

At the End of the Lower Level.

By AZILE AIDYL.

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"My heaven!" said old Sinclair as he rose impatiently from the table and reached for his hat. "If only I was strong enough to work it I'd risk the cave-in, put up a drill there at the end of the lower level and bore through that confounded rock myself, and the timber gang 'd go to!"

The door slammed, and his daughter heard him stride on down the trail leading to the mine.

Helen did not wonder at the outburst of temper. Her father had sunk his last dollar in this mine, and now with riches—as he confidently believed—almost within his grasp the timber gang refused to work without their last month's pay.

It was impossible to "drift" without them. The mine was unsafe and liable to cave without the support of the big timbers. Sinclair was confident that once through this wall of slate which they had struck in the lower level he would find again the rich ledge which had suddenly stopped 200 feet above. Then wages would be paid with interest.

To Mason, the owner of the adjoining mine, he had said, "Any darn fool knows that a high grade four foot ledge isn't going to stop off short, as though cut in two with a saw, unless old nature's had a spasm and in twisting things about given this slate a chance to wedge itself in."

And now as he swung on down the steep trail he met Mason coming up.

"Things have come to a crisis here, I hear," said the latter, nodding his head in the direction of the mine, "and I'd like to talk to you about it before you go down."

"The miners will not work without the protection of the timbers. I believe you are nearer through that slate than you realize. I was down in the drift today, and the character of the rock is changing. It's quite possible that one more day's work would bring you to the quartz, but the men have quit and you are helpless. What I want to propose is that you let me go down there and work for two or three days. No, no," as Sinclair raised his hand to protest, "it's all right. There is less danger of a cave-in with only one drill at work. Let me try it for a couple of days anyway."

"It's exactly what I would do myself if I was equal to it," said Sinclair, "but it's a big thing for me to accept from you, Mason. If anything went wrong I—"

"Nonsense! It won't go wrong. It's only giving me a chance to prove I am right. And no one need know what I am doing. I'd rather rather you would not speak of it, particularly to Helen. Just a notion. And now I'd like to begin this work tonight."

Sinclair simply grasped his hand. Then together they strode down to the mine.

Everything was quiet. The pounding of the stamps had ceased. The only sign of activity was in the engine room, where the engineer was, as usual, pumping the water out of the shaft.

Sinclair motioned to him. The huge "bucket" poised at the mouth of the shaft. They stepped well on to the center, holding to the rope, and began their descent. Down, down, past the different levels, which were swallowed up in inky blackness, the bucket glistened noiselessly on the only sound being the drip-dripping of the water as it percolated through the timbers lining the shaft.

At last they came to a standstill 1,000 feet below. Sinclair reached over and pressed a button at the side of the shaft, and the entire tunnel was ablaze with electric lights, stretched along its roof.

The two men traversed the entire length of the tunnel to the end of the "stope," where the miners had ceased work a few hours before. Sinclair helped Mason to get the Burleigh into position, and then, saying he himself would remain at the engine through the night in case Mason wanted help, he walked through to the shaft and signaled to be hoisted above.

Mason worked until early morning, set off his blasts and went home for a few hours' rest. Returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw that his work of the night before had uncovered rich gold bearing quartz. He chipped off a piece and put it in his pocket, and then, intensely excited, he pushed the car, filled with the worthless slate, along the track to the crosscut, where an enormous bulkhead support was being built with the "waste."

Mason deposited his load on the "dump" and turned to push back when he heard an appalling roar, but only for a fraction of a second, then a tremendous crash, and he felt himself hurled with terrific force against the bulkhead, and all was blank.

Up on the hill at the Sinclair cottage Helen had just returned from her ride, but she lingered, chatting with her father and feeding Sultan his usual lumps of sugar. Suddenly they heard a dull, muffled boom.

Sinclair turned ghastly white as he exclaimed:

"My God—a cave!"

"Oh, dad, thank heaven the men quit work! There's no one in the mine."

"But there is! Mason's there!" cried Sinclair as he rapidly lightened the girth of Sultan's saddle. "He thought he could bore through that wall himself. He's been there since yesterday. He asked me not to tell you."

And the old man sprang into the sad-

die like a boy of sixteen and dashed down the steep trail.

Helen sank limply on the lower step of the porch, Mason to do this thing for her father—Mason, whom she had daunted and treated with scant courtesy!

Her father's words, "He asked me not to tell you," spoke eloquently of wounded pride caused by her mocking words which had sent him away, with the command to remain away for the last three months.

And now—oh, she could not bear it! She gathered up her riding habit and ran swiftly down the trail.

When she reached the mine the entire population of the camp had gathered in excited groups near the hoist. Sinclair, ready to make the first trip down, would permit no one to go with him. Slowly the engineer lowered the old man down the shaft.

The time seemed an eternity, particularly to the tall, slim girl who stood motionless and white apart from the crowd, her eyes strained to catch the slightest vibration of the signal wire. At last came two short jerks—the signal to hoist quickly. A great sob came from the entire crowd.

"It's no use, my friends," Sinclair said, with his eyes on Helen. "The cave began in the 800 foot level and has buried everything as far as the crosscut."

"But the manhole, dad!" came through Helen's white lips.

"There is only one chance in a million that Mason was at that end of the crosscut. But if he was he would by this time have made his way through the north drift to the foot of the manhole, and then think of the climb—hundreds of feet!"

Sinclair led the way, and the anxious crowd moved on to the north end of the claim, where now existed the only egress from the lower level.

Dozens of men were ready to make the descent down the small round well, with its hundreds of feet of ladder, but Sinclair selected one of the younger, stronger men, and just as he stepped over the edge a "flip-clip" was heard. He drew back, and the crowd listened.

The sound came nearer, eager eyes peered into the dark below, and in a few moments eager hands stretched down to lift an exhausted, half fainting man to the surface. His forehead was wet, and the blood made his white face ghastly. His left arm hung limp and broken.

Helen, with a cry, pushed through the crowd to his side and oblivious of any one in the world but him whispered a word in his grimy ear.

His pale face brightened. His eyes shone as he took her hand, and, turning to Sinclair, he said: "You were right, old man. The gold is there. But I think," with a glance toward Helen, "that I as well as you have found a fortune through the lower level."

Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!
Some years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining a gullotine in a big waxworks exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain.

"I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

The White Flower.
There is a lady living on a main street in a certain great city who had a window full of flowers, all in bloom. One day she answered a ring at the doorbell, to find a little girl perhaps nine years old shivering on the doorstep.

"Please, ma'am," said the wail, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?" The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower," pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why, of course," said the lady, "you shall have a flower. Come in. You shall have a pretty red rose."

She stepped to the window where the flowers grew, but before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one, please—not a red one; that white one." And the little girl pointed to a candidum unfolding its lily petals.

"I cannot cut that one, child," said the lady gently. "Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because it's for poor mamma. Mamma is dead, and I ran away to get some flowers." The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend, and when she went away she carried the precious lily and other flowers to the home where death had been.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beautiful Women

RELY UPON NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

Pilar Morin, the strikingly beautiful Parisian actress, of whom America's leading theatrical manager says: "I consider her the greatest actress in her line in all the world", writes as follows:

"Newbro's Herpicide is the most delightful hair dressing that has ever come to my notice. It prevents the hair from falling out, does away with dandruff and gives the hair a beautiful luster.
Cordially yours,
(Signed) PILAR MORIN."

The fact that leading Parisian women prefer Newbro's Herpicide is certainly conclusive evidence of its superiority.

Beautiful, glossy hair, full of snap and life, is just as essential to a beautiful face as is the frame around a beautiful picture.

Nature does not permit every woman to have a great or unusual abundance of hair, but every woman who has reasonably good hair may have beautiful hair if she will give it some care and attention.

First of all she must constantly strive to keep it free from the invisible, vegetable growth (the dandruff germ) that causes dull, brittle and lusterless hair with, later, dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.



The only rational remedy for the purpose is Newbro's Herpicide, the original remedy that "kills the dandruff germ". In addition to its germ destroying power, it is the most exquisite hair dressing in the world, for no other substance tends to beautify the hair as does Herpicide.

A TRUE BEAUTY TEST FOR WOMEN. Just begin the intelligent use of Herpicide in secret and see how quickly your friends will notice the improvement in your hair.

Herpicide contains no Grease. It will not stain or dye. Stops itching of scalp. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 915.

Send 10c in Stamps to Herpicide Co., Dept. L, Detroit, Mich., for Sample.

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A. F. STREITZ, Special Agent.

Applications at Prominent Barber Shops.

Horse Auction,

JUNE 2d, 1908.

On Tuesday, June 2d, I will open the Range Horse Season with 200 head of good range horses and will have good, toppy young horses that will please you all. I will have horses weighing up to 1400 pounds and you can buy them at your own price. Don't forget the date.

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A. F. Streit.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at North Platte, Neb., April 20, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Preston B. Mullikin, of Somerset, Nebraska, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 19684, made October 14th, 1905, for the NE 1/4 of section 11, township 10 N., range 31 W., and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on May 28, 1908. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: William N. Parcel, Wellington, Neb.; George W. Miller, Perry O. Mullikin and Albert J. Koenig, of Somerset, Nebraska. J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at North Platte, Neb., May 1st, 1908. Notice is hereby given that Hugh L. Gaunt, of North Platte, Neb., who on May 20, 1903, made Homestead Entry No. 19599 for the north half northeast quarter and north half southeast quarter of section 10, township 15 N., range 31 W., 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, Neb., on the 18th day of June, 1908. Claimant names as witnesses: William Doeblke, Henry Doeblke, Jacob Meyer and George Macumber, all of North Platte, Neb. J. E. EVANS, Register.

Department of the Interior, General Land Office, Washington, D. C., February 19, 1908.

Notice of Restoration of Public Lands to Settlement and Entry. Notice is hereby given that the Acting Secretary of the Interior has vacated departmental order of withdrawal in so far as the same affects the withdrawal for irrigation purposes under the act of June 17th, 1902 (32 Stat., 388), for use in connection with the North Platte Project, Nebraska, of the following described lands in the State of Nebraska, and by his authority such of said tracts as have not been heretofore finally restored and are not otherwise withdrawn, reserved, or appropriated, will be subject to settlement under the public land laws of the United States on and after May 11, 1908, but shall not be subject to entry, filing of selection until June 15, 1908, at the United States land office at North Platte, Nebraska, warning being expressly given that no person will be permitted to gain or exercise any right whatsoever under any settlement or occupation begun after February 11, 1908, and prior to May 11, 1908, all such settlements or occupation being forbidden: all T. 12 N., R. 31 W., 6th p. m. R. A. Ballinger, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Frank Pierce, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

Estimate of Expenses.

I, Chas. F. Temple, City Clerk, hereby certify that the following estimate of expenses was made by the Mayor and City Council of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, the 19th day of May, 1908:

Salaries for City Officials	\$2,900.00
Expense for Fire Dept' includ-	
Services of Chief	1,000.00
Streets, Culverts, etc.	1,500.00
Sidewalks, Crossings and Appro-	
ches	4,000.00
General and incidental expenses	4,000.00
Water Hydrant rental	3,500.00
Street lighting	2,500.00
Sewer Tax for Interest and	
Bonds	1,200.00
Sewer Maintenance tax	800.00
Total	\$21,400.00

The entire revenue for the past fiscal year was \$20,609.14.
CHAS. F. TEMPLE,
City Clerk.

THIS is to certify that at a meeting of the shareholders of THE BANK OF LINCOLN COUNTY, OF HERSHEY, NEBRASKA, held at Hershey, Nebraska, on the 23d day of April, 1908, due notice having been given, and every shareholder being present in person or by proxy, the Articles of Incorporation were amended by striking out all of Article VII and adopting and substituting therefor the following:

"VII. 'The capital stock of this corporation shall be Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000), to be divided into two hundred shares of fifty dollars each.'
THE BANK OF LINCOLN COUNTY,
State of Nebraska,
County of Lincoln, ss:
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of May, A. D. 1908.
My commission expires Feb. 5, 1910.
ARNOLD F. BEELER,
Notary Public.

SHERIFF'S 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 P. L. Harter is plaintiff and Mary C. M. Doyle and James Doyle are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 30th day of June, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. 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: Southwest quarter (SW 1/4) of section Twenty-four (24), Township Nine (9) North, Range Thirty-two (32) West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln county, Nebraska, for the year 1905 taxes due thereon for the year 1905 against said premises for the year 1907 for the sum of \$2.07, and on the first day of May, 1907, he paid the subsequent taxes assessed against said premises for the year 1906 for the sum of \$2.39, and on the 5th day of May, 1908, E. S. Davis, who was assigned said certificate on or about February 19, 1908, that said property was assessed against said premises for the year 1907 for the sum of \$2.07, and on the 19th day of May, 1908, and to F. R. Crockett for 1908, and to F. R. Crockett for 1909, that the time for redemption will expire on the sixth day of November, 1908, and if the said premises are not redeemed on the sixth day of November, 1908, from said tax sale the undersigned will apply to the county treasurer for a deed to the said premises. Dated this 23d day of May, 1908.
E. S. DAVIS,
Assignee of above Certificate of Tax Sale.

NOTICE FOR TAX DEED.

To every person in actual possession or occupancy of the premises below described and to F. R. Crockett and Amos W. Howard in whose name the title of said premises appears of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in Lincoln county, Nebraska, and to F. R. Crockett, as mortgagor:

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the fifth day of November, 1906, S. Y. Gillan purchased at public sale (Certificate No. 5310 at the county treasurer's office of said county), the following described real estate, to-wit: The northeast quarter (NE 1/4) of section nine (9), Township Nine (9) North, Range Thirty-two (32) West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln county, Nebraska, for the delinquent taxes due thereon for the year 1905 against said premises for the year 1907 for the sum of \$2.07, and on the first day of May, 1907, he paid the subsequent taxes assessed against said premises for the year 1906 for the sum of \$2.39, and on the 5th day of May, 1908, E. S. Davis, who was assigned said certificate on or about February 19, 1908, that said property was assessed against said premises for the year 1907 for the sum of \$2.07, and on the 19th day of May, 1908, and to F. R. Crockett for 1908, and to F. R. Crockett for 1909, that the time for redemption will expire on the sixth day of November, 1908, and if the said premises are not redeemed on the sixth day of November, 1908, from said tax sale the undersigned will apply to the county treasurer for a deed to the said premises. Dated this 23d day of May, 1908.
E. S. DAVIS,
Assignee of above Certificate of Tax Sale.

Notice for Bids.

Notice is hereby given that the City Council will receive bids for the construction of permanent sidewalks and approaches to be laid by the city for fiscal year of 1908.
Bids must be based upon the specifications of the City Engineer and general sidewalk ordinance, passed and approved on the 21st day of June, 1906, which are on file in the office of the City Clerk.
All bids must be in by 5:00 o'clock P. M., on the 2nd day of June 1908.
The Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
CHAS. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.