

**A Veteran's Armor**

LAURENCE FOSTER CHURCH.  
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There is a story I rescued from some old family papers that had not been extracted in half a century. I have re-extracted it from its original letter form, preserving the first person in which it was written:

I came to New Orleans in 1845 from France. I was sitting one evening, soon after my arrival, in a cafe when an elderly man, about fifty-five I think, stepped up to me and with a broad southern accent said, "You are M. Desmouines of Paris, I believe, suh."

"I am and at your service, monsieur."

"I am a stranger in the city, suh. I am a planter from the interior of the state. I desire the services of some one familiar with the code duello and have been told that you have officiated on several occasions at meetings among gentlemen. If it would not be too much to ask, suh, I would like you to act for me in an affair of honor, suh."

He was a typical Louisiana planter of the period, but withal having a soldierly bearing—tall, erect and with grizzled gray hair.

"I shall be happy to serve you, monsieur. But I should like to know something about the case."

"Certainly, suh. My opponent declared publicly that General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans used cotton bales for breastworks. I told him that he was mistaken. He persisted. I gave him the lie. He challenged me."

I was surprised. I had not then learned of the various methods among gentlemen in vogue in the city of picking a quarrel which was based on another cause.

"Were you right?" I asked.

"Certainly, suh! I was present at the battle, suh."

"And who is your opponent?"

"Camille Trudeau, suh."

"Camille Trudeau! Is he here? Why, my dear sir, he has been out twenty times and always killed or winged his man."

"So I have heard, suh."

After a failure to induce Captain St. Leger—the name he gave me—to find a way out of the difficulty, I consented to act for him. His opponent's second informed me that his principal, who was twenty-five years younger than St. Leger, would not kill the captain if he could possibly help it. St. Leger, as the challenged party, selected pistols and a ground under the levee a few miles north of the city. We proceeded thither at daybreak the next morning. I noticed that the captain stepped from his carriage gingerly and walked on to the ground with a slight limp. There also seemed to be something the matter with his left arm.

We placed the contestants thirty paces apart. The captain told me that he was a poor shot and named the distance himself. They fired at the drop of a hat. Trudeau was unharmed. St. Leger received a ball in the leg that nearly knocked him over. But he maintained his balance and awaited the signal for another round. Trudeau looked surprised. He had aimed at the captain's leg just below the knee and knew that he had placed his bullet there. Such a stroke should be sufficient to put any man out of the fight. We endeavored to induce the old man to withdraw, but he would not hear of it.

Just before the next signal I saw Trudeau looking at his opponent's right arm, as if he intended to shatter it. I was not surprised that he changed his intention, for he could not carry it out without killing his man. When the shots rang out Trudeau was still unharmed. St. Leger's left arm swayed and then hung limp. He stood as steady as ever.

Trudeau turned pale. Was he to continue to put holes in his adversary's members without any perceptible injury? I confess I was puzzled. Trudeau appeared to be rattled. The captain's shots had been drawing closer to him, and this doubtless had an effect upon his nerve.

St. Leger insisted on another round. When their hands were raised for the next shot I thought I noticed a slight tremor at the muzzle of Trudeau's pistol. The captain's face was a study. It showed plainly that this time he was determined to kill his opponent and showed, further, great confidence in his ability to do so. I believe Trudeau considered that his own life depended on taking his opponent's. But his nerve had gone, and he looked anxious. The captain stood straight as a ramrod on his wounded leg, which he had not permitted the surgeon to examine and on which no blood was visible. I looked to see it oozing from under his pantaloons where they were strapped over his boot, but looked in vain.

At the next fire Trudeau's bullet knocked St. Leger's pistol out of his hand, glanced and buried itself in a tree. Trudeau fell with a hole in the center of his forehead. The others present, except myself, ran to Trudeau. I started for St. Leger, but was surprised to see him walk to the carriage with no more impediment than his usual limp. He told me to get in, and we drove away.

"Your leg, captain, and your arm!" I exclaimed.

"What about them?"

"The wounds."

"I lost my right leg and my left arm at the battle of New Orleans, suh. Trudeau had been firing into wood. It cost him his life. I learned afterward that when Trudeau had first come from Paris he had selected Captain St. Leger's only son for a target on which to make a display of his skill.

**His Business . . . Manager**

By ELIZABETH FOX.  
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Edgar Trask was born with a gift. It was not the gift of money making, but the gift of producing that which if properly handled may lead to such desirable result. No; Mr. Trask was not directly a money maker. He was a playwright and had produced some pretty good plays, but he had no business instincts that would lead him to get out what there was in them. He had sold several of them without having made a written contract. The profits on them had been considerable, but they never got into the author's pockets. Then he sold a couple more for which he made contracts, but did not think to examine his copy of them. One the purchaser hadn't signed; the other was so drawn that the author was easily beaten out of his royalty. He hadn't even business sense or energy enough to get out of the clutches of the manager to whom he had made all these so-called sales.

One morning he was sitting in his study when the card of this manager, Mr. Reinhart, came up to him. Mr. Reinhart, a red faced, portly man with puffy cheeks, beetling brows and a big diamond in his shirt bosom, was admitted.

"Trask," he said brusquely, "there's something wrong. For five years you have been pestering me with your plays, which I have put on the boards to get rid of you—mostly at a loss. The last I brought out, 'The Mask,' did well enough to give you a little reputation, and I looked forward to making up some of my losses. That was a year ago, since when you have not been near me. I've heard you're ready with another play and are going to take it to some one else. All I have to say is that if this is true I'll sue you for past losses, which I can recover."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Trask. "How?"

"The contracts. Do you suppose I've been in this business twenty years not to know how to draw one?"

"Sally!" called Trask in a high keyed, drawing voice.

A lady entered whom Trask introduced as his wife. "She's a sort of business manager for me now," he said. "She'll talk to you."

"I didn't know that you had married," said the manager, surprised.

"Yes, I've married," said Trask, with the same drawl. "Sally, sit down there and talk to Mr. Reinhart. I'm struggling with a third act. But be sure you begin I want to say to you that my tobacco is all gone."

Mrs. Trask went to a drawer, took out a portmanteau and said, "How much, Edgar?"

"Oh, a quarter 'll do."

She gave him a quarter and watched him to see that he put it in his pocket, then turned to Mr. Reinhart.

"What can I do for you?"

"I was just saying to your husband that the ungrateful course he is pursuing—"

"I heard that. The door between this and my room was open when you said it. What is it you wish?"

"Well, I want to keep up my friendly relations with Trask. I've really brought him out. I want to make a contract with him for the new play."

"At what royalty?"

"Oh, I'll do very well by him. Of course there are losses to make up on those I've already produced. I'll give him \$300 down and \$50 a performance."

"Why do you make so liberal an offer considering your past losses?"

"Oh, friendship. I want to encourage him."

"You must have heard something."

"What is there to hear?" He colored slightly.

"Mr. Trask has sold a play since he parted with you. It was produced last night for the first time. I, aided by a lawyer, made the contract for it."

"You? Where was it tried?" stammered Reinhart.

"Not in America. We have just had a cablegram announcing a very remarkable hit."

"You don't mean it," trying to appear surprised.

"So we expect a pretty good price for the next, which is nearly ready."

"How much?"

"Three thousand dollars down and \$500 for each performance."

"I accept your offer."

"Excuse me; it is not an offer to you. Mr. Trask will sell no more plays to you."

"Sally," groaned Trask, "I think you are treating me very mean. This fountain pen is worn out. Why don't you give me some money to buy another?"

"Because you haven't asked me, dear. I'll remember to give it to you before you go downstairs tomorrow."

"And 10 cents for car fare?"

"I'll see to it."

Meanwhile Mr. Reinhart was thinking of the bluff he had made. "Very well," he said, rising and buttoning his coat; "I'll begin suit under my contracts for losses on the back plays."

"I have already ordered a suit begun under those contracts for nonpayment of royalties."

Reinhart paled. He had recently changed his lawyer. The last one had discovered a flaw in one contract involving \$15,000. He stopped to the door astonished and troubled. As he passed out he heard Trask say to his wife in his usual drawl:

"Sally, I wish you wouldn't give me any more two dollar bills. You gave me one yesterday to pay a dollar, and I never thought of the change."

"I won't trouble you that way again, dear."

**The Disadvantage of Misunderstanding Among Three.**

By A. B. SEARLE.  
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If anything goes wrong among associates the more persons in it the worse the trouble and the less chance of an explanation and reconciliation. In the most important episode of my life I became involved with two other persons to my permanent discomfiture. If my dealings had been with one the trouble would not have occurred.

It was the very common case of two fellows after one girl, and the two fellows were friends. I was one of the fellows, and Bob Hoyt was the other. Eileen Gilbert was the girl. It was Bob who introduced me to her, but he didn't tell me that he wanted her, so I wasn't obliged to keep off on his account. Bob was a quiet, backward sort of fellow, while I flatter myself I have that gall about me which wins with a woman.

There are several principles that I considered. The first is, "Don't show your hand to others;" the second, "If you want anything don't make it appear valuable." I determined to keep Bob in the dark as to my intentions and to lead him to believe that Eileen was no great catch. Of course this was difficult for me to do and at the same time see enough of her to win her. But I handled the matter so well that I got in a number of visits without Bob knowing anything about them. How far I succeeded in leading him to believe that she was not worth trying for I couldn't find out. He wasn't much of a talker. I knew very well he admired her and that I'd better do what I could to head him off.

Eileen for quite awhile was on the fence between Bob and me. I had some property, while Bob had nothing but pluck and energy, and I'll do him the justice to admit that he had plenty of both. There's nothing mean about me even in speaking of a rival. Bob showed no disposition to win the girl, but I didn't know whether this was because he didn't fancy her or because I had intimated that she was not especially to be desired. This gave me every chance, and I availed myself of the position.

Eileen lived at her father's country place, about fifty miles from the city, and during the summer I made my way while the sun shone, spending a number of week ends in the village near her home ostensibly for the fishing, which was good in the neighborhood. Finally I sounded Eileen sufficiently to discover that a proposal was liable to be accepted. This was by letter, and I resolved to go to her and close the matter. As luck would have it, who should be at the station to see his mother off on a train but Bob. I had to confess where I was going and whom I was going to see, but I intimated that I had promised to go to make one of a house party and expected to be much bored. Bob told me he thought I'd have a good time if I only made up my mind to do so, but I refused to be convinced.

I made my proposition to Eileen, and it was graciously received. But girls never like to give an answer on the moment. They like to keep a fellow worried. It's an awful suspense to a man, and the more feverish a man is under it the better the girl likes it. I told her that I wouldn't go back to the city without an answer. I remained two days, but the answer didn't come. I wished I hadn't said what I did about waiting for it and began to think of an excuse for breaking the embarrassing position. Besides, I couldn't remain away from my duties. I bit on what seemed an excellent plan. I would telegraph Bob to call me back "on business." This would convince him that I was being bored and enable me to await my answer in the city. I sent a message to Bob as follows: "Insufferably bored. Get me out of this by wiring me to return on important business."

I directed the telegraph operator to send the reply to me at the Gilbert residence. I told Eileen that I would go on a tramp during the day and hoped that by my return at evening I would receive the long deferred answer. She would not promise definitely, but gave me to understand not only that I should have it, but that it would be favorable. I hoped to find my recall at the house when I came in from my tramp and get away on a night train.

I tramped all day, returning about 5 o'clock. I expected to see Eileen on the piazza dressed for the afternoon and hoped to be made happy. But as I approached I saw that the piazza was vacant. I went up to the front door and rang for admittance. A maid came, opened the door and poked a telegram at me, with the ominous words:

"Miss Gilbert says to tell you that she opened it thinking it might be best for her to send for you. Please accept her apologies."

I took the bit of yellow paper from the envelope and read it. Horror of horrors! It was my telegram to Bob. It had been sent to me indeed, "Party not in town." While I was staring at it the maid shut the door in my face.

As I said at the beginning, it was having a third party in the matter that brought trouble. If it hadn't been for Bob I'd never have sent that telegram. And if it hadn't been for Bob I might have made it up with Eileen. She was just mad enough to write him an invitation to visit at her father's house with other friends, and when, after repeated efforts to see Eileen, I went to the city I saw Bob passing me on a train going to have the whole field to himself. When he returned he announced his engagement.

JOHN LEMMER, Pres. and Mgr. R. L. BAKER, Secretary.

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**Myrtle News.**

Mrs. and Mrs. L. C. Mitchell celebrated their sixth wedding anniversary by inviting in a small company of friends, June 3rd. The guests were first handed a card and asked to find for letters, the same four letters to spell five different words that would suitably fill one of the blanks in this stanza.

A old woman with intent  
Put on her and away she went  
I said she, tell me I pray  
The wherewithal to today.

Next tables were arranged and progressive finch was played in which Clyde Allison won first prize, a box of bon-bons, and John Santo the consolation prize, a bottle of catsup.

A three course luncheon was served at this time. Then the ladies gave date, place, time and by whom married, the gentlemen telling some amusing incident that occurred on their wedding day, and by the hilarity of the assembled guests the narratives proved to be quite as amusing when recounted as when they happened.

The guests then departed wishing the bride and groom of six years (many happy returns of the day and as one late benedict said, "That he hoped when he had been married six years he could look as pleasant about it as Mr. Mitchell.") Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames E. A. Allison, George Bay, John Santo, Joe Bay, Ray Reynolds, Chas. Abbott and John Walz.

Raleigh Reynolds was transacting business in North Platte Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. Mann representing the Crete Nursery Co. is canvassing this neighborhood.

Mrs. Bowers who suffered a stroke of paralysis is getting some better.

A good sized crowd attended the children's day exercises at Mt. Zion.

A picnic will be held in Mr. Jenkins grove Thursday, June 17th.

**\$40,000.00**

The school district of the city of North Platte in the county of Lincoln, state of Nebraska.

**School Bonds.**

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned secretary of the school district of the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, until 6 o'clock p. m. Saturday, July 3d, 1909, for \$40,000.00 registered school bonds of said district.

Said bonds will be issued in denominations of \$1,000.00 each numbered from one to forty inclusive dated June 1st, 1909, mature twenty years from date, but payable at the option of the district after 10 years.

Bonds will bear four (4) per cent interest, payable semi-annually, on June 1st and December 1st, at the Fiscal Agency of the State of Nebraska, New York City, N. Y.

All bids must be accompanied by a certified check for \$500.00 made payable to the order of F. L. Mooney, Treasurer of said district. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

Done by order of the Board of Education this 27th day of May, 1909.

A. F. STREITZ, Secretary.

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**NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.**  
The State of Nebraska, ss  
Lincoln County,  
In the County Court,  
In the matter of the estate of William H. Welty, deceased. To the creditors, heirs and others interested in the estate of William H. Welty,  
Take notice, that John E. Evans has filed in the county court a report of his doings as administrator of said estate and it is ordered that the same stand for hearing the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1909, before the court at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m., at which time any person interested may appear and except to and contest the same. And notice of this proceeding is ordered given by publication of this notice in the North Platte Tribune, for six successive publications prior to July 3rd last.  
Witness my hand and the seal of the county court at North Platte this 7th day of June, A. D. 1909.

J. S. ELDER, County Judge.