

An Appeal to the Sense of Beauty

By EUNICE BLAKE

Dr. Worthington was the physician of the upper ten thousand—not a physician of the upper ten thousand, but the physician of that class. He was thirty-five years old and considered the handsomest man of the city in which he lived and practiced his profession.

One night a lamp exploded in the home of a young widow, setting fire to the clothes of an old lady, a member of the family, and burning her so severely that she lived but twenty-four hours after the accident. Every doctor in the neighborhood was called in, among them Dr. Worthington. There was little that could be done for the patient, who was known to every doctor there, but there was a great deal to be done in calming those present. As soon as the physician of the upper ten thousand entered practitioners earning a beggarly \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year instinctively withdrew into their shells, and when he spoke in his musical baritone voice a few words enjoining quiet a calm fell upon every one in the room.

Mrs. Allandale, the young widow in whose house the accident occurred, was so impressed with Dr. Worthington's aristocratic bearing, his self-control and that influence he possessed over his fellow beings, especially women, that she resolved to win him for her second husband. Mrs. Allandale had heard a story about the doctor's having to employ a chaperon at his office and realized that her game must be played with great delicacy in order to be successful.

About a week after the death and burial of the person who was burned Dr. Worthington was called to visit Mrs. Allandale. He responded at once and found the lady reclining in her library, where logs blazed in a gothic fireplace. She had on a pale blue silk negligee—she was a blond—and a lamp shaded in pink was on a little table beside her. The blue was especially becoming, and the pink lamp light on her complexion added to the pleasing effect. Dr. Worthington was perfectly aware from the moment he entered the room that the lady's intentions were those of a woman from whom his diuenna was expected to protect him. But, oh, how different this appeal from the others!

The lady did not extend her finger tips; she did not smile; she simply said:

"Doctor, in the dreadful experience we have had in this house my nerves have been severely strained. I sleep very badly, have no appetite and am subject to a twitching of the muscles, especially when passing into a slumber. I would like you to give me a sedative, a tonic or whatever you think I require."

The doctor placed the tips of his thumb and fingers on the lady's wrist, looked wise, sympathetic and respectful, all in one glance; then, taking out a blank slip, wrote a prescription.

"This is merely a light sedative," he said. "I do not attach much importance to it, for the shock you have received must wear off gradually. I would advise diverting your mind so far as possible—social affairs that are to your liking—nothing that will bore you—amusements and, above all, the company of those with whom you are congenial and who interest you."

"Thank you, doctor. I dare say you are right. I noticed how you quieted us all at the time of the accident, and I rely more on your personal influence than your medicines. I should be glad to have you call as often as your other professional and social engagements will permit, for I feel quite already. I am quite sure that treatment by influence, such as is practiced by Christian Scientists and other like sects, will do me a world of good. But, of course, I do not mean that you are to give me more of your valuable time than my share."

There was some desultory chat, after which the doctor withdrew, promising to call again in a few days. Mrs. Allandale told him that she required something more in the evening than in the daytime and she would be glad when he could find it convenient to call between 8 and 11 o'clock p. m. He promised to do his best in this respect.

A few days later the doctor telephoned Mrs. Allandale that he must visit a patient in her vicinity that evening and would call if she thought he could be of any service. She replied through her maid that she was much depressed and begged that he would surely come.

When the doctor called he found his patient sitting on one end of a sofa, robed this time in a commingling of pink and lace, with a jack rose in her hair, the latter taking the place of the lamp shade that had before given a becoming hue to her complexion. He made bold to sit on the other end of the sofa, and when he felt her pulse he left his fingers on her wrist longer than before.

The doctor's visits became more and more frequent, and every time he called he found Mrs. Allandale in a costume which was a more becoming creation than the last, and at each call there was a different lamp light or screen set near her for heightening or subduing the hue of her complexion or a different flower in her corsage or her hair. What could not be accomplished by ordinary means was brought about by such appeals to the doctor's senses. Her efforts were successful, and in due time he proposed and was accepted.

Three Liars

A Story For Easter

By F. A. MITCHEL

When our troops came home from Cuba and, nearly all sick, were unloaded from transports on the eastern end of Long Island the camps that held them were thronged with persons who had come to find relatives or friends. One of these, an old lady with an anxious look on her face, stopped at a tent before which sat an officer in a camp chair and asked in a tremulous voice:

"Can you tell me if my boy has come?"

The officer rose, took off his hat respectfully and said:

"What regiment did your boy belong to, madam?"

"He was with the 34th Pennsylvania."

"Come with me, and I will see if I can get the information you wish."

He led the way to a tent wherein an officer was writing.

"Make your inquiries here," he said and left her.

"I'm trying to find my boy, Henry Ashurst," said the old lady.

The officer looked serious. He remembered having the name of Henry Ashurst on a list of killed and wounded. He hunted in his desk for a certain paper and when he found it ran his eye over the list of names. His expression became still more serious, but he bent his face down so that it was concealed under the rim of his hat. He had found the name of Henry Ashurst, but had not the heart to tell the mother what list it was in.

"Your son hasn't come up from Cuba yet, madam. He wasn't very well when the last transport sailed."

"Do you know what his trouble was?" asked the old lady, tears starting into her eyes.

"Some of those fevers they have down there, I believe."

"Is he very ill?"

"Well, I couldn't tell you about that. There's the regimental surgeon's tent over there; you might inquire of him."

The old lady walked feebly over to the tent designated, found the surgeon and asked the same questions she had asked the adjutant. The doctor looked down upon the anxious face and turned away just as the other had done.

"Henry Ashurst!" he said as if trying to recollect. "There was a soldier in the hospital of that name, I think, but I can't exactly recall his case."

"Was he very sick?"

"Oh, no; not very sick. I think it was a simple flesh wound in the leg."

"Do you think he will come on the next transport?"

"No doubt of it, madam; no doubt of it."

The old lady went away. The adjutant saw her go and walked over to the surgeon.

"I couldn't do my duty by that old lady, could you? I found his name on a list of mortally wounded. I told his mother he had a fever."

"I remembered him in the hospital as one for whom there was no hope of recovery. I lied about it too. I told his mother he had a slight flesh wound. I only know what I have told you, so I took the benefit of the doubt."

Every day the old lady visited the camp, and every day the adjutant and surgeon either told her more lies or repeated the old ones. The ship bearing her son never came to Montauk Point, and when the last tent was struck she ceased her visits and her inquiries.

The winter passed and no one had the courage to tell the mother that her boy would not come back to her. They all excused themselves on the ground that no record of the death and burial of Private Henry Ashurst had been found. But when the war closed every one connected with the army was in a hurry to get away from the heat, the sickness, the death attending an army in a tropical climate in summer.

Until some one would assure her that her son was dead the poor mother hoped. She was very religious and prayed fervently that her boy might be restored to her. One morning in April when the sun, shining warm, was opening the leaves typifying the resurrection shortly to be celebrated at Easter the old lady went to her rector and said she had a feeling that Henry would come home on Easter Sunday.

"Do you think," she said, "that this feeling has been sent me by Providence?"

"Quite likely," was the reply. "I believe that Providence often sends us forecasts of what is about to happen."

He had no more doubt that Henry Ashurst's bones were moldering in Cuba than that the earth turned on its axis.

"I'm so glad you think so," added the mother, moving away, while the clergyman looked after her, not knowing whether to consider himself a liar or one who had done a kindness.

At dawn on Easter morning there was a loud rapping on the door of Mr. Ashurst's house.

"He's come!" she said, getting out of bed, and without stopping to put on a wrapper she went downstairs, opened the door and was clasped in the arms of her son.

"Oh, Harry, where have you been all this time?"

"I was left in Cuba. When I got well I had forgotten who I was. Since then I have been going about as another person. Some time ago a surgeon removed a piece of my skull, and here I am."

The Head of The House

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Susie," said Tom Atherton in a serious tone of voice, "I've been doing a job of thinking on our future."

"Why, Tom, what have you been thinking about?"

"Well, when we're married there's got to be a head to our partnership. There's always a head to every business firm."

"Do tell!"

"Now, what's marriage but a co-partnership? There'll be you and I, and some day."

"You'll be manager, of course."

"What a sensible girl you are! Do you know what first attracted me to you? It was your good sense. You catch on to anything so quick. We'll be just as happy as two doves, won't we?"

And he drew her to him and gave her a couple of dozen premarital kisses. He is content with one now, and sometimes when he's thinking on other matters even that is perfunctory.

Tom's salary was not large, and the couple had no income except what he earned. The husband had not been an expert on economy, but the wife was a good manager. "I'll just turn over to you," he said, "my salary check each week, and you do all the planning. I shall need very little for my personal expenses, and I can take that as I want it. That's the way they do in business. One man attends to getting the business, another to doing it, while a third looks out for the finances."

"The finance man of the company, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, usually."

"In our case you make the income on which we live, and I attend to its expenditure. In other words, you are head of the firm, and I'm the junior partner."

"I suppose that's the way to look at it."

So Tom turned over the checks each Saturday night to his wife, and, since she was a splendid manager, all went very well. There were no outstanding bills, nothing absolutely needful that was not forthcoming, while a percentage of each week's salary was put away regularly for emergencies, such as doctor's bills, and another amount for a nest egg.

"My dear," said the happy husband "when I run a big business I'll want you for my financial manager. I could make money in any enterprise with you to handle the cash."

"And isn't it nice," replied the wife, "that you can feel that you're the head of the house?"

"I'll admit," said Tom thoughtfully, "that it is. No man likes to feel that he must be obedient to a woman."

It was a few days after this remark that Tom needed a pair of gloves. Susie told him to go to her box, where she kept the household moneys, and get what he needed. There was nothing smaller than a five dollar bill. He took it, expecting to return the change. Unfortunately, during the day an old chum that he hadn't seen for years came in to see him. Tom took him out to lunch and when he went home returned \$3 to the cash box instead of \$4. The result was that when Tom gave his wife the marital kiss she smelled beer. She said nothing, but after he had deposited the balance of the cash she went to the drawer and found it a dollar short.

"Tom," she said, "how much did you take from the box this morning?"

"A fiver. There was nothing smaller."

"How much did your gloves cost?"

"A dollar."

"That leaves \$4 to go back. Have you put it all in?"

"All, except a dollar."

"What became of that?"

"Well, you see, Pete Hathaway came to town today, and I took him out to lunch with me."

The look on Mrs. Atherton's face was lowering, but she said nothing. There was a silent dinner between them, after which Tom said:

"Susie, I wish you'd get that look off your face. It's all because I spent a dollar today—a miserable, single dollar—and that entertaining an old friend I haven't seen for several years."

"Who authorized you to spend a dollar for such a purpose?"

"Who authorized me? Am I accountable to you for the money I spend?"

"I thought I was to be the financial manager of our firm."

"So you are, so you are, but am I not the head of the concern?"

"Of course you are! But that dollar you spent today I intended for another purpose."

"What purpose?"

"I had just enough with it to buy our Sunday provisions. Now we'll have to eat canned salmon for Sunday dinner."

That was the beginning, a new light breaking in on Tom's brain. His wife's management of their affairs was so excellent, produced such beneficial results that he became more of a slave to her every day. True, there was a profit in it, but Tom was a man, and the same. "Somebody once declared," he says, "that he didn't care who made a nation's laws so long as he could write its songs. My wife doesn't care who makes the money for the family so long as she discharges it. Head of the house be hanged! I have to account to her for every penny I spend."

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

C. S. Caldwell, Plaintiff, vs. James F. Reinsmith, et al., Defendants.

Notice by Publication.

To James F. Reinsmith, non-resident defendant, you are hereby notified that on the 27th day of February, 1914, the plaintiff herein filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you, implored with others, the object and prayer of such petition is to foreclose a mortgage executed by Carl S. Prime and Maud L. Prime, on the 15th day of May, 1910, to J. H. Sherwood, for the sum of \$500.00 with interest in the following described land, to-wit: The east half of the northwest quarter of section thirty (30), township fifteen (15), north, range twenty-seven (27), west of the 6th P. M., containing 80 acres, which note and mortgage was sold, assigned and delivered to the plaintiff herein.

Plaintiff prays for foreclosure of said mortgage and for general equitable relief.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, April 27th, 1914, or your default will be taken and judgment rendered in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

Dated March 7, 1914.

J. H. SHERWOOD, JR., Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

In the Matter of the Adoption of Albert Leroy, a minor child.

All persons will take notice that on the 19th day of February, 1914, Maudie Nickerson filed her petition for the adoption of said Albert Leroy, and that on the same day, Pearl Lusk, parent of said Albert Leroy, filed her relinquishment and consent to the proposed adoption of said Albert Leroy by said Maudie Nickerson. That said matter will be heard by the county court at the county court room in said county on the 26th day of April, 1914, at the hour of 9 o'clock, a. m., at which time and place objections to said proposed adoption will be heard. It is further ordered that service of this notice be filed by publication of the same once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Semi-Weekly Tribune, a newspaper printed and published in said county.

Witness my hand and official seal this 26th day of February, 1914.

(SEAL) JOHN GRANT, County Judge.

Notice of Election.

Notice is hereby given to the electors of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, that the mayor and city council of the said city of North Platte, Nebraska, have provided by resolution for the submission to a direct vote of the voters of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, an ordinance entitled:

"An ordinance, granting to Willis Todd, his heirs, successors or assigns, for and during the term of twenty-five years upon the conditions hereinafter stated, the right and privilege to use the streets, avenues, alleys, public highways, public grounds and public places of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, to install, erect, construct, acquire, maintain and operate in said city of North Platte, a plant, or plants for the production, manufacture, distribution and sale of electric current, light power, and heat, and gas; and to install poles, conductors, wires, conduits, pipes, mains, services and all other apparatus and appurtenances and other necessary structures over, on and under the streets, avenues, alleys, public highways, public grounds and public places of said city for the purpose of transmitting, transporting, selling and supplying electric current, light, power, and heat, and gas to said city and its inhabitants; fixing and prescribing the terms and conditions of said grant; and providing for the purchase by the city of North Platte of said electric gas plant, or plants; and providing rates, penalties and forfeitures."

And by virtue of the power in me vested, I hereby call an election on said ordinance submitted, to be held at the regular election of the city of North Platte, on the 7th day of April, 1914. The voting places for said election shall be as follows:

1st ward, in the entrance of the old opera house on the corner of Pine and Sixth streets and known as the Lloyd opera house.

2nd ward, in the County Commissioners' Room on the 2nd floor of the county court house.

3rd ward, in the Hose house on Pine street, between 6th and Front streets.

4th ward, in the Hose house in said ward.

Those voting in favor of the adoption of said ordinance shall mark their ballot with an X opposite the words,

"For adoption of an ordinance granting to Willis Todd, his heirs, successors or assigns, for and during the term of twenty-five years upon the conditions hereinafter stated, the right and privilege to use the streets, avenues, alleys, public highways, public grounds and public places of the City of North Platte, Nebraska, to install, erect, construct, acquire, maintain and operate in said City of North Platte, a plant, or plants, for the production, manufacture, distribution and sale of electric current, light, power, and heat, and gas; and to install poles, conductors, wires, conduits, pipes, mains, services and all other apparatus and appurtenances and other necessary structures over, on and under the streets, avenues, alleys, public highways, public grounds and public places of said City for the purpose of transmitting, transporting, selling and supplying electric current, light, power and heat, and gas to said City and its inhabitants; fixing and prescribing the terms and conditions of said grant; and providing for the purchase by the City of North Platte of said electric and gas plant, or plants; and providing rates, penalties and forfeitures."

Those voting against the adoption of said ordinance, shall mark their ballot with an X opposite the words,

"Against adopting an ordinance granting to Willis Todd, his heirs, successors or assigns, for and during the term of twenty-five years upon the condition hereinafter stated, the right and privilege to use the streets, avenues, alleys, public highways, and public grounds and public places of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, to install, erect, construct, acquire, maintain and operate in said city of North Platte, a plant, or plants, for the production, manufacture, distribution and sale of electric current, light, power and heat, and gas; and to install poles, conductors, wires, conduits, pipes, mains, services and all other apparatus and appurtenances and other necessary structures over, on and under the streets, avenues, alleys, public highways, public grounds and public places of said city for the purpose of transmitting, transporting, selling and supplying electric current, light, power and heat, and gas to said city and its inhabitants; fixing and prescribing the terms and conditions of said grant; and providing for the purchase by the city of North Platte of said electric and gas plant, or plants; and providing rates, penalties and forfeitures."

Copies of said ordinance may be obtained at the office of the City Clerk at the Odd Fellows' building on the southwest corner of 5th and Dewey streets in the city of North Platte, Nebraska.

C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.

(Seal)

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

The State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, In the Matter of the Estate of Charles F. Idings, Deceased.

I, John Grant, County Judge of Lincoln County, in the State of Nebraska, hereby notify all persons having claims and demands against the estate of the said Charles F. Idings, deceased, that I have set and appointed the following days for the reception, examination and adjustment of said claims and demands as provided by law, at the county court room in the court house in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: The 1st day of April, 1914, and the 2nd day of Oct., 1914, at said time and place and duly present their said claims and demands in the manner required by law, or show cause for not so doing. And in case of any of said claims not being presented by the 23rd day of October, 1914, the same shall be forever barred. It is further ordered that notice of said claims and demands be given by publication of this notice for four successive weeks in the North Platte Tribune, a newspaper printed and published in said county of Lincoln.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and official seal this 26th day of February, 1914.

(SEAL) JOHN GRANT, County Judge.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein L. C. Severns is plaintiff and Chris Rasmussen and E. P. Rasmussen are defendants, and to me directed I will on Thursday, the 27th day of April, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property: Nine (9) Townships (T. 15 N., R. 24 W.) of Section Twenty-eight (28) west of the 6th P. M. Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Neb., March 9, 1914.

(SEAL) A. J. SALSBERY, Sheriff.