

Her Check

A Story of Old New York

By F. A. MITCHEL

One evening, something more than 100 years ago, a gentleman and a lady were strolling on the Battery in the city of New York. At that time the residential area bordering the park, which inherits its name from the old New Amsterdam fort located on the ground, was a very different section from what it is now. Today it is intersected by elevated railroads, and the loungers there are chiefly emigrants or persons out of employment. Then in the houses bordering upon the park lived the most aristocratic families of old New York.

The gentleman mentioned was tall, dignified and wore the costume of the times, a beaver hat, ruffled shirt front, blue coat with brass buttons and a flaring skirt; his pantaloons, as they were then called, tight except where they covered his boots. The lady wore the bonnet of the period, skirt a la directoire, her shoulders covered with a lace shawl. She was a descendant of one of the original Dutch settlers and a widow.

"I am going to ask you once more, Mrs. Van Zandt, and for the last time," said the man, with that dignified courtliness which has now passed into oblivion, "to make me happy. You may remember that a year ago, on this very spot, I asked you to honor me by becoming my wife. You told me that you lived and would live only for your son. Since then you have treated me, if not as a lover, at least as a dear friend. It is this that has emboldened me to ask you to reconsider your refusal and confer upon me the greatest happiness a woman can bestow upon a man."

Having made this stilted proposal, he waited for a reply. In accordance with the custom of those times the lady's hand rested on her arm. He felt her hand tremble. After a few moments of silence she said:

"I trust, Mr. Travers, that you will not think me insensible of the honor you would confer upon me; an honor, I must admit, of which I am scarcely worthy. But if my son required my undivided attention a year ago he needs it still more now. Since you are my very dear friend, I will confide in you that he has become involved—in a gambling debt. This Major Tilford, who has recently come to New York, and who has secured social recognition by some of our best families, has succeeded in winning from Frank at cards some \$4,000."

"The rascal!" muttered Mr. Travers. "I have drawn my check for the amount, and Frank will tomorrow pay the indebtedness. He has given me his solemn promise never again to play at cards for money. But I know I shall have trouble in keeping him from the temptation. Now you can understand why he needs my first consideration."

The lovers were silent for a time. They were standing on the southernmost part of the Battery looking down the bay. A few ships were at anchor, while one was coming under full sail through the Narrows, the setting sun gilding her canvas. Presently Mr. Travers said:

"Will you permit me to hand your check to Major Tilford, madam?"

"With what object?"

"It may be better that your son should have nothing more to do with the man."

"Perhaps you are right. I shall consider myself under a deep obligation to you, my dear Mr. Travers, if you will act in the matter for me."

"On the contrary, I feel highly honored by your confidence."

They returned to Mrs. Van Zandt's home, a modest two story brick building, in place of which a modern skyscraper now stands, and Mrs. Van Zandt took from a lady's mahogany writing desk with claw feet a check and handed it to Mr. Travers. He bent and kissed the hand from which he received it and, carefully avoiding turning his back to its owner, withdrew.

That same evening a party of gentlemen were supping at Francaise's tavern, among their number Major Tilford. Mr. Travers entered the dining room and, taking a seat, called for wine.

Then he wrote on the back of one of his visiting cards a request for a few words in private with Major Tilford and sent the card to that gentleman. The latter arose and, going to the table where Mr. Travers sat, bowed and said:

"I am at your service, sir."

"I am commissioned to hand you a check for money taken from a boy in his teens, who should have been protected instead of swindled by you."

He handed Tilford Mrs. Van Zandt's check, but the latter drew back. He had no sense of honor, but could not tell to what this matter might lead. He assumed a sense of honor he did not feel.

"Are you aware, sir," he said, "that this is an insult no gentleman can brook? Were it not for the prejudice against the code engendered by the recent affair between Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Burr you should answer for it on the field of honor."

"The prejudice against dueling you speak of arises from a murder, not an affair of honor. I have no fear of los-

ing any of my friends by a meeting with you."

"Be it so, sir. I shall send a friend to you."

"One moment, sir. The lady whose son you have swindled must not be brought into this affair, and it is to your interest, sir, that its real cause should be concealed. Return to your friends. Presently I will arise to leave the room. Place your foot in such position that I may trip on it. I will retaliate by drawing my glove across your face. You can then send your friend to me without the true cause of the difference between us being known."

"As you like, sir. Meanwhile you may keep the check. If you kill me you may return it to the lady who wrote it. If I kill you—"

"You can take such action concerning it as you see fit. If you choose now to decline it and will give me a receipt for the amount of its face this affair need go no further."

Tilford made no reply to this for awhile. He was turning the matter over in his mind. There were reasons why he should recede from the position in which he stood, but he did not wish to give up the plunder, and he might possibly retain it without damage to his reputation. Travers was not known as a fighter, while Tilford came from the south, where dueling was quite common, and he was an expert with both sword and pistol.

"No, sir," he said at last. "You have insulted me, accused me, and my honor must be vindicated."

With that he turned and went back to his companions.

Nothing of the conversation had been heard by them, and when Travers arose and walked toward the desk to pay his reckoning no one was aware that a pantomime was to be enacted. As he was walking leisurely past the table where his adversary sat the latter put out his foot, and Travers stumbled against it.

"You did that on purpose, sir," he said.

"As you please to consider it, sir."

Travers drew a glove from a pocket and struck Tilford with it lightly on the cheek. Then he passed in the same leisurely manner out of the dining room.

When Tilford's second returned to him with Travers' reply to his challenge, the southerner knit his brows. By assenting to his enemy's plan he had given Travers the chance of place and weapons. The conditions named by the latter were pistols, in a dark room, each party to be supplied with an unlimited number of weapons. This placed them on an equality, and Tilford lost the advantage of his skill and reputation as a duelist.

Tilford was an impostor and a swindler. He had forged letters of introduction and had played young Van Zandt with marked cards. Believing that his true character would soon come out, he desired, if possible, to get the money on Mrs. Van Zandt's check and disappear. But in playing a gentleman's game he had left the check with Travers. He sent word to his adversary that he would apologize for tripping him and take Mrs. Van Zandt's check to her and tear it to pieces in her presence if this would be agreeable to Mr. Travers.

Travers was unwilling to trust him with the check so long as it was good at the bank, but he took sufficient time to go there and request that it should not be paid if presented. Then he sent it to Tilford, stating that his proposed terms were accepted. But before Tilford had time to try to get the check cashed Travers went to the bank and was there in concealment when Tilford hurried in and presented the check. Travers confronted him.

"You scoundrel!" he said. "Sign a receipt for the amount you claim from young Van Zandt and give it to me, with this check, or go to jail."

Tilford threw up the game and agreed to the conditions. When the receipt had been drawn and signed and the check returned he was permitted to leave the bank and the city and was never seen in New York again.

The same evening Mr. Travers was announced in the drawing room of Mrs. Van Zandt.

"Have you paid my son's indebtedness?" she asked.

"I have, madam. There is the receipt."

He handed it to her. She cast her eyes over it and was folding it when he handed her her check. She looked at it, surprised, then at him for an explanation.

"There was no legitimate debt," he said, "due from your son to this man Tilford, who was an impostor and a swindler. He returned your check and signed a receipt for the amount he had claimed in preference to going to jail."

"How did you prove him such?"

"I gave him my opinion of one who would take money in such fashion from a minor. He still pretended to be a gentleman and agreed to surrender the check to you in person. Instead of doing so, he presented it at the bank. I had taken the precaution to stop payment on the check and was at the bank to receive the rascal when he came to draw the money. I gave him his choice between exposure and its consequences and giving me, for you, these two papers."

Mrs. Van Zandt's eyes were dimmed with tears. She yearned to throw herself into her lover's arms, but those were times of great formality.

"Mr. Travers," she said, "as soon as she could control her voice, "it seems, sir, that my son's interests are safer in your hands than in mine."

With great composure he encircled her waist and took her hand; then he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Ah, madam, you have made me the happiest of men!"

MOSBY FLED WITH HIS MEN.

An Attack That Wholly Demoralized the Partisan Rangers.

Colonel John S. Mosby, commander of the Partisan Rangers, who gave such dashing service in the southern cause, told of an amazing incident in which he figured.

In the summer of 1864 when General Phil Sheridan was in the valley of the Shenandoah he found himself much harassed by Mosby, who was continually cutting off his supply trains. An army cannot fight on an empty stomach, and Mosby knew it. One bright morning Mosby heard that a long supply train was winding its way down the valley. By noon the rangers in their gray uniforms were gathered at the forks of the valley pike, watching for the head of the wagon train to appear.

Presently a cloud of dust was seen rising far up the road, and as the wind blew it aside the Confederates caught sight of a line of men in blue escorting a caravan of lumbering wagons drawn by mules. Instantly Mosby gave the order to run a little howitzer up on the side of a hill and unlimber it. As soon as the gun had opened fire the rest of the men were to make a cavalry charge and throw the train into confusion.

The rangers jerked the gun into position and began to swab it out. Suddenly the man with the swab gave a shrill yell, seized the seat of his pantaloons and fled down the hill and out into the road. Almost in the same moment the other man at the gun abandoned it. He seemed to be fighting at the air as he disappeared over a stone wall.

The sutler's wagons were creeping nearer, and Mosby did not know what to think of such extraordinary conduct. He ordered four more men to the gun, but hardly had they reached it when they, too, yelled, began to beat the air madly with their hats and took to flight.

Spurring his horse over the stone wall, Mosby rode toward the gun, but his stay was short. The howitzer stood just over a hornet's nest, and those busy insects were resenting the intrusion. They had repelled the invaders on foot, and now they swarmed on Mosby's horse till the maddened animal tore off down the pike on a run. Then they turned their attention to the rest of the troop.

Their attack was so vicious that the rangers gave up any idea of standing by the gun. They scattered far and wide, and it was an hour before they returned. When they did the wagon train had safely vanished in the distance. So the hornets saved the day for Sheridan—Youth's Companion.

Where Science Fails.

Science has wrought many achievements, but it has not cleared up a single elemental mystery, and it has created a thousand lesser mysteries that never were imagined until science came. Science has demonstrated that this oak of a world used to be an acorn, but how that acorn came into existence or whence it obtained the latent elements that now have become an oak science has not suggested. Science has made it possible for a manufacturer to cut down three trees in his forest at 7:55 in the morning, to have them made into paper at 9:34 and to have them selling on the street as newspapers at 10:25, but whether the manufacturer himself is a brain that has a mind or is a mind that has a brain science cannot even guess.—Atlantic Monthly.

Iron Mold Stains.

Iron mold stains spread in any fabric they come in contact with. To remove them stretch the stained part over a basin nearly full of boiling water, so that the steam may penetrate the fabric, and apply with a feather a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a desertspoonful of lemon juice. When the marks disappear dip the material well into the hot water, afterward rinsing very thoroughly in cold water.

Proved It Was Simple.

In a registration booth in San Francisco an old colored woman had just finished registering for the first time.

"Am you shore," she asked the clerk, "dat 's done all I has to do?"

"Quite sure," replied the clerk; "you see, it's very simple."

"It's ought to knowed it," said the old woman. "If those fool men folks been doin' it all dese years I might 'a' knowed it was a powerful simple process."—Life.

He Plagued Him.

The catcher was having an argument with the umpire.

"I'll fix you so you won't be an epidemic any longer!" threatened the umpire, beginning to lose his temper.

"What do you mean by I won't be an epidemic any longer?" asked the catcher.

"I'll send you to the bench," returned the umpire, "and then you won't be catchin'!"—Pittsburg Press.

Welcomed.

"I'll have to arrest you," said the policeman.

The man who was having trouble with his wife threw both arms around the officer and exclaimed:

"This isn't an arrest. This is a rescue."—Washington Star.

A Failure.

First Small Boy—Is your sister any good at playing ball? Second Small Boy—Now. She can't throw anything but a fit or catch anything but a bean.—New York Times.

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NOTICE OF CONTEST.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Nebraska, Nov. 17, 1913.

To Robert F. Campbell, address unknown, contestee:

You are hereby notified that John E. Koontz, who gives North Platte, Nebraska, as his post-office address, did on Oct. 28, 1912, file in this office his duly sworn application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry No. 21455, serial No. 0580, made September 5, 1882, for the whole of section 12, township 12, range 33, west of the Sixth Principal Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that George M. Campbell, the original entrant, was divorced from his wife when he made the above entry and that he died about a year subsequent to entry and prior to making final proof, leaving as his only heir Robert F. Campbell, then a minor but now of age; that Robert F. Campbell has never made his residence upon said land and has never cultivated the same and has abandoned the same for more than three years last past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be cancelled without further right to be heard thereon before this office, or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your sworn answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notice to be sent.

DEA L. BARR, Receiver.

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Signet Chapter O. E. S.,

NO. 55

Meets 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m.

ORDER OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

The State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the County Court.

In the matter of the estate of William Shroyer, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lester Walker, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to himself as administrator.

Ordered, That Dec. 2nd, 1913, 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 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 legal semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.

Dated Nov. 8, 1913.

JOHN GRANT, County Judge.

PROBATE NOTICE

In the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, October 28th, 1913.

In the matter of the estate of Patrick Ruddy deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased will be required to present their claims, before the county judge of this county, Nebraska, at the county court room, in said county, on the 2nd day of December, 1913, and on the 2nd day of June 1914, 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 administrator to settle said estate, from the 28th day of October, 1913. A copy of this order to be published in the North Platte Tribune, a legal semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county for four successive weeks prior to Dec. 2nd, 1913.

JOHN GRANT, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 04643.

U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.

October 15, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Clarence O. Wells, of Wellfleet, Nebraska, who, on February 3, 1910, made H. E. No. 04643, for the W 1/2 of NW 1/4 and W 3/4 SW 1/4, of Section 32, Township 11, North Range 25, West of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the register and receiver at North Platte, Neb., on the 12th day of December, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Gerkin, Orrin Bacon, John Cooper and Ernest Fletcher, all of Wellfleet, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Serial No. 04599

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebr.

Sept. 24, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Henry F. Hansen, of North Platte, Nebr., who, on February 5, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 04599, for NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 32, Twp. 15, N. Range 30, West of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the register and receiver at North Platte, Nebr., on the 19th day of November, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses: R. G. Parmelee, Julius Mogensen, Hanssen, Charles Russell, all of North Platte, Nebr.

J. E. Evans, Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court where The Mutual Building and Loan Association has been plaintiff and William H. Barralouch et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 29th day of November 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the court house in Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said debt the certain and certain premises, to-wit: Dated North Platte, Neb., October 27th, 1913.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska William Husoll, Plaintiff,

Caroline E. Toltz, Emma York, Harry York, Tillie Husoll, Anna Jung, Mrs. J. M. Husoll, Ella F. Husoll, Marian Husoll, Frederick Husoll and Ella F. Husoll, guardians of the estate of William Husoll and Frederick Husoll, minors,

Defendants.

Notice for Publication.

James S. Gilbert, non-resident defendant, will take notice on the day of October, 1913, Roy Haney, I. D. McKnight and C. E. Haney filed their petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to have a certain sheriff's deed to E 1/2 NW 1/4 and W 1/2 NE 1/4 of Sec. 35, T. 16 N., R. 32 W., dated August 29th, 1912, and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska on the 7th day of September, 1912, in Book "A-11," at page 531 cancelled and annulled and set aside; also the proceedings and decree had in and about and upon which said deed was based cancelled and set aside, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday the 1st day of December, 1913.

Dated this 23rd day of October, 1913.

ROY HANEY, I. D. MCKNIGHT and C. E. HANEY,
By Muldoon & Gibbs, their attorneys.