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W. L. WARELY, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

A Matrimonial Importation.

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

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Earle Scott arrived at the pier just as the giant steamship docked. He appeared to be looking for no particular person, but, rather, to search the faces of the crowds about him. Some one tapped him on the arm.

"Are you one of those horrid men?" a rather tired voice inquired.

Scott turned and smiled at the girl beside him.

"Well, I certainly am a man," he acknowledged, "and I guess I'm about as horrid as most of my sex."

"Oh, I didn't mean—I beg your pardon," stammered the girl. "I meant were you a customs officer? You see, I'm—"

He scanned the girl's face closely. Could she be up to the old game of smuggling? More than one official had been tricked by a pair of honest eyes, and Scott had just acknowledged that he was but a mere man. The girl certainly had a fascinating personality. Scott informed her that he was not a customs official, but offered to be of any assistance to her.

"Oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed as she hurriedly glanced about her. "I want a cab to take me to that address," and she handed him a visiting card. "No one has met me, and, oh, I must get away before he comes off the boat."

"I understand," assured Scott, though in reality he did not. "Want to shake some undesirable shipboard acquaintance?"

"It's not exactly that—he's a dear, but—oh, if you will just get me a cab that will solve the whole problem."

A cabman was found who agreed to take the girl to her destination for a nominal fee, and as Scott closed the door upon his mysterious companion she leaned forward through the window.

"Won't you tell me your name and I'll have my uncle write and thank you?" she inquired.

He drew a card from his wallet and presented it to her. Aloud she read the address in trembling voice, "Mr. Earle Cowdrey Scott, Harlequin Club."

"Won't you write instead?" Earle suggested, but the disinterested cabman whipped up his horse and her answer was lost.

Scott now hurriedly returned to the ship and boarded her. He had no difficulty in finding his father, who was always among the last to leave a ship. His son, knowing this, had not hastened to find him. After the first greetings the old gentleman slapped his son affectionately upon the shoulder.

"Well, my boy, I've brought you a fine present this year—a rare prize." Then, glancing about the ship and the crowd below them, he added, "But I think the little mixx has slipped off."

That evening as father and son sat chatting over their coffee and cigars the old gentleman announced:

"Well, Earle, I brought a wife home for you—came over in the ship with me."

Earle seemed somewhat startled.

"May I ask, dad, if you have married again, or is this matrimonial importation for me to take into myself?"

"Oh, for you—for you," said the old man gleefully. "And we're going around there tonight. Here's where she is. Her uncle, old John Banks, is a great friend of mine."

He passed the card over to Earle. The latter had held the mate to it in the morning. Smiling to himself, Earle agreed, thinking that the mysterious girl was well worth knowing better. All day long innumerable pictures of her had flitted through his mind. He would be glad to know the truth.

When father and son were announced, John Banks and his niece entered the room full of hearty greetings, but the young couple gave no outward sign of recognition. Before long the two elder men found that comfort awaited them in the library in the form of duplicate what and good cigars.

Earle noted that Edith Hamilton was somewhat ill at ease, but made little headway in solving the problem that evening. When he left the house, however, he had to acknowledge to himself that the girl was charming in the extreme. He asked permission to call again.

"And, by the way, Miss Hamilton, I don't have to drag father along every time, do I?" he asked in mock deference.

On the way home that evening the father went into something of an explanation.

"There's an old fashioned girl for you, Earle. Like your mother was as a girl. Nothing deceitful about her—right in the open—everything straight from the shoulder. I talked a lot about you on the trip over and told her she was just the type of girl you were looking for—that we needed her sort to round out our home. She's been in school for years over in France and now has come to keep house for Banks. How did she strike you?"

"As a most deceitful, deep young person," announced Earle, with great emphasis. Yet in his heart he really felt that the apparent deceit only added to her charms.

Earle became a frequent visitor at the Banks household. He had the name of a heartless bachelor among his club mates. Women in general had made little impression on him, but he had to acknowledge to himself that he loved this girl with all his power

and his power was a great one. He wanted her and would leave no stone unturned to win her. And the evening came when he told her of his love and asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me, Mr. Scott. I couldn't, really I couldn't," was her insistent plea. "Just let's go on being friends."

The big man seemed to shiver. He was very much in earnest, but he took her refusal like the man he was.

As he sat at his desk the next morning idly dreaming of dreams gone wrong his telephone bell rang. It was Edith Hamilton at the other end of the wire. She asked him in most unsteady voice to come over that evening—that she had some sort of an explanation to make. Sharply at 8 o'clock Scott was in the drawing room. As she entered the room her face bore a sad expression, yet withal she was radiantly beautiful to Earle.

"Little girl!" Scott almost whispered as she came toward him. She seemed a saintly being, far beyond his reach. "I love you—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Earle, I believe you do," she uttered as she sank into a chair near him. "That is why I sent for you. Something seemed to tell me to meet you after you left. I want to tell you something. The day I met you on the pier I wanted to escape your father before he came on shore. We had joked about my marrying his son, and when the time came when I must actually face you I hurried away to escape the meeting."

"And I thought you were running away from the customs officials," laughed Scott.

"Well, in part I was. You see, I brought over a lot of real lace and smuggled it in. I had sewed yards and yards of it on a cheap petticoat which I had on at the time."

For a moment they both laughed heartily, then again the serious expression came back into Edith's face.

"It was all started in a joke," she continued. "But when I had actually met you and—here her voice dropped almost to a whisper—"and loved you, I was so afraid that you were asking me just to please your father."

"Do I look like such a mollusc?" asked Earle as he drew closer to her.

"Well, that was why I said 'No!' last night. Then I couldn't sleep for the very joy of thinking that perhaps—perhaps you really did love me for myself alone. Do you, Earle?"

For answer Earle took her in his arms.

"You're a deceitful little wretch," he teased, "but I love you and for yourself alone—better than life itself—and you must know it."

"Oh, dear, I'm so happy," she murmured as she nestled closer to him. "And, Earle, it's early, and Uncle John has gone over to play whist with your father. Let's run over and surprise them. I'm sure Uncle John will be so glad to be rid of me—and your father—well—"

"Will be so happy to find that his matrimonial importation has proved acceptable," finished Earle.

What Matter Really Is.

Throughout the greater part of space we find simple unmodified ether, elastic and massive, squirming and quivering with energy, but stationary as a whole. Here and there, however, we find specks of electrified ether, isolated, yet connected together by fields of force and a state of violent locomotion. These "specks" are what in the form of prodigious aggregates we know as "matter," and the greater number of sensible phenomena, such as viscosity, heat, sound, electric conduction, absorption and emission of light, belong to these differentiated or individualized and dissociated or electrified specks, which are either flying alone or are restoring with orbital motion in groups. The "matter" so constituted—built up of these well separated particles, with interstices enormous in proportion to the size of the specks—must be an excessively porous or gossamer-like structure, like a cobweb, a milky way or a comet's tail, and the inertia of matter—that is, the combined inertia of a group of electrified ether particles—must be a mere residual fraction of the mass of the main bulk of undifferentiated continuous fluid occupying the same space, of which fluid the particles are hypothetically composed and in which they freely move.—Sir Oliver Lodge in "Modern Views of Electricity."

By Inheritance.

When a strange woman came for the soiled clothes, says a writer in the Baltimore News, the mistress of the house came to the conclusion that her own laundress had simply employed a new messenger and made no comment on the circumstance. But when two weeks had gone by and still the old laundress—known as Susan—did not appear the mistress of the house felt that she would be lacking in her duty if she did not make some inquiry about her.

"Where is Susan?" she asked the tall, bony woman who came for the clothes.

"She has gone to Pennsylvania to live, yessum," returned the woman with composure. "She went to Pennsylvania some time ago, an' she left goodby for yuh, but s' long yuh didn't seem tuh notice I didn't say aumf!"

"But why didn't she come and tell me and allow me to make some arrangements about my laundry?"

"Well, she left yo' clothes tuh me. She made a will an' left dem clothes tuh me. We'se allus been good friends, an' so w'en she left she say I may wash yo' clothes long es I wash tuh, an' dere was no use worryin' yuh 'bout hit, now was dere?"

To this moderate and sensible question the mistress of the house found no ready response.

ROBERT FULTON AS A LAD.

Incidents Illustrating the Young Man's Interest in Mechanics.

There are several anecdotes which relate to Robert Fulton's early interest in mechanics—the first steps of progress toward his later skill. In 1773, when he was eight years old, his mother, having previously taught him to read and write, sent him to a school kept by Mr. Caleb Johnson, a Quaker gentleman of pronounced Tory principles—so pronounced, in fact, that he narrowly escaped with his life during the Revolution. But Robert Fulton did not care for books, and he began at a very early age to search for problems never mastered and bound in print. This greatly distressed the Quaker teacher, who spared not the rod, and it is said that in administering such discipline on the hand of Robert Fulton he one day testily exclaimed, "There, that will make you do something!" to which Robert, with folded arms, replied, "Sir, I came to have something beaten into my brains and not into my knuckles." Without doubt he was a trial to his teacher.

He entered school one day very late, and when the master inquired the reason Robert, with frank interest, replied that he had been at Nicholas Miller's shop pounding out lead for a pencil. "It is the very best I ever had, sir," he affirmed as he displayed his product. The master, after an examination of the pencil, pronounced it excellent. When Robert's mother, who had been distressed by his lack of application to his studies, expressed to his teacher her pleasure at signs of improvement the latter confided to her that Robert had said to him, "My head is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber to stow away the contents of dusty books."

These incidents to the contrary, it is nevertheless true that Robert Fulton did absorb a good knowledge of the rudiments of education.—Century Magazine.

THE TRAPPED THIEF.

A Midnight Adventure With South American desperadoes.

In describing certain experiences among the outlaws and desperadoes of South America an English traveler tells the following grisly story:

"One night a farmer was roused from sleep by hearing unusual and stealthy noises about the place. He got quietly out of bed and, after listening attentively, discovered that some people outside were cutting a hole through the door close to the bolt by which it was held.

"It did not require any great amount of detective talent to guess the object of the operation, and the best way to foil it was suggested by a thong of rawhide with a loop on it which hung from a hook on the inside of the door. Noiselessly removing the thong, he slipped the end of it through the loop, and there he stood armed with an impromptu lasso, ready for action.

"It was an anxious time while the farmer stood watching the hole in the door grow larger and larger until at last it was of sufficient size to effect the purpose for which it was made.

"The supreme moment arrived, and a hand was stealthily inserted not only through the hole, but also through the loop of the little lasso which hung skillfully around it. With a sudden jerk the loop was tightened around the wrist and the hand dragged in as far as the aperture would allow, while the thong was securely fastened to the hook on the back of the door.

"The robber was perfectly helpless. His companions came to his aid and, having ineffectually dragged at the imprisoned arm till they were tired, gave up the struggle and prepared to depart.

"But they were prudent men, and it occurred to them to save himself their companion might betray them. Dead men, they thought, tell no tales, so they killed him."—New York Mail.

A Maharajah's Revenge.

A maharajah of Nepal committed suicide in horror at the disfigurement which an attack of smallpox had caused in her features. The maharajah, who was passionately attached to her, first wreaked his vengeance on the physicians who had attended her in her illness. Then he flew at higher game. Out of the great temple he brought the idols, placed loaded cannon before them and bade gunners fire. In terror at the proposed blasphemy, they refused. Thereupon the maharajah hanged several of them. The survivors then submitted, and the guns were fired and the idols blown to pieces.—Leipsic Missionsblatt.

The Coveted Hand.

The young man had gone to the heiress' father—always a ticklish job—but he took his courage with an iron grip.

"Sir," he blurted out, "I want to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The old man, not in the least disconcerted, said:

"Which hand? The one she signs checks with, I suppose?"

Hit Him Hard.

"I presume," said the lodger icily at the conclusion of the little dispute with his landlady—"I presume that you will allow me to take my belongings away with me?"

"I am sorry," was the icy reply, "but your other collar has not yet come home from the laundry."—Kansas City Independent.

The Way He Lost.

The McKinnier—Twa shillin' to gang to Holborn! Nay, nay. But—well, I'll toss ye, double or quits. Sporting Cabby—Well, I'm golu' that way any'ow, so 'ere goes! 'Eads! The McKinnier—Heads? Well, ye've won. So I'll jet use to walk!—Punch.

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LEGAL NOTICE

In the District Court of Box Butte County, Nebraska.
Maud McConnell, Plaintiff
—vs—
Edward McConnell, Defendant
To Edward McConnell, non-resident defendant:—

You are hereby notified that on the 25th day of October, 1936, Maud McConnell filed a petition against you in the district court of Box Butte County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that you are an habitual drunkard and that you have grossly, wantonly and cruelly refused and neglected to support and provide suitable maintenance for plaintiff, although of sufficient ability to do so.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 7th day of December, 1936.

MAUD MCCONNELL, Plaintiff
by W. Mitchell, her attorney

LEGAL NOTICE

The State of Nebraska, } In the County
Box Butte County, } Court
In matter of the estate of Edward James Barry deceased.
To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified, that I will sit at the county court room in Alliance, Box Butte County, Nebraska, on the 29th day of April, 1937, to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 19th day of October, A. D. 1936, and the time limit for payment of debts is one year from the 19th day of October, 1936.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court this 14th day of October, 1936.
(Seal) L. A. BERRY,
19 Oct 15-36 County Judge.

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43-17227 Broken Bow, Neb.



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