

POOR DEARIE.

By EDGAR FALES MOODEY.

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"But, Edward?"

"What?"

"How are we going to live? You have been brought up to believe that you were to be your aunt's heir, and now you tell me that she has left the estate so tied up that you can't touch it and that her other relatives are likely to beat you out of it."

"That's so, and they will beat me out of it if they learn how matters stand."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I can't enlighten you without telling the whole story."

"Well, tell it."

"It's too ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! Can anything that separates us be ridiculous? I will not bring trouble on you and on myself by marrying you, who, having been brought up on expectations, have made no preparation for earning a living."

"Perhaps not, but you'll laugh all the same when I tell you to whom my aunt left her property."

"To whom did she leave it?"

"I am next of kin and at the death of the present incumbent will succeed to the estate."

"I didn't ask that. I asked whom your aunt made her heir."

"I am thinking of killing him."

"Op, Edward!"

"It's the only sure way open to me. If the other branches of the family hear of how the matter stands they'll break the will."

"It is in that case you will get your share."

"That would be a few thousand only. There are several hundred relatives. I want the whole property."

"Can't you compromise with this person whom your aunt made her heir?"

"No. He isn't capable of making an agreement. He does nothing but strut about."

"Come, come. Tell me the legal points. I have more head for such things than you suppose."

"Well, my aunt left the property to this person, and, considering who he is, the bequest is ridiculous. That will be the plea of the relatives if they try to break the will. But I, being the heir of this legatee at his death, will take possession of the property. The other heirs will still have good cause for a suit, but I will have the sneaks of law understand."

"Perfectly. But this person to whom the property has been?"

"When you see him you will see a coccomb."

"What was your aunt's attraction for him?"

"He was her husband."

"Her husband?"

"So she considered him."

"But I supposed your uncle died long ago."

"So he did."

"Well, then, how is it that this?"

"Bigamist?"

"Bigamist?"

"That's what he is. He has a couple of dozen wives."

"Edward, I'm not going to stand this longer. You are attempting to make a fool of me."

"I assure you that everything I have said of him is true, and, worse, he has never been married to one of the wives with whom he lives."

"The beast!"

"He is not a beast at all."

"Then for goodness' sake what kind of a person is he?"

"Listen to me. My aunt in her younger days was a great student. She studied everything—science, religion, philosophy. She passed from one system to another until she became a strong believer in the transmigration of souls. She was much attached to her husband, who humored her in her different faiths. There is no proof whatever but that she was sound in mind in her latter days, though she firmly believed that at her husband's death his soul passed into a little chick that broke through its shell the exact minute my uncle died. She at once took the greatest care of this chick, ordered a special house to be built for him and always called him 'Dearie,' the pet name she had had for my uncle. He grew up to be a fine rooster, and my aunt never relaxed the attention she had shown him from his birth."

"Well, when the old lady died and I came to look over her will, what did I find?"

"But that she had left her whole fortune to her husband in the body of this chicken."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Didn't I tell you you'd laugh?"

"It's too ridiculous."

"That's what I said too."

"Well"—after a pause—"what are you going to do?"

"Kill Dearie."

"And then?"

"Make application for the estate as his heir."

"Why not as next of kin?"

"There are too many next of kin. I would rather inherit \$300,000 from a rooster than a few hundred from a human being."

"Well, then, why don't you kill him?"

"He is protected. The woman to whom my aunt paid a large salary to take care of him never lets him out of her sight. Force of habit from knowing when my aunt lived that if Dearie suffered she would lose a fat job leads her to still watch. But I'm going to try to get at him tonight with a hatchet."

"Goodness gracious!"

"Oh, Edward, where have you been? There is blood on your shirt bosom!"

"There was blood in my eye last night."

"What have you done?"

"Dearie is no more. He is with his only legitimate wife."

WASHED AWAY HIS HOME.

The Fortune That Came to a Man and His Clever Wife.

An Irishman named Whalen found a fortune in a very amusing way, says the Cape Town Argus. With the savings of his wife he bought not far from Ballarat a few acres of ground containing a water pool and a sluggish spring. With the mud and gravel from the bottom of the pool he made sun-dried bricks and, building a cabin for himself and family, started a bar for the miners.

Quite contrary to their usual habits, a colony of Chinamen living near by commenced to visit his bar every night. Then Mrs. Whalen discovered that some one had bit by bit carried off the mud pigstye and its surrounding wall so gradually that it had almost gone before she noticed it. Soon the chimney and the cabin walls also began to vanish. After a careful watch Mrs. Whalen discovered that while one band of Chinamen kept her husband busy in the bar another band was stealing the chimneys and walls.

Whalen knew the Chinamen were no fools, and, acting on his wife's suggestion, he also "stole a pan of dirt" from his own chimney and washed it out. Then he ordered tents for his family to live in and washed away the entire house. It was literally built of gold dust. After that the pool and the spring were also attacked, and the result was a big fortune for the lucky Irishman and his cute little wife.

THEIR FATHERS.

All Three Were Trimmers, but One Was a Star.

The story, long since familiar, of the little boy whose boast that his father had put a cupola on his house was capped by his playmate, who remarked proudly that his father had just put a mortgage on theirs, is brought to mind by an occurrence which was told the other day by a prominent politician.

The small son of a man who was in politics for revenue only on moving into a new district went out and struck up an acquaintance with two other kids of the same age who lived in the neighborhood. They were interested in the newcomer and began to try him out as to what his parents amounted to anyhow.

"My father is a window trimmer and an awfully big man," said the first kid.

"Ah, that's nothin'!" said the second. "My father's a dump trimmer, and he's twice as big as yours."

It was plainly up to the stranger to make good. And he did it with much gusto.

"My father is a politician," he said, "but I heard a man tell him last night that he was the biggest trimmer in this ward."

And it was apparent to any one on the new kid had made a strong impression upon the neighborhood.—New York Herald.

Wood Too Hard to Burn.

There are certain kinds of wood that are too hard to burn or refuse to ignite for some other reason, such as ironwood and the good brier root, but it is a curiosity to come across a piece of common deal—the soft, light wood of which so many boxes are made—that cannot be set fire to. The piece of wood in question was common white deal from Sweden, but was remarkable for its comparative weight. It had formed part of a boat belonging to a whaler and had been dragged below the surface of the water to the depth of more than half a mile by a harpooned whale. The length of line and the short distance from the point of descent after being struck at which the whale rose to the surface was a proof of the depth to which it had dragged the boat. Only part of the boat came up again at the end of the line, and it was taken on board when the whale had been killed. That piece of wood was so hard that it would not burn in a gas jet. The weight of water had compressed it.—London Standard.

They Were "Over."

He was a regular patron of the restaurant. Perhaps that is why he felt justified in making clever remarks to the waitresses, remarks which they were puzzled to know how to answer. One day, however, the smallest and timidiest girl happened to be serving this irritating customer, and it fell to her to answer him in kind.

"I'll have some steak," he said, coming in late for dinner, "and some squash, and some—Got some baked potatoes, fine, brown baked potatoes?"

"Baked potatoes are all over," said the girl.

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her quizzically.

"Baked potatoes all over, are they?" he replied. "All over what?"

"With," she replied simply.—Youth's Companion.

Chivalrous Johnnie.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I have just had a fight with Johnnie over dividin' the candy you gave us."

"Was there no one to take your part?"

"Yes'm; Johnnie took it."—Houston Post.

A Cruel Stab.

Katie—What a lovely ring! Matie—Isn't it? This ring was given me on my twenty-first birthday. Katie—Really? Why, how well preserved it is! It's hardly a bit worn!—Cleveland Leader.

Her Choice.

"May I offer you my umbrella and my escort home?"

"Many thanks. I will take the umbrella."—Fliegende Blätter.

HIS ROMANCE.

By SANBORN DARRAH.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Jack Conover was a city boy and the son of a plumber. Jack read a great many novels based on life in the wild west and became imbued with a desire to mingle in the exciting scenes of that region. He was twenty-three years old when his father died and left him \$20,000. Jack at once set about obtaining a realization of his boyhood dream. Going to Arizona, he purchased a ranch and became a sheep raiser.

The ranchman continued to read romantic tales and longed for a chance either to kill a few dozen Indians or rob a stagecoach. But the Indians were no longer there to be killed, and the stagecoach had given place to other methods of transportation. Not meeting with adventures and waiting for sheep to multiply being an unexciting occupation, Jack grew lonely. He wished for some young woman to keep him company as his wife.

One day, while riding over his broad acres inspecting his herds, looking up suddenly he saw a speck in the far distance. That it was moving toward him was evident from the fact that it was growing larger. Then he could see a thin film of dust about it. Next it revealed itself as a galloping horse. A man with a burden in his arms strode the horse, and before long the burden could be distinguished as a woman. The two were coming licketyp-split, rising and falling with the contour of the undulating country, and it was not long before, arising from low ground, they appeared on the crest of a rise not half a mile away.

Jack saw the opportunity of his life. Here was a clear case of abduction. Though the girl was yet too far for him to see her face, he knew she was beautiful and he was just the man for a rescue. Hiding directly before the pair, he whipped out his revolver and called a halt. The man drew rein, shouting:

"Get out of the way!"

"Throw up your arms!"

The man threw up his arms.

"Dismount."

The man slid off to the rear, leaving the woman in his place. Jack glanced at her. She was a young girl and fairly good looking. In his eyes, gazing through the roseate hues of romance, she seemed a pearl. The man on reaching the ground fell in the dirt. Jack, seizing the rein of the horse he had stopped, put spurs to his own horse, gave the other the lash of a quirt, and the two animals, with their burdens, dashed away.

"What are you?"

"Don't be afraid," he interrupted. "I'll get you away from him."

With that he cast a glance to the rear. The man had risen and was beckoning to a dozen horsemen who appeared far back where the single horse had appeared a few minutes before. It was plain to Jack that where at first he had one man to deal with he now had a dozen. Urging on his own horse with his spurs and the girl's with the quirt, the two went galloping over the country like mad. The girl made no further attempt to communicate with him. She did not look exactly pleased at being rescued. At first she looked angry. Then she burst out into a hysterical laugh. Jack kept looking back and was urged to fresh efforts by seeing the men behind galloping on him. Coming up to the man who had been abducting the girl, they pulled up, he said something to them and pointed to the fugitives, and they started on.

The chase was long and exciting. The girl held the reins of her own horse and guided him in the path she wished to take. Coming to a turn that led up to Jack's ranch house, Jack endeavored to turn their course in that direction. But the girl pulled her horse's head in a path of her own choosing, giving Jack at the same time a beseeching look to permit her to go as she wished, whereupon he yielded. After all, perhaps it would be as well in the end. There was no force at the ranch house to prevent the girl being taken by her pursuers.

By this time the girl's horse began to lag. Jack laid on the quirt and urged him forward as best he could. Looking behind, he saw that the pursuers were close on his heels. He was about to give way to despair when, riding between two clumps of trees that flanked the road, he heard the crack of rifles and saw puffs of smoke emerge from between the trees. Casting a glance behind him, he saw his pursuers one by one falling from their saddles and biting the dust.

Astonished at the rising up of this friendly force, Jack pulled rein and stopped at the door of a small house. A man, followed by a woman and several girls, came running out, and the girl he had saved fell into the arms of the woman. The man, seeing Jack, looked surprised, but started at once to administer restoratives to the girl. The woman laid her tenderly on the ground and was reviving her when a voice from up in a tree called:

"That'll do. The show's done."

Jack was thunderstruck.

"Who's your friend, Ellen," asked the woman, "and where's Mart?"

Ellen burst into a laugh.

"Come, explain."

"We were coming on all right when suddenly this man stopped us on the road and made Mart dismount. Then this man seized my horse and hurried me on. The only way to prevent his spoiling the job was to let him take Mart's place."

"My friends," said Jack, "will you kindly explain what you mean by the job?"

"We've been running for a moving picture show," said the girl, again giving way to boisterous laughter.

Articles of Incorporation.

ARTICLE I.
The name and style of this corporation shall be the Ginn, White & Schatz Co.

ARTICLE II.
The principal place of business of this corporation shall be at North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska.

ARTICLE III.
This corporation is organized for the purpose of operating a wholesale and retail store or stores in the city of North Platte, Nebraska.

ARTICLE IV.
The authorized capital stock of this corporation shall be the sum of thirty thousand dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. No stock to be issued until fully paid for; provided that this corporation may commence business when twenty-one thousand dollars of the capital stock has been subscribed and fully paid for.

ARTICLE V.
This corporation shall commence business on the 6th day of January, 1910, and shall continue twenty years unless sooner dissolved according to law.

ARTICLE VI.
This corporation shall have a corporate seal which shall show the name of the corporation and its principal place of business.

ARTICLE VII.
The president and secretary of this corporation shall be empowered to lease or acquire by purchase any buildings or real estate, to sign and release mortgages necessary to conduct the business of this corporation.

ARTICLE VIII.
The corporate powers of this corporation shall be vested in a board of directors, three in number, who shall be elected at the annual meeting from among the stockholders of this corporation; provided, that the first board of directors shall hold office until the annual meeting in January, 1911. A majority shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The board shall have power to fill any vacancy that may occur in said board until the following annual meeting.

ARTICLE IX.
The officers of this corporation shall consist of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and general manager, elected annually by the board of directors whose duties shall be defined by the by-laws of the corporation, provided, that the office of secretary, treasurer and general manager may be held by one person.

ARTICLE X.
The annual meeting of this corporation shall be held on the first Monday of each year beginning in January, 1911, at which meeting the officers of the corporation shall present a written report, giving a full, clear and accurate statement of the affairs of this corporation.

ARTICLE XI.
The indebtedness of this corporation shall not at any time exceed in amount two-thirds of the actual paid up capital stock.

ARTICLE XII.
The Board of Directors shall have power to establish and amend from time to time all necessary by-laws, providing for the management and conduct of the business of the corporation in accordance with the law and the purposes for which the corporation is organized.

ARTICLE XIII.
These Articles may be amended at any annual or duly called special meeting of the stockholders by a majority vote of the stock holders present.

In witness whereof, the undersigned have hereunto set their hands this 6th day of January, A. D., 1910.

FRED R. GINN,
ARTHUR P. WHITE,
ALBERT A. SCHATZ.

The State of Nebraska, County of Lincoln, ss:

On this 6th day of January, A. D., 1910, before me, a notary public, in and for said County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, personally appeared, Fred R. Ginn, Arthur P. White, and Albert A. Schatz, to me personally known to be the identical persons whose names are attached to the foregoing instrument and severally acknowledged the same to be their voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

Witness my hand and Notarial seal the date last above written.

ARTHUR McNAMARA, Notary Public.
My commission expires June 24th, 1913.

REFEREES' SALE.
By virtue of an order of sale issued in the District Court in and for Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 20th day of January, 1910, in an action of partition wherein Catherine M. Miller was plaintiff and Henry B. Welty, Charles E. Selover, Phillip H. Welty, an incompetent, Bettie B. Welty, wife of said Henry B. Welty, guardian of the person and estate of said Phillip H. Welty, an incompetent, Harriet B. Welty, wife of said Henry B. Welty, Susan I. Selover, wife of said Charles E. Selover, and Bettie B. Welty, wife of said Phillip H. Welty, were defendants, I will sell at public auction at the post office door at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 6th day of March, 1910, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., the following described real estate situated in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to-wit: West half of Northwest quarter and Southwest quarter of Northwest quarter, all in Section 24, Township 14, North of Range 21, West of the 6th P. M.; and the following described real estate situated in Perkins county, Nebraska, to-wit: Southeast quarter of Section 4, Township 12, North of Range 28, West of the 6th P. M. and the Northwest quarter of Section 28, Township 12, North of Range 27, West of the 6th P. M.

The terms of said sale will be cash in hand. Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 29th day of January, 1910.

O. E. ELDER, Referee.

Order of Hearing on Petition.
State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss.
In the County Court, February 1st, 1910.

In the matter of the estate of Lucy J. Laubenheimer, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Marion Carrier, praying that the probate court shall make an order fixing the time and place for the hearing of this petition, and that notice shall be given to all persons interested by the publication for not less than six successive issues prior to the day of hearing in the North Platte Tribune a legal newspaper published semi-weekly in said county. And that upon the day of hearing the court determine who the heirs of Lucy J. Laubenheimer were at the time of her death, and who became the owner by descent of the real estate in plaintiff's petition described. That all the debts and charges against said estate has been paid.

Ordered, that February 23d, 1910, at 9 o'clock, a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

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The illustration gives one a fair idea of the lines of the Gossard Corsets but you can never realize how infinitely superior they are and how perfectly comfortable until you have one on.

Notice the long hip which takes care of flesh at top of thigh and gives the wearer the long, lithe, slender, supple lines which you must have if you wear the Moyenage, Merovinian or other new styles of gowns.

This is model "A" made of special batiste of great textile strength, yet light in weight. Trimmed with applique embroidery in a beautiful design; stitched with silk of course; strong hose supporters; best quality of lacers, binding and stripping; boned with "Electrobone" which in addition to being absolutely rust-proof, is the best and highest quality of high-carbon clock-spring steel, carrying a fine temper. This is the best steel used in corsets and the only quality which is considered adequate for moulding the figure to the beautiful lines of the Gossard Corset. Model "A" comes in 12 and 13-inch front steels. Sizes 18 to 34, price \$6.50.

The one fact that Gossard Corsets lace in front, that they support the abdomen instead of depressing it, resulting in benefit instead of injury, should induce every careful woman to instantly discard her back-laced corset and adopt the Gossard.

When it is shown that these corsets not only improve the health; are not only comfortable but create beautiful lines and give the wearer a better figure than she could possibly attain in any other corset, it is remarkable that any woman who can afford the price of a good corset should wear any other make.

Wilcox Department Store

THE First National Bank.

of North Platte, Nebraska.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY.

Capital and Surplus \$130,000.

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FISH FOR LENTEN SEASON.

While the meat agitation is still on and during the Lenten season we have procured a specialty in the fish line, come in and try a sample. Here are a few items of the line:

- Lady Dainty Clams.....2 cans for 25c
- Deep Sea Crab meat.....per can 25c
- Oil Virginia Breakfast Roe.....per can 15c
- Marshall Herring in tomato sauce.....per can 25c
- Finnan Haddies.....per can 25c
- Lobsters.....per can 35c
- Herring in Oil.....per can 20c
- Bismark Herring.....per can 30c
- Pickert Mustard Mackerel.....per can 25c
- Blue Sea Tuna.....per can 35c
- Sardines in Olive oil.....per can 25c
- Baby Norwegian Sardines.....per can 25c
- Concord Norwegian Sardines Olive Oil.....2 cans for 35c
- Codfish Balls.....2 cans for 25c
- Kipper Herring.....2 cans for 25c
- Anchovies.....small keg 25c
- Boneless Codfish.....per box 25c

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