

A PLAN FOR A BREAK

It Led to Complications and a Fiasco

By JULIA D. EDMONDS

The autumn season when the tourist hebra is southerly was opening, and the resorts of the border states were well stocked with guests. The rocking chair brigade—as those ladies who daily occupy the porch of the Veuclidean hotel, each and all plying some kind of needle as an accompaniment to their melodious gossiping voices—was in session. Two ladies sitting somewhat apart from the rest were engaged in earnest conversation in a low tone.

"I sympathize with you, Mrs. Harper," said the one, "but I don't see how I can help you. My son is actively engaged in business and can't be away from it at this season more than a few days at a time. Could he be here with us, say, for a fortnight I would be glad to lend him to you for the purpose of drawing your daughter's attention from this young Ruggles, who you fear will win her. There is another course I will suggest. A young man has just arrived who has entered his name on the hotel register as Edward Caton. Being the only young fellow of prepossessing appearance (Ruggles excepted) in the hotel, he will soon be besieged by the girls. If you like I will make his acquaintance, introduce him to your daughter (telling him she is the belle of the place), and she will naturally be interested in taking him away from the others. This will serve to divert her mind from Ruggles and make a breach between them. But why do you object to Ruggles? He is said to have an income of \$5,000."

"My dear Mrs. Crawford, what would \$5,000 a year be for Gwen?"

"What you wish I presume is simply to break off her affair with Ruggles, that she may be free to marry a fortune."

"Precisely. If you can accomplish this break by introducing any one—no matter who he is—I will consider myself under a lasting obligation to you."

The same evening the introduction was accomplished. Gwendolen Harper and Edward Caton were introduced, and before the guests left the dancing hall in the evening Mrs. Crawford said to Mrs. Harper:

"Did you ever see such a remarkable case of love at first sight?"

All the parties to this scheme were pleased except Sam Ruggles, who went off to the far end of the veranda and scowled and smoked and smoked and scowled, keeping by himself where he could not see his rival's success lest he should make a scene.

But on the third day after the break had been made effective, when Mr. Ruggles was reading a northern newspaper, he saw something that thrilled him. It was an advertisement of Mrs. Edward L. Caton for information concerning her husband, who had deserted her and their three children. Ruggles immediately cut the ad. out of the newspaper that he alone of those at the hotel might possess this information and that he might consider a plan by which he could get the greatest satisfaction out of it.

The same evening an anonymous letter went to the advertiser that a gentleman had appeared at the Veuclidean hotel at — answering to the name mentioned in the advertisement. Ruggles, who mailed the letter, could not refrain from adding that "the fellow was evidently bent on committing bigamy."

From the time the discarded lover saw the evidence that his rival was sailing under false colors he changed his bearing toward Miss Harper. Where before he had made his jealousy evident he now assumed an air of superiority mingled with pity. Mr. Caton had become aware that his attentions to Miss Harper had made Mr. Ruggles his enemy and had noticed the antagonism of the latter's bearing toward him whenever they met. One evening while Mr. Caton was dancing with Miss Harper he unintentionally ran against Ruggles, who was also dancing. The look Ruggles gave him was ominous. Later, when both went out on the veranda for a whiff at a cigarette, Caton stepped up to Ruggles and apologized for running against him in the dance.

"One who is sailing under false colors is beneath my notice for any in suit," was the reply.

"How did you get onto that?" asked Caton with surprising imperturbability.

"I saw it in the newspapers."

"I wish the newspapers would let me alone," was the only rejoinder, and Caton went back into the dancing hall, where Ruggles soon saw him whirling with Miss Harper.

Now, the only real attachment in this triangular affair was between Sam Ruggles and Gwen Harper, and from the time Ruggles began to assume that air of superiority Gwen began to be troubled. She was too proud to call him back, but she looked as if she would be willing to take him back if he would apply for reinstatement. One day when they met in the garden of the hotel she remarked that it was a pleasant day.

"I think it will storm tomorrow or next day," was the reply.

"Why, I see no indications of it."

"Perhaps if you watch the incoming clouds you'll see a thunder cloud coming."

"You speak in riddles."

THE RUNAWAY

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

A handsomely dressed woman carrying a suit case emerged from a large country place, and just as she reached the gate a man came hurrying along the road. The suit case was heavy, and she evidently had trouble to get along with it.

"May I carry your baggage?" asked the gentleman.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but if I don't permit you I fear I shall miss my train."

"I, too, am going to the station."

With a suit case in each hand, he walked along with the lady. "I should suppose," he said, "that your butler would be doing this work."

The lady did not reply for some moments; then she said: "I am going to give you my confidence. My father is trying to force me into a marriage I detest. I am running away to get rid of it."

"Do you not fear that he will stop you on the way by telegraph?"

"Will he? Oh, heavens! What shall I do?"

The gentleman stood still. He was thinking. "I have it," he said at last. "Come up to my house and disguise yourself."

She suffered herself to be persuaded, and when they arrived at the house he suggested that she put on man's clothing. She demurred at first, but finally consented. He gave her a man's suit, which she put on, and when she reappeared he was dressed as a woman.

"Why have you done that?" she asked, surprised.

"Because we passed several persons on the road just now who saw us, and you may be tracked as having been seen with me. They will speak of us as a blond lady with a brunette man. We are now the reverse."

"You are very clever," she said. "I don't see any one about. Is the house unoccupied?"

"I live in the city at this season. My family are there."

They were obliged to wait an hour for another train, and by the time they started for it dusk had come on, and they had no fear of being recognized. The gentleman, as before, carried the baggage. They waited near the station till they heard the puffing of the engine and did not go on to the platform until the train was ready to proceed. Fortunately, they got into a car where there were few other persons.

"Now, if your father telegraphs," said the man, "to the different terminals to have you stopped there will be detectives at this one. When you leave the cars do not look conscious. I assure you that you make a very good man, though you might affect to have a weak throat and cover the lower part of your face with your handkerchief. I will give you my glasses."

"How kind you are!" replied the lady gratefully.

They chatted gayly during the ride that they might not appear ill at ease and that they might be prepared to carry out their parts well when they reached the station. Furthermore, each was practicing the part of the opposite sex.

When they left the train at the terminal the man told her that he would put his arm through hers and when he saw any one whom he thought was looking for her he would squeeze it. They each carried a suit case. They passed through the gate without being stopped, and the lady gave a sigh of relief.

"Did you notice two men standing on the left who eyed us suspiciously?" he asked.

"Yes. Who were they?"

"Detectives."

"But you did not give me the signal."

"No; I told you I would do so that you might not appear conspicuous until I gave it. I had no intention of giving it. If I had you would have given us away."

"You certainly act as if you had been through something like this before."

"I have."

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you later."

He asked her to call a cab and hand him into it. She did so and gave the address of a hotel, to which they were driven. The lady went to the office and, with her hat down over her eyes and her face partly covered with her handkerchief, registered as brother and sister. Before parting to go to their respective rooms the man said:

"You are Mrs. N's lady's maid. I have seen you in her grounds quite often. You have her jewels in this suit case."

"Are you going to give me away?" she asked, paling.

"Certainly not. And I will tell you why. I am Mr. R's valet. The family left certain valuables at their country place last fall, and I, knowing where they were, have been there, captured them and have them with me. I was as anxious not to be recognized as you were. The telegraph would be used to stop you. No one yet knows of my theft."

"I have said all along that you were very clever."

"No more than you."

"You are a pair of datates," said a man, who stepped out from behind a curtain.

"How did you get on to us?" asked the crestfallen valet.

"Suspected and followed you from the station."

The end of this romance is prison walls.

CAUGHT A TARTAR

By ARNOLD DUNCAN

A man in a pepper and salt suit and a felt hat got on a train at a way station settled himself comfortably in his seat, took a morning paper from his pocket and began to read. When the conductor came around for his ticket he thrust his hand into his pocket for his wallet and looked very much embarrassed. Then he went through his other pockets, and, not finding it, he said:

"Conductor, just before leaving my hotel this morning I changed my suit, putting the one I had been wearing with my money in the coat pocket in my trunk. What's worse, my trunk did not reach me at the station and is to come by a later train. If you'll let me go through to B, when we get into the station I'll telephone for a friend to bring me my fare and will give it to you."

"Ticket," was the conductor's laconic reply.

"I have said all I have to say," continued the passenger. "I have no money to pay now, but I'll have plenty at the end of the route."

"You'll have to pay your fare or get off."

"Not here, I trust, in this swampy country. You will at least carry me to the next station."

"Not unless you pay your fare from the one where you got on."

"Are your orders such as warrant you in such inhuman action?"

"Our orders are to put those who refuse to pay fares off the train."

"Well," said the passenger ruefully, "you'll have to put me off. I've left my money behind and have nothing to pay with."

The conductor pulled the bell, and the train stopped. The passenger made no resistance, but walked to the platform and got off into a swamp. The train went on, leaving him standing on the track looking after it. Then, first looking up and down the line of the road, he started on foot to pursue his journey.

A few days later the passenger who couldn't pay his fare went into the offices of the road and asked to see the general superintendent. He waited half an hour, then was ushered into the room of a sleek looking man who asked him what he could do for him. He told the story of being put off the train and said he had come to effect a settlement for damages or he would sue for them. The superintendent said that if he would call in at room No. 7 he would find the official who adjusted all claims. The passenger went in there, had a talk with the claim officer who got out of him all the information he desired, asked him what he would settle for, got him to put it in writing, took his address and said he would write him about the matter.

The passenger never heard from him.

Not long after this it was evident that there was manipulation in the stock of the road. No one, not even the president, could find out who was at the bottom of it. The price of the securities would go up a bit, then gradually sag, then rise again. But the general tendency was upward. The affairs of the road were known only to a few, who could see no reason for an advance. Indeed, business was falling off dreadfully. Two feeders one at either terminal, were diverting their business to other roads. Then the price of the stock began to go down like lead. Finally it reached a point where the fluctuation ceased.

The president of the road communicated with the feeders, asking what had caused them to divert their business from his line to others. He received no satisfaction. Nevertheless, the diversion ceased and trade began to flow again over the line where it had flowed originally. The president was puzzled. He sent for some of the principal stockholders and asked them if they knew anything about the matter. They didn't, but admitted that during the recent flurry in the stock they had sold most of their holdings.

One morning the president took up a newspaper and read in the financial columns that a new railroad magnate had appeared. John Talcott, a man who had achieved some success at reorganizing roads in the west, had come east and with associates had bought a controlling interest in two lines, and it was suspected that he had picked up in open market a majority of the stock of a connecting link between the two. That connecting link the president knew to be his own line.

That morning, when he went to his office, he found a note from the new railroad star inviting the president to call upon him. He did so and found the party so busy that he was obliged to wait an hour before he could gain admittance. When admitted he saw a plain western man, who said to him in a plain western fashion:

"Next month occurs the annual election of directors of your road. Two-thirds of the stock belongs to me and my friends. I have sent for you to give you notice that neither your securities nor those of your principal officers will be needed for the ensuing year. If you will inquire of your official in charge of claims you will find my name there as one who offered to settle damages for being put off one of your trains for a few hundred dollars."

"Had I known," said the president, "I would have known."

"But you did not know. I was one of those defenseless creatures—the public."

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Serial No. 61477. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. United States Land Office. At North Platte, Nebraska, May 12, 1913. Notice is hereby given that Ross A. Mathers, of Tryon, Neb., who on February 27, 1903, made homestead entry, No. 61407, for all of Section 8, Township 16, N., Range 31, W., 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the register and receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 10th day of July, 1913. Claimant names as witnesses: Julius Mogenssen, E. Fred Johnson, of North Platte, Neb., Joseph Mahoney, David N. Callender, of Tryon, Neb. m20-6 J. E. EVANS, Register.

Cattle Mortgage Sale

Whereas, Frank C. Elder did on the 19th day of December, A. D. 1911, make, execute and deliver to International Harvester Co. of America, (a Wisconsin corporation) a cattle mortgage to secure the payment of \$53.00 which was duly filed in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on Dec. 29th, 1911, and whereas default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage and there is now due and payable thereon the 20th day of May, A. D. 1913 (the date of the first publication of this notice) the full sum of \$53.00 with interest thereon as called for by the two promissory notes secured by said mortgage and no suit, action or proceeding at law has been had against said Frank C. Elder to recover the same or any part thereof. Now therefore notice is hereby given that said International Harvester Co. of America will on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1913, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash all the following described goods, chattels and personal property described in said mortgage to-wit: One Gelding, age one year, color brown, weight 800 pounds, star in head. One colt, age one year, color bay, weight 800 pounds, white hind feet. Said sale will be held at the east side of E. A. Nelson's implement house in the town of Brady Island, Lincoln county, Nebr. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO. OF AMERICA. By Jno. M. Brown, Agent.

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By Jno. M. Brown, Agent.