

Where He Was

On St. Patrick's Day In the Morning

By NORA B. SHEA

It was the evening before St. Patrick's day, 1765, in Ireland. The moon was at the full and shone with unusual brightness. Dennis O'Donohue, a young man of twenty-two, mounted on a black mare, was trotting on a road between Killarney and Tralee on his way to a ball at the latter place. Suddenly catching sight of a light some distance from the road, he drew rein and thrust his hand in under his waistcoat to pull his watch from his fob. It was not there, and he remembered that he had left it at home.

Now, what he wished his watch for was to note the time that he might decide whether to attempt something that popped into his head at seeing the light referred to. In the house where it shone lived Eileen Mavourneen, a young girl whom Dennis would have gladly wooed had he been permitted to do so. Dennis was inclined to be a trifle wild, and Eileen was warned by her parents to have nothing to do with him.

Nevertheless the young man was especially attractive to girls. He was tall and lithe, and a mass of light curls fell down over his shoulders. Tender-hearted to a fault, it was suspected that for the benefit of others in distress he had trespassed on the law by taking a purse on the highway. The O'Grady, a rich landowner, had been stopped one night on the road, and later one of his tenants, a poor woman for whose eviction he had given orders, paid the rent in coins, one of which, a pocket piece, the O'Grady recognized as having been taken from him by the highwayman. The story got abroad that Dennis O'Donohue, sympathizing with the woman, had robbed the landlord and given the money to his tenant to save her from eviction. That the robbery had taken place for that very purpose was true, but Dennis O'Donohue had nothing to do with it.

It occurred to Dennis that he would love to take Eileen with him to the ball at Tralee. Her father and mother were elderly people, and it was their custom to go to bed at 9 o'clock every night. It might be possible to take her with him and bring her back without their knowing of her absence. The hour was about 9, but he did not know whether it was a little before or a little after 9. He dare not go before and did not like to lose time by going too long after.

While he was deliberating he heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming from the direction of Tralee. He would await the rider's coming and ask the time. A man on horseback drew near, and when he came up Dennis said in a mild voice:

"I beg your pardon for stopping you, sir, but would you tell me what o'clock it is?"

Dennis' back was to the moon, while the horseman faced it, and Dennis recognized the O'Grady. The O'Grady hesitated. The voice sounded like that of O'Donohue, by whom he believed he had been robbed. Dennis' horse was restless and, turning, exposed Dennis' face to the moon. The O'Grady thrust his hand under his coat as if to take out his watch, but instead drew a pistol and, pointing it at Dennis' head, said:

"It is time for you to move on, Dennis O'Donohue, and I would advise you to go to one of the American colonies, for if you ever appear in Killarney again I'll bring you up for highway robbery. Twice is once too often for you to rob the same person!"

With this, still covering Dennis with his pistol, he urged on his horse, leaving Dennis standing in the road mute with astonishment. Dennis knew at once that this evidence against him, taken with the suspicion of another robbery, would convict him of being a highwayman, and that meant either a long imprisonment or death. He thought of taking the O'Grady's advice and, riding over to Cork, take ship for Virginia. Instead he concluded to ride over to see Eileen and tell her what had occurred. This would lessen the blow to her, and she could explain the matter to his father and mother.

The hour now made no difference to him, so he put spurs to his horse and on reaching the gate threw the bridle rein over a picket and went up the walk to the house. Tip-toeing on to the porch, he saw Eileen sitting alone in the living room. A tap on the window arrested her attention, and, turning, she saw Dennis' face against the pane. Putting her finger to her lips she went softly to the door and led him into the room.

"What is it, Dennis?" she asked, alarmed at his rueful appearance.

"Have your father and mother gone to bed?" he whispered.

"Yes."

Dennis told his story, finishing by saying that he saw no hope for him but to go to Virginia. Eileen's countenance fell at this. She stood thinking.

"Why don't you prove an alibi, Dennis?" she asked presently.

"An alibi?"

"Yes. The magistrate will have only the O'Grady's word that he met you on the road. If you can prove you were somewhere else his evidence will be worthless."

"But how can I do that?"

Graceful Women of India.
Describing the women of India, a writer says: "Even the most weathered toll worn hag has a dignity of carriage and a grace of motion that the western woman might envy. The sari is draped in an easy flowing style and adjusted as it slips back with a graceful turn of the silver bangles arm, the skinny legs move rhythmically and the small feet fall with a slant and pantherlike tread. It is the beauty of natural and untrammelled motion and says much in favor of the abolition of the corset, for the Indian women retain their uprightness and suppleness of figure till bowed with age. The commonest type is the coolie woman, who undertakes all sorts of rough work, carrying heavy burdens on her head, and she is perhaps the least attractive, for her workaday garments are usually faded and dirty, yet even among this poor class of burden bearers we see many with handsome, straight features and supple, well proportioned figures. No matter how poor their garments, jewelry of some sort is worn—necklaces of gold or beads, colored glass or silver bangles and heavy silver anklets."

The Asylum Debating Club.
"This is a wonderful place," said a man in the grounds of a lunatic asylum near Edinburgh to a casual visitor. "Everything is in such excellent order, so agreeable too. They have concerts and balls, and, more than that, what do you think? They have a debating society."

"Indeed?" said the visitor. "A debating society?"

"Yes. They are debating just now, and if you like," suggested the man, "I will show you how they proceed. But when they see you take no particular notice. Should they address you merely say, 'Let me not disturb you, gentlemen; I am daff.'"

The lunatic—for such he really was—conducted the visitor into a room of the asylum and left him, not in the presence of lunatics, but with the board of governors of the institution, who were just then sitting.—London Answers.

Chewing the Crude Rubber.
About the first process rubber goes through on the way to become a tire or tube is mastication. After the crude Para is washed it is broken up into lumps and tossed into the crackers. These are machines with heavy rollers, which take the rubber in between them and chew it. Entering the masticating room of a factory, the first impression is that there is a brush fire burning or else there is a den of snakes at hand. The rubber snaps and crackles like burning branches and then hisses shudderingly. The stuff is kept at until it comes up in regular sheets, very thin and looking like a sort of cake dusted with crumbs. Then after thorough drying in vacuum chambers it is ready to be put in with the chemicals and other things that make up the compound.—New York Sun.

Changed With the Change.
There was an old negro in a small Tennessee town who had been stealing a great deal. He would go all over the town taking anything he could get in the form of clothing or food. One day he became very ill. He grew worse, and it seemed that he was going to die. As death approached he began to repent of his robberies. He called his son to him and told him to return all the clothing he had stolen. After this he became easier and went to sleep. In several hours he awoke.

"Mirandy," he said, "am Sam took back dem clothes yet?"

"No," said Mirandy, "Sam am still here."

"Well," said the old negro, "tell him to hold on a bit. I believe I'm gitting a leetle better."—World Today.

The Dead Watch.
During the rebellion of 1745 a highlander came into possession of a watch. The thing was strange to him and its use unknown to him, and its beauty and its constant ticking gave him pleasure. That night the watch ran down, and the ticking ceased. The highlander now was disgusted with his toy and sought for some one to buy it. A purchaser was soon found at a low price. When the watch and the money had changed hands, the highlander, chuckling over his bargain, said, "Why, she died last night."—London Express.

Changing Doctors.
"What you need, madam, is oxygen. Come every afternoon for your inhalations. They will cost you \$4 each." "I knew that other doctor didn't understand my case," declared the fashionable patient. "He told me all I needed was plain fresh air."—Washington Herald.

Her Presence of Mind.
"Harry started to propose to me last night, but his voice actually stuck in his throat."

"Well?"

"It was all right, though. I could see his lips moving and knew what he was trying to say."—Chicago News.

Contradictory Evidence.
"That firm is going under."
"Yes, when I heard the facts of the business I was sure it was going up."
—Baltimore American.

A Usurper.
Man (at the phone to man at the other end of the wire)—How dare you talk to me like that? You're not my wife!—Satire.

To some the past gives only regret, the present sorrow, the future fear.—Lambert.

A Veteran of the Light Brigade

A War Story

By F. A. MITCHEL

During the war between the states an Englishman named Larkins, who had been a sergeant in the British army, came over to America to seek service with the Federal army. If he failed he would try the Confederacy. A soldier of fortune, he had no preferences, though in England the people were overwhelmingly in favor of the south.

Larkins had papers to prove his British citizenship, which enabled him to sojourn either in the north or in the south, as he pleased. He came over in a blockade runner to Charleston, S. C., and, going to Richmond, Va., made application for a commission. He was offered one, but by this time exhaustion had begun to show itself in the Confederacy, especially in a financial way, and Larkins was not pleased with the want of prospect of emolument in its service. So he concluded to try for a commission in the Federal army.

Having declined the southern offer, he asked for a pass to go through the lines to Washington, telling the authorities in Richmond that he had been called home to England. It was furnished him, and he left for the Army of Northern Virginia, at that time encamped between the two capitals, intending, after having been passed through the lines, to work his way northward. The route he desired to take lay through Fredericksburg, and encamped upon the road was a division commanded by a general whom I will call Beaumont. When Larkins presented his pass to the officer, telling him at the same time that he was a British subject, he was treated with consideration for the reason that the southerners were constantly hoping that the British government would interfere in their behalf, and they were always ready to show attention to such English persons as came among them.

General Beaumont showed great interest in John Larkins, regretting that his recall to England had deprived the south of his services. The general told him that if he would remain and accept a commission he would appoint him to a position on his staff. The Englishman was tempted; but, knowing that he must take his pay in depreciated Confederate currency, he adhered to his resolution, assuring the general that his recall was imperative. A number of officers were introduced to Larkins, who looked upon him with considerable interest. This he attributed to the fact that he had told the general that he had fought in the Crimean war and took part in the celebrated charge of the Light brigade, of which he gave a vivid description. Whatever the cause, the ex-British soldier was much pleased with his treatment, and when he was urged not to hurry away he felt disposed to linger in his pleasant surroundings. Every one had heard of the charge that had thrilled the world and had been commemorated by the British poet laureate Alfred Tennyson, so that one who had taken part in it was especially interesting to soldiers.

Larkins had reached General Beaumont's headquarters in time for luncheon and was invited by the general to lunch with him and his staff. During the afternoon Beaumont invited the Englishman to ride with him on a tour of inspection of his division, and in the evening the chief of staff, Captain Carter, asked the visitor if he would not like to call upon a southern family living in the vicinity. Larkins was not what would be considered in England a gentleman and demurred at the invitation, but the general urged him to make the acquaintance of at least one household of southern ladies while in America, and he consented.

Larkins that evening met Caroline Fletcher, a captivating southern girl, who had only to smile upon him to make him fancy that she had been smitten with him. When he told her that he was simply passing through the lines and would go north the next day she pouted and insisted on a promise that he would call upon her the next evening. Gallantly led Larkins to promise, and he left her not quite knowing whether he was standing on his heels or his head.

The next day he was shown more attentions by the officers and in the evening called on Miss Fletcher. She received him on a veranda rich with the perfume of flowers. She was carefully attired and looked bewitching. She flirted with Larkins for awhile, then bled to ask him on which side of the American conflict his sympathies were enlisted. He assured her that he had no preference, whereupon she coquettishly asked him if he would do her a service. Having declared that he would be glad to accommodate her, she told him that she belonged to a Union family and was bound up in the success of the Union arms. She confided to him that she was sending information to Washington and ended by asking him if he would carry a written communication for her to President Lincoln.

Larkins knew well that if caught by the Confederates with such information on his person his British citizenship would not save him from the gallows. He declined to be the bearer

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Close Mouted.
When Austin Lane Crothers was governor of Maryland he had the reputation of being harder to get information out of than any man the Maryland reporters ever knew. He wouldn't talk about any official matter.

A reporter who knew him very well was trying to find out whether he would call a special session of the legislature.

"Mr. Crothers," said the reporter, "in your conversations with Governor Crothers what does the governor say to you about a special session of the general assembly?"

"My son," whispered the governor, "the governor never talks to me on the subject. I can't get a word out of the close mouted old rascal."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Poser.
It had been explained to a man that mathematics, politics, ethics and gymnastics "is." The plural form bothered him until somebody said: "Well, did you ever hear of a mathematic, a politician, an ethic or a gymnastic?"

The doubter retired in confusion, but came back triumphantly from retirement after a while.

"Say, you wise guys," said he, "tell me the singular of dandruff."—Chicago Post.

Shaftesbury's Retort.
When a member of a church congress at Manchester argued that the introduction of the custom of cremation would endanger belief in the resurrection of the dead the reply of Lord Shaftesbury silenced any further doubt when he asked, "What, then, has become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?"

A Good Record For Both.
"I've driven my car for over a year now," said Bilkins, "and I've never run down anybody."

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Bilkins. "I've attended the meetings of our sewing circle for five years and have never run down anybody."—Harper's Weekly.

Turned Down.
"Pardon me," said the masher, "but you look like a young lady I know."

"Pardon me," interrupted Miss Bright, "but you look like a man I don't know."—Exchange.

Life Saver

In a letter from Branchland, W. Va., Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman says: "I suffered from womanly troubles nearly five years. All the doctors in the country did me no good. I took Cardui, and now I am entirely well. I feel like a new woman. Cardui saved my life! All who suffer from womanly trouble should give Cardui a trial."

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We have recently installed a French Dry Cleaner for Men's and Ladies' apparel of all classes, and we guarantee satisfactory work. We are also tailors and know how to repair clothes.

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AN EVENING AT HOME.

With one of Schmalzried's Cigars to smoke makes life worth the living. Our cigars have stood the test of time: there are men in North Platte who are smoking the same brand they did twenty years ago, and they find them the same good cigar. Our cigars are made in North Platte for North Platte buyers; made of good tobacco and well made.

J. F. SCHMALZRIED.

Proclamation.
Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 2nd day of April, 1912, a general election will be held in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, between the hours of 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., in the First ward at the house in said ward, in the Second ward in the commissioner's room at the court house in said ward, in the Third Ward at the house in said ward and in the Fourth Ward at the house in said ward, at which election there will be elected:

One Councilman from the First Ward to serve two years.
One Councilman from the Second Ward to serve two years.
One Councilman from the Third Ward to serve two years.
One Councilman from the Fourth Ward to serve two years.

Two members of the School Board for the school district of the city of North Platte, for the term of three years.

One member of the School Board for the school district of the city of North Platte for the term of two years.

One member of the School Board for the school district for the city of North Platte, for the term of one year.

And one Water Commissioner for the city of North Platte, Nebraska, to serve one year.

And, whereas, thirty legal resident voters of the city of North Platte, have filed a petition with the mayor and city council of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, praying for the submission of the question of license or no license, to the electors of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, and by virtue thereof said question is hereby submitted to said electors.

The ballots used at said election shall have written or printed thereon the following question: "FOR issuing liquor licenses in the city of North Platte, Nebraska."

AGAINST issuing liquor licenses in the city of North Platte, Nebraska.

Those voting in favor of issuing liquor licenses shall mark their ballots with an X opposite the paragraph beginning "For issuing liquor licenses in the city of North Platte, Nebraska."

Those voting against said proposition shall mark their ballot with an X opposite the paragraph beginning "AGAINST issuing liquor licenses in the city of North Platte, Nebraska."

Signed this 11th day of March, 1912.

THOS. C. PATTERSON, Mayor.
Attest: CHAS. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

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is one thing, but putting it into practice is an entirely different proposition.

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

PROBATE NOTICE.
In the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, March 7, 1912.
In the matter of the estate of Andrew Johnson, deceased.
Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Executor of said estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, at the county court room in said county, on the 4th day of April, 1912, and on the 4th day of October, 1912, 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 Executor to settle said estate, from the 5th day of March, 1912. A copy of this order to be published in the North Platte Tribune, a semi-weekly newspaper of said county, for four successive weeks prior to said 4th day of April, 1912.
JOHN GRANT, County Judge

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.
The State of Nebraska, Lincoln county, ss.
In the County Court of Lincoln county, ss.
In the matter of the estate of Martin Hood, deceased.
To the creditors, heirs, legatees, and others interested in the estate of Martin Hood, deceased.
Take notice, that Rupert Schweitzer, administrator, has filed in the county court a report of his doing as administrator of said estate, and it is ordered that the same stand for hearing the 23d day of March, A. D., 1912, 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 in the North Platte Tribune, a semi-weekly paper, for three successive weeks prior to said date of hearing.
Witness my hand and the seal of the county court at North Platte, Nebraska, this 23d day of March, A. D., 1912.
JOHN GRANT, County Judge.