

# A Mystery In A Freight Car

By ADOLPH SNYDER

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I am a brakeman on a freight train. One day during the winter season, when we had come to a stop, I was walking alongside the train and saw a thin smoke coming out from under one of the cars. Thinking it to come from a hot box, I stooped to examine the truck, but the running gear was as cool as a cucumber. Then, looking up, I noticed a small tin pipe protruding from the bottom of the car, through which smoke was coming in little puffs.

"Well, I'll be jinged!" I said to myself. "Here's a freight car, sealed with lead, that hasn't been opened since it started three days ago, and a steam engine in it. Am I in my right mind, or have I tumbled off the brake wheel, where I was sitting a spell ago?"

I stooped a trifle lower and craned my neck in a little further in order to get a better view. There was the pipe, evidently a part of a leader from a gutter belonging to the roof of a house. It extended a few inches downward, then turned with an elbow, the second part extending about a foot rearward. As I looked the puffs continued as regular as those coming from a locomotive making a steady gait.

What to do I didn't know. I was afraid to notify the conductor for fear I'd find out that I had a stroke and saw things that didn't exist. Something occurred just then that made me think I'd surely gone daft. I heard a girl's giggle.

There wasn't any connection between a steam engine and a girl shut up in a box car, especially a sealed box car, but there was a good deal to excite curiosity. I stopped worrying about myself and began to wonder what there was inside that car. I stood off, looked at it and walked all around it. A freight train is made up of different kinds of cars, and this car was especially different from the others. It looked as though it might have been a caboose turned into a box. The thing most noticeable about it was a door at one end. Why I hadn't noticed this before I don't know unless it was because the end was only about two feet from the end of another car.

I saw that there was or had been a lock on the door. There wasn't any knob, but a nail had been put through the screw hole of the steel piece on which the knob had been fixed. I climbed up on the coupling and tried to turn the nail to open the door. I didn't succeed. I listened, but everything was still. But I didn't forget that giggle, and pretty soon I knocked. In a few moments I heard whispers within. Then all of a sudden the door was pulled open, and there stood a boy and a girl.

Besides these, I got a view of the car. There was a carpet on it, the worse for wear; in one corner was a mattress with bedclothing; in the center was a pine table, and at one side was a cook stove. And I noticed that the stovepipe was run down instead of up or horizontal and passed through a hole in the floor.

"Please don't give us away," said the girl, going for me with a pair of blue eyes not many could resist.

"You'd better let me come in," I answered. "If the conductor or any of the train hands should come along there'd be no need of giving you away."

I went inside and shut the door after me. Then I asked, "Will you be good enough to tell me what this means?"

"We're a bride and groom," said the young fellow, who couldn't have been over seventeen years old.

"On our wedding trip," the girl added.

"A bride and groom on your wedding trip!" I exclaimed. "How did you get in here?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said the boy. "We're not only on our wedding trip, but we're a runaway couple."

"Are you sure you're not a pair of escaped lunatics?"

# Middle Aged Courtship

By ALEXANDER D. CHASE

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The marquis, a man of forty; the baroness, a woman of thirty-six, a young man of twenty and a girl of nineteen made up the group.

"Now, go," said the marquis to the two younger ones. "You, my dear nephew, have received my consent, and you, Cecile, have obtained the same from your aunt. I will take care of you, and the baroness will probably not be lacking in gifts."

"I certainly will do my part," said the baroness.

"Uncle," said the young man joyously, "you are one of nature's as well as one of the nation's noblemen."

"Aunt," said the girl, "I shall endeavor to be worthy of your kindness."

The young couple strolled off into another of the suit of rooms, leaving the older ones together.

"Nature as well as history," said the marquis, "repeats itself. Do you remember the day we received your father's blessing?"

"Perfectly, and how joyous I was. Then when the trouble between us came I was in despair. I did not know it was a blessing in disguise."

"How do you know it was a blessing?"

"From friends who have married and been miserable. I can count them on my fingers. There's Elise," putting the forefinger of her left hand on the little finger of her right, "and Annette, and Fanchette."

"Yes, and among my friends I can count as many who are supremely happy."

"The romance fades"—

"But it gives place to an enduring affection."

"These young people who have just left us will keep up a pretense of deferring to each other till the day after they return from their wedding tour; then they will begin to quarrel."

"But they will gradually grow nearer and dearer to each other. They will wrangle, but that is because each knows the other will endure such wranglings from a mate."

"But there are those whose quarrels grow more and more violent."

"They are but a small proportion of the whole."

"Ah, marquis, you have been converted too late. You are not old, but too old to feel love based on companionship."

"First love I have passed through. Unfortunately fate did not permit in my case the succeeding state. I have been, as it were, in a condition of suspense."

She cast her eyes to the floor.

"Whose fault was it?" she asked.

"Fate! I said fate prevented, did I not? Nothing but fate can come between a boy and girl who love. I was young, and I did not understand you. Lovers need to be tied together to prevent their dying apart. Marriage does that. Once married, they have to learn to bear with each other. And when the child comes there is another reason why they must not fly apart. Married and with a child, disunion is frightful. They will endure real wrongs rather than that."

"And think of the absurdity that caused us to fly apart!"

"I have forgotten what it was."

"We were playing tennis."

"I remember."

"A ball I sent you you claimed to be foul."

"Now I recollect."

"I accused you of purposely seeing wrong."

"So you did."

# Two Champion Penmen.

A contest in the fine art of penmanship would not arouse much public interest now. But there seems to have been great excitement when Peter Bales was challenged by Daniel Johnson in 1866. Bales was the beautiful writer who could transcribe the whole Bible so that it would go into a walnut shell and who had provided Queen Elizabeth with a specimen of his handwriting which she wore in a ring; a magnifying glass being required to read it. When the contest took place there were five judges and a hundred spectators. The competition included all kinds of writing, the proficiency of the rivals' pupils and the masterpiece of either. Bales won the golden pen, but Johnson declared that there had been trickery. Bales having begged to be allowed to show the pen to his wife and having promptly pawned it, whereupon the judges had to declare him the winner to get out of the difficulty. Really the award was privately made to spare Johnson's feelings.—London Spectator.

# Fat and Fashionable.

According to the Moorish idea of beauty, a really handsome woman ought to be so fat that she can waddle, not walk. The fatter she is the more beautiful she is considered. If she can attain 200 or 250 pounds of flesh she is the envy of all her kind. The Moorish shape—if shape it can be called—approaches the perfection of feminine beauty when it resembles, or, rather, exceeds, the circumference of a barrel. What a paradise for the fat woman! There she can eat and drink and feast to her heart's content, denying herself nothing, living an easy, indolent, luxurious life, with no horror of accumulating fat, but rather, rejoicing in it. There the ambition of a woman is to acquire bulk. Physical culture she would regard as an enemy, to beauty, and to take Turkish baths and diet herself would be considered the height of folly. She wants to be beautiful, and to be beautiful she must be fat.

# An Early Street Cleaner.

"One day," Ben Franklin wrote in his autobiography, "I found a poor, industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors for the sum of sixpence per month to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtained by this small expense. I sent one of these papers to each house and in a day or two went around to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay the sixpences. It was unanimously signed and for a time well executed. This raised a general desire to have all the streets paved and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose."—Survey.

# Grave Humor.

The punster is irrepresible. He even indites his jokes on tombstones. An epitaph in Waltham abbey informs us that Sir James Fullerton died "fulfiller of faith than of fears, fuller of resolutions than of pains, fuller of honour than of days."

There is another of Daniel Tears. "Though strange, yet true, full seventy years was his wife happy in his Tears."

This was written of an organist: "Here lies one, blown out of breath, who lived a merry life and died a Merit."

Another says: "Here lies Thomas Huddleston. Reader, don't smile, but reflect as this tombstone you view that Death, who killed him, in a very short while will huddle a stone upon you."—Pearson's Weekly.

# A Bright Future.

Once there was a man who yearned to be a millionaire in order that he might help the suffering poor, and one day wealth came to him and lauded him high in the millionaire class. He did not forget the poor—not entirely; but, being too busy to hunt them up, he failed not to ask Providence to pity them, "and, anyway," he reflected, "they have a bright future with so much treasure in heaven!"—Atlanta Constitution.

# Grapefruit Greenery.

Effective greenery for the dining room table may be made by planting the seeds of grapefruit. Sow them thickly, and in two weeks, if the earth is good and has been kept moist in a warm place, the little shoots appear. Two weeks more and the leaves unfold, and very soon there is a mass of rich, glossy green which is not affected by gas or furnace heat.—Suburban Life.

# Forever at Him.

Newitt—Punny! I always associate your wife with a certain episode in my own life. There's just one thing she always reminds me of—Henpeck—I wish I could say that. There's lots of things she always reminds me of.—Philadelphia Press.

# No Clew.

"Is the new bowkeeper married?"

"I dunno. He's one o' them close mouthed fellows. If he has any trouble he keeps it to himself."—London Telegraph.

# Two Barks.

What is the difference between the bark of a tree and that of a dog? One is the product of the bough, the other of the "bow-wow."

There is many a woman whose epithet ought to be, "Nobody ever saw her hands folded but once."—Youth's Companion.

Dr. Peter Ober, who lived in England, is announced as the author of a book on the heads of the popes and kings of France, which will be published in London. The book is a collection of the heads of the popes and kings of France, and is a very interesting work. It is a collection of the heads of the popes and kings of France, and is a very interesting work. It is a collection of the heads of the popes and kings of France, and is a very interesting work.

# "I Am Well"

writes Mrs. L. R. Barker, of Bud, Ky., "and can do all my housework. For years I suffered with such pains, I could scarcely stand on my feet. After three different doctors had failed to help me, I gave Cardui a trial. Now, I feel like a new woman."

# Take CARDUI

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A woman's health depends so much upon her delicate organs, that the least trouble there affects her whole system. It is the little things that count, in a woman's life and health. If you suffer from any of the aches and pains, due to womanly weakness, take Cardui at once, and avoid more serious troubles. We urge you to try it. Begin today.

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We carry samples of goods and make clothes of all kinds to order, insuring first-class workmanship and perfect fit.

# Notice.

John Franzen and Carolina Franzen, his wife; Joseph L. Franzen and Pella Franzen, his wife; Amanda Peterson and Johan Peterson, her husband; Bernard O. Franzen and Rosina Franzen, his wife, and J. E. Richmond, defendants, will take notice that on the 20th day of November, 1911, the plaintiff filed her petition in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants, and each of them, for the purpose of having the title to the Northwest 1/4 of Sec. 20, T. 13, R. 34, quitted in her as grantee of John Franzen; that John Franzen acquired the title to said property through and by operation of said law as the heir of Adena G. Franzen, deceased, said Adena G. Franzen, having made homestead entry of said land but died before the title to said real estate was acquired in her name and that the patent thereon was made to the heirs of Adena G. Franzen, deceased and that the said John Franzen, under the laws of the state of Nebraska, is the sole and only heir of the said Adena G. Franzen.

# ORDER OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR OR ADMINISTRATRIX.

In the matter of the estate of Hiram A. Morrow, deceased.

Ordered, That Dec. 14, 1911, A. D. at 9 o'clock a. m. be assigned for hearing said petition when all persons interested in said matter may appear as a county court to be held in and for said county and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the North Platte Tribune a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.

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### Notice to Hunters.

No hunting or trespassing allowed on these premises.

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### Notice.

William Burroughs, Jr., will take notice that on the 19th day of Sept., 1911, P. H. Sullivan, Justice of the Peace, of North Platte precinct No. 1, in and for Lincoln county, issued an order of Attachment for the sum of \$28.50 in an action now pending before him, wherein George B. Dent is plaintiff and William Burroughs, Jr., is Defendant, that property consisting of money in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad company, a corporation, has been attached under said order.

### Notice to Bidders.

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on or before December 31, 1911, for records, blanks and supplies estimated as follows:

Class A books.  
4-8 qr. plain records, loose leaf.  
4-8 qr. printed page records, loose leaf.  
4-tax lists 1-4 qr., 2-4 qr., 1-3 qr.  
The above records to be made of the best linen ledger paper, full bound, extra ends bands and front.  
6000 tax receipts in duplicate, or triplicate.  
2 dozen chattle files of 200 pages each.  
43 assessor's books, ledger paper, cloth bound per book.  
10,000 assessor's schedules in duplicate.  
Poll books for 43 precincts (general election).  
Poll books for 43 precincts (primary election).  
Class B.  
Whole sheet blanks per 100.  
Half sheet blanks per 100.  
Quarter sheet blanks per 1,000.  
Envelopes, 3x4 1/2 per 1,000.  
Envelopes 4x5 1/2 per 1,000.  
Class C.  
Sanford's, Carter's or Stafford writing fluid per quart.  
Spencerian, Glucinum or Tella pens per gross.  
Vanadium or Falcon pens per gross.  
Velvet pencils or equal, rubber tips, per gross.  
All of said samples to be first class and to be furnished as required by the county officers.  
Successful bidder to furnish bond to be approved by the county board, each bidder to have printed on the envelope, "Bids for Printing."  
The commissioners of said county reserve the right to reject any or all bids.  
Dated North Platte, Nebraska, Nov. 27, 1911.  
F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

# Send Us Your Shipments of Grain and Hay

We pay the top market. Three coupons free with returns on each car of hay you ship us to handle for your account. Fifteen coupons and \$3.50 in cash will secure for your home an elegant 42-Piece Royal Blue Dinner Set worth \$10.00.

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