

DIANTHE OF THE WOODS.

It Wasn't a Witch He Caught, but His Ideal of a Girl.

By M. WOODRUFF NEWELL.
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Andrew Salisbury was on his vacation when he met his fate. A severe attack of typhoid had put him considerably on the bias, so that he welcomed a quiet recuperating old farmhouse "twenty miles from a lemon" as a desired haven and went there for a summer's sojourn the 1st of July.

The old couple with whom he boarded were one Lemuel Merriwether and his wife, and they worried constantly for fear he should have a relapse.

"I'm very apt to," Andrew assured them often, "being so weak, you know. The delirium especially is likely to return."

Being a lone young bachelor, he enjoyed their anxiety in his behalf and worked shamelessly on their sympathies.

"My heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Merriwether the morning that he told her that, throwing away a raisin that she was seeding and putting the seeds into the cake in her excitement.

"Oh, it's a very sad disease!" continued Andrew pensively, reaching for his fifth cookie.

Then he took his camera and went out for a morning's prow through the woods.

The country was in its summer glory, and just before he started back to the house he took the picture that started the trouble.

He had been walking along by the river, and struck by a clump of birch trees that fringed a dim woodland path, he trained his camera on it and sought the funder. He smiled happily as he saw the picture it made—the slim young trees with the long path winding up behind them.

"That's fine!" he told himself and, holding the camera steady, snapped it. He could scarcely wait to get home to develop it.

Mrs. Merriwether saw him coming and exclaimed anxiously, "Gracious me, boy, where's the fire?"

"Got a prize package," he answered solemnly.

Mrs. Merriwether, honest soul, stared after him.

"You don't suppose, now, the heat's affected his head, do you?" she whispered to Lemuel as he came up from the barn a little later.

"He's been on the go all day in the hot sun, and after such a fever as he had he's liable to have spells of looney, you know he said so. I just asked him what he was hurrying for, and he said he had a prize package, and I declare to goodness I didn't see nothing but that old camera!"

"Shoo, shoo, mother, the boy's all right. It's probably just some of his funny business."

If they had seen "the boy" at that moment they would probably have been more anxious than they were about him.

Andrew was looking at the developed picture with startled eyes. His hands shook as he held it up dripping between him and the small ruby lamp on the table.

"By George!" he said and put it through the bath again.

A second time he held it up and scrutinized it in the dim red glow.

"By gum," he said, "it's a witch or I'm going looney!"

There was the path stretching out alluringly into the woods beyond. There were the birch trees, tall and slender and beautiful, and there, just beyond them, peering out between two massive oak tree trunks that bordered the path, was a girl or a witch or a dryad, with laughing lips, flying hair and an extraordinary eighteenth century gown.

"How the dickens!" puzzled Andrew, "it's something on the film. There couldn't have been a real girl there, alone. Lord, there ain't one within twenty miles! She surely wouldn't walk that far, and there was no team in sight, and, anyway, what would a girl of Revolutionary days be doing here?"

He washed the film carefully and put it through the hypo bath. Then he washed it again and, hanging it up to dry, went down to supper.

There he talked at random, his mind being full of the mysterious picture. His remarks were so rambling that they confirmed every suspicion that Mother Merriwether had formed that afternoon.

"He's off!" she whispered sharply to Lemuel outside the kitchen door. "It's the heat. He's way off. Just see how funny he talks. If he ain't better in the morning we'll have Dr. Snow come over. We'll have to watch him without his knowing it. We must be mighty careful not to excite him. Oh, goodness, ain't it awful, that poor boy! My, but typhoid's a fearful disease!"

Lemuel, vastly alarmed, was instantly "on to his job." For a watchdog he proved AL. Andrew had difficulty in shaking him off long enough to go to the dark room at bedtime.

The film was almost dry, and he could scarcely wait until the next day to make a print of it.

When morning came, however, he found Lemuel sticking closer than a brother. Wherever he went Lemuel went also, and when Lemuel had to leave him long enough to see about his live stock mother obediently took up the trail just where he left it, until

Andrew, impatient and totally unconscious of their anxieties in his behalf, bluntly locked his door in her very face and, getting out his printing frame, settled down to business.

The sunshine was bright in his south window, and he had a print completed in quick time. He held it to the light excitedly, the water dripping from it.

"Christmas, it's a goddess!" he ejaculated.

She peered out at him, her laughing face round and mischievous. Her dress was of olden style, with huge panniers at the side and a trim, laced bodice with a low French neck and little puff sleeves. One tiny foot stuck out saucily in a high heeled French boot.

Andrew stared at her amazed. The arched eyebrows and delicate face were patrician. She might have just stepped out of some old French painting. Why had he not noticed her as he snapped the picture? It was all so mysterious. Then he heard Mr. Merriwether's step outside and called to him:

"Any little French court ladies around here?" he inquired.

Andrew opened the door, and Lemuel came in, a puzzled expression on his honest old face.

"Not that I know of," he answered. "Well, then, I'm seeing things," laughed Andrew, "because I saw one in the woods yesterday, puffs and ruffles and high heeled shoes."

"You did?" exclaimed Lemuel slowly. "You did, eh?"

Then, to Andrew's surprise, Lemuel quickly took the key from the lock and, putting it in again on the outside of the door, went out, locking it behind him.

Andrew pounded and yelled in rage and surprise, but all to no purpose. A half hour went by; then a carriage drew up to the door, and a second later Lemuel unlocked Andrew's door and entered, a strange gentleman with him.

"Not feeling well, I hear?" the strange gentleman remarked.

"First I knew of it," spluttered Andrew.

"He's got a relapse," exclaimed Lemuel. "Gone crazy like. Seeing things. Saw a French court lady in the woods yesterday."— But he got no further.

Dr. Snow broke out into a mighty roar.

"So you are the young gentleman?" he said. "Let's see the picture."

Andrew brought it sulkily forth, not yet understanding.

"It's my niece, Dianthe Barrows," explained the doctor after a minute, still laughing.

Andrew smiled. Dianthe! How the name fitted her!

"She was attending a fancy dress lawn party at Stratford, about six miles up the river, on the other side. She paddled down in her canoe and, seeing those pretty birch trees, wandered into the woods, hiding her canoe in the bushes. She saw you, but you, of course, did not see her. She knew that she would probably show in the picture, as she happened to peer out from behind the trees just as you snapped it. She was dressed in a French costume that used to be her great-great-aunt's. We had a good laugh last night when she told us about it. We could imagine what a surprise it would be to the gentleman, whoever he might be, after the picture was printed."

"It was," said Andrew, laughing himself now.

"Is she staying with you here in town?"

The doctor smiled a little.

"Yes; for the summer. At present she is sitting outside in my buggy, holding the horse."

"I'll come out and meet her," said Andrew promptly. "I always knew I'd marry a girl named Dianthe."

No Place Like Home.

A native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston he engaged a room at a modest hotel, intending to remain there while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk, handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveler. "What is that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said, with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings: "Prince Edward Island, man! What other island is there?"

Social Amenities.

Little Marion was about to make her first call unattended by a member of the family. She was to stay a half hour, inspect a wonderful new doll belonging to a small friend and return home.

"Now, Marion," was her mother's parting admonition, "Mrs. Rogers may ask you to stay and dine with them. If she does, you must say, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers; I have already dined.'"

"I'll member, mamma," answered Marion and trotted off.

The visit finished, the little girl donned her hat and started for the door.

"Oh, Marion," said her hostess, overtaking her in the hall, "won't you stay and have a bite with us?"

"This was an unexpected form, and for a second the child hesitated. Then she rose to the occasion.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers," she answered obediently, but already tilted her head. "I have already dined."

A TRAIN TO JOY.

After the Crash There Came a Shock and a Surprise.

By ANITA WENTWORTH.
[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Yes, she wore the blue and white dress which had been her wedding gown, much against Aunt Nykirik's will, and the latter had said disagreeable things in consequence, even going so far as to prophesy that something would happen.

But what could "happen?" Simply nothing. Was not this the old reliable evening train, forever on time and without a hint of hoodoo or any other bloodcurdling thing in its record?

Of course! Rose Engle settled the question satisfactorily in her own mind and from a multitude of fished-in trinkets in her wrist bag fished out her ticket and waited complacently for the conductor. By and by, as the "old reliable" rolled along, the moon came up, revealing the landscape in picturesque panorama, and the owner of the blue and white gown laughed at the prophecy, flattened her pretty nose against the dusty pane and fell to enjoying the scenery.

Suddenly above the peaceful hum of the train rose demoniac shrieks from two locomotives. The next moment a terrific shock sent the passengers in all directions.

Out from beneath the wreckage of the shattered northbound crawled a half dozen men and women, one with a cruel slash across the left cheek and another with a broken arm, while the remaining four were only "shaken up."

Among the latter Rose Engle struggled to her feet and stood, white and trembling, endeavoring to grasp the possibility of the "old reliable" making such a departure.

While the others began the search for their belongings or for friends less lucky than themselves she stood still, wondering whether it was the blue and white gown or the wickedness of her intention which fulfilled Aunt Nykirik's prophecy.

Not since the "word from up north" that Jack had gone back to his old habits and was actually "sowing his earnings broadcast" had she taken time for sober second thought. A year ago, when she kissed him goodby in the low doorway before he went to the Klondike, he had pledged himself to continue in well doing, and she had rested in his promise.

Often she entertained herself picturing the home they planned to have on his return, one with a large, airy kitchen, plenty of sunshine and lots of bappiness.

But when the "word" came she decided that Jack Engle's wife was a shamefully neglected woman, especially as he had not written for months. Then a wild determination to be free from the man who had gone back to his old habits and didn't care seized her, and—well, here she was on her way to begin legal proceedings for a separation and stranded alone!

Aunt Nykirik's parting shot rang in her ears as she clung to a twisted section of the vestibule.

"I'd expect something to happen if I should start on such an errand, banking only on hearsay and wearing my wedding dress. Bless me! When folks take the bit in their teeth and rush headlong I always think of Jonah."

Shaky little Mrs. Engle cast a horrified glance down over the blue and white gown, now streaked with dust and grime and torn in several places.

Some one beckoned to her from the farther end of the wreck. Why did she stand there like a dummy when people needed help?

Away she went over broken ties and around an overturned boiler from which the steam hissed vindictively, the blue and white gown fluttering in the moonlight like a flag of truce.

Ab, there they were—a man prone on the ground, and kneeling by his side was a physician with his open medicine case.

"Stay by this poor fellow," said the doctor as she came up, "while I go for water," and he was gone.

In a few moments he returned and, pouring something from a vial into a basin of water, gave it to her to hold while he bathed the unconscious man's face.

She turned her head away. She could not bear to look upon another victim of the heading—

"Too bad!" broke in the physician on the self-condemnation. "It is really too bad! He was going home with a year's hard earnings with which to surprise his wife."

The slender hands trembled, and the basin came near falling to the ground. Jack could have saved, too, if he had loved his wife, but he hadn't.

The doctor was so interested in his patient that he did not notice her agitation, so he followed his thoughts audibly and continued: "Engle is a fine fellow. I'll warrant his wife is proud of him."

A low, smothered cry startled the man of medicine, and the basin fell to the clender parched sward, spilling the contents over the blue and white gown.

"You must be braver than that," said he sternly. "It may be that my friend's life depends on your quiet courage."

With a desperate effort she refilled the basin and resumed her position, but now her gaze was fixed on the upturned face so familiar in every outline.

It depended on her, did it? Surely this was the atoning hour! Heaven heard Jonah in his extremity. Would her petition of agonized silence prevail?

As if in answer the man to be proud

of slowly opened his eyes and made an attempt to rise.

"Ah, Jack, old boy, you're coming around all right!" cried the doctor, supporting him and giving him a reviving draft.

After a few minutes, when the other grew stronger, the physician continued in tender, kindly tone: "I am glad I was with you, seeing we were booked for casualties. Some one might have taken your money and left you to die. As it is, everything is all right."

"Oh, Horton, I am so glad, too, for my wife's sake!" And Jack's hand sought that of the doctor.

The blue and white gown drew back into the shadows.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the doctor as the rattling of the relief train came to their ears. "Now let us see how well you can walk!"

The blue and white gown, torn and bedraggled, followed closely in the wake of these devoted friends, and little Mrs. Engle climbed up the steps of the homeward bound coach behind them.

After Jack was comfortably settled his friend said, "Now I must look after the lady who so bravely helped bring you back from the borderland."

The gown with the medicine splashes on it slipped into the seat just behind them, and Rose looked up as Dr. Horton rose to go.

"Ah!" he said. "Pardon me, madam, for my seeming neglect. I was so taken up with Jack that I nearly forgot you."

She smiled faintly in answer, and he resumed his seat. Presently a hand was laid timidly on his shoulder, and he looked around.

"Would a surprise—a glad one—hurt him?" she asked tremulously.

The wondering doctor shook his head in the negative and waited for her to go on. Leaning forward a trifle, she whispered something in his ear.

With a misty gladness shining in his eyes Dr. Horton grasped the situation as best he could and asked, "You don't expect to meet your wife on this train, do you, Jack?"

"Oh, no; she is safe at home!" was the quick reply.

"But suppose now," continued the doctor, "that she is here somewhere. Would you know her, old fellow, if you saw her in this car?"

"Horton, what makes you talk that way?" queried the other, sitting erect and growing curious.

A movement behind them drew Jack's attention, and his question was answered, so Dr. Horton simply changed places with the owner of the blue and white gown, leaving his friend to solve the problem of Mrs. Engle's presence at his own sweet will.

When Aunt Nykirik opened the door at midnight for her niece she grumbled in sleepy disgust. But little Mrs. Engle threw her arms around her neck.

"Hush!" she whispered imperatively. "Here comes Jack!"

This Small World.

"About ten years ago, when I was living in a village in Illinois," said the red-headed man, "I had business to call me to London. My getting ready for the trip was the talk of the place, and a day or two before I started I was visited by a farmer who was an Englishman and who said:

"If you are going to London would you mind seeing my brother Jim and telling him my brother Tom over here is well and doing well and wants him to write oftener?"

"What is your brother's other name?" I asked.

"Smith, sir—Jim Smith."

"I told him I would keep an eye out for the Smith family, and he thanked me and withdrew. In due time I arrived in London from Liverpool, and as I took a cab at the depot I queried of the driver:

"Do you happen to know any one in London named Smith?"

"I'm a Smith myself, sir," he replied.

"But a Jim Smith?"

"I'm a Jim Smith."

"But a Jim Smith who has got a brother 'Tom in America'?"

"I've got one, sir."

"But a Jim Smith whose brother Tom in America is a farmer in Illinois and wants to be written to oftener?"

"The proof of it, I'm just going to mail him this 'ere letter."

"And hang me if he didn't show me a letter ready for mailing and prove his case on the spot. He was the first man I had spoken to in London, and he was the Jim Smith I had been told to look out for."—Chattanooga Times

A Japanese Legend.

One of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes from Japan. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, asks in the innocence of her heart whose was the pretty face smiling back at her. And when, laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening and you will see me. Do not grieve." So when the mother is dead the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman and never guessing it is but her own reflection she sees. And it is added by the old Japanese narrator that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of hers, "he thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dim with tears."

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D. A. Goodrich.

NOTICE PROBATE OF WILL. The State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the matter of the estate of William A. Gregg, deceased.

The state of Nebraska to the heirs and next of kin of the said William A. Gregg, deceased.

Take notice, that upon filing of a written instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of William A. Gregg for probate and allowance, it is ordered that said matter be set for hearing the 5th day of July, A. D. 1909, before said county court, at the hour of 9 o'clock A. M., at which time any person interested may appear and contest the same; and notice of this proceeding is ordered published six successive issues in the North Platte semi-weekly Tribune, a legal newspaper published in this state prior to July 1st, 1909.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the County Court at North Platte this 9th day of June, A. D. 1909.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

PROBATE NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of Asa P. Lowe, deceased.

In the county court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, June 14th, 1909.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased will meet the administrator of said estate, before the county judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the county court room, in said county, on the 10th day of July, 1909, and on the 10th day of January, 1910, at 9 o'clock A. M., each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the administrator to settle said estate, from the 12th day of May, 1909. This notice to be published for eight successive issues in the North Platte Tribune, a legal newspaper published in Lincoln County, Nebraska, prior to July 10th, 1909.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb. June 3, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph W. Fisher, of North Platte, Neb., who on May 9th, 1904, made homestead entry No. 30922, serial No. 01948, for south half northeast quarter and south half southeast quarter section 34, township 12, north, range 30, west of the 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 5th day of August, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Fred Deibel, James Shuck, Carl Sommerman, Gus Diehl, all of North Platte, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb. June 3, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph W. Fisher, of North Platte, Neb., who on July 2, 1904, made homestead entry No. 30285, serial No. 02065, for south half southeast quarter section 34, township 12, north, range 30, west of the 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 5th day of August, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Henry, Will Henry, Charles Kubus and Mrs. Irene Brown, all of Maxwell, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb. June 3, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Rupert Schwager, of North Platte, Neb., who on May 1st, 1904, made homestead entry No. 30285, serial No. 04114, for west half southeast quarter, southwest quarter northeast quarter section 22, township 16, north, range 30, west of the 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, Nebraska, on the 5th day of August, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. H. Combs, W. A. Storms, Max H. Brown, Adolph Rudolph, all of North Platte, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1909.

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, for the fiscal year of 1909, the 15th day of May, 1909.

Salaries for city officials, \$ 3,280 00
Expense for fire department, including services of chief, 1,000 00
Streets, curbs, etc., 3,500 00
Sidewalks, crossings and approaches, 2,500 00
General and incidental expenses, 1,200 00
Fire protection, 2,500 00
Street lighting, 2,500 00
Sewer tax for interest and bonds, 1,200 00
Sewer maintenance tax, 1,000 00
Park fund, 1,000 00
Total, \$22,980 00
The entire revenue for the past fiscal year was \$47,800 49

CHAS. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb. June 3, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Charles B. Johnson, of Garfield, Neb., who on May 29, 1904, made homestead entry No. 30119, serial No. 02809 for south half and northeast quarter section 25, township 15, north, range 35, west of the 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 5th day of August, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Abraham L. Auble, of Garfield, Neb.; F. R. Elliott, of North Platte, Neb.; D. P. Meyers, Gus Klump, both of Garfield, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

CHANGE IN ROAD NO. 22.

To all whom it may concern: The special commissioner appointed to view, for the purpose of making a change in Road No. 22, and vacate in part Road No. 22; Part to be established—CHANGE. Commencing at the southeast corner of Section 22, Township