

# The Death Vampire

By EDWARD T. STEWART

There is a certain region in the south west where the people have a strange belief. Where they got it no one there or elsewhere can tell. They are ignorant, and ignorance is the father of superstition. And this especial belief of tigers could exist only among a superstitious community. It is that when any one is dying there are vampires who suck the breath from the body.

One winter evening when the snow was falling fast and the wind was blowing it into drifts John Hathaway, a country lawyer, was riding to the county seat to attend court. What befell him he has narrated as follows:

I was on horseback, my saddlebag being full of legal documents, lunch and a flask of brandy. The snow was whirling about in eddies that confused me, and I began to be frightened. I had no idea whether I was on the road or off it. All of a sudden my horse sank down into a drift, falling on his side and plunging my leg under him. The leg was not hurt, for it rested on snow. At least it did not pain me. The horse struggled awhile, then lay still.

I was now in terror lest I should be obliged to lie there till I froze. The flask and the lunch were in the pocket of the saddlebag that was under the horse, and I could not get at them. If ever a case looked hopeless it was this, for the thermometer stood not far above zero, and not being able to move, I was pretty sure to go to sleep, and that meant death. I felt sure that I was beside the road—probably my horse had stepped off it into a ditch—and persons usually were passing, but what was to be expected in such a storm? And night was already falling.

I managed to raise my head far enough to look about me within narrow limits. A few hundred yards ahead was a house, but as yet there were no lamps lit in it. I shouted, but there was no answer.

Whether I slept or not, whether I was simply benumbed by the cold, how long I remained unconscious, I do not know, but suddenly I was aroused by a spasmodic struggle of my horse. It seemed to me that my leg was free. I tried and found that I could move it. I struggled to free myself from the drift and clambered up on to higher ground, where the snow was not so deep. It struck me that I had regained the road.

Glancing toward the house I had seen, I saw a light in one of the windows. I wondered if I had strength to go there. Getting on my feet, I started and to my surprise walked with tolerable ease. Having reached the house, I pushed the front door open and stood in the hallway. The only light was from the lamp I had seen in the window, and I now saw that it was in a bedroom in the rear. The door of this room was ajar, and I entered. There was plenty of furniture, but it was dilapidated. Thus far I encountered no person.

I felt exhausted on the bed and lost consciousness. Presently I felt suffocation. I awoke, conscious that I was losing my breath. I felt a pair of clammy lips on mine. Putting out both hands, I grasped a pair of arms, cold as marble, and with a strength born of horror hurled whoever was on me away. The light in the room must have gone out, for I was in darkness.

Yet in another moment I was looking at a light. I saw dimly a different scene from that in my bedroom. It was a lantern a few yards from me and higher than I. By it I made out a team, and a dark figure was behind the light. Then I felt arms under mine, and I was lifted and dragged up on to the level, where a man was holding the lantern. Then both men lifted me on to the wagon. One got in with me, the other on to the seat, and we moved on, the horses struggling through the snow, the man beside me shaking and rubbing me.

After awhile the wagon stopped, and I was helped into a house, where a hot drink was given me and I was put to bed.

The next day I was all right. I asked for the men who had rescued me and was told that they had gone on. I asked what had become of my horse and was informed that he had succumbed. My next question was about the house where I had slept, and after describing it I was told that it had long ago been deserted. I told of my sleeping there and of my dream or nightmare or whatever it was.

I was talking to an old woman, a young woman and a young man, the younger woman's husband. When I had told of flinging off the monster the three looked at one another.

"Now, Sam," said the old woman to the man, "after this will you still refuse to believe?"

The man looked much disturbed. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, stranger," she said, "you was a-dyin'. A vampire was a-suckin' of yer breath. Ef it hadn't been for the two men as come along and pulled you out of the snow the monster 'd a' got ye. Ye wasn't in the haunted house at all."

"Yes, he was, maw," said the young woman. "The vampire put the light in the window to entice him there fer to suck the breath outen him."

Convinced that my nightmare had been occasioned by my cramped position, I left this intellectual group. I had been kept from freeing by the warmth of my horse's body.

# For a Pinch Of Snuff

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

In 176—Walter Watherspoon, a student at Kings (now Columbia) college, was crossing the campus, situated in the lower part of New York, not far from the city hall, when he met Gertrude Springstead, the daughter of a China merchant, going to her home on the Battery. The two were lovers and expected to be married after young Watherspoon's graduation, which was to occur in the following June. Before seeing his fiancée coming he took his snuffbox from a pocket in the voluminous skirt of his coat and, placing a pinch between his thumb and finger, crammed it up first into one nostril, then into another, sniffing lustily.

"Oh, Walter," said the girl when they met, "if father knew you snuffed it would be all up with us! He detests the habit and would force me to break with you."

"In that case, Mistress Gertrude," replied Walter, "I must not let him see me snuffing."

"But suppose he hears that you snuff?"

"You are right. I must drop the habit till at least after we are married."

Taking a lacquered box from his pocket, he handed it to Gertrude, telling her to keep it till after the wedding, at the same time promising her that he would not buy another or more snuff till they had been married.

Now, Watherspoon was poor as a church mouse and was obliged to work his way through college, which he did by giving so much of his time as he could spare from his studies to a tall, chandler, Gertrude, on the contrary, was the only child and heiress to what was then a large fortune. Naturally the young man was loth to lose his sweetheart and did not relish losing the fortune she would bring him.

Watherspoon worked hard all winter both at his studies and pouring melted tallow into candle molds. After a few weeks he found that he could get on very well without snuffing and assured Gertrude that there would be no trouble for them on that score. He even declared that taking tobacco into one's nose was a filthy habit, and he would never resume it, which was, of course, very pleasing to her.

A new convert is always an enthusiastic convert. Walter, having thrown off the shackles of a bad habit, called the attention of his friends to its disagreeableness to others than the snuffer. Why should one pause while chatting with another to cram a nasty powdered weed into his nose, making a disgusting noise through his nostrils and leaving his nose smeared with tobacco? His friends listened deferentially to his protests, but paid little attention to them, not infrequently taking out a snuffbox, offering it to him, and taking a pinch while he was speaking.

Walter kept his promise to his fiancée, nobly refraining from the habit he had eschewed. In due time he was graduated from college, and his father-in-law to be had consented that he should go into his counting room on the street facing the East river and begin preparation to take position as manager of the business when Mr. Springstead retired. While learning the business Walter was to draw a nominal salary.

Walter was the envy of all the young men in town. Engaged to a lovely girl and heir to a fine business. Surely providence had favored him.

The wedding day opened bright and beautiful. Walter, after breakfast, went to the Springstead home and was placed in a front room which faced the bay to await the hour for the ceremony. The sun glittered on the wavelets. The islands to the left, the right and in the distance stood out clear and green. Directly in the foreground was the old fort about which the city had grown and prospered. Walter was supremely happy.

The door opened and Gertrude came in bearing the snuffbox he had given her months before.

"I can't leave this here," she said. "After I have left mother will go through my room, and it will be discovered."

"Give it to me," said Walter. "I will take it away with me and get rid of it on our wedding trip."

Gertrude handed him the box and hastened away to be robed in her wedding garments. Walter opened it and held it under his nose. What a delicious fragrance! How pleasant it would be to take just one pinch! Taking a little of the snuff between his thumb and finger, he held it near his nostrils. Then he thought of the risk he would take if he indulged and put it back in the box. But he took another pinch, and again the aroma greeted his nostrils.

Mr. Springstead, passing through the hall, heard a violent sneeze. Opening the door of the room from which it seemed to come, there was Walter with an open snuffbox in one hand and his handkerchief in the other. He greeted his father-in-law to be with another sneeze.

When, a couple of hours later, guests arrived to witness the nuptials they were informed that there would be no nuptials. No reason was assigned. Mr. Springstead put a veto on his daughter's marriage, and the groom went to his own quarters.

For a pinch of snuff he had given a bride, a fortune and a splendid business.

Not long after his loss the Revolution broke out, and he joined the continental army. He was killed at the battle of Long Island.

# Broken Peace

By F. A. MITCHEL

I was gittin' on well enough, independent as a wood sawyer's clerk, when that consarned Jim Simpson come along and put an idea into my head that spoiled the bull business. I had jist done my week's washin' o' the dishes, havin' put 'em on to the wagon and driv' 'em into the creek and mopped 'em, and was takin' out the horse when Jim come along.

"What y' been doin'?" he says, "Washin' the dishes. Next week I got to change the sheets, seein' they hain't been changed in two months Saturday'll be the last day o' the month, and that's my sweepin' day."

"By gum, Enoch," says Jim, "that hain't no kind o' work for a man. Why don't y' git a wife to do it for you?"

"I don't see," says I, "how any woman could do it any better'n I. She'd take a lot more time about it, and mebbe the washers would get washed occasionally, but my opinion is that a woman is always kickin' up a dust for nothin'." My way o' doin' it is to let the dust git settled before disturbin' it again. Y' can't git a woman to do that."

Jim and I walked to the house, and he come in. Fact is he wanted to find somep'n to find fault with. And he did. He said that it was the dirtiest house he'd ever been in. When he was goin' away he said:

"Enoch, I got a wife that when we was first married used to stir up the dust a lot. I complained, and she told me that if I preferred dust in bulk rather than at retail she didn't. She said a man's place wasn't in the house anyway when a woman was cleanin'. So I made it a pint to find somep'n to do outside when she was stirrin' up the dirt, and when I come back again everything looked spick and span, and I got used to havin' it that a-way and couldn't stand it nother way."

"It's all a matter o' habit," I says. "Jim went away, but he'd put a flea into my ear. There was a likely gal at Bunker's farm—Bunker's wife's sister. I reckoned that I'd go down and see her. Mebbe I might take her in for the house work if she'd come. Naturally I got to tellin' her how I washed the dishes and the other things. She laffed and said that I was very ingenious. She'd never thought about doin' dishes that a-way. And as for sweepin', she thort my way o' leavin' the dust to settle before stirrin' it up again was a good idea. Anyway that was all right for a man who didn't know how to do such things without a lot o' trouble."

"Well, I set up to her for a month or so on Sunday nights, at the end of which time we was married and went to my house to live. My Aunt Emily says to me afore I was chained, says she, "Enoch, you don't mean to take a wife into that house o' yorn without havin' some woman go into it and cart away the dirt, do you?" And I says: "Aunt Emily, what I'm gittin' married for is to have some one to keep the house in order. She mought as well begin at the beginnin'." Aunt Emily says, says she, "Yer beginnin' the wrong way. When a couple starts in to keep house together they ought to have smooth sailin' at the commencement. Instead o' that, you're goin' to begin with a fine inducement for a scrap."

I was mighty feared when she said this, but I'd better have gone on as I was, but it was too late for that now. So I tuk my wife right inter the house just as it was.

"Enoch," she says, "take all the buckets and go out to the well and fill 'em."

I did this, and when I came back I found that my bride had taken off her waddin' outfit and put on scrubbin' uniform. That was the beginnin' of it. The first quarter o' the honeymoon was given up to a whirlwind o' dust; then buckets o' soap and water and all sorts o' dirt killin' contrivances come on. Just as I was hopin' the end was comin' and the furniture would be put where it belonged, another cleanup commenced that took up what remained o' the honeymoon.

After the cleanin' had wore me out I said, "I s'pose we kin rest."

"No," she says, "I've been a month puttin' the house in order, but while I've been doin' one thing the dust has been accumulatin' elsewhere. The first week I washed the washers. That's three weeks ago. I got to wash 'em again."

"How about the sweepin'?" I asked, gloomy like.

"The sweepin' 'll come the day after the washin' is washed."

One day—it was in the last week o' the honeymoon—I was walkin' along the road comin' toward my happy home, over which hung a cloud o' dust, when I met Jim Simpson.

"Look a-there," I says, pointin' to the house. "That's what y' done by dissatisfyin' me about my housekeepin'."

"Is yer house ather?" he says.

"No," says I, seein' a stream o' water beatin' agin the upper story.

"That's my wife playin' the hose on the washers."

"Goo'by," says Jim, and he lit out. I'm gittin' used to it now, and it don't trouble me so much as it did, but I often sigh for the happy, quiet times when I used to drive the dishes into the creek and do my sweepin' when I liked and let the dirt alone and lived in peace. But them days has gone forever. In my home there's perpetual scrubbin' and washin', and every spring I'm transferred for two weeks to the barn while the spring cleanin' is goin' on.



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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 Florence M. Hershey is plaintiff and Oliver A. Ridenour et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 29th day of December, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Neb., 1916, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

South Half (S½) of Section Ten (10) and the North Half (N½) of Section Fifteen (15), Township Eleven (11), North of Range Thirty-Three (33), Lincoln County, Neb. Dated North Platte, Neb., Nov. 27, 1916.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

Notice. Edgar Johnston will take notice that on the 6th day of November, 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 \$13.35 in an action pending before him, wherein Mrs. Nellie Potter is plaintiff and Edgar Johnston defendant; that property consisting of money in the sum of \$10.55 in the hands of the Union Pacific railroad company, a corporation, has been attached under said order.

Said cause was continued to the 29th day of December, 1916, at ten o'clock a. m.

Dated Nov. 17, 1916. n21-d8 MRS. NELLIE POTTER, Plaintiff.

Notice of Petition. Estate No. 1446 of Claus Gruenau, deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of an Instrument, purporting to be the foreign will of Claus Gruenau and the appointment of Louisa Gruenau, as Administratrix, with Will annexed in said Estate, which has been set for hearing herein on December 15, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated Nov. 17, 1916. GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge. n21-d12

Notice, Decree of Heirship. Estate of Sophia Meyers, deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The heirs, creditors and all persons interested in said Estate, will take notice that on the 11th day of November, 1916, Jack Palmer, claiming title by mesne conveyance from Sophia Meyers, decedent filed his petition herein, alleging that the said Sophia Meyers died intestate on or about Feb'y. 21, 1883, a resident of the city of Washington, D. C. and that at the time of her death she was the owner of, or had an Estate of inheritance in fee simple title in and to Lots 7 and 8, Block 64 city of North Platte in said Lincoln County Nebraska, and that no application has been made in the said state for the appointment of an administrator. That she left surviving her Minnie Oberst, over the age of 21, residing at North Platte, Nebr., a daughter, Mary Reagon, over the age of 21, residing at Washington, D. C., a daughter, Fred Meyers, over the age of 21, residing at Washington, D. C., a son, Sophia Federhoff, over the age of 21, residing at North Platte, Nebr., a daughter.

That all the debts of said decedent have been paid, and praying that regular administration be waived and a decree entered barring creditors and fixing the date of her death and the degree of kinship of her heirs and the right of descent to said real estate.

Said petition will be heard December 15, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. at the office of the county judge in said county.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge. n21-d12

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage, dated on the 20th day of September, 1916, and duly filed in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the 23d day of September, 1916, and executed by P. H. Lonergan and Lucy Lonergan, husband and wife, to Julius Hahler, to secure the payment of the sum of \$957.50 with interest at 8 percent per annum from date thereof, and upon which there is now due the sum of \$973.45, default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: two symplex moving picture machines with stands and equipments complete, all electric wiring, wires, lights, bulbs and sockets, together with all chandeliers, and electric supplies and fixtures, all chairs, stoves, piano and all musical instruments, pictures, paintings and their frames, all stage curtains, stage fixtures and appliances, all electric fans, all opera chairs, being 248 opera and 100 folding chair staves, and all other personal property and fixtures owned by us or either of us and now used in and about the Pat Theatre in running and operating the same, situate and being in the two story brick building on lot 14, of the Lutheran Subdivision of Lots 7 and 8 in Block 115 of the original town of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, at public auction at the front door of the said described premises, known as the "Pat Theatre" in the city of North Platte, Nebraska, on the 23d day of December, 1916, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon (central time) of said date.

JULIUS HAHLER, Mortgagee.