

WHAT CAME OF A LARK

By OSCAR COX

"If I were to lose my fortune," said Frank Atwood to his friend, Ned Colby, at the Athenaeum club, "do you know what I'd do?"

"What?"

"I'd hire out for a chauffeur."

"You'd have to make it a chauffeur. There are no coachmen any more."

"There are a few. I have no fancy for a machine, but I love a horse."

"If there were any young women in the family there'd be one of these secret marriages that we see so often mentioned in the newspapers, followed by the customary annulment or divorce."

"Oh, no, there wouldn't!"

"I'll bet you there would."

"How could we settle such a bet?"

"By putting the matter to practice."

Advise for a position and when you find one with a pretty girl in the family take it. I'll bet you a hundred that within three months you marry the girl."

"That would be interesting, wouldn't it?" said Atwood thoughtfully.

The upshot of this bit of dialogue was that Atwood advertised as suggested and after answering several invitations to call and present credentials, at last found a place where there was the required pretty girl. His credentials were wanting, but fortunately he was able to imitate the Irish brogue and claimed to have just come over from the green isle, where he had been chief hostler for Sir Charles O'Malley. Since his employer was not versed in literature he did not appreciate the absurdity.

The bet stood \$500 even that within three months Atwood would be at least engaged to Miss Bertha Fosdick, daughter of his employer; \$500 more that he would marry her, and \$500 more that he would run away with her.

It would seem that Colby should have received odds on such a wager, and if he had been a real coachman twenty to one would not have been enough. But Frank Atwood was a very attractive young fellow and had a smile that no girl could resist. Miss Fosdick was but seventeen, and it was predicted that when the next year her introduction to society should take place she would prove a heart smasher.

Why parents will allow their daughters to pass under the influence of their drivers is a mystery. From fifteen to twenty is an irresponsible age for a girl, and in nine cases out of ten where the sexes are thrown together without restraint, especially where they are young, a match will be the result. At any rate, Miss Fosdick, being permitted to go out alone driven by the handsome coachman, at once fell under his influence. Atwood, being full of the Old Nick, told her that he was a younger son of an Irish baronet; that the family had been impoverished by the loss of a suit in court and he had been obliged to shift for himself. He had come to America, got stranded and, having always been used to horses, had taken up their handling as a vocation.

Quite likely some of the low born drivers who steal the daughters of their employers tell some such yarn as this. Atwood's conscience did not trouble him because he was an American gentleman with a future, and in his own proper person an excellent match for the young lady. But it served to enlist her sympathies for him, and sympathy is akin to love. She wished to inform her father of what the cabman had told her, but Colby, knowing that such a story going to his employer would result in his being immediately fired, refused permission.

And so the game went on, the handsome coachman driving the pretty Miss Fosdick every pleasant afternoon, and since it was not as pleasant for her to have him perched on the box so far above her she soon came to select a cart to ride in, so that he might sit beside her. Occasionally they would meet some of Atwood's friends, who would stare at him, wondering how any two men could so closely resemble each other as the handsome clubman and this liveried coachman. But Frank would keep his eyes on his horses and brazen it out. On one occasion they met Colby driving with a party of friends, and although Ned, according to agreement, did not give the coachman away, the ordeal was trying.

The outcome of the wager was a compromise. One day Frank Atwood appeared at the club (not in livery) and sat down to lunch with his friend Colby.

"Ned," he said, "what was intended for a lark has turned out seriously. I am going to propose for the hand of Miss Bertha Fosdick and I don't wish the girl I love to be the subject of a bet. I propose that we call the wager off."

Atwood never went back to the Fosdicks in livery. He wrote a long letter to Mr. Fosdick in which he told as much of the truth as it would do to tell, gave him references and asked permission to apply to his daughter for her hand.

It required some time for Mr. Fosdick to be convinced that there was not something wrong about the applicant, but after diligent inquiry he became satisfied that Frank Atwood's social position was excellent and his income ample to support Miss Bertha in the style to which she had been accustomed.

Ned Colby was best man at the wedding.

A Strange Memorial.

From the window of a trolley car on a line that connects several small cities and large villages in central New York the traveler can see a scythe swinging from the limb of a tall tree. To be perfectly accurate, it does not swing any longer, for it has hung there so many years that the tree has grown round it, and now holds it tightly in its place.

In the early days of our own great war a young man was mowing in his father's fields with this scythe. While he worked his thoughts must have been on his country, for suddenly he hung the scythe on the tree with the words, "Hang there until I come back." He had made up his mind to enlist.

He never came back. Like so many other patriotic young men, he gave his life to his country and the gift was accepted. Having heard his words, his parents let no one remove the scythe. Year after year, on the sacred anniversary of his death, his friends have gathered under that tree and kept his memory green. There is probably no other memorial in the world like the hanging scythe.—Youth's Companion.

Perpetual Motion.

A discovery which seems to be the equivalent of perpetual motion was described by Professor Whitehead at a meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He declared that by subjecting a closed coil of lead wire to practically absolute zero temperature, and starting a flow of electricity therein by some external means, Professor Kammerlingh Onnes of Leyden, Germany, succeeded in maintaining a continuous current without the expenditure of energy. To obtain the extremely low temperature necessary to make the experiment a success the coil was immersed in liquid helium. The current was started in the wire by magnetic induction, the flow of electricity persisting, it is declared, for four and one-half hours after the magnetic influence was removed. It was stated that if the experiment had not been terminated when it was the current would probably have continued to flow indefinitely.—Electrical World.

Boots and a Bishop.

The bishop of Yukon says that on one of his longest journeys he and his companions were reduced to eating their sealskin coats. They set out to visit the Eskimos along the Arctic coast and, having accomplished this stage of the journey, hoped to cross the great divide over the Rocky mountains in order to reach Dawson City. The sickness of an Indian guide delayed them, the winter set in earlier than usual, and the travelers had to pass through a region which offered scarcely any game for food. When they began to eat their sealskin boots they had less than two pounds of flour, a little bacon and a handful of rice. The boots they toasted, and the bishop remarked that they found them palatable enough. When they came to eat the tops of the boots the bishop recorded the fact that they were "not as good as the soles."—New York Journal.

Dogs of War.

Dogs have gone to the wars from the earliest times. They barked at the siege of Troy. In those early days, however, they were used as sentinels and for purposes of defense. In the middle ages they attacked. The tracking mission of the Scottish bloodhound has been noted, but the dogs were also used to attack cavalry. For this duty they were clothed in coats of mail studded with spikes and scythes to confuse the horses. And when fire-brands were also attached to the mail the opposing camp looked for fire extinguishers. That these dogs played no mean part in the field is proved by the fact that Henry VIII. offered the Spanish king, Charles V., 40,000 auxiliaries and 4,000 war dogs to help him against Francis I.—London Chronicle.

Criminals Used a Textbook.

The late Sir Howard Vincent, M. P., when head of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, wrote a very comprehensive book for the benefit of young constables. It told them how to act on every possible occasion, from capturing a burglar to consoling a lost child. But, unfortunately, the information it contained as to police methods was equally valuable to criminals, who profited by its tips to such an extent that the book was suppressed, and thenceforth constables were instructed by word of mouth.—London Express.

The Ideal Husband.

"Yes, I may say I have an ideal husband."

"An Apollo for looks, a Chesterfield for manners," thumped the girl.

"Those things don't count in husbands, my dear. Mine stays fairly sober and brings most of his salary home."—Pittsburgh Post.

What Supports Them.

Bili-Switzerland is noted for its scenery, you know. Jill—Yes, but a person can't live on scenery. "Well, the hotel proprietors seem to be doing pretty well at it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fashionable Service.

"My plate is damp."

"Hush," whispered his wife. "That's your soup. They serve small portions at these fashionable affairs."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Lasting Impression.

He—Mrs. Fidget's dinner was a great success, don't you think? She—Yes. Were you there? He—Why, I took you in.—Life.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

An Old Hero's Story

By F. A. MITCHEL

An old Frenchman, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, who had been in America long enough to speak English as he would if it were French, told me this story over a glass of French wine raised in California:

It was in the beginning of the war when the Prussians had not yet conquered the French people and we do not think they will overrun the country and dictate terms of peace in Paris. I was with General le Fevre, who commanded a brigade near the frontier. We have the railroad and the locomotif and ze cars, but when the Prussians cross ze border all ze employees of ze road run away.

In ze evening just before sunset an officer ride up to ze camp of ze Ninety-eighth regiment of ze line and say: "Any of you men locomotif engin' near?"

I have been locomotif engineer before I enlist in ze army, so I shake my hand in ze air. Ze officer he took note and he call for me to come to him. I go with him to General le Fevre's headquarters, and ze general ask me how much I know about locomotif, and after I tell him he say to me:

"I send a thousand men to ze other terminal of zis railroad at once. Ze is one company zere and ze captain telegraph zat ze Prussians are coming to occupy ze high ground zere, but eet he have a thousand men he can hold eet till General Bazaine send a large force. Eet is sixty miles to go, and you must tak ze train zere in leetle more than an hour. Eef you git zere before ze Prussians you may save France. Ze are six or seven miles from ze place and march on foot."

I say, "Yes, general, I tak ze men zere in one hour if ze locomotif will pull it so fast as zat."

It was ver' dark when we start. Ze moon only leetle crescent, nearly gone down. We run from north to south, ze same way as ze border line between France and Prussia. We do not know if ze Prussians haf advanced so far as ze railroad. Eef they haf zey fire into ze train, zey try to throw it off ze track, zey do all zey can to keep us from going on.

My engine ver' good engine, one of ze best of zets kind. I run sixty miles an hour, sometimes more, sometimes less. When I come to ze curves I slow down leetle bit, but make eet up when I have a straight road before me. A few Prussian cavalrymen, ze advance of ze Prussians, have come so far as ze railroad, and zey put obstructions on ze track. Suddenly I look ahead, and see a tree felled on the rails. I reverse, zen shut my eyes to wait for ze smash. Eet does not come, only a leetle bump.

When an engineer runs into ze dark night he feels like Columbus when he sail into ze dark ocean. I nevalre know when I round a curve, but I run into a big rock or some othaire obstruction zat kill me and wreck ze train behind me. I see specter all ze time. Suddenly a great black something seem to spring up on ze track right before me. I reverse, but before I come to a full stop I see zat it ees nothing but a leetle bug which haf fly on ze glass before ze headlight.

All at once I hear a cracking above ze noise of ze train, and bullets whistle through ze cab. Some Prussian horsemen fire zere carbines at us. But zey do leetle damage, nothing but break my right arm. So I cannot hold ze throttle with zat arm. But what for I want two arms when one will do as well, except for sudden reverse, and by zat time I come within about ten miles of ze end of ze journey? Nevalreless I call ze fireman, who come and look ovaire my shoulder.

Ze Prussians were by zat time ver' near ze point we wish to reach, and we both approach at an acute angle. Zey hear ze rattle of our train, and we hear zere huzzas. By gar, we have to stop to take away zis zem scouts put on ze track, and while we make no sound we hear zere tramp at double quick. Zen we hear a gun, and I think we too late. Ze Prussians must be attacking ze post. But I go on, and pretty soon I come to a leetle earthwork our men haf thrown up beside the railroad and see that they have a gun there and have dropped a shell into ze Prussian advance.

In a few minutes we reach our point. I whistle down ze brakes, ze train stop, and our men jump out and run up to ze top of ze hill, where ze French have work two, tree days on ze fortifications.

Zat was ze end of my work. I get surgeon to fix my arm and am ready with my musket to receive the Prussians when zey come. Zey have twice as many men as we, but we have very strong position and no trouble to hold out till Marshal Bazaine send large force.

When I get back to my command my general he throw his arms about me and bug me like a bear. He say to me: "You have done great service. You shall be a captain; you shall have a medal. I will report what you have done to the emperor."

Pouf! What was it all worth? Ze Prussians march right on to Paris, and after the capitulation our people pay big ransom to get zem out, besides giving our beautiful provinces Alsace and Lorraine. Some day when we get strong we tak zem back. But what good zat do me? I'm too old now to fight, and by zat time I sleep under ze sod.

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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 Mutual Building & Loan Association, a corporation, is plaintiff, and Corda V. O'Brien et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 7th day of November, 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, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

Lot Six (6), Block One Hundred fifty-one (151) Original town of North Platte, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Neb., October 5th, 1914.

A. J. SALISBURY,
Sheriff.

Probate Notice.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, Sept. 22, 1914.

In the Matter of the Estate of Beatrice E. Gilfoyl, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased, will meet the Executor of said Estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 27th day of October, 1914, and on the 27th day of April 1915, at 9 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 Executor to settle said estate, from the 22nd day of September, 1914. A copy of this order to be published in the North Platte Tribune, a legal semi-weekly newspaper published in said county for four successive weeks prior to said date.

JOHN GRANT,
County Judge.

Legal Notice.

To Sarah Calhoun, Harrison Gaylord, Julia Gaylord and George Gaylord, her husband; Carrie Dristol and George Dristol, her husband; Jennie Lewis and Elmer Lewis, her husband; Kate Clinker and Lue Clinker, her husband; Gertrude Clinker and John Clinker, her husband; Charles Gaylord and Jennie Gaylord, his wife; Augustus Gaylord and Myrtle Gaylord, his wife; Edward Gaylord and Mary Gaylord, her wife, non-resident defendants:

You are hereby notified that James A. Shaw as plaintiff has filed his certain petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against you, impleaded with Ann Shaw and Thomas B. Shaw, an incompetent, McDonald State Bank, of North Platte, Nebraska, a corporation, and School District No. 5 of Lincoln County, Nebraska, a corporation, the object and prayer of which said petition are to confirm the shares and interests of the plaintiff and defendants in the following described land situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: Southwest Quarter of Section Eight (8), Township Fourteen (14), North of Range Thirty (30), West of the 6th P. M. as set forth in said petition and for a partition of said described premises or for the sale thereof if said partition cannot be justly and equitably made among the different owners thereof.

You and each of you will make answer to said petition on or before the 21st day of November, 1914, or default will be taken and judgment entered as in said petition prayed.

JAMES A. SHAW, Plaintiff.
By E. H. EVANS, His Attorney.
Dated at North Platte, Sept. 21, 1914.