hope it is as cheap as it looks."

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