

The Kiss That Went Astray

By JOHN TURNLEE

The funniest case of saying goodby between a pair of lovers parting for good because they couldn't marry happened to a friend of mine, Willard Seymour. Willard met Nancy Hargrave in the sweet summer time in the country when neither had anything to do but talk about love, think about love, dream about love, and when any two young persons of opposite sex are in that situation there is bound to be a love affair between them.

Willard and Nancy spent two weeks together and would have made a match if it had not been that neither had the wherewithal to make a nest, and both realized that such was necessary. The time was long enough to cause them to marry, but not long enough to cause them to do what they considered a foolish thing. Willard might have been willing to take the risk, but Nancy, who was a sensible, farseeing girl, would not hear of it.

Willard said when the parting time came that Nancy might give him just one kiss. She said she would see about it. Willard had often as a child heard his mother say when he wanted something that she would see about it, and he always got it. So when Nancy said it he felt sure that the kiss would be his.

Funny, isn't it, that fate should have produced a lot of trouble and finally forced these two to marry on account of a kiss that was not even definitely promised?

When the lovers left the summer resort, where they had passed two delicious weeks, they went from the same railway station at 10 o'clock at night. Willard was to go on one train, Nancy on another. When Willard went to the station he had not received his kiss. He arrived on a dark side of the building and saw a woman walking back and forth whom he mistook for Nancy. It occurred to him that she was waiting there in the dark to give him the farewell kiss. Going up to her, he put his arms around her.

The woman pushed him away, but a coy damsel would do that, and Willard persisted. The woman cried loudly for help. The agent came around. She accused Willard of insulting her, and there was a scene. She was very angry and insisted on the agent's telephoning for the police. He did so. They came, and on the woman's promising to appear against the prisoner he was taken to jail.

Nancy came up just in time to see her lover marched off. He was permitted to explain the matter to her, and she believed his story. She concluded to remain over and await the trial.

The next morning Willard was brought up before a judge who had acquired the name of the little red god of war from the fact that his bristling hair and whiskers were of a fiery red hue and his disposition was as fiery as his hair. It was seldom that a case of any importance came before him, and here was one of a gentleman—in appearance at least—who was accused of a heinous crime. Besides, the prisoner was a summer city man, belonging to a clan that looked down on the townsmen of the town.

The woman gave her testimony, and Willard admitted the fact, but denied criminality, declaring that he had mistaken the woman for another. When he was asked what other he declined to answer on the ground that he was not required to give the other person away. Nancy was in court in a back seat. She longed to save her lover by testifying that she was the person the prisoner had intended to kiss. But to do that she must acknowledge their engagement to the world.

The trial was brief, and the prisoner was found guilty under instructions from the little red god of war that did not admit of an acquittal. Then the judge gave him a long discourse on those excessives of society whose wealth led them to believe they could commit any crime with impunity. The prisoner was given to understand that he could not offend the morals of a town that had suffered only too often from the misdeeds of summer visitors. Since the townspeople rander their living from summer boarders, this was, to say the least, unjust to the class referred to. Finally he sentenced the culprit to six months in jail.

"Your honor," cried a feminine voice from the rear of the room, "I desire to be put on the stand."

The judge declared that it was too late, but the prisoner's counsel declared that he would move for a new trial that would cost the county considerable money, and in view of this threatened expenditure the judge consented to hear what Nancy had to say. She took the stand and told the story as I have told it, or as much of it as was necessary. The judge, in order to save costs, directed the jury to retire again and bring in a new verdict. This they did, and the prisoner was acquitted.

A number of friends and acquaintances of both parties attended the trial and at the end gathered about Willard and Nancy with congratulations both as to Willard's escape from a long imprisonment and their engagement. There was nothing for them to do but to acknowledge the latter, or at least to make no denial of it, and, since they had been thus thrown together before the world by a kiss they had not enjoyed, after deliberation (including the kiss as intended) they concluded to accept the decree of fate and were accordingly, after a few months' engagement, married.

A Curious Illusion.

What has come to be called the "Firehole" in the Yellowstone National park is a large hot spring from the bottom of which, to all appearances, a light colored flame is constantly issuing, only to be extinguished in the water before it reaches the surface. At times it has a distinct ruddy tinge, and it always flickers back and forth like the lambent flame of a torch. When seen under favorable conditions the illusion is perfect, and the beholder is sure that he has at last caught a glimpse of the hidden fires which produce the weird phenomena of this region. But it is only illusion. Through a fissure in the rock superheated steam escapes and divides the water just as bubbles do on a small scale. The reflection from the surface thus formed accounts for the appearance, which is intensified by the black background formed by the sides and bottom of the pool.—"The Yellowstone National Park," by Hiram Martin Chittenden, Brigadier General, U. S. A., Retired.

Prolific Fungi.

An average sized mushroom will produce as many as 1,800,000,000 spores, and a common toadstool shaggy cap has been shown to produce as many as 5,000,000,000. Fortunately for the other inhabitants of the world, however, the probability of successful growth of any given spore is somewhat remote.

The mushroom or toadstool plant is formed by fine dimentous threads which ramify beneath the soil, and if we assume that a successful plant of the mushroom or shaggy caps produces as many as ten mushrooms or toadstools we find that the chance against successful growth to maturity is respectively about 18,000,000,000 and 50,000,000 to one in the two species mentioned. Even more prolific than the mushrooms and toadstools proper is the giant puffball, a large specimen of which has been known to produce as many as 7,000,000,000,000 spores.—London Knowledge.

Two Convincing Reasons.

Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very frolicsome, and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he, of course, followed himself. This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them, he said:

"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only 5 guineas in my pocket, and, in the second, they are heartily at your service."

Burned For Thirty Years.

Some illicit whisky distillers once set up their plant in the workings of a disused coal mine on a lonely part of the South Sauchie coal field, in Scotland, but an accident compelled them to change their quarters. They discovered that one of their furnaces had caused a smoldering fire in the abandoned coal seam, and, failing in their efforts to extinguish it, the "moonshiners" left the place in a hurry without reporting the occurrence to the authorities. The fire in the old pit continued to smolder until at night the flames, issuing from the mouth of the shaft, attracted the attention of the inhabitants around. But it was found that the fire had reached such a point that all attempts to put it out proved futile. It burned itself out in thirty years.—London Mail.

Defeated Himself.

When coached in negative form requests bring negative results. A young man said to a father, "I suppose you will refuse if I ask for the hand of your daughter." The father replied, "Yes, I will refuse, but if you had put it the other way, that you were bound to have my daughter if you had to kill me first, you could have had her. As it is, you have defeated yourself at the start, and I do not want a son-in-law of that type of mind. A man who defeats himself on propositions at the start needs to be looked after by some one else most of the time."—Tomorrow's Topics.

An Unreasonable Fellow.

"Oh, it's no fun being engaged to him," she said bitterly. "Why not?" asked her dearest friend. "Why, when you stir up a little quarrel just to drive away the enemy he takes it seriously and keeps you worried for fear you've really lost him."

Different Now.

"Time alters many things." "What's the matter?" "Here I have been half an hour trying to wake up little Willie, and when he was a baby many a time I'd have given all I had just to get him to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

Taking a Chance on Him.

"What was you askin' for the widder's bonnet, mum?" "Well—er—I thought ninnepence." "E's very ill, mum. I think I'll risk it."—London Tatler.

On the Trip.

Captain—Looks like a baby squall coming up. Passenger—I suppose it is coming from the cradle of the deep.—Baltimore American.

You can't gain admission to a man's confidences by knocking.—Omaha World-Herald.

How a Clodhopper Made a General's Reputation

By F. A. MITCHEL

Johnny Hunker enlisted in 1861 in an Ohio regiment to "fight for Abraham Lincoln's daughter," as the phrase had it in those days. Johnny was a farmer's boy and didn't know any more about war than he did about managing a circus. It so happened that he fell under the command of a general who had graduated in the engineer corps at West Point, had been sent abroad during the Crimean war to observe the strategy of European armies and had written a report which had caused him six years later to be picked out for one of the great commanders of the war between the states. In short, he was at the apex of the pyramid of military intelligence, while Johnny was one of the many thousands who formed the base.

The force that Johnny served with formed the extreme of the right wing of an army whose commander was anxious to advance, but a fort so situated in a pocket in the hills that it was difficult to take was delaying him. for it is a military principle that an army must not leave a fortification in its rear. The scientific soldier who commanded this wing was approaching the fortification in accordance with the principles of military engineering—in other words, by zigzag trenches. The only objection to this plan of reducing the fort was that it took a lot of time and delayed an army of 70,000 men from advancing. Meanwhile the men who composed the army were costing the government immense sums of money, were dying of camp fever and were getting generally demoralized.

Johnny Hunker, who didn't know enough about military matters to keep himself in camp unless permitted to go elsewhere, one night, feeling restless, stole out without waking his tent mates, evaded the camp guard and wandered away. He was too stupid to avoid going in the direction of the enemy, and while men were crouching in the trenches he was stumbling along in the dark toward the fortification they were trying to dig out. Presently he came to a dirt wall. Lighting a match, he saw that it was inclined and about ten feet high, but he thought he could climb it and he did. At the top he laid his hands on something that felt like a log. By feeling along it he found that it was a log. Vaulting over it, he proceeded along the top of the dirt wall, which was some eight feet thick, and came to another log. In this way he discovered a number of logs side by side on top of the dirt wall.

Hearing a storm of snoring below him, he concluded that they might come from Confederates, and concluded to retrace his steps. Sliding down the incline, he was groping his way back, as he supposed, over the same route by which he had come, when suddenly he dropped into a trench, falling on several sleeping men.

Angry at being disturbed in their slumbers, they reported Johnny's appearance among them, stating that he was likely a spy from the fort who had lost his bearings and fallen into a trap. The result was that the young man was sent to the rear in care of an officer, who was directed to turn him in as a captured spy.

In the morning Johnny's capture was reported to the general and after breakfast a staff officer was sent to bring him to headquarters. When Johnny appeared the general began to question him.

"Who are you?" "John Hunker of Company B.—th Ohio."

The general sent for the captain of Company B and went on with his questioning. He asked Johnny how he happened to be out among the trenches at night, and Johnny told the story. When he came to the dirt wall, as he called it, and the logs the general pricked up his ears. He asked Johnny how many men he had heard snoring, and Johnny replied, "A hull lot." On being asked what he meant by "a hull lot" Johnny explained, "There must 'a' been four or five of 'em."

While the questioning was going on Johnny's captain came in and identified him as a private in his command. He was very severe in his manner to the culprit, being mortified that one of his men should have been caught in such a breach of discipline.

Within half an hour after the interview between Johnny and his commander the right wing of the army was drawn up in line of battle and an order given to march upon the fort. When the men reached it they clambered up the sides to the parapet, as Johnny had done the night before, without drawing a single shot. They found that what he had supposed to be a row of logs were Quaker guns—that is, logs shaped to represent cannon. A few lean Confederates in butternut were seen clambering up the hillside. They had been in charge of the fort and kept the guns from falling off their supports.

The commanding general was informed that a scout had discovered that the fort was practically deserted. The commander of the right wing was promoted, and the army advanced.

As for Johnny, he was killed during the campaign that followed and never knew that he had informed one of the most scientific strategists in the army that he was besieging a deserted fort. Perhaps it was as well, since the general emerged from the war with great honors, and it would be a pity if it had been known that a stupid clodhopper had been at the bottom of his rise.

Marrying For Votes.

Marrying for votes was a device of old time British election agents. As the law stood before the reform act of 1832 widows of freemen on marrying again made their second husbands freemen and therefore voters. At election times widows were consequently paid handsomely to go through a formal marriage with a voteless bachelor, who for a consideration similarly agreed to support the candidate. The pair were married, the man voted according to instructions, and then he and his wife, standing on either side of a tombstone, said, "Death us do part." With this literal fulfillment of the matrimonial vow they regarded their marriage dissolved. At the last election in Bristol before 1832 a hundred women gave votes to men.

Russia in the Sciences.

In the sciences Russia has done admirable work in the right spirit, and if it is less well known than it deserves to be it is because the Russians are not advertisers. How many English boys know that it was a Russian, Lobachevsky, who discovered the non-Euclidean geometry which has revolutionized the science, or how many boys who study chemistry remember that it was the speculation of a Russian, Mendeleev, which changed (by his periodic law of the elements) the whole current of thought among chemical investigators? As for history, Russians have made the Byzantine age their own. No specialist can afford to ignore their researches.—London Standard.

Two Viewpoints.

"Alas," sighed the writer, "if I did not have such a large family making daily demands on me what masterpieces I could write and what wealth I could win!"

"It's tough working all alone," sighed the writer across the way. "If I only had a family to work for and to make effort worth while what mighty things with the pen I could accomplish!"—Puck.

A Cutting Remark.

"You have cut my hair too short," said the man to the barber. "Now cut it longer."

And the barber, being a man of many sides and much resource, did so. He cut it three minutes longer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thought He Was Smart.

Wife—Do you mean to insinuate that your judgment is superior to mine? Husband—Certainly not, my dear. Our choice of life partners proves it isn't.

A House Party.

Mrs. Church—Didn't you have a house party yesterday at your home? Mrs. Gotham—Yes; the landlord called for his rent.—Baltimore News.

With man most of his misfortunes are occasioned by man.—Pliny.

KNOW IT WELL.

Familiar Features Well Known to Hundreds of North Platte Citizens.

A familiar burden in many homes. The burden of a "bad back." A lame, a weak, or aching back. Often tells you of kidney ills. Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys. J. M. Harper, North Platte, Neb., says: "I had occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney trouble when living in Creston, Ia., and found them to be a splendid kidney remedy and they removed pains across my back which had troubled me greatly. They also strengthened my kidneys and regulated the passages of the kidney secretions. I do not hesitate to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills most highly."

Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Harper had. Foster-Milburn Co., Prop., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Cure For Sour Stomach.

Mrs. Wm. M. Thompson of Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "I have been troubled with indigestion, sour stomach and bad breath. After taking two bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets I am well. These tablets are splendid—none better." For sale by all dealers.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that on the 21st day of August, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M., the undersigned will sell at public auction all the stock and fixtures and book accounts belonging to the firm of Forstedt & Sheedy of North Platte, Nebraska, as trustees for the benefit of the creditors of Forstedt & Sheedy at the store building in which said Forstedt & Sheedy are located, at 512 Locust street, North Platte, Nebraska, to the highest bidder.

J. H. HANEY COMPANY,
222-5 McDONALD STATE BANK.

Order of Hearing on Final Settlement State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the County Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Lucinda Clark, Deceased.

To the Creditors, Heirs, Legatees and others interested in the Estate of Lucinda Clark.

Take notice that Lester Walker has filed in the County Court, a report of his doings as Administrator of said estate, and it is ordered that the same stand for hearing on the 3d day of September, A. D. 1915, before the Court at the hour of 9 o'clock A. M., at which time any person interested may appear and except to and contest the same.

Notice of this proceeding and the hearing thereof is ordered given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the North Platte Tribune, a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated August 19th, 1915.
GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

FOR SALE
One set 4 ton Fairbanks Wagon Scales, Jos Hershey, Opposite Post-office, Phone 15.

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.
Edward E. Jeter and William A. McCutchen, defendants will take notice that on the 6th day of August, 1915, Clara S. Padgett, plaintiff herein, filed a petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants et al, the object and prayer of which are to quiet plaintiff's title to the Northeast Quarter (NE¹/₄) of Section Twenty-one (21), Township Ten (10) N., of Range Thirty-three (33) West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska, and especially for a decree adjudging fraudulent and void a certain deed from one S. R. Razez to S. H. Stahr, and a certain deed from S. H. Stahr to W. M. Jones, and a certain deed from W. M. Jones to Edward E. Jeter, and a certain deed from Clara S. Padgett, single, to S. R. Razez, all of which deeds pretended to convey the above described real estate, and also decreed fraudulent and void a certain mortgage from W. M. Jones to S. H. Stahr, and a pretended assignment of said mortgage from S. H. Stahr to William A. McCutchen, which mortgage pretended to convey a lien on the above described real estate, and also to declare fraudulent and void a certain decree rendered in the case of William A. McCutchen vs. Edward E. Jeter, rendered in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, which decree pretended to foreclose the above described mortgage, and also damages in the sum of \$100.00 for general equitable relief.

You are required to answer this said petition on or before the 20th day of September, 1915.

CLARA S. PADGETT,
Plaintiff.
a10-4w

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
Serial No. 05318.

U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., August 5, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Cyril H. Edis, of North Platte, Nebraska, who, on November 21, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 05318, for E¹/₂ and E¹/₂ of W¹/₂ Sections, Township 11 N., Range 29 W., 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, Nebraska, on the 5th day of October, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: F. C. Wheeler, of Bignell, Neb., William Hoederness, of North Platte, Neb., Jesse Higberger, of North Platte, Neb., Harry Stevens, of Bignell, Neb. a10-6w J. E. EVANS, Register.

PROBATE NOTICE.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of William Siebold, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of the said deceased will meet the administratrix of said estate before me, county judge, of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the county court room in said county on the 27th day of August, 1915, and on the 27th day of February, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. each day for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance, and on the same date the petition of Julia M. Siebold praying an allowance be made for support of the family, and that specific property be assigned to her as widow will be heard. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims and one year for the administratrix to settle said estate from the 27th day of August, 1915. This notice will be published in the North Platte Tribune a legal semi-weekly newspaper for four weeks successively prior to the 27th day of August, 1915.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 22d day of July, 1915.
GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

Order of Hearing on Petition for Appointment of Administrator or Administratrix.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Abbie L. Robinson, Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lillie M. Dentler praying that Administration of said Estate may be granted to F. J. Dentler, as Administrator. Ordered, That August 27, A. D. 1915, 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 the prayer of the 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 semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.

Dated August 2, 1915.
GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, have formed a corporation under the name of "The North Platte General Hospital," with its principal place of business in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska. The general nature of its business is the owning, operating, and maintaining of a general hospital, the leasing, purchasing and maintaining of such buildings and real estate as may be necessary for that purpose, the amount of the capital stock is One Thousand 00.100 (\$1,000.00) Dollars, Six Hundred 00.100 (\$600.00) Dollars, of which has been paid in cash, balance to be paid as the Board of Directors may designate, and the time of the commencement of said business is the 1st day of August, 1915, and shall continue for a period of twenty years. The highest amount of indebtedness to which the Corporation shall subject itself at any time is the sum of Six Hundred 833.33 (\$666.66) Dollars. The affairs of the Corporation shall be conducted by a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer.

Dated this 1st day of August, 1915
JOHN S. SIMMS,
GEORGE B. DENT,
JOSHUA B. REDFIELD,
VORHEES LUCAS.

Notice to Contractors
You are hereby notified that sealed bids will be received by the Director, Leonard Laubner, of School District No. 33 in Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the office of Beeler & Crosby, in North Platte, Nebraska, up until 1 o'clock p. m. of the 11th day of September, 1915, for the erection and completion of a four room brick and re-enforced concrete school house at O'Fallon, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Such bids must be accompanied by certified check in the sum of One Hundred fifty 00.100 (\$150.00) Dollars, payable to Henry Fulk, Treasurer of School District No. 33 in Lincoln County, Nebraska, which will be forfeited if the person to whom the contract is awarded, fails to enter into the Contract.

The School Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Plans and specifications may be examined at the office of Bert M. Reynolds, Architect, North Platte, Nebraska.

Bids will be opened at the office of Beeler & Crosby, North Platte, Nebraska, at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day.
LEONARD LAUBNER,
a13-4w Director.

Not a Hospital But a Home
Nurse Brown Memorial Hospital

1008 West 4th St., North Platte, Neb.
Mrs. Margaret Hall, Superintendent.

Miss Veta Pickard, Graduate Nurse.
Dr. J. S. Twinem,

Physician and Surgeon
Best for Humanity's Cure—Orificial Surgery with Homeopathic Medicine for Acute and Chronic Disease.

Office phone 241. Res. phone 217
L. C. DROST,
Osteopathic Physician,
North Platte, Nebraska.
McDonald Bank Building.

DR. J. S. TWINEM,
Physician and Surgeon

Special Attention Given to Gynecology, Obstetrics and Children's Diseases.
Office McDonald State Bank Building,
Corner Sixth and Dewey Streets.
Phones, Office 183, Residence 233

Hospital Phone Black 633.
House Phone Black 633.
W. T. PRITCHARD,
Graduate Veterinarian

Eight years a Government Veterinarian. Hospital 218 south Locust St., one-half block southwest of the Court House.

J. B. REDFIELD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Successor to
PHYSICIAN & SURGEONS HOSPITAL
Drs. Redfield & Redfield
Office Phone 642 Res. Phone 676

Geo. B. Dent,
Physician and Surgeon.
Special Attention given to Surgery and Obstetrics.

Office: Building and Loan Building
Office 130
Phones: Residence 115

JOHN S. SIMMS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon
Office B. & L. Building, Second Floor.
Phone, Office, 83; Residence 38.

H. H. LANDGRAF
Painter, Paperhanger and Decorator
Phone Black 570.

Welcome a Good Cigar

And a good cigar means one made at the Schmalzried factory. Our reputation as a maker of good cigars in North Platte extends back thirty years. If we did not make good cigars we would have been forced to close the factory years ago. If you have not been smoking Schmalzried's Cigars it is not too late to begin.

J. F. Schmalzried.

Hogs and Cattle
Bought and highest market prices paid
PHONES
Residence Red 636 Office 459
C. H. WALTERS.

Image of a man in a suit and hat, possibly a doctor or a businessman, standing next to a large object, possibly a cigar or a pipe.

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