

AN AEROPLANE STORY

By ALAN HINSDALE

Joe Goodall, who had been sent to the hospital in the rear of the British lines in Belgium, told me this story during his convalescence:

"When the big world's war came on I was studying in a school of technology in the United States. I didn't care which whipped, but I wanted to do something of it. Thinking I would be more at home among those who spoke the same language as I did, I chose the British.

"My education, which I had nearly finished, especially fitted me for service in the flying corps, and, going to England, I began my preparation for running an aeroplane. It was a year before I was sent out for active service, but when I landed in Flanders I was pretty well prepared.

"At first I was sent up to locate the German batteries. I soon grew tired of this and longed for a more exciting service. One day the commander of the aeroplane corps told me to report at the headquarters of the general commanding the right wing of the British troops, adding that he had been asked for a man to do special work and I had been recommended. The general said to me:

"Our spies report that the enemy are turning out war implements of a kind that they are keeping secret at a point about forty miles in their rear. I want you to go there and drop enough bombs on it to put it out of commission. They have built it in a wood for purposes of concealment from our aeroplanes, and you'll have to fly low in order to distinguish it when you reach it. It is murky today and you may get over a good deal of ground without being seen. The weather is not usually the same at two different points at a distance from each other and you may find a clearer atmosphere when you get over the works you are to destroy. Can you start at once?"

"Yes, general," I replied.

"Well, take such bombs as you may select for yourself and success to you." "Within an hour I was ready. I rose to a thousand feet, and having located the direction I was to take, followed it by compass, for there was too much mist for me to guide from the ground. I hadn't gone ten miles, however, before I entered a region clear of fog, and beneath me a plain, mostly bare of trees.

"I was behind the German lines and directly beneath me was an encampment of a small body of troops. Evidently they saw me and were somewhat disturbed at my presence. They fired some shots at me from their rifles, but I kept out of range, and they probably had no aeroplane guns, for none such were used.

"They had a fleet horse among them, for suddenly I saw a rider shoot out in the direction I was going. Doubtless they surmised the nature of my mission and were sending a messenger to give warning, either to the works I was to destroy or an aeroplane station. "I did not fear a race with a horse, but the man on him might have a short distance to go and I thought I'd better stop him if I could. I descended to a hundred feet above his head and dropped a hand grenade. It exploded behind him. Realizing that I had not calculated for his motion, I dropped another, aiming some ten or fifteen yards before him. It struck the ground ahead of him. A third grenade fell a few feet before his horse and exploded under it. The horse was blown to pieces, the man shot up in the air. He came down and in a moment lay still.

"An auto must have come into the German camp after he started from it, for I had no sooner put the horse out of the race than I heard a rattle below, and there was the machine coming at a rate of fifty miles an hour. It shot past the dead horse and the dead man, and I saw at once that I would have to increase my speed.

"The auto was going so fast that it was a more difficult problem to hit it with my hand grenades. I started with half a dozen grenades and had three left. I dropped one, but it fell a little ahead of the machine. I dropped another, but the chauffeur must have seen it descending, for he slowed up, and it fell a dozen yards ahead of him. Thinking he would dodge in the same fashion again, I calculated for his doing so, and he put on full speed. The man had successfully dodged me, and I had no more grenades left.

"The only thing I could do now was to drop a bomb, but if I should use my bombs I would not have them for destroying the works. I concluded to hold on to the missiles and trust to the speed of my aeroplane. My decision was an unlucky one. The auto had only four miles to go to reach an aeroplane station and made the distance over a straight road in about six minutes.

"Suddenly I saw a dozen aeroplanes rise like a flock of birds not far off my course and make for a point between me and the works I was to destroy. I saw at a glance that for all me the munition plant was perfectly safe. Indeed, it behooved me to make tracks for home. I turned, and the aeroplanes seeing me do so gave chase. It was nip and tuck with me to get into the British lines, for one of the German machines was a great deal faster than mine and, coming within range of me just as I was passing into what seemed safe territory, gave me this wound."

Leaves of the Poison Ivy.
No doubt just a picture of poison ivy is enough to cause some folks to shudder and remember the time their face and body became scarlet and swollen from contact with the leaves. How it itched and burned! Yet to rub it was only to make matters worse.

A curious fact is that some persons are immune from this poison, while others must not even breathe the pollen of the plant. It is often confounded with the Virginia creeper, although the difference between this is distinct. The leaves of the latter are divided into five leaflets, while those of the former have but three, a fact well worth remembering.

Strange enough, the witch hazel plant is sometimes found growing close to the poison ivy. As witch hazel extract is one of the best remedies for ivy poisoning it would seem nature was holding out disease in one hand and a remedy in another.

Heat at the Persian Gulf.
The Persian gulf and its coasts are in summer about the hottest place on earth's surface, a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade being not uncommon, while a black bulb solar thermometer has registered 187 degrees in the sun.

When one remembers that the hottest room in a Turkish bath is usually kept at about 160 degrees the appalling nature of this Persian heat will be better realized.

The greatest heat ever known in England was on Aug. 18, 1893, when a shade temperature of 95 degrees was registered. But on this day the sun temperature did not quite equal that of July 28, 1855, when 102 degrees F. was registered in the sun.

When you consider facts like these it is difficult to believe that our planet receives only one two-thousand-millionth part of the rays flung out by the sun.—London Telegraph.

Odd Titles of Newspapers.
In Columbus, says the Dispatch, there is a man whose chief joy is in a collection of newspaper titles.

There are Headlights, Flashlights, Bees, Eagles, Owls, Mirrors and Newsletters, but when it comes to Derriicks, Meddlers, Telescopes, Flags and Sunbeams the class is limited. In Hot Springs there is published the Arkansas Thomas Cat, and other titles just as unusual are the Sledge Hammer, the Irrepressible, the Silent Worker and Gall.

Frequently it is possible to tell from the title of a newspaper the state in which it is published. For instance, the Chiefain is in Oklahoma, the Rustler and the Lariat are in Texas, Big Hole Breezes in Montana and the Roundup in Wyoming.

Attractive Automobiles.
"So you are in the market for an automobile?"

"Yes," answered the man who likes to attract attention.

"Any particular make?"

"No; I merely want one that will make people turn round and stare at me when I pass."

"Oh, you don't need a special type for that. Get the ordinary car and exceed the speed limit."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Woodmen Grow Obsolete.
A steam operated sawing machine fells more trees in an eight hour day than thirty woodmen. It works close to the ground and leaves no stumps standing.—Popular Science Monthly.

Just in Time.
Plaintiff's Lawyer—I rest the case. Defendant's Dito—You ought to. It's pretty weak.—New York American.

♦♦♦♦♦ PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT. ♦♦♦♦♦

♦ Cancer Dangers. ♦

♦ It is a well established fact that moles, warts and scars are ♦ prone to degenerate if subjected ♦ to repeated irritation, especially ♦ in the evening of life. ♦ says the Therapeutic Gazette. ♦ These abnormalities should be ♦ kept under intelligent observation ♦ and if they display any activity ♦ or arouse an unusual sensation ♦ should be immediately put ♦ in the hands of the surgeon for ♦ speedy excision.

♦ The senile keratosis, so common ♦ on the skin of the old; the ♦ little wartlike excrescences and ♦ little scurfy patches so frequent ♦ on the faces and the hands, of ♦ fer peculiar advantage for the de- ♦ velopment of epithelioma. They ♦ have been called "halfway ♦ houses" on the road to malignancy. ♦ They should be subjected to no ♦ avoidable irritation and, ♦ above all, should not be "treated" ♦ with the meddlesome notion ♦ of cleaning them up. They ♦ should be handled with gloves, ♦ as it were, and gently carried ♦ along to a quiescent end.

♦ The pressure of nose glasses ♦ has been sufficient to excite such ♦ a skin (of the old) to perverse ♦ activity. The pressure of a tight ♦ bandage has served to arouse ♦ the latent fury of an old and ♦ disregarded birthmark. Bear ♦ this in mind, particularly old ♦ persons, and guard against any ♦ irritation of the skin.

The Repairing of Harricot Castle

By ELINOR MARSH

Ned Maloney in conventional evening dress was strolling through the apartments of Mrs. Winterton, who was giving a reception to the noble Earl of Harricot, his lordship having recently come over from England. Ned was making his way toward the hostess, who stood receiving her guests, Lord Harricot standing beside her. Suddenly Ned stopped and stared at the Britisher.

Had Ned a twin brother and was that brother the honored guest of the evening? Perhaps the likeness was heightened by the similarity of dress, for there is no variation in men's evening apparel. Perhaps the fact that neither were any hair on his face also had some bearing on the resemblance.

Ned retreated a short distance and gave himself up to thought. It was no secret that Lord Harricot had come over in search of a wife who would have the means to build up Harricot castle, which, having been built in the year A. D. 1290, was sadly in need of repairs. Indeed, the object of his lordship's visit to America had been privately given by Mrs. Winterton to a few of the wealthiest girls with a view to facilitating the success of his undertaking, for it was to be understood that any marriage that might take place would be one of convenience.

Ned had seen and admired a certain lady and had worshipped her in secret. What put it into his head to pass himself off as Lord Harricot to this Miss Geraldine Mortimer he could never quite explain. Nevertheless the idea somehow got lodged there and took root. Miss Mortimer was in very moderate circumstances, which did not fill the bill at all. On the other hand, Ned was rich.

Ned refrained from greeting the hostess, as he was bound to do, and left the house, so that the resemblance between himself and the noble lord was not noticed. The next day he called on his friend, Mrs. Amy Lee, and imparted his scheme. Mrs. Lee, who was a natural seeker after interesting situations, finally promised to introduce him to Miss Mortimer as Lord Harricot.

Miss Mortimer had caught a glimpse of his lordship at the opera, and he had met her gaze admiringly. She was therefore not surprised when she was informed that he had asked for an introduction to her. Nevertheless, having heard a report of the object of his visit to America and supposing that she would be expected to repair Harricot castle, which she was unable to do, she hesitated as to granting permission for the introduction. But there is always an expectation with a woman that she may be loved for herself. At any rate, Miss Mortimer finally consented.

During the short period of Ned Maloney's devotion to Geraldine Mortimer as Lord Harricot the imposture was constantly on the eve of being discovered. Several times he supposed that it was all up with him. But his good fortune stood by him, and when he was ready to confess the trick he was not even suspected.

Ned made short work of his wooing. Indeed, he dare not make long work of it. One day, being encouraged, he proposed, pretending that he had understood Miss Mortimer to be wealthy, and giving her to understand that his proposal carried with it an agreement on her part not only to settle half a million on her husband, but settle another half million on the home of his ancestors.

Miss Mortimer had been wondering whether Harricot's attentions came from love or whether he had been misled as to her pecuniary status. When her mind was relieved she was greatly disappointed. The trouble was that she had lost her heart to him. Tears stood in her eyes as she confessed that she was without the means to purchase his lordship.

Then Ned, being convinced that she loved him, confessed that he was not a lord at all, that he was an ordinary American citizen, and that if she would accept him with love in a cottage, which is another name for poverty, his proposition held good.

Miss Mortimer must have been very much in love to forgive the deception, especially since Ned had no plausible reason for having made it. But she did forgive him and was very much delighted that after all she need not give up the man she loved because she had not the means to put stone and mortar into an old pile, the glory of which had departed when it was captured by the house of Lancaster during the War of the Roses. Ned pleased her first with his expressions of love, which were sincere, and, second, told her that he could not lavish wealth upon her, which was insincere.

However, he did not try to keep up this deception as to his finances, and one morning drove her to a palatial house in the center of spacious grounds and informed her that it was Harricot castle and needed no repairs, since it was just finished. As to the title, they would be obliged to get on without it.

Miss Mortimer was very happy. As for the real Lord Harricot, he married the daughter of a multimillionaire. She repaired the family home, but never lived in it. Before the repairs were finished his lordship so disported himself with a music hall lady that his wife divorced him.

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Notice of Petition.
Estate No. 1452 of Mary J. Applegate, 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 the last will and testament of Mary J. Applegate, deceased, and for the appointment of U. Grant Applegate as Executor of said will which has been set for hearing herein on January 12, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m.
Dated Dec. 13, 1916.
d19-j9 **GEO. E. FRENCH,**
County Judge.



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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 (3/4) of Section Ten (10) and the North Half (N/4) 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 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 Louisia 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.

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 \$8 per cent 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 sylex moving picture machines with stands and equipments complete, all electric wiring, wires, lights, bulbs and sockets, together with all chandeliers, 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 106 folding slat chairs, 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.