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 lamplight 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 women from whom his duenna 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 quieted 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 soothing 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 lamplight 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.

A CIPHER DISPATCH

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

We were hemmed in between two different Confederate forces, and if they should make a simultaneous attack upon us they would crush us. But communication between the two was difficult since we were in a valley with high mountains on either side, and, realizing that we must keep our enemies apart, we threw out a line of pickets on either side of us extending as far up the mountain as a passage was possible.

I was in command of about 800 men. My information was that the force southwest of us consisted of about 600, and that on the northeast of us numbered about 1,000 men. It was evident that if compelled to fight one of these forces in our front and another in our rear there would be nothing left of us. If the Confederate commander south of us, Colonel B., had been as enterprising as he should have been and attacked us doubtless the force to the north, hearing his guns, would have joined in the fight. But the colonel seemed to prefer a certainty and sent one courier after another to Major L., ordering him to attack us on a specified day and hour. Every one of these couriers we captured. One bore a message in writing. The others either carried no messages or, if they did, managed to get away with them without our knowing it.

Finally we were reduced to our last ration—we had only three days' rations to start with—and even if not attacked we must soon surrender. When I was contemplating asking for terms my pickets sent in to me a negro who had been caught trying to steal through the lines far up on the mountain. He was as stupid looking a man as I ever saw, and my surmise that he was not shamming proved correct. Indeed, it was probable that he had been selected to do the work he was intrusted with because he was so stupid that he would not likely be taken for the bearer of an important message from one officer to another.

I directed that he be searched and anything found on him be brought to me. My orderly, who did the searching, brought me a pocketknife, a small piece of tobacco and a dirty piece of paper that proved to be a receipt for 27 cents paid for chicken feed. I threw the paper down as unworthy of attention, but took it up again and, getting more light on it, noticed certain marks on it in pencil that looked as if a newly hatched chicken had been walking over it. These tracks were on two lines on the back of the receipt, the one on the upper edge of the paper, the other lower down. I confess I was much puzzled by them. I called in several of my officers and asked if they could make anything out of them. Lieutenant Budd suggested that they might be parts of letters. This view was soon voted correct by the rest of us. But of what letters they were parts we did not know and made no headway in discovering.

Budd said that if I would let him take the paper to his tent he would try to study the matter out. I gave him permission, and in an hour he returned with the puzzle solved. The paper had been wrapped about a round stick, probably a ruler for line making, and a message had been written where the upper edge had overlapped, half of each letter being on the edge and half on the paper over which the edge lapped. When adjusted on a stick like the one on which the message had been written it was perfectly plain. When the paper was unrolled the upper parts of the letters were separated from the lower parts. The message was addressed to Major L. and read thus:

Attack the force south of you at dawn on Tuesday next. When I hear your guns I will take the enemy in rear.

I was delighted with the information I had received, and it occurred to me that I might turn it to account. Might I not rub out the message and write another one in its place? The negro had undoubtedly been given the message and shown how it was to be deciphered, but probably he couldn't read it himself and did not know what it was. I directed Budd to test the man's capacity to read and he reported that he didn't know one letter from another. This decided me. I resolved to send Major L. orders of my own choosing in Colonel B.'s name. Rolling the message on the stick, I wrote the following:

March on receipt of this southeastward through the pass directly in your rear and join me at R., whence our commands proceed to Richmond.

I signed the colonel's name to the message and sent for the negro. I asked him a number of questions as to where and why he was going north and why he didn't come to me for a pass instead of trying to steal through my lines. He told a pitiful story about a sick wife and starving children, and, pretending to be moved by it, I handed him back his knife, his tobacco and his receipt and told Budd to see him through the lines.

When the next morning my mountain pickets reported that the enemy to the north of us had moved through the pass as I had directed, I was delighted with the success of the scheme. I directed that a feint be made by a small part of my command on the Confederates south of us, and while it was going on marched the main force out of the trap, to be followed by the others. So by turning the enemy's trick on himself I saved my force and myself.

His Angel

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Good morning, Delia."

"Good morning, Margaret."

"I see you have a letter in your hand. I suppose it's for Howard?"

"It is."

"It's breaking your engagement with him maybe?"

"No, it isn't. Why do you think that?"

"Can it be that you haven't heard what every one else knows?"

"What's that?"

"I supposed, of course, you knew it or I wouldn't have said anything."

"Heard what? For heaven's sake, stop this fooling and tell me what you're talking about!"

"Why, they say Howard is engaged to a girl in Akerville, where he lives."

"Who says it?"

"It's common talk."

There was silence for a few moments. Then Delia said: "Yes, I know all about it. I am going to write Howard what I think of him."

She passed on, but instead of going directly to the postoffice she went to her home by a roundabout course and, sitting at her writing desk, wrote Howard Benjamin a letter of a different kind entirely from the one she had intended to post.

In a couple of days Mr. Benjamin was announced. Delia had had time to at least cool down and wished that she might have taken more time in the writing of the letter she had sent him. As she remembered it, her feelings had run away with her. She was surprised that Howard should have come to see her after having received it, but supposed he had come to return her letters and demand his own.

To her surprise Howard advanced to meet her as she entered the room with his customary smile, took her in his arms and kissed her. She blushed to think of the disagreeable things she had written him, wondering the while whether he had received her letter or whether there was any truth in the reports as to his inconstancy. She was much puzzled.

"I came down for the week end, sweetheart, to be with you," he said. "I couldn't stand to be separated from you any longer without one kiss." He gave her a dozen. "But how cold your hands are! Is there anything the matter with you?"

"Oh, no; I'm very well! I'm so glad you've come."

Delia trembled lest this were preliminary to an announcement of his defection and his contempt for her on account of her complaint, just to make it more effective. But as her lover went on in the usual strain, interrupted only by an occasional kiss, she became gradually reassured as to the falsity of the reports that had reached her. But her letter—Howard must have come away just before its delivery. She dreaded to have him go back and get it. What would he think of her, he who had assured her time and again that she was an angel, better fitted for heaven than this wicked world?

Howard left his sweetheart thoroughly convinced of his constancy, but in terror at his returning to receive the imprecations she had written. Every time the postman left any mail she went to the delivery box with dread and grasped the letters with a trembling hand. It was several days before she received a missive from her lover, and when she did she was afraid to open it. She took it to her room, and, after taking it up and putting it down several times, she broke the seal.

It began by stating that to make up work left undone, to visit her, he had been busy day and night since his return. Then he went on to speak of those happy hours they had spent together and how he could count the days till he would see her again. Not a word about that horrible letter of hers. What could it mean? Had he received it, and was he too high minded, too generous, too magnanimous to take advantage of it, knowing that it had been written under a false impression?

In a few weeks he came again, and this time Delia felt sure that he would speak of the subject that troubled her. She wished he would and have it over with. But he did not. He was just as affectionate and kind and loving as ever and evidently still considered her an angel.

Weeks passed and Delia began to believe that her letter had miscarried. She inquired of the postman as to where undelivered letters were taken, and he told her they all were sent to the dead letter office in Washington. Letters misdirected or unclaimed or without stamps were to be found in the dead letter office. Delia wrote there and received a card stating that the letter she had written about was there unstamped, and if she would send 2 cents it would be sent her.

When the letter came Delia found that she had been so angered that she had not written her address on it and had neglected to put a stamp on it. She began to read it; but, coming to that which now in her cooler moments she was ashamed of, she tore it into bits and threw the bits into the fire.

When Howard came again he noticed a change in his fiancee. The cloud that had been resting upon her had been lifted.

"My angel!" he said.

"Oh, please don't," she protested, burying her burning cheek on his bosom.

The Chautauqua Puts Your Town on the Map

THE live boosters of this town are backing the Chautauqua. The fact that we are to have a Chautauqua proves that we have boosters.

Chautauqua time centers the thought of the whole surrounding country upon the town.

The Redpath-Horner advertising campaign puts the name of the town before the eyes of thousands.

The presence of the Chautauqua makes the town the center of an influx of people for a week.

The work of successfully boosting together for Chautauqua reveals to the business men of the town how easy it is to achieve big results by working in harmony.

Once the habit of pulling together is formed there is nothing a town can't do.

The Chautauqua increases human knowledge, human experience and human happiness. It puts people, as well as towns, on the map.

Something About Government Ownership

No. 6

Considerable has been said about government ownership of telephones—about its efficiency and low cost of service.

Every government owned telephone system considers the Bell System as a standard, uses the Bell operating methods and either uses Bell apparatus or copies it.

Yet there is not another system in the world that gives an approximation to the facilities that the Bell System gives, or gives as good or as cheap service on the same basis of accounting, franchise conditions and wages paid.

The reason is that there is no such a thing as economical government administration; that low cost of government operated utilities is, as a rule, due to lack of quality, or to the fact that deficits of operation are being supplied out of the public treasury.

Bell Telephone Service Has Set the Standard for the Rest of the World.

NEBRASKA TELEPHONE COMPANY

MICA AXLE GREASE

Makes Hard Roads Easy

The Mica's the Reason

Eureka Harness Oil will Keep Your Harness Black, Soft and Strong

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEBRASKA) OMAHA

Cattle and Hogs WANTED.

Sell your Cattle and Hogs to

Julius Mogensen, No. Platte.

Hgihest cash prices paid. Office open day and night in North Side Barn. First class horse and auto livery in connection.

Phone No. 29.

The North Side Feed Barn HAS FOR SALE

GRAIN OF ALL KINDS, Bran, Shorts, Baled Alfalfa, Hay, Good Seed Potatoes.

Goods promptly delivered.

Our terms are cash.

TELEPHONE No. 29

LEGAL NOTICE.

Oliver P. Braugh, otherwise Oliver P. Stokes, and Sarah Braugh, non-resident defendants, will take notice that action has been begun in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, by Herman Koester, the object and prayer of which said action are to quiet and confirm in the plaintiff against the defendants title in the following described lands situate in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to-wit: The Northwest quarter of Section 29, Township 10, Range 30, west of the 6th P. M. To have established in plaintiff title by adverse possession by reason of the open, continuous, notorious and adverse possession of said described lands by the plaintiff for more than ten years last past.

You and each of you will make answer to said petition on or before the 29th day of June, 1914, or decree will be taken against you as in said petition prayed,

HERMAN KOESTER, Plaintiff.
By E. H. Evans, his Attorney. m19-4

NOTICE

Alex Gitsantry, will take notice, that on the 29th day of April 1914, P. H. Sulivan, a justice of the Peace, of North Platte Precint No 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of $24.78 in an action pending before him, wherein Peter Galanos is plaintiff and Alex Gitsantry, defendant, that property consisting of money, in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 29th day of June 1914, at ten o'clock a. m.

Peter Galanos, Plaintiff.
North Platte, Nebr. May 18th, 1914.

NOTICE.

Phillip Konton, will take notice, that on the 29th day of April, 1914, P. H. Sullivan, a Justice of Peace, of North Platte Precint No 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of $18.54 in an action pending before him, wherein Peter Galanes is plaintiff and Phillip Konton, defendant, that property consisting of money, in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order.

Said cause was continued to the 29th day of June, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m.

Peter Galanos, Plaintiff.
North Platte, Nebr. May 18th 1914.

In the District Court of the United States within and for the District of Nebraska, Hastings Division.

In the Matter of Albert A. Bushee, Bankrupt, in bankruptcy. } Case 54

ORDER OF SALE.

In pursuance to an order of sale in the United States Court, in the matter of A. A. Bushee, bankrupt, entered at Hastings, Nebraska, April 18th, 1914, Hon. Gus Norberg, Referee in Bankruptcy, acting,

IT IS ORDERED that the following lands, tenements and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and specifically described as follows: All of Section Twenty-five (25), all of Section Thirty-five (35), and Southeast Quarter (SE¼) of Section Twenty-six (26), all in Township Fifteen (15) North, Range Thirty (30) West of the 6th P. M., in Lincoln county, Nebraska, be offered for sale and sold to the highest bidder or bidders at public auction; said sale to take place at the front door of the court house in North Platte, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 13th day of June, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day. Terms cash.

Dated May 5, 1914.

FRANK NANCE,
Trustee in Bankruptcy.
M. A. Hartigan, Hastings, Neb.,
Attorney for the Estate.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 2nd day of May, 1913, and duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 5th day of May, 1913, and executed by G. S. Hall and H. E. Utterback to International Harvester Company of America (a corporation) to secure payment of the sum of $463.00, and there is now due the sum of $463.00 and interest, and default having been made in payment of said sum, therefore.

We will sell the property therein described, to-wit: One hay press with 6 h. p. gasoline engine attached, International Harvester Company make, one 2-wheel hay sweep, one 5-foot Deering mower, one 10-foot Deering rake, one 14-inch stirring plow, one set of work harness, at public auction, for cash at the livery barn of Ben E. Layton, in the town of Maxwell, Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 6th day of June, 1914, at 1 o'clock, p. m. of said day.

Dated this 6th day of May, 1914.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA,
By O. R. Chase, Agent. m12

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 Robert F. Burnett is plaintiff and Samuel A. Thomas is defendant, and to me directed, I will on the 13th day of June, 1914, at 2 o'clock p.m. at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interests and costs, the following described, property, to-wit: Southwest quarter of Section Four in Township Twelve, Range Thirty-four west of the Sixth P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Nebr., May 11th, 1914.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

LEGAL NOTICE

Harry L. Weaver, Mrs. Harry L. Weaver, hi, wife, first and real name unknown, and F. H Kilmer, defendants, will take notice that on the 24th day of April, 1914, Jane M. Grant, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebratka, against said defendants; the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage, executed by one C. D. Glover, and Mary F. Glover, his wife, to Wm. Wallace, upon the East One-half (E½) of the Southwest Quarter (SW¼) and the West One-half [W½] of the Southeast Quarter [SE¼] of Section Thirty-Two [32], in Township Sixteen [16], North of Range Twenty-Seven (27), west of the Sixth P. M. in Lincoln county, Nebraska; which mortgage was given to secure the payment af one promissory note, dated October 21, 1910, for the sum of $700.00, due and payable in five years from the date thereof, together with intarest at six per cent per annum. That the interest upon said note and mortgage which became due on the 21st day of October, 1913, is unpaid, and the taxes assessed against said real estate for the years 1911 to 1913, are due and unpaid, and plaintiff elects, as he may under the conditions of his moregage to declare the whole amount due, and that there is now due $763.00 together with interest.

That the above named plaintiff is now the owner and holder of said note and mortgage, and that the defendant, Harry L. Weaver is the owner of said real estate, and Mrs. Harry L. Weaver is his wife, and the defendant F. H. Kilver claims some interest in said mortgaged premises by reason of a mortgage upon the same for the sum of $1,000.00. Plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the note and mortgage, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and to bar the defendants of all right, title and interest in the mortgaged premises.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 22nd day of June, 1914.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1914.

12- JANE E. GRANT, Plaintiff