

# The Wooing of Miss Priscilla

By Carrie Hunt Latta

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As she drew near to a small house which was built well back from the road Miss Priscilla glanced at it with pretended indifference. Then she looked closer, stopped and looked again.

"How quiet up Sam'l Clayton's house do look! Mebbe he's went away. Mebbe he's went west. He said he would if I didn't marry him. But, law me, that was years an' years ago, an' he'd ben goin' he'd 'a' went long ago. Mebbe he's sick an' all by himself! I wouldn't live on a byroad fer a finer farm 'n this of Sam'l's."

She took a few steps farther, then stopped. There was a determined look on her face.

"It ain't proper fer a lone woman ter go ter the house of a lone man, but I ain't goin' ter stop fer that ner nothin' else when they's a prospect of Sam'l Clayton bein' sick with nobody ter complain ter."

She walked briskly up the lane which led to the little house. The blinds were drawn and the front gate was closed. The barnyard gate hung open, and the chickens wandered about the dooryard disconsolately, while out in the shed the cow lowed pitifully.

"No tellin' when that cow's ben milked er how long she's ben shut up without feed an' water. Somethin's happened. I hope—oh, I do hope—it ain't nothin' awful. Sam'l's 'bout the only friend I've got hereabouts, an' ef he was ter die—"

She had to wipe the tears from her eyes before she knocked.

There was no answer. Her breath came fast. She knocked again.

"What yo' want?" The voice was decidedly cross.

Miss Priscilla opened the door cautiously, keeping her face turned away.

"Sam'l Clayton, is they anything the matter?"

"Nothin'," he answered grimly, "ceptin' I'm flat on my back an' ain't able ter git up."

The door flew open, and Miss Priscilla entered.

"I know I ain't doin' the proper thing, Sam'l, so do not be castin' up nothin', but— My goodness, Sam'l, yo're as yaller as gold."

"That's comfortin'—Perilly."

"Yo've got yaller jaunders, I reckon. I don't blame yo' none fer not wantin' ter git up. When I had 'em, I couldn't turn over in bed."

"I do want ter git up, but I can't, Perilly."

"Don't yo' be cross, Sam'l. They ain't no call fer it. I'm sorry fer yo', awful sorry, an', though it ain't the thing, I'm goin' ter stay here an' red things up some. Then I'll git word ter yer brother Robert. Air yo' thirsty, Sam'l?"

He nodded.

"An' hungry?"

He put out his tongue at her and made a wry face.

"No; I reckon yo' ain't hungry, but yo're weak fer somethin' ter eat, an' yo'll git it right soon."

She went into the kitchen, and Samuel heard her muttering and talking to herself. She put her head in at the door.

"Is that glass there on the table the only one yo've got, Sam'l?"

"I'm the only one ter use a glass, Perilly, an' I never hev cumpany."

"What's it got in it anyhow?"

"Ginger tea, Perilly."

Miss Priscilla picked the glass up and smelled of the contents.

"Pshaw! Sakes alive. I s'pose yo' fixed it?"

Miss Priscilla disappeared, taking the glass with her. She soon returned with a glass of sparkling cold water.

Miss Priscilla straightened the sheet, put clean cases on the pillows, opened the windows and put the room in order. Samuel's face brightened as he watched her.

"Got anything 'bout the house ter eat, Sam'l?" she asked presently.

"Things as spill easy is hangin' in the well, an' the rest of the things is in the cellar, Perilly."

Miss Priscilla fed the chickens, milked the cow and turned her into the pasture. When she returned, she put the milk away, then entered the room again, bringing a cup of hot broth.

"It ain't cooked 'nough, Sam'l, but it won't do fer yo' to go any longer with a lumpy stomach. Eat some."

She propped him up in bed, and he did as he was bidden.

"That's the first good broth I've et since mother died."

"I don't doubt that, Sam'l. Yo're the poorest excuse fer a housekeeper I ever seen. The whole house is awful. I ain't 'prised yo're sick. I'd be dead."

"It ain't my fault as I'm my own housekeeper, Perilly Blake," he answered significantly.

She flushed red.

"Well, I see plain as I'll hev to go an' leave yo' by yo'self an' not wait fer yer brother ter come. Don't make matters unproperer than they air 'n' red."

"My, but yo' air b'hind the times! Brother moved ter Iowa five weeks ago comin' Thursday."

"They's other naybers, Sam'l," she snapped.

All the rest of the day she watched for a passing vehicle that she might hail its occupant and send for some one to look after Samuel. Toward evening she grew uneasy. She had refused to talk to Samuel for some time, as he would talk of personal matters, but now she turned to him anxiously.

### HIS MYSTERIOUS FRIEND

[Original.]

Ernest Trevor was pacing back and forth nervously in his office. He had bought stocks by depositing with a broker 10 per cent of their value, and as they had declined 10 per cent he had been called upon for another 10 per cent. If it were not forthcoming, the stocks would be sold, and he would not get the benefit of a subsequent rise that would probably occur. In fact, he would be ruined.

Trevor was engaged to the daughter of a wealthy man who had given his consent to the marriage on Trevor's representation that he was worth \$100,000. This was true at the time the representation was made, but Trevor, having been caught in the decline of stocks, was now worth nothing. Nevertheless, as he had no more funds, he wrote a note to his broker to that effect and consenting to the sale of his security. This he did with a heavy heart since he considered it equivalent to the breaking of his engagement.

He was sending the note when a messenger entered with a communication from the cashier of the bank where he kept his funds. He sighed as he tore off the envelope, knowing that his account was overdrawn and expecting a notification to that effect. To his astonishment the note read as follows:

"We have to notify you that the sum of \$20,000 has been placed to your credit in this bank."

Mr. Trevor's emotions may be better imagined than described. Was it a mistake of the bank? Had the wrong person been notified? He stepped to the telephone and called up the cashier.

"Who placed \$20,000 to my credit?" he asked.

"Hold the wire."

In a few minutes came the reply. "The check was payable to Martin Copeland, who made it payable to you."

"You have made a mistake. I don't know such a man. Who is he?"

There was another request to hold the wire, and in five minutes the information came that the bank did not know Mr. Copeland and had no occasion to know him since the check had been certified by a bank that was perfectly good. This meant that the bank, and not Mr. Copeland, was responsible.

"Thank you. Goodbye."

Some one must have blundered. The money could not possibly come from any friend, for there was no one among those devoted to Trevor who could or would risk such an amount for friendship. Nevertheless, since he had honorably notified the bank of the probable error, he had one all that could be expected of him and, with plenty of money to his credit, did not propose to let a fortune slip through his fingers. He tore up the note he had written to his broker and wrote another, inclosing a check for \$5,000. He stayed in his office till 5 o'clock, expecting to get a notice from the broker that the bank had after all refused payment, but no notice came, nor did any ever come. Later he was obliged to send another check for margins for \$5,000, which was also paid. When the market turned, Trevor plunged on the remaining \$10,000 to his credit, and in the end he not only regained what he had lost, but trebled it. He then sent a check for \$20,000 to his bank for Martin Copeland, asking the cashier to let him know what became of it. He was informed that his check had been sent to the bank on which the original check to him had been drawn and had not been returned. It was supposed that Mr. Copeland had received it.

The evening after Trevor had sent the check to Mr. Copeland he called at the house of his fiancée, Miss Eleanor Buckley, to take her to the opera. He found Mr. Buckley and his daughter standing over a number of necklaces, bracelets and other ornaments from which the gems had been extracted and were missing. There was a scowl on the father's face, and the daughter was evidently troubled. Trevor was informed that Mr. Buckley, noticing that his daughter was going out without her jewels, had asked where they were. The result was the production of a good deal of gold, but no jewels. For this she gave no explanation.

At this juncture a servant entered and handed Miss Buckley a package. She opened it and displayed the missing gems.

"How's this?" exclaimed Mr. Buckley. "Those are the identical jewels on which I recently lent \$20,000. The request for a loan came while stocks were tumbling, and, though I don't lend on jewels, at that time they were better than any securities offering."

The secret was out. Miss Buckley, knowing that her lover was in financial difficulty, had sent her jewels to her father through an acquaintance who neither knew and placed the money borrowed on them to Trevor's credit.

Mr. Buckley frowned. He had heard that Trevor was a loser in stocks and feared that his fortune had disappeared.

"My consent," he said, "was gained on condition of your being worth a certain amount."

"Thanks to the loveliest girl in the world, I am worth three times that amount. Had the check not been forthcoming I would have been ruined."

This was an argument the capitalist could understand, and his frown turned into a smile. Going to his daughter, he kissed her affectionately and grasped Trevor by the hand.

Miss Buckley went to the opera without her jewels, but she was told so often during the evening that she was herself the most precious jewel in the world that this didn't matter. After the opera, when they were alone, her lover gave her a kiss for every jewel he had hypothecated, repeating the process as many times as there were jewels.

WALLACE FLOYD.

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### SOLID COMFORT

For Winter Evenings



### WE LEAD,

### Others Follow



When anything in the Furniture line is wanted, the citizens of Western Nebraska know that they can get it at "THE BIG STORE." They also know that our goods are built upon merit, that the best materials are used in construction; that the goods are up to date in style and finish. We have for the Christmas trade this year a very complete line and at prices that defy competition. We have the Globe, Wernecke Sectional BOOK CASES. This is the case that you can buy a section at a time. The celebrated Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Goods are the best made. We carry a line Couches and Rockers and odd pieces for the parlor.

Our line of Rockers and Morris Reclining Chairs is the best we ever carried in stock. The Estey Organ is the leader and of course we have got it. Household, Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Bed Room Suits in maple, mahogany, oak, ash and elm, all good substantial goods that will give you satisfaction.

We have Combination Book Cases and Desks, Side Boards, Center Tables, Kitchen Cabinets and Extension Tables.

Our line of Dining Chairs is very complete. We have Stoves and Ranges. One of these would make a very warm present.

Have your pictures framed early. See our display of pictures. The prices are RIGHT.

### GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES

The World's Best



### E. B. Warner,

"The Big Store" . .

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

### NOTICE TO BIDDERS

North Platte, Neb., Nov. 30, 1902.

Bids will be received at the County Clerk's office up to noon of December 31, 1902, for the following books, blanks and stationery for the use of Lincoln county, for the year 1903, as estimated by the county clerk:

CLASS A—Books

Records, 8 qr. medium, plain heads, each.

Records, 8 qr. medium, printed page, each.

All records to be full bound, extra ends, bands and fronts and to be made of Byron Weston 36 lb. medium ledger lined paper.

CLASS B—LETTER HEADS AND ENVELOPES

Letter Heads, printed, 20 lb. Demy Magic City paper or equal per M.

Envelopes, printed, No. 1 rag, size No. 6 1/2 white, per M.

Envelopes, printed, No. 1 rag, size No. 10, white per M.

CLASS C—BLANKS

Legal Blanks, full sheets, per hundred.

Legal Blanks, 1/2 sheets, per hundred.

Legal Blanks, 1/4 sheets, per hundred.

CLASS D—STATIONERY

Sanford's, Carters or Arnoids writing fluid per quart.

Spencerian, Glicium or Tadelia pens per gross.

Vanadium pens, per gross.

Falcon pens, per gross.

Perfection pencil or equal round rubber tips per gross.

A. W. Faber pencil box per gross.

Numbered Legal Cap per gross.

Unlined type writing legal cap, cut ends, per quire.

All work and material to be first-class and the successful bidder or bidders to enter into contract with good and sufficient bond. The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

FRED. R. GINN, County Clerk.

### Union Pacific

### Grazing

### Lands.

The Company have instructed us to push the sale of their grazing land in this country.

Eastern parties are picking up these lands all along the line, but we are requested to give residents the first opportunity to buy the lands adjoining them.

Ten Years Time

6 per cent Interest.

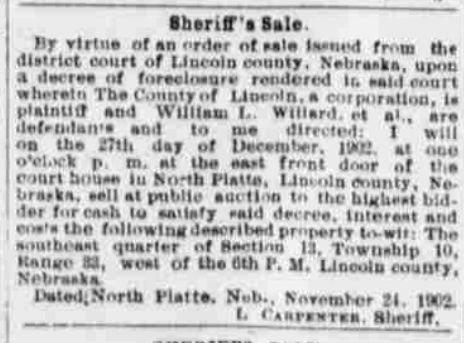
PAYNE INVESTMENT COMPANY, F. A. STROUP, Mgr.

Special Agents Union Pacific Lands, Fort's old office over McDonald's Bank NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

### NOTICE

No hunting or trespassing on any of our land.

25- MYLANDER BROS.



### NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein The County of Lincoln, a corporation, is plaintiff, and S. G. L. Gannett et al. are defendants and to me directed, I will on the 27th day of December, 1902, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said decree, interest and costs the following described property, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section 12, Township 10, Range 25, west of the 6th P. M. Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Neb., November 21, 1902.

L. CARPENTER, Sheriff.

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