

A Lawyer's Fee.

By M. QUAD.

Five city girls who were summer guests at the Crow's Nest hotel set out one day to walk to the village of Gladys, three miles away.

It was Miss Lotta Inuls that threw the stone that brought about the surprise. It was an awkward throw, of course, but the hand of Providence guided it along until it struck the calf in the ribs.

It was the tramp, however, who settled things. Clothed in a suit given him by the farmer for the purpose, he lounged around the hotel until he had identified the guilty party, and then it was planned for things to happen.

A few minutes later Miss Lottie found herself arraigned before a justice of the peace on charges of malicious trespass and a barrel of other things.

"I am a guest at the hotel here, and you will see by my card that I am a lawyer. I shall be glad to take your case."

"But I have no money to pay you!" wailed the girl, remembering that her last purchase had left her with only 7 cents in her purse.

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," then, turning to the court, he announced that he represented the prisoner and wished for time to consult as to her defense.

The young advocate defined trespass; he defined malicious trespass; he defined girlism, trampism and a dozen other things having a bearing on the case.

The mail carrier had departed, and of course the young lawyer hired a rig and drove his client back to Crow's Nest. Of course he drove over there alone the next day to talk over the case with her.

"My dear excellent, you owe me a fee for keeping you out of state prison or life, and I'm going to ask you to pay it by becoming my little wife."

The Only Way ... Out of It

By HELOISE AMES.

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"This is intolerable." "A pleasant summer morning intolerable?"

"You know very well I don't refer to the morning."

"I hope you don't refer to me."

"I refer to this position in which I am placed by my mother."

"What position?"

"When a girl comes to my age she is an independent woman having rights upon which no parent can trespass."

"You mean she ought to be independent."

"My mother has made up her mind that I—that she—that you—"

"Any one else in it?"

"You don't help me a bit. To state it boldly and correctly, she is throwing me at you."

"I trust I shall make a good catch."

"Ever since she arranged that the two families should spend the hot season together here she has kept me in misery. What could be more crucifying to a girl's pride than to have her mother show every moment that she wishes her daughter to catch a certain man?"

"Suppose I go away?"

"You might do that—that is, if you wish."

"Oh, your mother doesn't trouble me. I would go to get you out of the middle."

"But," she rejoined after a pause, "every one would say the man was so persecuted he went to escape being positively forced to—"

"It wouldn't do. Would it?"

"There was no reply to this."

"It wouldn't do, would it?"

"Suppose," he added meditatively— "suppose I propose to you and you decline me. Wouldn't that let you out?"

"Thank you. If a man proposes to me I prefer to treat his proposal as I see fit."

"But your mother?"

"I shall neither decline nor accept any one to please my mother."

"Well, I don't see how I can help you."

"I don't either."

"It's a desperate case."

"Exasperating."

"I tell you what you do. Accept the attentions of another man, Fitch, for instance. He'll do for a dummy, and say—"

"Mr. Fitch is a very nice young man."

"That's it—nice. You can tell your mother you're doing it to egg me on."

"Do you dare accuse me of having done that?"

"I was giving you a plan to induce your mother to let us—I mean you—alone."

"You should go into the diplomatic service."

A pause.

"If there is no way out of it," he said presently, "I suppose we'll have to submit."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that."

Another pause, this time constrained.

"We might go out there on the pier and jump off."

"Now you're talking silly."

"I have it! I'll go and propose to Marcella Eldridge."

"I've always thought a girl with a face like a pan of milk would suit you."

"I don't mean anything permanent. I could break it off in the autumn."

"If you do you needn't come back to—"

She bit her lip.

"Why don't you just tell your mother you don't want me, won't have me and she'll stop her interference at once."

To this there was no reply.

"You don't seem to think much of that proposition."

"It is about as senseless as the others."

"One more and I've done. Take the man you want, go to your mother and tell her you're engaged."

"This met the same reception as the last—silence."

"I give it up."

"I would advise you to give it up if you can't think of anything less preposterous than that."

"Why preposterous?"

"Do you suppose that all the men of my acquaintance have made me carte blanche offers good for all time?"

"I didn't think of that."

A long pause. They strolled on to the pier. The sky was blue above them, and the waves were rolling in, a pale green, below them; gulls directly overhead, ships out on the horizon.

"There's a way out of it if we can only find it," he said presently.

"I'm afraid we're not bright enough. Perhaps we don't want to find it."

"That's singular. I thought we had been trying to find it all the while."

"You haven't contributed much toward that end."

"What have you contributed?" "I don't know my part to find a way out of it. I took a risk of being considered unmanly to mention it at all."

Enacting a Detective Story

By HORACE S. GAYLORD.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

My cousin, Betty Archibald, is scatter-brained. As I was about to leave on the 5:50 train to spend the week end at her cottage by the sea she sent me this telegram:

"Vic will be at station at 6:55. Bring her down."

I knew no more who Vic was than the contents of a Hottentot newspaper.

What should I do—go to the station and trust to luck? That was all I could do, and that I did.

There was the usual rush to get aboard that one finds on the last days of the week at trains going to seaside resorts.

There were a dozen people ahead of me at the ticket office, among them a pretty girl to whom the agent gave a ticket to Manasquan, which was my station.

Of course I took note of her and hoped she might turn out to be Vic, but there was only the reason of her destination.

I walked about for ten minutes before the train started, observing every one who seemed to be looking for some one.

All I could see were a youngster of eighteen who waited at the gate till the starting bell rang and a man with a dog, who leaned against a post.

As the train rolled off I entered a car, and there sat the girl with the Manasquan ticket.

I stared at her, and after looking at me for a moment, she dropped her eyes.

Beside her on the seat was a suit case, which I noticed was marked V. T. That settled it. She must be Vic.

Instead of approaching her and asking her if she was the girl I looked for I concluded to gain the information on the detective plan.

It would be interesting to discover her identity by following the clew given me on her suit case. It would be more interesting to know her, she not knowing me.

It would be downright fun to take her to my hostess, chaff her for her failure to give me proper information, then tell them both that by my ingenuity I had, after all, been enabled to do all that had been required of me.

Raising my hat, I said to her: "Pardon me, but I think we are going to the same station, and, arrived there, we will be entertained at the same house."

"Yes?" she replied, with a smile.

"You are going to Manasquan, I believe?"

"I am."

"And you will be the guest of my cousin?"

She put the suit case on the floor, and I sat down beside her.

"Who is your cousin?"

"I have thought that it would be entertaining to have you see it by questioning me you can find out who I am and certain orders I have received respecting you."

"That would serve to while away the time we shall spend on the train."

"Will you begin?"

"Let me see. You are Harold Bliss?"

"No."

"Not Rose Dutton's fiance?"

"No. I wish I were any one's fiance."

"I give it up."

"Can't you guess my orders?"

"No."

"I am directed to be your escort."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes; I was telegraphed to meet you at the station to escort you to Manasquan and thence to—"

"Where?"

"To tell you would spoil all the fun."

"And," she said, after a little thought, "to tell you where I'm going would spoil all the fun too."

"It certainly would. The person from whom I received my orders is very careless and gave no clew by which to recognize you. Nevertheless I have secured a clew. Do you like to read detective stories?"

"I do not on them."

"Well, we are enacting a little detective story. When we get to the end of our journey we shall have the denouement."

"I dare say it will all be very clever. How did you happen to think of such a plan?"

"Manasquan!" shouted a trainman.

I picked up her suit case and left the car with her. I was about to hand her down the step when a gentleman put his own hand in ahead of me. He stared at me ominously. The lady said:

"Mack, this gentleman has entertained me delightfully on the train. He knows me, but I don't know him. He says he was ordered to escort me home."

I didn't like this feature of the affair at all.

"Come, Glance, the carriage is waiting," said the young man, casting a suspicious glance at me.

"Heavens! Glance!" I had blundered.

"Is not your first name Victoria?"

"Oh, no; it's Virginia!"

I got very red in the face and stood mute.

"The denouement is different," said the girl, "from what the story indicates. I admire such endings."

She smiled back at me with dancing eyes as she left with the man whom I had secured to be my escort.

When I reached the Archibald cottage the first thing Bet said to me was:

"Where's Vic?"

"Who the dickens is Vic?" I asked angrily.

"My peedle. Thomas was to have her at the station for you. Didn't you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him. I growled, 'but I didn't know him. The next time you make a request please be more explicit.'"

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ROAD NO. 318.

To all whom it may concern: The Commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road has reported in favor of the same with a slight change as follows:—

Commencing at the 1/2 section corner between sections 3 and 4, T. 13 N., of Range 30 W., being identical with S. E. corner of lot 5 of County Clerk's Subdivision of Lot 1 and S. E. 1/4 of Section 4, T. 13 N., Range 30 W., running thence north of section line to the S. E. corner of Lot 2, thence west

traveled and having been traveled for more than 10 years and having been dedicated to adjoining lot owner by W. L. Park, former owner and proprietor of said land, thence north on said traveled road to the north line of said section 4. That part of said road along section line and between lots 2 and 3 to be 50 feet wide and that part now traveled and having been left as a road by W. L. Park to be 66ft. wide. A road less than 50 feet wide cannot be graded properly. All objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the office of the county clerk on or before noon on the 12th day of July, 1909, or such road will be established without reference thereto.

Dated North Platte, Nebr., May 7, 1909. F. R. ELLIOTT County Clerk.



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