

She Set a Trap For Him

By F. A. MITCHEL

A gentleman alighted from a railway train, took a cab and was driven to a suburban residence. His summons at the front door was answered by a maid in a white uniform, trimmed far more elaborately than is usual for servants. Indeed, had it not been for the cap on her head he would not have taken her for such.

"Is Miss Mulford at home?"

"No, sir; she's not. She's gone to the city."

"That's too bad. I've come a long distance to see her." The gentleman seemed much put out. He stood thinking what he would do next.

"Beg pardon, sir. Are you Mr. Fitz Hugh?"

"Yes."

"Please come in. Miss Mulford left a message for you."

Mr. Fitz Hugh entered the house, and the maid showed him into a very pleasant reception room. On a table he found a note addressed to him. It read:

My attorney has advised me that you will visit me for conference upon the settlement of our interests in the Ormsby estate in the hope that we may come to an agreement whereby litigation may be avoided. I have been called away today and have instructed my maid to keep you till my return this evening. Annie will provide you with whatever will enable you to pass the time so far as she can.

The maid stood by demurely waiting while the gentleman read the note. When he had finished he looked up at her admiringly and said:

"Miss Mulford assures me that you will do what you can to keep me till her return. The way for you to do that is not to give me books to read or pictures to look at, but to entertain me yourself."

"How could I do that, sir," protested the girl, "you being an educated gentleman and I only a lady's maid?"

"You can do it better than the lady herself. Heaven protect me from these intellectual women. They know just enough about a subject to show their want of depth and think all the while that they are showing their brains. In my opinion a woman is intended for motherhood and has no business with ideas."

"Oh, sir, you're very hard on us poor women."

"Not on your kind—on women who know everything. Doubtless if you had left Miss Mulford to entertain me she would have bored me with a lot of opinions that would interest no one but herself."

"What kind of woman is your ideal?"

"To me amiability and beauty are the only requisite traits."

"Then you don't care for smart women at all?"

"I don't wish one of them to come near me."

"Not even a woman who is capable of taking care of her business affairs? Miss Mulford wouldn't suit you, sir, for she's all of that."

The maid entertained Mr. Fitz Hugh during the day by listening to him talk. By the afternoon mail came a note from Miss Mulford asking him to leave a proposition with Annie since she would be delayed in the city for several days. He submitted a basis for settlement, and Annie picked out several points in it that would lead to trouble. He saw and corrected them at once and complimented her on her foresight. Then he left her and returned to the city.

In a few days he received a note from Miss Mulford that she was sorry to give him another journey, but she would be pleased to have him call again. He went, wishing that he might find the lady again absent and be turned over to the care of the maid.

"That girl," he said to himself, "is just what I'd want for a wife—that is, if she were in the same social class with myself."

On reaching the house he was admitted by a butler, which was a great disappointment to him. He had intended to say a few nice things to the maid before seeing her mistress. He was ushered into the same room as before, and in due time Annie came into the room dressed like a lady. Fitz Hugh looked at her surprised.

"Mr. Fitz Hugh," she said, "pardon me for playing maid the other day. I desired before entering upon a discussion with you as to business affairs of great importance to both of us to learn what kind of man I had to deal with. I found you, I am happy to say, a gentleman of sound ideas, liberal and capable of understanding your own interest as well as mine. You know that it is in your power to deprive me of my interest in the estate if I go to law. In other words, I am at your mercy. Can you blame me for learning your disposition before taking action?"

"No, I can't," rejoined Fitz Hugh earnestly. "I can suggest a way by which our interests can be made identical."

"What way?" asked the lady, dropping her eyes before his impassioned gaze.

"Marry me."

"I will," said Miss Mulford.

A few days later Miss Mulford visited her attorney.

"Well?" he asked. "What luck?"

"I've got him."

"Good! It was your only chance to save anything. How did you manage it?"

"Oh, that's a little story," she replied, and, dropping into a seat, she told him of her ruse to trap Mr. Fitz Hugh.

An Opportunity Lost

By MARGARET BARR

In feudal times, when the now ruined castles on the river Rhine were alive with people, there lay dying in one of them Count Hallenstein, its owner. There had long been a feud between the count and Baron Hafstrom, a neighbor, who, learning of his enemy's illness, designed, as soon as he, the latter, died, to step in and take possession of the castle and estate. The count's son and heir, Herman, was at the time of his father's illness returning from the university where he had been studying and had been recalled to his home.

The messenger who summoned him also informed him that Baron Hafstrom was watching for him to waylay and make him a prisoner, that at his father's death there would be no head to the Hallenstein vassals to offer resistance and that he might hold the heir to do with him as he chose. Herman set out on horseback with the messenger, Ludwig Ritter, to return to his dying father. In order that he might outwit those lying in wait for him, he concluded that Ritter should personate a knight, and he, Herman, would act as his servant. So they changed garments and proceeded in this fashion. Herman riding behind Ludwig.

One evening when they were not far distant from Hallenstein castle they stopped at the house in the center of a large vineyard, whose owner, August Bauer, entertained them hospitably, according to the custom of the country. Gretchen, Bauer's daughter, was a comely girl, eighteen years old, an age at which young girls are especially interested in the opposite sex. She could not but notice the difference between the two strangers, the master being ill at ease in playing a role that was novel to him, and the courtly manners of his servant.

Herman before setting out had instructed Ludwig not to defer to him in any way—indeed, to treat him rather harshly, the better to carry out the deception. Bauer told Ludwig that Baron Hafstrom's men had been to the vineyard that day looking for Herman Hallenstein, and Herman, fearing that he might be taken for the master instead of the man, instructed Ludwig to rebuke his harsh treatment, whereupon Ludwig, while Herman was waiting on him, feigning to be displeased with his servant, rated him soundly, indulging his pretended ire so far as to strike him.

Herman here his treatment meekly, but Gretchen's eyes flashed fire. She said nothing at the time, but when alone with Herman sympathized with him and offered, if he wished to leave his master's service, to ask her father to give him employment in the grape culture. It occurred to Herman that it might be well to accept the offer and send Ludwig ahead to find a passage through Baron Hafstrom's men. So Gretchen went to her father with the request, which was granted, and Herman was set to trimming vines, while Ludwig, after abusing his man for leaving his service, went on.

Gretchen, who was infatuated with Herman, went out to where he was at work and spent a great deal of her time chatting with him. This angered her father, who was a wealthy man and had no idea of permitting his daughter to become involved with a servant. He reprimanded her, but it was too late. Young hearts need but a spark to start an unquenchable flame. Since Gretchen could not meet Herman openly she met him in secret.

On the second day after Ludwig's departure he returned. He had found an unguarded avenue to the castle. The count had died while he was there, but he had instructed the countess to keep his death a secret till Herman had arrived. Ludwig now proposed that Herman should obtain clothing from Gretchen and proceed as a girl. So Herman told Gretchen that he was a political fugitive and asked her to let him have her clothes by which to make his escape. She readily consented and brought him what he needed. Arraying himself in her belongings, painting his cheeks and powdering his face, he started, Gretchen accompanying him till he had traversed the more frequented part of the distance and passed several bands of men watching for him. The two journeying together so aided the deception that Herman asked her to go on with him till his safety had been assured.

Leaving the main road, they entered a defile in the high hills that bordered on the Rhine, which Ludwig had found unguarded. A band had since occupied it, but the travelers climbed a hill and passed on above them. In this way they avoided several parties and at last entered the castle.

Gretchen was much astonished to see her companion, when he had thrown off his feminine apparel, receive the homage of his vassals. After an interview with his mother and the funeral of his father he placed himself at the head of his retainers, sallied forth and scattered the bands that had been looking for him.

Baron Hafstrom, seeing that the opportunity had eluded him, gave up the idea of appropriating Hallenstein castle and withdrew his forces. Gretchen became Herman's wife and brought him a fine fortune, with a part of which he strengthened the defenses of his castle and otherwise bettered his condition.

Wagner Worship.

"There is no such worship of national genius in America as prevails abroad," said a recently returned tourist. "In Germany, for instance, at the opera the scale of prices varies according to the composer, Wagner, of course, commanding the top notch admission. But the most peculiar feature of this musical adoration is that it affects the toilets as well. With the elaborate gowning of a New York audience in mind, I approached our landlady as to the propriety of appearing at the opera in such a makeshift costume as my tourist wardrobe afforded. 'It depends entirely upon the composer you intend to hear, fraulein,' was her astonishing reply. 'For some your present attire would be perfectly proper, but if it is the great Wagner you are to hear'— She broke off, but an expressive shrug of the shoulders told plainer than words that it would be an affront to his ashes to appear in anything but the most stunning and up to date evening gown."—New York Tribune.

When Thanks Were Given.

Many years ago a noted chief of the tribe of Chippewa Indians while hunting wounded a deer and followed it for miles. The chase was long and very severe, and the Indian was in the last stages of exhaustion from fatigue and lack of food and water when he found himself on the top of a wonderful mountain, at the foot of which nestled a beautiful lake crystal clear. From the surface of the lake trout leaped, and upon the shore lay the deer he had hunted. Here were food, water, fish and fuel for cooking.

Raising his hand and facing the setting sun, the exhausted chief exclaimed, "Ish-pem-ink," which in the Chippewa tongue means "heaven" or "the place on high."

The story was remembered, and the name given by the Indian was adopted by the white settlers when the present city of Ishpeming, Mich., was formed. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Inexperienced.

In a boarding house for bachelors Amanda, a typical "mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true southern style, so well that one of the men thought he would take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of housekeeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said:

"Mandy, do you like the country?"

Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes.

"Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about takin' care of any animals."—Harper's Magazine.

Antiquity of Nagging.

No, if you are nagged you are not alone in your experience. Nor are the nagged persons of this age the only nagged persons of any age. Nagging is an old custom. They tell us that Adam, Job, Socrates, Aesop, Leonidas, Machiavelli and many more distinguished historical personages were victims of nagging. This proves the antiquity but not the wisdom or the respectability of nagging. And if it is as old as it is claimed to be let it crawl away somewhere to die. For, come to think of it, nagging is just as hurtful to the nagger as it is to the nagged. So why injure ourselves for the purpose of injuring some one else? Samson did that, you know, when he pulled down the temple of Gaza and broke his own back. Rather a poor example to follow, eh?—Detroit Free Press.

Wrote In Bed.

Mark Twain wrote nearly all his later books in bed. So persistent a "sluggard" was he that he had a specially contrived bed desk fitted up so that he could write without trouble or exertion while propped luxuriously among his pillows. He used to aver that most of his best thoughts came to him in bed and that the trouble and worry of getting up, shaving and dressing dispersed them all and left him in no mood for commencing his literary labors. He was of opinion that bed was the very best place for the author, and he acted upon his belief.

Careless.

"Have you made a special study of the subject on which you are going to lecture?"

"No," replied the gifted speaker. "I tried that once, and I got so interested in the subject that I didn't have time to write the lecture."—Washington Star.

Man's Love For Woman.

"If a man loves a woman for her looks he will love her for five years. If he loves her mind he will love her for ten years. If he loves her ways he will love her forever." And every woman believes when she marries that her lover loves her ways.—Exchange.

Consolation.

"Would you marry a man who has the reputation of being not more than half witted?"

"No, but I'll be a sister to you."—Houston Post.

Cynical.

"My wife is an angel," said the boob.

"How long has she been dead?" asked the grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stoth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy.—Franklin.

An Old Time Mermaid.

An amusing and detailed account of a merman seen in the Atlantic, written apparently in good faith, ends with the following description of the monster, which may possibly have been a seal or a sea lion. "That monster is about eight feet long, his skin is brown and tawny, without any scales, all his motions are like those of men. The eyes are a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair and chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, fins between the fingers of his hands and feet like those of ducks. In a word he is a well shaped man. Which is certified to be true by Captain Oliver Morin and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two-and-thirty men." (An article from Buret in the "Memoirs of Travoux.") The monster was mentioned in the Gazette of Amsterdam Oct. 12, 1725, where, it is said, it was seen in the ocean in August of the same year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Read the Moon.

Few people can tell at a glance whether the moon is waxing or waning. Here is a whimsical rule to remember by. It is very simple to those who know Latin and is not difficult for those who do not. The first thing is to notice whether the moon is like a D or a C—that is, whether the full semicircular curve is on the right or the left. If the moon shows a D that naturally stands for *decrescit*. "It wanes."

But then comes in the great principle "The moon is always deceitful," and one has to understand the opposite of what the moon says, so that a moon which shows a D is a waxing moon, while a waning moon is like a C.

Those who have no Latin will no doubt look to see whether the moon says it is "decreasing," in which case they will understand that it is waxing, while a waning moon will deny that it is "decreasing."—New York Sun.

Cost of First Class Traveling.

While on the Pacific ocean I met a life insurance man who told me that he traveled constantly and that his expenses, afloat and ashore, averaged \$11 a day. He kept no expense account, he said. At the end of the year he charged the company \$11 a day for expenses, and that was almost exactly what he spent. I made a calculation and found that the present trip has cost us \$11 a day each, almost to a penny.

If you want to know what traveling costs, here is an estimate you may depend upon. This means rapid traveling, by railroad and steamship, and sightseeing in the towns with the assistance of a guide. The estimate includes the purchases a traveler is compelled to make and cannot be reduced much unless you travel second class and deny yourself many things.—Ed W. Howe in His Travel Notes.

His Morning Duty.

Ministerial duties and increasing dignity have not robbed a certain minister of his cherished boyhood accomplishment of making fritters. He frequently exercises this skill at breakfast time, much to the delight of the younger members of the family. Edith, the four-year-old daughter, recently took tea with a member of the congregation. After the silent grace the little one, looking at her unmarried hostess, remarked with pity:

"You don't have any one to pray for you, do you?"

Said one of the ladies present, smiling:

"I suppose your papa prays for you three times a day."

"Oh, no, he doesn't," was the innocent and earnest answer. "He fries in the morning and prays in the afternoon!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Common Weakness.

An interesting light is thrown on the purely human side of the late Edward VII. of England by a story told of his inability to resist the temptation to appropriate a particularly good anecdote.

Some one told a delightful story to one of his majesty's young nieces. "That is capital," she said. "I must tell it to the king."

"No," she instantly added, "I won't, for if you tell uncle a good story he forgets in a day or two that it was told to him and goes about repeating it to every one as his own."

Information Wanted.

Simmons had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the husking bees," he said to the young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking bees?"

"Husking bees?" exclaimed the girl. "How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Prophecy.

Small Boy (handing druggist half dollar)—Five five-cent cigars, and give me the change.

Druggist—But, Bob, your father always smokes ten cent cigars.

"Well, he isn't going to this time."—Life.

Her Bad Accident.

"Did you ever have a bad accident?"

The lady chauffeur bit her lip.

"I met my husband by accident," she admitted.—Exchange.

Just Too Late.

"When did you learn that he was one of the bank's most trusted employees?"

"The day after he absconded with the funds."—Detroit Free Press.

Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors and let every new year find you a better man.—Franklin.

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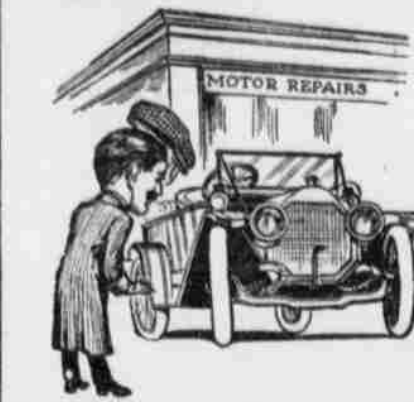
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" " "	Sidewalk laid. Sewer tax paid	" 49	400.00
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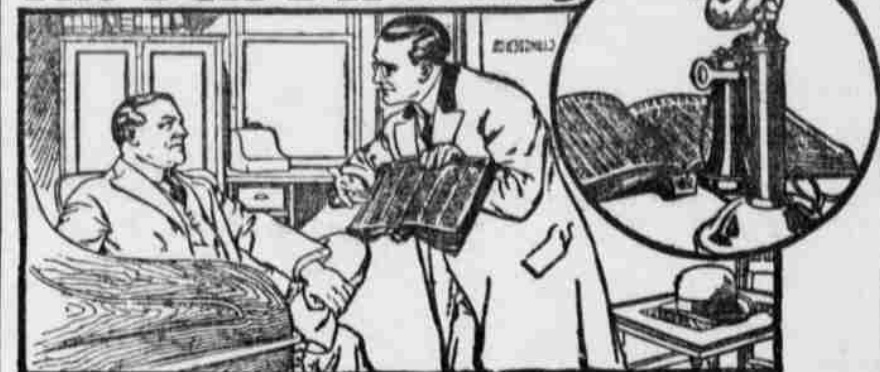


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