

CUPID AND DAD

By MABLE GRAHAM KNIFE.

"Who's going to take you to the dance tonight?" asked Emily Barnes' mother at the supper table.

Emily hesitated a moment. "Mr. Sands," she replied finally. Her father looked up interestedly. "That young chap who's trying scientific farming on the Williams' place? I must be on hand to meet him tonight."

"Now, daddy, dear, please don't start that again," pleaded Emily. "Every time a really nice young man comes to see me, you get busy. You act as if he was your long-lost son-in-law, and, of course, that disgusts any decent fellow. What makes you do it?"

"It's this way," placidly explained her father. "Your grandfather was always so cool to me each time I went courting your mother that it made me wilder than ever to get her, so I decided I'd use the other plan and be so polite to the young chaps that they'd quit coming for lack of opposition. I don't want to lose my little girl yet."

Then and there Emily resolved that if it were possible, she would keep her father and young Sands apart. If they never met, she reasoned, then her father could not, by his extremely clever methods, disgust him so he would come no longer.

Accordingly that evening she met the young man at the door with:

"I'm all ready, you see."

"Am I late?" he asked, with a bewildered look at her cloak and gloves.

"Not at all. But Mrs. Carman asked me to come early to help her with the decorations. Lovely night, isn't it?"

As she descended the steps with the astonished, but distinctly happy Mr. Sands.

Many were the subterfuges to which Emily was forced to resort in the next few weeks to keep her father and young Sands apart, but always she succeeded. Each day the young man was growing more devoted and appearing at her side whenever she ventured outside her gate.

Came the first day of May, fragrant with apple blossoms and musical with the hum of bees. The young people planned a May day picnic. The girls were to spend the afternoon gathering wild flowers in the woods near the village, and at supper time the young men were to appear, carrying the baskets of lunch previously prepared by the feminine contingent.

At five o'clock of the eventful day, the girls, laden with spring blossoms, were grouped about Mrs. Carter, their jolly little chaperone, watching the group of youths hastening down the road toward them.

"Here we are!" shouted Joe Baker. "I made them let me lead the procession after Billy Sands had to fall out, and I had to carry two baskets."

"Where is Billy Sands?" asked everybody all at once.

"At home, nursing a sick cow or a silo, or something. Anyway, it's something that swallowed an ear of corn or a can of soup or something," answered truthful Joe. "They came running out for him as we passed his farm. He was awfully sorry to miss the fun—I speak for his piece of cake now," he finished, thereby starting a young riot.

Emily's lips were smiling, but her heart felt queer and heavy as she gathered the bottle of olives and escaped to a broad stump to open them.

"What is the matter with me?" she asked herself desperately. "I never was this upset about a man before. If it hurts this much now, what will it be when father sends him right about face? There's just one thing to do and that is to quit him right now."

She returned the olives to the noisy youngsters around the campfire and murmured about going to the spring to wash her hands.

Even at that distance the laughing voices sounded plainly, drowning the noise of approaching footsteps.

Then a voice at Emily's shoulder began: "Miss Emily, I'm so sorry"—and she turned to find the only man in the world close beside her.

"Oh," she said, and held out her hands as a child might have done. The man, with a choking cry of "Sweetheart!" gathered them close.

Then he blurted out boyishly: "I've met your father."

"Not really?" she gasped.

Young Sands was amazed.

"You don't understand, sweetheart," he explained. "He—like me, I know he did. I'd always been afraid he despised me, because—because you never introduced me to him."

Emily was sobbing now, her face in her hands. She believed she could see in advance the sordid finish to her fairy story.

"Are you crying because I met your father?" asked Billy Sands quietly.

"Yes," gulped Emily truthfully.

The young man grasped a tree trunk for support.

"Perhaps you'd rather I went away where I could not trouble you and your people," he hazarded shakily.

"If you only would," choked Emily.

"I'll do it," he promised. "I love you well enough for even that."

Emily's hands fell away, her wet little face aglow with joy.

"Honestly, Billy? Then it doesn't matter if father does make a parade over you?" And she finished her stammering story on his shoulder, his arms tightly holding her.

"The sly old fox," laughed joyous Billy Sands.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HORSES AND DRIVERS ALIKE

Their Respective Callings Seem to Bear Out to Perfection Harmony in Appearance.

Ever notice how the horse resembles the driver—or the driver the horse? Inquires the Columbus (O.) Dispatch. Here stands an old horse hitched to a scavenger's wagon. The driver, the wagon and the horse all resemble each other. The wheels of the wagon do not "track." They wobble around, making serpentine tracks, and creak and groan as they rattle along. The horse has a sprain on one leg and a misshapen hoof on one foot and a few white patches on his back where the harness in other days has made sores. And there is the driver, poking about in the barrels in the alleys, unkempt, wobbly in his gait, uncertain upon his feet, dejection in his features—for all the world like the horse and wagon.

Here comes a fellow down the street driving a high-headed horse, with shiny harness. It seems out of date, of course, for the motor car has rendered obsolete the best of horses and the finest of carriages. But the driver is of the same stripe—a smooth-looking fellow, well groomed and barbered to perfection and clothed in flashy apparel. But he, too, seems a bit out of date; at least he carries you back to the "sporty" days of the past. He and the buggy and the horse resemble each other as nearly as the scavenger and his outfit resemble each other.

There goes an ice wagon—a pair of ponderous Norman horses, with strength in every feature. And on the seat of the wagon sits a man of strength, with good, strong arms and robust body, resembling the stability of the wagon and the team.

You can go through the whole list and you will find the resemblance of driver and team and vehicle. We wonder if it will come to be the case with the motor cars when we have a motorized world. We half suspect it will.

THINK MUCH OF ENVIRONMENT

Breeders of Black Cattle Will Have Nothing of Light Color About Their Establishments.

The breeders of the Polled Angus—a particular race of black cattle in Scotland—who make a great point of keeping up the perfect uniformity of their blackness, getting rid of every individual that has even a single white foot, take care to have everything black about their farmsteads. All the buildings are black, the horses are black, the dogs are black, the fowls are black. No breeder will have anything colored or white about his place. Though no account can be given of the physiological action which makes these precautions effective (as they are asserted to be) in securing the desired results, yet some scientists are strongly inclined to think that some influence of this kind is concerned in producing many singular correspondences between the surface aspect of fishes and crustacea inhabiting shallow waters and the character of the bottoms on which they live.

Putting the Baby to Sleep.

In the matter of sleep, babies are inclined to be contrary. You must first form the time-honored habit of walking the floor with him. Care must be taken not to walk on a highly polished hardwood floor, for if you should happen to drop him he is likely to scratch up the nice, smooth surface. Pick out a room with a rug or a carpet in it, preferably one where your wife has been sewing during the day. In this way the pleasure of the walk will be increased by the delightful pastime of picking pins out of the soles of your feet ever and anon, and the baby will have further opportunity of increasing his vocabulary.

If you object to walking the floor

and are willing to stoop to deception you might hire somebody to drive a heavy cart up and down on the cobblestones in front of the house. The baby will think it is the milkman on his morning rounds, and, satisfied that he has kept you awake all night, he will go to sleep with a clear conscience. However, he will never have the same confidence in you after he grows up and learns how you have deceived him.

Had to Have "Owl Car."

A conductor on the Cottage Grove line insists that the following incident really occurred on New Year's morning: The car was proceeding at about ten o'clock in the morning, when a tipsy individual who had been celebrating the arrival of the new year throughout the night stepped on to the track and halted the motorman, saying: "Shay, m' fren, is ziah Cottage Grove owl car?" On being assured that it was a Cottage Grove car, but not an owl, he waddled unsteadily back to his seat on the curb, exclaiming: "Go along, then; I'm waiting for an owl car."—Chicago News.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"Pa, were you ever caught smoking when you were a boy?" asked Tommy Slathers, who had been invited to the woodshed for a private interview with his father. "Why—er—yes," answered Mr. Slathers. "Did your father punish you?" "No, he didn't." "Then I hope you won't be hard on me because you have caught me smoking."

DECORATOR

By JANE OSBORN.

When Morgan Tracy of the firm of Tildenham & Co. came in from lunch on that memorable spring afternoon, he first saw the ladder propped against the end of his desk. Then he saw the familiar figure of his office boy looking upward with wide-open mouth and, as his line of vision went upward, he saw the girl.

She was slender and graceful and he admitted to himself from the first that she looked very charming on the top rung of the ladder. Still he resented the intrusion and was only slightly mollified after her explanation.

"You are Mr. Tracy, aren't you," she said in the most self-confident of sweet young voices. "I am Miss Grey. I am here to do your office over. Mr. Tildenham arranged it."

Mr. Tracy would have explained, as he at first intended to do, that he considered her presence an intrusion, had it not been that as she had turned to make her explanation she had leveled upon him eyes as blue as sapphires.

Then he sat down at his desk, rang for his stenographer—there were no women stenographers at Tildenham's—and tried to concentrate his attention on answering the day's mail.

In an hour her task was done and she left with the explanation to Mr. Tracy that she would resume her work before his arrival the next morning.

"And Mr. Tracy," she said by way of parting, "as you usually lock your desk at night, I must ask you to leave the key with the cashier on your way out tonight, so that when I come in the morning I can have everything moved from this desk to the new one."

Morgan Tracy meant to object strongly. But again he caught the sapphire blue of her eyes and merely looked annoyed. He bade her good evening and went home. He felt that he had been rude to her, and instead of feeling resentment at her intrusion he felt as if he owed her an apology.

So it was that when, just as Miss Grey had returned from a hasty dinner in a nearby restaurant and was busy directing the paperhangers, Mr. Tracy appeared on the scene. But it was Mr. Tracy without his usual dictatorial manner.

"I didn't like the idea of having you here alone in this deserted office," he said. "So I have come to wait here till you are through and, if you will permit it and have no other escort, to take you to your home."

Miss Grey did not attempt to conceal her obvious satisfaction at this courtesy. "You are very good," she said, and then, holding up some of the treasures from the case she was unpacking: "See, Mr. Tracy, isn't this a better wall calendar than that dreadful colored lithograph. And these new brown blotters will be a relief to you after those frightful pink ones. I know you can't get them at downtown dealers, but it is worth the difference to have to order them specially. And then I ordered some bronze desk fittings that will be so much better than those frightful pressed glass and cheap brass things."

"That night when he escorted her home she insisted on being left at the corner. She had not permitted him to take her home in a taxi, and now she was not even going to let him know where she lived. The next morning Mr. Tracy found her at seven in his office. The change was marvelous. From a dull, uninteresting room, devoid of character, it had been transformed to a room of distinction—not in the least less businesslike and merely because it had been molded under the trained eye and skillful hand of a woman.

"I never knew in what a wilderness I had lived before," he admitted. "I really do not think I have such atrocious taste. I always knew that my office was uncouth. I disliked that fire insurance calendar as much as you did. But I didn't know how to change it. It's the same way with my apartment. I have spent enough money on it and still it doesn't satisfy me. Perhaps you would undertake to transform that, too—unless you confine your skill to offices."

Miss Grey laughed in a way that was tantalizing and simply said: "Perhaps." Then she got into her coat and adjusted her hat at the mirror that hung in a screened corner of the newly arranged office.

"Just at present," she said, "let's go and see Mr. Tildenham. He was expected in this morning, I believe."

Together they entered the office of Tracy's chief and Tracy believed himself dreaming at first when the delightful Miss Grey greeted that stern business magnate with a bear hug and a kiss. "Hello, dad," she said. "I've won the bet. Now come and see how I have done it. I pretended I was an interior decorator you had ordered to redecorate Mr. Tracy's office."

"You see, Mr. Tracy," she continued—her right hand was in that of her father and now she laid her other hand on Mr. Tracy's arm in a friendly fashion as if to complete the circle—"you see, Mr. Tracy, father and I are great chums. You've no idea how much I know about his business, and he has told me lots of things about you. He said that the only fault you had was that you were—yes, I'll tell you just the word he used. He said you were getting fussy. He said you had use the same inkwell and the same desk for ten years, and I wagered him I could make a change. And I have."

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

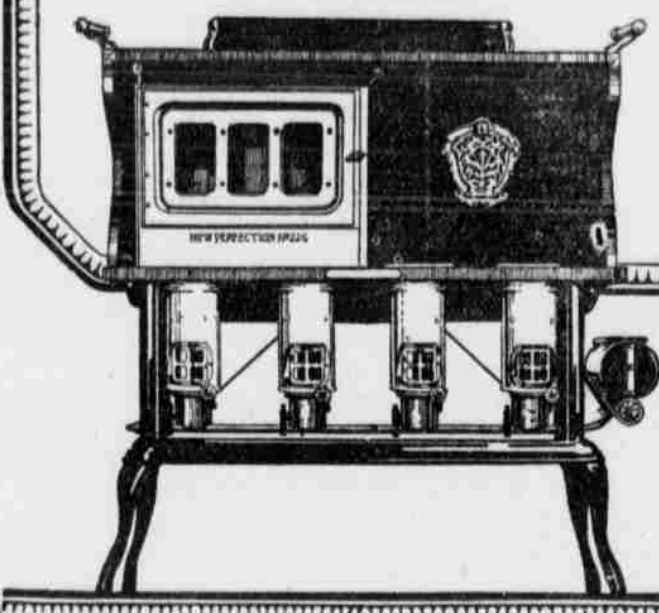


"What? So Soon?"

"Yes, this New Perfection Oil Cook Stove you bought is as quick as gas. Goodness, what a lot of work it saves me! No fires to build, no ashes to shovel out, no dirt to sweep out. And John—" "Yes?" "After dinner I want you to take the kerosene can and

get it filled at the grocery. Ask for Perfection Oil, remember. That's the Standard Oil Company's best." New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are sold in many styles and sizes by hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Ask to see the heat retaining oven.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEBRASKA) OMAHA



NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES

NORTH PLATTE EVIDENCE FOR NORTH PLATTE PEOPLE

The Statements of North Platte Residents Are Surely More Reliable Than Those of Utter Strangers.

Home testimony is real proof.

Public statements of North Platte people carry real weight.

What a neighbor or friend says compels respect.

The word of one whose home is far away invites your doubts.

Here's a North Platte man's statement.

And it's for North Platte people's benefit.

Such evidence is convincing.

That's the kind of proof that backs Doan's Kidney Pills.

Charles F. Burroughs, 222 S. Pine St., North Platte, says: "Several years ago I had occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to be a good kidney medicine. I suffered from burning pains in the small of my back and my kidneys were very weak. Doan's Kidney Pills soon cured me completely. I have not been bothered by kidney trouble since. I take pleasure in endorsing this medicine for the benefit of other kidney sufferers."

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

MINNESOTA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Founded 1880.

It's the household word in Western Nebraska. It's Old Line, the best money can buy. It's what you need, for a savings bank and insurance that insures. They all buy it.

"There is a Reason" For further information Phone, call or address

J. E. SEBASTIAN, State Agent, The Old Line Man

NORTH PLATTE — NEBRASKA.

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 H. E. Evans is plaintiff, and I Benton Taylor et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 24th day of June, 1916, 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:

All of Section Nineteen (19), Township Fifteen (15), North of Range Twenty-Eight (28), and West Half of the Northeast Quarter (W 1/2 NE 1/4) and East Half of the Northwest Quarter (E 1/2 NW 1/4) of Section Twenty-four (24), Township Fifteen (15), North of Range Twenty-nine (29), all in Lincoln County, Nebraska, May 22, 1916.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

Sale Under Adjuster's Lien.

Notice is hereby given that I will offer for sale two certain jacks with meele points, four years of age, now in my possession to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of meeting the payment of the sum of \$26.50 and

costs of sale and keeping from this date to date of sale under my lien by virtue of a contract with the agent of Charles Wilkinson, the owner of said animals. Said sale to take place at my farm in Sec. 36, T. 13 N., R. 31, West in Lincoln county, Nebraska on the 30th day of June, 1916, at the hour of 3:00 P. M.

LOIS REFIOR, Linen.

Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1415 of Mary Ann Hawkins, 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 of claims against said Estate is December 30, 1916, and for settlement of said estate is May 26, 1917, that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 30, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. and on December 30, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

m30-127

Notice of Final Report.

Estate of Cornelius Sullivan, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate take notice that the Administrator has filed a final account and report of his 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 June 30, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated June 3, 1916.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

j6-127

Notice to Creditors

Estate No. 1409, of Nancy E. Donaldson, 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 of claims against said Estate is December 9, 1916, and for settlement of said Estate is May 5, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 9, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on December 9, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

33-4w

Notice

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

William Robb, Plaintiff, vs John Thomas, Mrs. John Thomas, his wife, first and real name unknown; C. A. Corbett and Mrs. C. A. Corbett, his wife, first and real names unknown, Defendants.

The defendants, John Thomas, Mrs. John Thomas, his wife, first and real name unknown; C. A. Corbett and Mrs. C. A. Corbett, his wife, first and real names unknown, will take notice that upon the 31st day of May, A. D., 1916, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants and each of them, the object and prayer of said petition being to have the title to the northwest quarter of Section 27, Township 13, North of Range 33, West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska, quieted in said plaintiff as against a certain tax foreclosure and as against a mortgage for \$1500.00 upon said lands and others, dated May 18, 1897, because of the fact that said plaintiff has been in the open, notorious, exclusive, continuous, adverse and hostile possession of said land under a tax deed for more than ten years next prior to

the commencement of this action. That plaintiff prays to have the fee simple title therein quieted in him and for such other and further relief in the premises as may be deemed proper by the court.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of July, 1916.

WILLIAM ROBB, Plaintiff.

By Muldoon & Oberst, His Attorneys.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

In the Matter of the Estate of William H. Spurrier, Deceased.

To the heirs, creditors, and all other persons interested in the Estate of William H. Spurrier, Deceased.

You are hereby notified that on the 29th day of May, 1916, N. B. Spurrier filed his petition in the county court of said county stating that the said William H. Spurrier departed this life on the 22d day of February, 1911, being on said date a resident of Decatur county, Iowa; that he died seized of the following described property situated in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to-wit: The east one-half (E 1/2) of the Northwest quarter (NW 1/4) and Lots one (1) and two (2) of Section nineteen (19), Township twelve (12), range thirty-two (32), west of the 6th P. M.; that the petitioner, N. B. Spurrier, is a son of the said William H. Spurrier, deceased, and has acquired all the interest of the other heirs in and to the above described premises.

The prayer of said petition being for a determination of the time of the death of said William H. Spurrier, and a determination of the heirs of said deceased, and for a decree of kinship and the right of descent of the real estate belonging to said deceased; that all claims be barred.

You are hereby notified that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of North Platte, in said county, on the 30th day of June, 1916, at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

J6J23

Notice.

Pete Frenoff will take notice, that on the 27th 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 \$21.50, in an action now pending before him, wherein Dr. T. J. Kerr, is plaintiff and Pete Frenoff, defendant, that property consisting of money, as wages due, in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order.

Said cause was continued to the 14th day of June, 1916, at ten o'clock a. m.

Dated North Platte, Neb., May 5th, 1916.

DR. T. J. KERR, Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Report.

Estate of Walter B. McNeil, 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 and other personal property amounting to \$250.00, set over to her as decedent's widow, all of which have been set for hearing before said court on June 16, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated May 19, 1916.

m23-113 GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.