A Lawyer's Fee. 6 6 The Only Way

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.] Five city girls who were summer guests at the Crow's Nest hotel set out one day to walk to the vilinge of Gladys, three miles away. The walk hadn't covered half a mile when two objects of interest were caught sight of at the same time in a field to the left. The first was a spotted calf about six mouths old, and the second was a tramp asleep under a tree. Five philosophers would have passed these objects by with a glauce, but those girls were not philosophers. Some one suggested that dirt and stones be

the tramp get a move on him. It was Miss Lotta Innis 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. The calf jumped over the tramp, the tramp awoke and caught the calf by the leg and brought it down and broke its neck, and the five girls who were not philosophers uttered five screams and ran away. As soon as they realized the encruity of their offense they swore each other to secrecy

It was the tramp, however, who settled things. Clothed in a suit given him by the farmer for the purpose, he lounged around the botel until he had identified the guilty party, and then it was planned for things to happen. Three days after Miss Lotta Inuis had been identified as the assassin of calves and the rude awakener of tramps she rode over to Gladys with the mail carrier to do some shopping. The birds sang, the chipmunks darted in and out of the bushes, and no thunderstorm arose to warn the poor girl what was in store for her. The village was reached, her shopping done, and then the constable arrested her. He gave her to understand that the law empowered him to put handcuffs on her wrists, shackles on her ankles and a gag in her mouth and also to walk beside her with a gun in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. but if she would give her word not to turn desperate he would forego those

A few minutes later Miss Lottle found herself arraigned before a justice of the peace on charges of mal' clous trespass and a barrel of other things. Scared? Of course she was scared. She was so frightened that she was fairly dumb. It came upon her so suddenly that she couldn't think what to do. The farmer was determined, the constable driven by duty, the tramp revengeful and his honor feeling that the majesty of the law must be upheld if it pulled the shingles off the roof of his office. No one suggested that the girl see a lawyer, and she had begun to weep and think about offering a million dollars to settle the case when a young man appronched her and tendered his card and added:

"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

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

"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. This was grudgingly allowed bim, and, looking through her tears, Miss Lotta discovered that the card handed her bore the name of Walter Halpin. She told him the story of the stone, the calf and the tramp, but she was so upset that she scarcely noticed that he was a good looking young man of four and twenty and evidently city bred. At the end of a quarter of an hour he announced his readiness to proceed The farmer was too stingy to employ a lawyer, and, having the justice and the tramp with him, it looked as if he had a sure thing. It looked that way for about ten minutes, and then things began to change. Miss Lotta made her statement under oath. There were

cident. The young advocate defined trespass; he defined malicious trespass; he defined girlism, trampism and a dozen other things having a bearing on the case. He got his honor all tangled up; he got the tramp scared; he got the constable feeling that he was liable to heavy damages for a false arrest, and then he asked for his client's discharge and got it. His honor decided to give the tramp thirty days to satisfy the law, himself and the other folks,

a calf and a tramp, but no malice. The

stone she threw might have hit the

calf, the tramp or any other old thing.

That it hit the calf was only an ac-

The mail carrier had depurted, and of course the yearng 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. As a matter of fact, he got in the habit of showing up there almost every day. It was legal business, in a way, and Miss Latte found herself rather liking legal business. After the season was over there was correspondence and later on social calls. Almost a year went by and nothing had been said about the legal fee when the lawyer called one evening and smilingly and a bit anxiously

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

Well, what could a poor girl do? She hadn't even the 7 cents this time, and so she had to say "Yes" and make the

.... Out of It o

By HELOISE AMES. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"This is intolerable." "A pleasant summer morning intol-

erable?" "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 ls an independent woman having rights upon which no parent can tres Dass." thrown to see the calf run away and

"You mean she ought to be inde pendent." "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 crucify-

ing to a girl's pride than to have her mother show every moment that she wishes her daughter to catch a certain man? Last evening when Mr. Fitch called she treated him abominably Her motive was apparent to every

"Suppose I go away?" "You might do that-that is, if you

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

"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 de cline me. Wouldn't that let you out?" "Thank you. If a man proposes to

me I prefer to treat his proposal as I "But your mother?"

"I shall neither decline nor accept any one to please my mother." "Well, I don't see how I can help

"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

"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-

"You should go into the diplomatic service.

"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

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

"I don't mean anything permanent. I could break it off in the autumn." "If you do you needn't come back

She bit her lip.

"Why don't you just tell your mother you don't want me, won't have me and she's to 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 oth-

"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 pler. 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 to-

ward that end." "1? What have you contributed?" "It isn't my part to find a way out of it. I took a risk of being considered unmaidenly to mention it at all."

"Let us sit down on this bench, and I'll try once more." They seated themselves. He looked

up at the sky and down at the waves, was: but saw neither. Then he said: "Suppose I go to your mother and ask her for your hand."

She did not reply to this at once, but her features expressed relief. "Don't you want my heart?"

"I have it." "What made you think so. Certainly nothing that I have said or done." "That gull up there told me."

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Enacting a Detective Story

By HORACE B. GAYLORD. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Asso-

My cousin, Betty Archibald, is sent ter 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 5:15. Bring her 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 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 start ed, 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 : car, and there sat the girl with the Manasquan ticket, I stared at her and, after looking at me for a mo ment, she dropped her eyes. Beside her on the sent was a suit case, which I noticed was marked V. T. That set tled 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 detec tive 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 Bet for her fallure 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 go ing 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 be-Heve?"

"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 coustn?"

"I have thought that it would be entertaining to have you see if 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?"

"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 me to bu at the station to escort you to Manasquan and thence to"-"Where?"

"To tell you would spoil all the fan." "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 dote 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 tralaman. I picked up her suit case and left the car with her. I was about to hand her down the step when a gentlema; put his own hand in ahead of me. He

stared at me ominously. The lady "Mack, this gentleman has entertained me delightfully on the train He knows me, but I don't know him He mys he was ordered to escort me

I didn't like this feature of the af fair at all. "Come, Ginnie, the carriage is wait

ing," said the young man, casting a suspicious giance at me. "Heavens! Glunle!" I had blun

"Is not your first name Victoria?" "Oh, no; It's Virginial" I got very red in the face and stood

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

She smilled back at me with dancing eyes as she left with the man whom fustinct told me was her flance. When I reached the Archibald cot-

tage the first thing Bet said to me "Where's Vic?" "Who the dickens is Vie?" I asked angrily.

"My peodle. 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 ex-

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ROAD NO. 318. To all whom it may concern: The Commissioner appointed for the pur-pose of locating a public road has re-ported in favor of the same with a slight change as follows:-

Commencing at the 1 section corner between sections 3 and 4, T. 13 N, of Range 30 W., being indentical with S. E. corner of lot 5 of County Clerk's Subdivision of Lot 1 and S. E. † N. E. † of Section 4, T. 13 N. Range 30 W., running thence north of section line to the S. E. carner of Lot 2, thence west between lots 2 and 3, to a road now 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 then 50 feet wide cannot Plenty of dirt in any quantity needed.
Will fill lots in cemetery and take care
of same. Will furnish monuments,
grave stones, copings and all.
We will also deliver ICE to all desirbe 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