

## A TIMID GIRL

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Miranda Jones was the timidest creature I ever knew. Whenever there was a sign of danger she would collapse. In a thunderstorm she would go upstairs, get on a bed and tremble like a leaf till it was all over. If any one talked of robbers she would listen with wide open eyes and soon get into a shiver. So much terror did she show at imaginary dangers that everybody said if anything really happened she would go all to pieces. Something did happen one day, and this is what it was and how Miranda acted.

Miranda was a very good looking girl, and I would have fancied her if she had had more grit. I'm a practical sort of fellow, and it never seemed to me that I wanted a wife who, if I left her alone for an hour and a peddler or a tramp came along, would be scared to death. I would always be worrying about her till I got back to her. Still I always had a liking for Miranda, and the principal part of it was that I felt very sure she had a decided liking for me.

But, as I was saying, this is what happened: One day all the Jones family was invited to go over to spend the day with Deneon Wirts' folks. Miranda had a headache or something and thought she wouldn't go. The rest of them went off in the wagon after the morning chores were done and were to be back about 5 o'clock. How they dared leave her all alone in a farmhouse with no neighbor nearer than a mile I don't know. Miranda told me they were going, and I kind of thought she fancied I might happen along while they were gone, and I might do a little courting.

The family hadn't been gone very long before a man came down the road and when he got to the house turned in at the well for a drink of water. As he was pulling up the bucket and drinking out of the gourd he kept a lookout on the house. It must have looked pretty quiet and as if there wasn't anybody there. When he got through drinking he went to the house, opened the door and walked in.

The only way to get the rest of the story was from Miranda herself, so there's no use in telling whether she acted brave or cowardly. She said she wanted to run across the fields, but she didn't dare do so because she was afraid the man would kill her while she was running. The truth is, when her grandmother died she had left Miranda \$500 the old lady had saved during a period of many years. It was in quarters, dimes, nickels and cents, and in the same wooden stocking the grandmother had kept it. Miranda, in seeking a safe place for it, had hit on the big chimney. She had climbed up in it, found a loose brick, taken it out, put in the stocking and covered it with a part of the brick, protecting it from fire and concealing the place where she kept it.

I remembered what Miranda had said about the folks going away, though I hadn't said I'd go over. After dinner, the weather being fine and the driving good, I allowed I'd harness up my mare, run over and ask her to go for a drive. It's four miles from our farm to theirs, and I jogged along, thinking of the drive I was going to have and wondering what Miranda was doing there all by herself. When I got pretty near the house I saw her sitting on the stepping platform in front of the house. A moment after I first saw her she got up and raised a gun she held in her hands and pointed it as though she was going to shoot a bird off the top of the chimney.

"Well, I'll be dod rotted," I said to myself, "if that isn't the queerest sight I ever saw—Miranda daring to use a gun!"

I drove right up to her, and as I did so I glanced at the chimney top to see the bird she was trying to get a shot at when I was flabbergasted at seeing a man's head pop up above the bricks. Then Miranda, seeing me, dropped the gun and fell in a faint.

It didn't require more than a few seconds to take in the situation. Miranda had a man up the chimney. Who he was or how she got him there didn't concern me just then. Leaving her on the grass to come to herself when she got ready, I picked up the gun. Then I called to the man to show himself. He did so, and I asked for an explanation.

"That gal," he said, "has got the devil in her. I might as well confess that. Finding her alone, I told her if she didn't tell me where the family kept their money I'd kill her. She said they kept it up the chimney. I went up after it, and she barricaded the fireplace with heavy furniture so I couldn't get out that way, and when I climbed up to get out this way she was watching me with a gun. I'm glad you've come along. I'm nearly dead in this cramped place. I've been here nearly three hours."

"Well, that's the end of the story. I told the man to come down (he wasn't armed). Miranda came to herself, and, instead of taking a pleasure drive, I drove the man to the county seat and turned him over. I married Miranda. I thought after what she'd done I might depend upon no one getting any cash I might leave with her when I was away.

Since we've been married I have had but one chance to see how Miranda will act in presence of danger. A mouse came out of its hole; she shrieked and got on a chair.

**Tonic of Outdoor Life.**  
Outdoor life, contact with the earth, the digging, the wheeling of a barrow, even the quiet contemplation of unfolding animal and plant life, are better tonics and restorers than any man has devised.

There was one gardener who did wonders for himself at the very prosaic task of digging holes. Through a period of three years he dug 100 holes for trees and shrubs. He was three times as strong, he asserted, at the expiration of that time than ever before, and he weighed twenty pounds more. The improvement in his attitude toward life was too great to estimate.

During all that time he had been working in the open air he had "found"—although this particular gardener was no poet, and didn't express it in just this fashion—"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything," including himself.—New York Post.

### Didn't Watch His Watch.

In a subway crowd not long ago a New York man was "touched" for his watch. The watch was not intrinsically valuable, but the New York man wanted it back for sentimental reasons and inserted divers advertisements in the papers offering \$50 for the return of the watch and "no questions asked."

The "dip" who had "lifted" the watch saw the advertisements and concluded to take the \$50. He called on the New York man, handed him the timepiece and demanded the reward.

The owner of the watch was only too happy to give it to him. After examining the watch he returned it to his pocket and handed over five ten-dollar bills. The "dip" pocketed the money and departed. There was little said.

A few minutes later the New York man reached for his watch.

But it was gone.—New York Tribune.

### Restfulness of Flowers.

Flowers in the home divert the mind and rest the weary eyes of the housewife and mother.

A bouquet in the sickroom aids in keeping the mind off the disease and often starts the brain on a new channel of thought that puts the patient on the road to recovery.

Flowers in the office or on the desk of the weary clerk or stenographer will produce such a telling effect that by actual comparison more work is accomplished by those whose eyes and brains are rested by the presence of those gifts from nature.

Artists visit the parks and gardens to study the flowers, and their orbs are wonderfully toned up by the refreshing glimpses of the colors in nature, and no artist has ever been successful who does not study colors in the beautiful flowers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Bad Disease.

A well known railroad president once took occasion to visit a small southern town to enjoy the excellent fishing near by. He carefully concealed his identity and was consequently snubbed by a "leading citizen" with whom he attempted to strike up a conversation on the banks of the stream. When leaving he secured the services of an aged black to carry his things from the hotel to the depot. There the departing visitor caught sight of the man who had given him the cold shoulder. "Poor Smith!" he said, smiling amusedly. "Suffering from an aggravated attack of egotism." "Dat so?" said Uncle Silas in surprise, following his gaze. "He done lived here more'n twenty years an' Ah never knowed afore dat he wuz allin'!"—Argonaut.

### Bless the Baby.

Bless this little heart, this white soul that has won the kiss of heaven for our earth.

He loves the light of the sun, he loves the sight of his mother's face.

He has not learned to despise the dust and to hanker after gold.

Clasp him to your heart and bless him.

He has come into this land of a hundred crossroads.

I know not how he chose you from the crowd, came to your door and grasped your hand to ask his way.

He will follow you, laughing and talking and not a doubt in his heart.

Keep his trust, lead him straight and bless him.—From "The Crescent Moon," by Rabindranath Tagore.

### Fox Fire.

Fox fire generally appears on a white oak stump which has decayed from within, so that the whole interior glows like a crucible. At times it seems to vibrate and change like the northern lights on a small scale, but it is difficult to be sure of this.—"A Farmer's Notebook."

### Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."—Philadelphia Press.

### Mean.

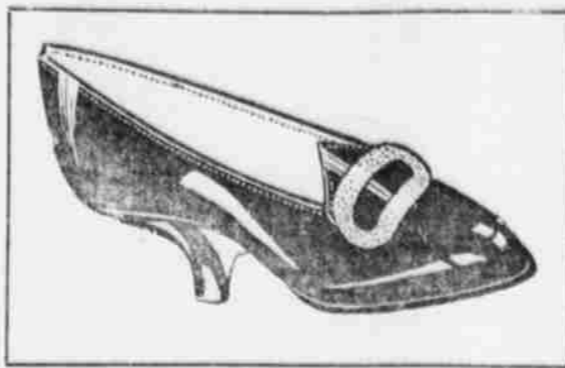
Burton—Mean man, isn't he? Robinson—Mean? He's capable of going into a barber's shop for a shave and then getting his hair cut just to keep other people waiting.

### India's Dry Period.

In India the skies are practically cloudless from February to May, and dryness gradually develops into parching heat.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.

# I Have Punctured the Tire of Inflated Prices.



Specials in white Buck Boots  
**\$1.95**



## LADIES! DO YOU WANT

Patent Coloneal Pumps  
Patent Tango Pumps  
Patent Baby Doll Pumps  
Patent 2 or 4-strap Pumps  
Satin Gaby Heel Pumps  
Satin Baby Doll Pumps.

Dull Kid Coloneal Pumps  
Dull Kid 2 or 4-Strap Pumps  
Dull Kid Button of Lace Oxfords  
Gun Metal Bulgarian Sandals  
Gun Metal Rubber Soled Oxfords  
Patent Cleopatra Pumps

or white in Oxfords, Pumps, strap effects. White heels in Linen Pumps, etc.  
My price is not \$5.00 and \$4.00

## \$2.45 and \$2.95

# Harry's Shoe Shop,

New Building and Loan Building.

## Dr. Fred J. Wurtele

Has moved to his new quarters in the Building and Loan Association Building.

### Episcopal Vestry Plan Improvements

A full meeting of the vestry of the Episcopal church was held Monday evening and some measures of great civic interest were discussed. Among them were the organization of a branch of the associated charities and the improvement of the church property. Plans were discussed and a unanimous vote was cast for the organization of the charity organization and for the improvement of the property.

The resolution passed in regard to the charity organization was to the effect that inasmuch as there is no civic organization it has been brought to the minds of many of the people of the city that charity work is characterized by much overlapping and that for this reason the people of the city are imposed upon. Dean J. J. Bowker was instructed by those present to confer with the clergy of the city and ask their co-operation for organizing a branch of the Associated Charities, a national organization, and recommend the proposition to the city. He will interview each minister of the city and get their opinion as to the advisability of this plan and something definite will undoubtedly be done in the near future.

Definite action was taken in regard to the improvement of the church and it was voted to advertise for bids in the near future for the building of a basement under the church. This basement is to be fitted up for Sunday school rooms, a Guild room and it will also be equipped with a modern heating plant for the basement and the main building. The church will also be overhauled and painted and generally repaired.

### Minstrels Make a Big Hit

The Busby's Minstrels, under the management of J. M. Busby, were here last night and their fine large tent was crowded with people who enjoyed the entertainment. They have a good band, and give a clean show. Mr. Busby is a gentlemanly fellow and his performers are colored people who behave well out of the tent and their acting in the tent is all that is claimed for it. It is worth the money if you enjoy laughing, and who does not? This Minstrel Company will get a large attendance when they return for another engagement.—LaCrosse Republican, North Platte June 22nd.

### Local and Personal.

J. C. Hollman left Wednesday for points in Iowa where he will make a short visit with relatives and friends. Mrs. Hollman is now visiting in Iowa.

If you have not already procured one of Temple's hail insurance policies do not delay longer. Phone the office.

L. Lipschitz, the local junk dealer, was called to Omaha by a telegram announcing that his wife was very low in one of the hospitals in that city. Mrs. Lipschitz was taken to Omaha some time ago for an operation and she had several poor results.

Florence L. Tillotson was given a decree of divorce from Henry Tillotson in the district court Tuesday afternoon. The parties live in the Birdwood vicinity and Mrs. Tillotson sued for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. Attorney W. V. Hoagland appeared for the plaintiff.

Mrs. H. J. Handley left Wednesday for her new home in Ravenna. Miss Tillie Kosbau, who was formerly employed at Dickey's bakery, will have charge of the Gem Candy Kitchen for the time being. She resigned last week at Dickey's and accepted the position for Mr. Handley in The Gem.

A meeting of the building committee of the Lutheran church was held Sunday afternoon and they began work on plans for the raising of the building fund for the new church. It was voted to enlarge the committee to twelve instead of eight and they will meet again next Sunday afternoon to organize and get ready to work. A very prosperous condition in the church is reported and they expect to have the fund raised in the course of a short time.

The Lutherans at a recent church meeting voted to increase the salary of their pastor, C. B. Harmon \$200 a year. This was done to express appreciation of the pastor's faithfulness and to express the desire of the congregation that the present harmonious relationship be continued. This action imposes no added burden upon the people for the money for the year's increase is already in the treasury as well as the needed pledges for the future. It will soon be five years since the present pastor took charge of the work here.

### F. J. DIENER & Co.

Real Estate and Insurance.  
Come and see us for town lots in different parts of the city. Good investments on easy terms. Houses for sale and rent. We have also good bargains in farms and ranches.  
Cor. Front and Dewey Sts. upstairs.

### Final Meter Notice.

July 1st, 1914 being the beginning of the new quarter, all water services must be on meter by that date. All meters should be installed by June 22, 1914, in order that any leaks on service pipes may be discovered and repaired before consumer begins paying for water at meter rates, as after July 1st, 1914, all water passing through meters must be paid for at regular meter rates.

The water department has given notice through the papers and in person that in accordance with the water ordinance consumers must be on meter by July 1st 1914 and has given everyone time to have any necessary changes made and get meters installed.

On Monday, June 22, 1914 an inspection of all services will be made, a list prepared of all unmetered services and the city will then proceed at once and without any further notice, to install meters in tile in the parkings on all unmetered services. Consumers, therefore, desiring to have their meters installed in hydrant boxes or basements should have them installed by above date or notify the water office to install meter for them. If the consumer prefers any particular plumber the city will see that the plumber you prefer does the work, providing the water office is notified in advance.

HERSEY S. WELCH,  
Water Commissioner.  
Dated June 16th, 1914. 42-2

### Notice.

For the accommodation of patients in and out of the city, I have opened a hospital for the treatment of medical, surgical and confinement cases. This hospital will be known as the "Nurse Brown Memorial."

John S. Twinem, M. D.,  
Manager.  
Mrs. Sterling, Graduate Nurse.  
1008 West Fourth Street,  
North Platte, Nebr.

### Notice

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the North Platte Cemetery association will be held in the basement of the Library building, in the city of North Platte, at eight o'clock p. m., July 1st, 1914. Every person who has a lot in said cemetery is a member of the association and it is desired that every one come and take such action as will be for the betterment of our cemetery.

T. C. Patterson, Pres.  
W. H. McDonald, Treas.  
Geo. E. French, Secty.

### County Commissioner

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the democratic nomination for the county commissioner for the second district, subject to the decision of the voters at the primary election, and most respectfully solicit your support.

J. D. KELLNER,  
Maxwell Precinct.

It is the PURITY of our ice cream that makes it not only delicious but nourishing. Try it and feel satisfied.

### An Ancient Mariner's Tale.

A solemn man leaned forward as the train approached the seaside resort. "You see that boardin' house over there. I can tell you a funny story about that. I was stayin' there thirty years since, and there was a 'usband and wife there, too—very pleasant people. One day after dinner 'e says to 'er, 'as any 'usband might say to any wife, 'Pass me them boots.' And she says to 'im, 'as any wife might say to any 'usband, 'Get 'em yourself.' And 'e says, 'I'll never ask you for no more boots.'"

"Well, that's all?" asked the victim as the ancient mariner paused for breath.

"No. 'E went out at once and drown'd 'imself in those very boots—a new pair fresh on."

And the ancient mariner was obviously gratified by the sensation which the climax of his funny story produced.—Manchester Guardian.

### The Legs In Swimming.

The correct stroke of the legs is exactly like that of a frog's hind legs. Watch one of these frogs and copy his style. You cannot do better. The legs are drawn up together slowly, not with a jerk, until they are gathered in close under the body. Then with a sudden, quick spring they are shot out behind, the ankles being turned so that the soles of the feet present as flat a surface as possible to the water and so offer more resistance from which to make progress. As the kick is made the legs should be spread out in the shape of a letter V, but not allowed to sink far down under the surface of the water. If they kick downward at an angle instead of out straight behind much of their energy is wasted in unnecessarily forcing the body out of the water instead of forward.

### Curious Epitaphs.

Old New England graveyards are not the only ones which contain curious epitaphs. The old time dweller of Maine who "died of a falling tree," as his headstone asserts, had a fellow in misfortune in faroff Austria, as is shown by W. A. Baillie-Grohman's "The Tyrol and the Tyrolese."

A wooden slab, painted with the representation of a prostrate tree under which lies a man in spread eagle attitude, bears testimony to the violent death of "Johann Lemberger, aged fifty-two and three-quarters years. This upright and virtuous youth was squashed by a falling tree."

The record of Michael Gerstner is even more succinct and convincing. He "climbed up, fell down and was dead."

### Baseball Versus Cricket.

We have known only one big league ball player to partake both of baseball and cricket as a pastime. He was the late Harry Vaughn, who played cricket in his early English days and later on became one of the star catchers of the Cincinnati Reds. Remember Rhines and Vaughn?

We asked Vaughn one day what he regarded as the main difference between baseball and cricket.

His answer was the keenest we have ever heard to this query. "The main difference," he replied, "might be summed up in the difference between the war cries of the two sports—between 'Well tried, old top,' and 'Slide, you bonehead, slide!'—Collier's.