

## HER IRISHMAN

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Clara Jane fairly staggered into the room—she was so tired.

Off came the hat with a jerk. The poor little stick-up got a vicious tug and was flung across the room and out of the window. "I hate hats! I've sorted feathers today till I'm full of them. I eat them, breathe them, ugh—I can't even look at a bird. And I'm hungry!"

The contents of several paper bags did not look inviting—crackers in one, stale rolls in another and some old apples with wrinkles. She sighed. "I wish I had some of mother's waffles and chicken, and some corn pudding and caramel sweet potatoes and chocolate cake and custard pie and—"

"Some griddlecakes and country sausage and apple dumplings and—" The masculine voice stopped. Clara Jane turned and stared open-mouthed at the unexpected person in the doorway. He evidently encouraged confidence, for she answered sadly: "I've nothing left to remind me of home but my name. I hang on to every inch of it."

"But you can't eat that," said the man. "It's awful to be hungry."

"How did you get here?"

"This came out of the window. I looked up and saw no one. I rang the bell. A fat woman answered it. I handed this in. She said instantly: 'It's Miss Amherst's. You take it up.'"

"For goodness sake, don't ask thanks for that. I hate it. I threw it out. I never want to see a feather. I work with them all day."

"Now I must go. But, say, will you do something for me? I'm going to a party and my only pair of gloves need mending. Do you think you could put in a stitch?"

"Yes, indeed! I'll be glad to."

"Then I'll be going by in fifteen minutes. I can't come up. Have you anything you can let down?"

"I'll tie a string to my hat."

"But when they are done, what will you do?"

"When they're done! Oh, I'll just whistle."

Fifteen minutes later Clara Jane drew up the hat, basketlike, containing a large paper parcel that smelled delicious when opened.

Sausages, a soft-shelled crab, a baked potato, hot rolls, butter, marmalade and cake from a nearby restaurant. "I'll have to eat."

So she did—even the potato skin. Then she waited for the whistle, all evening, but none came and she was glad of it after all. She was beginning to like her Irishman.

Clara Jane awoke with the birds, country fashion, put an old buckle on her hat where the feather thing had been and drank some coffee made over the gas jet. Then she went to work.

Her particular department of the big store was feathers. "I hate to go in," she protested as she tied on her apron. "I wonder if they won't give me roses and flowers instead. That's the floor above and it would be a change of scene as well as occupation. If I ever get into the trimming department I'll know the millennium has come!"

"I think it's here," said a voice suspiciously like the Irishman's.

She was talking aloud and didn't know it. It came from loneliness.

Clara Jane turned and confirmed the suspicion. "Where are the gloves I was to mend?"

His face fell. "I forgot all about them."

"You told a story!"

"A downright black lie. It's terrible sorry I am."

"You don't look it. Anyway you are forgiven."

"Thank heaven!"

"The crab was fine."

"Yes!"

"And the sausages were better!"

"Yes!"

"Don't say that again. And the potatoes and rolls and all the rest of the stuff were delicious! It saved my life." She bent her arm. "I'm as strong as Samson this morning. I could pluck an ostrich, much as I hate feathers."

"I came to see about it."

"About what?"

"Giving you another position. This is my store, Miss Lady-From-the-Country-Who-Needs-All-Her-Name."

"My name is Clara Jane Amherst. I suppose you are Mr. Terry if you own the store."

"You don't seem much impressed!"

"I'm not. I hate the old place. Anyway I'd rather work with the flowers."

"Won't anything else do?"

"Well, I can't starve, so I can't leave if you order me to the cellar to shovel coal I'll have to go."

"Worse than that. I'm going to order you out of the store and into my house, if you'll go. I never wanted a wife until yesterday and she introduced herself by throwing things at me. That's the spirit I like. Suits my Irish blood. What do you say, mavourneen—will you come?"

"Well, you are direct. I—I don't—"

"That's no way to begin. Try it again."

"Well—maybe I—"

"That's better. Go on."

"Perhaps I will."

"Fine. When do you want to be freed?"

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## NEWS FROM HOME

## NEWS FROM HOME

By LESLIE GRANGER.

Laura had never felt so blue in her life. The postman had just left two letters.

The one from home she laid aside for more leisurely reading, but the thick white paper of the other identified it with a wedding, and Laura opened it eagerly.

To her dismay, the names of Alex McCune and Harriet Turner stared at her from the paper. Below was the date of the recent wedding. That was enough! Laura dropped the invitation and reached for her handkerchief.

Alex, her old-time sweetheart, had deserted her!

The office, save for Laura, was empty. Mr. Jennings had put on his hat and overcoat and gone home. While Laura was in the middle of another good cry, he recalled something he had neglected and returned.

"Why, Miss Sheridan! What in the world is the matter?"

"N-nothing! I'm not crying."

"Then I beg your pardon. Since you are perfectly happy, I presume there is no need of sympathy. I have an extra ticket tonight for the Lyric club concert and thought you might make use of it, if you care for music."

Laura sprang up. "Thank you!" she exclaimed, dabbing at her swollen eyes. "I guess I was crying—wasn't I?"

"It looked a bit like it. Won't you tell me why?"

Mr. Jennings' sudden interest and kindness startled her into answering: "Nellie's gone and Alex is married and I'm all alone and nobody cares for me the least bit."

"So Alex is married?"

She looked up surprised. "What do you know about Alex?"

"Well, I got to know about him some way. Regular letters and all that, I suppose. Besides, I couldn't be deaf to an allusion you made over the telephone one day. Did—did you—like him so very much?"

Laura bridled. "Well, I guess I wouldn't die! If I'd really wanted him I'd have taken him long ago."

Mr. Jennings nodded approvingly.

Laura went on—it was comforting to have some one so sympathetic: "I don't know what to do now that Nellie's gone, I really ought to go home to the farm, I guess."

"Do you mean to say you came from a wholesome place in the country to this sin-ridden city just for adventure?"

"Yes," wonderingly.

"And father and mother and sister and brothers and cats and chickens and cows and everything on earth worth while!"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"I never got any clothes, and I wanted—"

"Then you were a very silly little girl and you'd better go back." He put on his hat and went out.

For the first time in her life she had seen Mr. Jennings jolted out of his well-poised, gentlemanly self. And he had called her "silly" and banged the door! He was very rude! Her cheeks flamed red.

"He needs't think I want to go to his old concert!" She picked up the ticket, meaning to tear it across and it upon his desk where he could see it in the morning. Then the words "silly little girl" rang in her ears. "He'll only think me a baby."

So she tucked it into her bag, put on her wraps and went home.

She also got ready that night and went alone to the concert.

The Lyric club proved to be a glee club, and Mr. Jennings a member. He sang a rich barytone which thrilled Laura despite her effort to find it ordinary.

Toward the end of the second half, she began to feel a delicious drowsiness. Slowly Laura's eyelids dropped and at last she was asleep, her head resting ever so lightly on the back of her plush seat.

Soon the concert was over, the curtain rang down and people started to file slowly up the aisles to the door.

At last the hall was empty, or so the usher thought whose duty it was to turn off the lights and close the doors. Laura slept on peacefully in the black loneliness of the great place.

Then some one laid a hand gently on her shoulder. She stirred.

"Time to get up, is it, Nell?"

"Yes!" said a man's voice—very familiar it seemed. "It's time, Miss Sheridan."

Laura opened her eyes and sprang to her feet. The lights were on now, and before her stood Mr. Jennings.

"Why, where did the people go, and what's happened to the music? Why surely I—I haven't been—" She looked around, bewildered.

"You have been having a nice little nap. I've been waiting outside to take you home. Otherwise you'd have stayed here until tomorrow. I just found you this minute. There! Are you awake enough to go now?"

She was feeling very little and foolish, and she had meant to be so dignified. He drew her hand through his arm as they waited for a car.

"I'm sorry I hurt your feelings today, Miss Sheridan. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes!"

"And I'm glad Alex got married and left you alone."

"Why?"

"Because I want to take the vacant place, Laura."

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## BETTY'S BROKEN RESOLVE

By CATHERINE CRANMER.

"I'll tell you, sis, you'd better not try Markham too severely, or you'll drive off an 'a number one' matrimonial chance."

"Pshaw, Jack! Aren't there plenty more fish in the sea?"

"Not plenty of Markham's kind."

"You are evidently of one mind with him, for it's because he is so sure that he can't be wrong about anything that I've been keeping him on the anxious seat."

"Take it from me, sis, it was a wise fellow who said that a man is something like an egg—if you keep him in hot water a little while he boils soft, but keep him there too long and he hardens. Do you get me?" Jack's question was flung over his shoulder from the front hall, where he was getting into his overcoat and hat.

"Yes, I get you," laughed Betty, as she curled up in a big tapestried armchair in front of the fireplace.

Although she had firmly resolved not to give a single thought to Fred Markham until he apologized for his part in their quarrel of the evening before, somehow, as she gazed into the fire, her thoughts were all of him. The quarrel had come about Betty's mention of a lark she had enjoyed at a fancy dress ball at the country club a few evenings before when a moving picture had been taken of the ball room by a society man whose latest fad was moving pictures.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Fred. "I hope you didn't get in range of the picture machine?"

"Why, yes! Why not? Larry Mapes and I did a special stunt before it."

"And may I ask when and where this picture is to be run as a means of flaunting you in the face of the public?"

"Now may I ask," began Betty, "whether this picture is any affair of yours and whether you want to shield the public or the picture by preventing its appearance?"

"It may not be my affair, Betty—that rests with you," Fred answered, "but I want to protect the picture because you're in it."

And so the quarrel had continued until Fred had bowed a formal good night to a haughty Betty.

She was still curled up in the armchair gazing meditatively at the fire when her mother and father returned from their dinner engagement at Judge Mapes'.

"My, but you're home early!" she exclaimed. "Did the judge run out of stories or did the cook run short on courses?"

"Neither, my dear," answered her father, as he removed his gloves and slapped them together and held them tight in his right hand, "but Larry evidently ran out of sane amusements and came near causing his own finish as well as that of two other people."

"Poor old Larry! What's he up to now?" asked Betty indifferently.

"He's in the hospital right now, having his many bruises dressed, and a poor little chorus girl will be too nervous to stand in the front row tonight, and—with a sly look from under his frowning eyebrows—Fred Markham has got a smashed roadster, a bruised head and some broken ribs as mementos of his heroism."

"Fred Markham! Daddy, tell me what you mean!" There was no lack of eagerness now in Betty's big eyes.

"Well, Fred was driving along in the park and he saw Larry's little red and white racer come shooting toward him like a cannon ball and on the same side of the road as he was. There was a small embankment sloping down from the road, and Fred tried to turn his car down that embankment before the racer hit him, but its front wheel struck his back one, and his machine turned turtle and Larry's went smash."

"Oh, daddy!—almost in a whisper—'is Fred badly hurt? What made him try to jump the embankment? Why didn't he cross to the other side of the road?'"

Betty was puzzled at the questioning look that passed between her mother and her father before there was any answer to her questions.

"Because, Betty," said her father slowly, "there was a chance that Larry also might go that way, and as Fred saw there was a girl with Larry he took no chance because he thought the girl might be you."

At that moment Betty's brother Jack came bustling into the hall and up to the library door.

"Gee, sis," he blurted out, with the air of one who has big news to tell, "Markham came duce near being a scrambled egg instead of a hard-boiled one. In spite of Betty's wail of protest, he added, "But instead of staying in the hospital, he made them take him to his own apartment and insisted he was all right, notwithstanding his broken ribs."

Betty vanished up the stairway the next instant, and when Jack went up a few moments later she was at the telephone.

"And, Fred, do be very careful, dear," she was saying, "and are you sure you have forgiven me and that your happiness is greater than your hurt?" After the briefest pause, she added, timidly, "And, Fred, I just want to say that, after all, Mr. Mordaunt's picture machine fooled on the picture they took at the fancy dress ball." Then she hung up the receiver with a lingering touch.

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Will Stollard, of Omaha, who spent a week with the Martini family, left Tuesday.

Paul Meyer left Wednesday for Sutherland to spend several days on business.

Miss Ada Toole left Wednesday morning for Kearney to visit with the home folks.

Claude Delaney returned to Northport yesterday after spending a couple of days in town.

Julius Jizer spent several days in Grand Island and Omaha this week transacting business.

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NORTH PLATTE — NEBRASKA.

Notice of Final Report Estate of James Rennie, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate, take notice that the Administratrix has filed a final account and report of her administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, and for a decree of distribution and descent of the real property, which have been set for hearing before said court on May 26, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated May 1, 1916.

GEORGE E. FRENCH, County Judge.

Notice to Creditors. Estate No. 1404 of Walter H. Stewart, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing claims against said Estate is December 2, 1916, and for settlement of said Estate is April 28th, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 2, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on December 2, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated May 1, 1916.

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Dated May 1, 1916.

GEORGE E. FRENCH, County Judge.

Notice. Gustaf Goll will take notice, that on the 21st day of April, 1916, P. H. Sullivan, a Justice of the Peace, of North Platte Precinct No. 1, Lincoln county, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$55.00, in an action pending before him wherein F. W. Herminghausen is plaintiff and Gustaf Goll defendant, that property consisting of money, as wages due the defendant from the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a corporation, has been attached under said order.

Said cause was continued to the 5th day of June, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m.

F. W. HERMINGHAUSEN, Plaintiff.

30-3w By James Keefe, his Attorney.

NOTICE OF DECREE OF HEIRSHIP. Estate No. 1414, of Charles LeRoy Wood, deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The heirs, creditors and all persons interested in said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing claims against said estate is November 19, 1916, and for settlement of said estate is April 14, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on May 19, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on November 19, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated North Platte, Neb., April 10th, 1916.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

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