

Letters of the Courting Period

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Why it is that a pair of lovers will change their opinion of each other so often, dropping from an infinite height to an infinite depth and rising from a profaned depth to a heavenly height, is one of the many mysteries of love. Ovid wrote of the art of love. He had better have written of the chaos of love. Here are some letters written by one of my grandfathers and one of my grandmothers when they were courting. The first is from grandpa. Just listen to it:

Dearest, Sweetest Matilda—I have but just come to my room from hearing you say that you would be mine, but I cannot refrain from writing you how happy you have made me. I have met many girls, but you are the only angel among them I am awestruck when I think of my having secured such a prize. I only fear that when you find out how unworthy I am you will cast me off.

My grandfather was in such a flutter that ten minutes after he had left my grandmother to continue on paper the waddle he had lavished on her in speech he was in his room writing the above effusion. It would seem that these young lovers never can break the steady flow of love that pours from their hearts, and if they succeed in doing so they must needs repair the break in some other form as quickly as they can get an opportunity.

And what possessed the man possessed the woman. Scarcely had grandfather left his mate than she rushed to her escritoire and, sitting down, took pen and paper and continued her own heart outpouring in the following note:

Dearest—I know that I am foolish, but I cannot—though you have not been gone ten minutes—refrain from telling you how infinitely happy you have made me by the honor you have done me. To be loved by such a man is simply ecstasy. How honorable you have been in refraining from telling me you loved me before speaking to papa!

Of course I can't give what must have taken hours to write. Besides, what would be the use? It is all on the same high C key. If he was writing to an angel she was writing to a god. Let us see how the mercury dropped after the first spat:

Dear Miss Marshall—I must say I was surprised at your action this evening. I supposed you were above treating even a coachman, to say nothing of a gentleman, as you treated me. Do you consider what you did ladylike? I confess that if my father had a kitchen maid who would not toward me as you have done I should insist on her discharge.

Note the rapid fall from angel to kitchen maid. And the old duffer—I forgot; my grandfather was then young—considered himself a gentleman. A gentleman to compare his best girl to a kitchen maid! But his act is nothing to compare with hers. It takes a woman to express her opinion of a man when she's mad:

Mr. Winchell—I thought you were a gentleman. That illusion is gone forever. You will always hereafter be classed with those young men who, having been brought up in the backwoods, have not learned how to treat a lady. Since I don't consider you worthy to enter my house I beg that you will never again do so. Should you persecute me with your attentions hereafter I shall inform my brother. In the evening after dinner I will let Watch loose. His teeth are very sharp.

Noting the date of this letter, I find that a reconciliation was expected the day it was written. At any rate, here are two letters, the first from grandpa, bearing the same date as the last quoted:

Dearest—Thank heaven it's all explained! I will call at half past 8 to take the noblest woman in the world in my arms and give her a million kisses!

The dog that was to have been let loose seems to have lost his terror. This is her reply:

Oh, my darling, now immeasurably happy I am that this horrid nightmare is over! And to think that it should have been about so trifling a matter as your criticizing the buckles on my shoes! Do come earlier than half past 8. We shall be through dinner by half past 7, and how can I wait a whole hour for you?

For a fortnight after this the waters were untroubled; then came a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. Its violence marks it for the lady's:

Sir—I return with this by our negro boy Sam, your ring. Considering who gave it to me, he is more than a worthy messenger. I would express a hope that you would be happy with another girl if I did not feel sure you would lead any woman a horrible life. Return my letters at once by bearer.

His reply:

I will return your letters when you have returned mine. Respectfully yours, etc.

This doesn't sound so bad as comparing his angel to a household, but it is really worse. He intimates that he can't trust her to return his letters, she having recovered her own, and that she is liable to use them to his discredit. There's no further record about this return of letters. Quite a gap ensues, during which they were doubtless so much together that they had no use for pens. The next correspondence is but a few days before their marriage. This is from grandpa:

My Angel—I can hardly realize that on Thursday next I shall call you wife. What a lovely, holy situation—no separation till the death of one of us! The word death in this connection frightens me. What can I ever do without you? But away with gloom when heaven is so near!

Here is grandma writing:

Light of My Life—I'm it lovely to think that after next Thursday we shall be together continuously! My wedding dress fits beautifully. I tried it on today and was charmed with it. I am sure you will be charmed with it too. Everything is ready. The time passes slowly.

A letter written six months later is very different. Indeed, only the most commonplace topics are mentioned.

A Sepulcher of Broken Hearts.

In the old Franciscan church of the Holy Cross rises one of two monuments disdaining Florence condensed to give her greatest poet, whose greatest honor lies in his gift to the world at one splendid sweep of a pure and recreated Italian language—until his time halting and feeble—in that immortal masterpiece of literature, the "Divina Commedia."

This church might well be known as the Broken Hearts Instead of Santa Croce, for near Dante's cenotaph—his exiled ashes still rest in Ravenna—lies the body of that other terrific genius, Michelangelo, who, broken in spirit, died gladly when the city so dear to his heart fell once more upon dark and tyrannous days. And Gallei is here, too, and Alfieri, and Machiavelli, and many another, a brilliant train.

Michelangelo's last work is in the nearby church of San Lorenzo, in the mortuary chapel of the Medici, the great house which deigned to favor him with its patronage or its enmity throughout his life.—National Geographic Magazine.

His Epitaph.

A recent automobile accident in an up state county resulted in the death of the driver and the injury of two passengers.

The coroner summoned several witnesses, among them a farmer living near the scene of the accident. There was voluminous testimony regarding the high speed at which the car traveled. Witnesses said, too, that the road was in bad repair. The coroner finally reached the farmer who lived near the scene.

"What would you say about this accident, Mr. Swiggett?" the coroner asked.

"Well, if I was writin' that young man's epitaph," the witness drawled, "I'd say he died tryin' to git sixty miles a hour out of a ten mile road."—Indianapolis News.

A Famous Dresser.

Joachim Murat was in his day the best dressed man in the world. Born in 1767 in a village near Cahors the son of a day laborer, he was sent to a Jesuit school to be educated for the priesthood. He ran away, joined the army, and sixteen years after he had become a lieutenant he was a field marshal, duke of Cleves and Berg, with Napoleon's sister, Caroline, as his wife, and finally, by the grace of his brother-in-law, was created king of Naples. In all stations he paid the closest attention to his attire and wore in battle gold embroidered and jeweled uniforms which would have made him conspicuous at a court function, and dressed himself as for a review when he was led forth to be shot.—New York Tribune.

He Was Just Thinking.

"Mary," said a man to his spouse, who was gifted with a rapidly moving tongue, "did you ever hear the story of the precious gems?"

"No," she replied. "What is it?"

"It's a fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," the husband continued. "It was about a woman from whose lips fell a diamond or a ruby at every word she spoke."

"Well?" said his wife as he paused.

"That's all there is of it, my dear," he replied. "But I was just thinking if such things happened nowadays I could make my fortune as a jeweler."

Skibbereen.

An Englishman was once traveling in the south of Ireland when he came to a village called Skibbereen. The name struck him as very peculiar and odd, and he asked a villager why the town was so called. "Sure," the villager replied, "I thought even an Englishman could have seen the reason for that. It's called Skibbereen to distinguish it from other places of the same name."—Christian Register.

Mars and Its Moons.

One of its moons circles Mars every seven hours. In consequence of this rapid revolution it appears to the inhabitants of Mars (if there be any) to rise in the west and set in the east.

Well Guarded.

Electric burglar alarms surround Uncle Sam's treasury at Washington and are tested every fifteen minutes, day and night.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Morning Headache.
Early morning headaches may be due to many causes—eye strain, kidney trouble, dissipation, too much smoking, over-eating of proteins, excessive mental labor or too high blood pressure. The Medical Record quotes some observations by the French doctor, Renon, which extended over fifteen years and in which were found in many cases excessively high blood tension.

When the persistent headaches are so severe that they unfit the sufferer for work it is generally found that his heart is enlarged and his kidneys are affected. Such cases often speedily terminate fatally, but intensive treatment will alleviate the symptoms. The Medical Record says coal tar derivatives and tobacco must be shut off. The patient must have mental rest. He must go on a purely milk diet for at least a week, after which he may eat fruits and vegetables on certain days for two weeks more. A light, low protein regimen follows for several weeks.

A SHABBY NOBLEMAN

By ALAN HINSDALE

A gentleman dressed very plainly—indeed, shabbily—stepped into a jeweler's store in New York and asked with a British accent to see some pearl necklaces.

The clerk went to a safe, took out several trays and placed them on the counter.

"These necklaces are very expensive," he said. "Of course so large a number of real pearls cost money. But this one," handing out a single string of very small jewels, "is cheaper. The price is \$2,500."

The man did not seem shocked at the enormous price named by the clerk, but after a close inspection of the articles, holding them within a few inches of his eyes, on which he wore glasses—evidently to correct near-sight, he handed them back to the clerk, saying: "I can do better in London. Let me see some earrings."

The clerk put away the trays and brought forth others containing earrings. The customer, as in the case before, examined the more expensive articles and asked the price of a pair, each having a single pendant of a diamond as large as a good sized pea. The price was \$4,500.

"You are nearer a reasonable price on these," said the customer. "They are very pretty."

The clerk had shown the man jewels far beyond the price he supposed from his appearance he could pay. Indeed, he fancied the party simply desired to feast his eyes upon them. The diamond earrings were apparently nearer his caliber. Perhaps a sale could be effected. After holding them near and far and catching the light on the diamonds he asked the clerk if he could send them to his hotel. He would like his wife to see them. The clerk agreed. The gentleman gave his name, George Throckmorton, and his hotel, at the same time taking out a cambric handkerchief and wiping his glasses. With the handkerchief came a letter which dropped on the floor.

The clerk's back was turned at the time, for he was putting away the jewel trays, and when he again faced the counter a fashionably dressed man was there holding out the letter the other had dropped.

"The man who just left you dropped this," he said.

The clerk took the letter and naturally looked at the address. It was the Earl of Boylingstone, hotel, New York, U. S. A., and bore a London postmark.

"That's singular," said the clerk to the man who picked up the letter.

"What's singular?"

"Why, that the fellow should be a nobleman! His clothes are worn shabby."

"Don't you know," replied the other, examining the address, "that those English lords wear seedy clothes? It's an affection. But you should see their neckties, all velvet and gold, with powdered wigs and silk stockings. Sometimes their shoe buckles are set with real jewels."

"You don't mean it!" said the clerk.

"I've heard it said that the members of the house of lords are the worst dressed men to be found in any legislative assembly. I happen to know that the Earl of Boylingstone is one of the richest men in England."

The clerk put the letter in his pocket, and when he sent the earrings and the letter to the earl's hotel sent also a message that there was 15 per cent discount on the necklaces, which he had not mentioned. The Countess of Boylingstone admired the earrings, and the earl asked the man who brought them if a draft on London for the price would be accepted in payment. The bearer telephoned the firm, and since the clerk had reported that George Throckmorton was also Earl of Boylingstone the partners consulted as to whether they should do so unusual a thing as he requested. The clerk was called in and told that the customer had refrained from buying the pearl necklaces not because they were expensive, but because he said he could do better in London. "If there was anything wrong with him," added the clerk, "it would seem that he would have chosen the jewels involving the greater amount."

The junior member of the firm said that if he could have a look at the purchaser he could rate him correctly; he would know a gentleman by instinct. It was agreed among the partners that this man should go to the hotel and give the answer.

The junior member of the jewelry firm, in order to excuse the visit, said that he had come to say that if Mr. Throckmorton fancied any of their necklaces it could be had for less money than the clerk had named. But the earl said that his wife would not need jewels in America, and he would not purchase anything more than the earrings at present. This statement removed all doubt as to the genuineness of the transaction, the earl's draft on his London bankers was accepted, and the earrings passed into his possession.

A couple of weeks later the draft came back marked "No funds."

Then it appeared to the jewelry firm that they had been neatly tricked. The earl was a confidence man, and the person who had picked up the letter was his confederate. It is a well known fact that many lords affect shabby clothes. The swindlers took advantage of the fact to inspire confidence and by it made a successful haul.

Relative to the monument to be erected to the late Colonel Cody, the general opinion expressed is that it should be a bronze equestrian statue surrounded by buffalo. Suggestions have come from practically every city in the country and from hundreds of the Colonels old friends and associates.

THE HEN THAT LAYS

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate No. 1441 of Elizabeth Whiting, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is September 16, 1917, and for settlement of said Estate is October 18, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on March 16, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m. and on September 18, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections only filed.

Geo. E. French,
County Judge.

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ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES
North Platte, Neb., Jan. 30, 1917.
At a regular meeting held this day, the County Commissioners of Lincoln County, Nebraska, proceeded to make estimates for the following year 1917:

County general fund	\$60,000.00
County bridge fund	40,000.00
County road fund	40,000.00
Agricultural roads	1,000.00
Birdwood bridge bonds, principal and interest	1,500.00
South Platte bridge bonds, principal and interest	1,500.00
Platte bridge bonds, principal and interest	1,500.00
Butwick bridge bonds, principal and interest	500.00
Hershey bridge bonds, principal and interest	700.00
School District Bonds	
No. 1, principal and interest	\$10,500.00
No. 2, principal and interest	1,750.00
No. 3, principal and interest	350.00
No. 37, principal and interest	2,000.00
No. 47, principal and interest	100.00
No. 55, principal and interest	500.00
No. 67, principal and interest	200.00
No. 98, principal and interest	200.00
No. 105, principal and interest	200.00
No. 111, principal and interest	200.00
No. 119, principal and interest	100.00
No. 120, principal and interest	200.00
No. 128, principal and interest	200.00
No. 137, principal and interest	200.00
No. 37, judgment	2,000.00
No. 3, special building	300.00
No. 26, special building	200.00
No. 32, special building	2,000.00
No. 53, special building	300.00
No. 60, special building	300.00

E. H. SPRINGER,
S. J. KOCH,
County Commissioners.

Notice of Final Report
Estate No. 1442 of Nancy A. Donaldson, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate, notice is hereby given that the administrator of said Estate has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such administrator, which have been set for hearing before said court on March 2nd, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated February 5th, 1917.
GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

Notice.
Jackson A. Smith will take notice, that on the 22nd day of January, 1917, Paul G. Meyer, a Justice of the Peace of Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$15.00 in an action brought before him, wherein Chas. C. Huffer is plaintiff, and Jackson A. Smith is defendant, that property of the defendant consisting of wages, earned by him in the following and now in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 15th day of March, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m.

CHAS. C. HUFFER,
Plaintiff.

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 Frances A. Bennett is plaintiff, and Robert S. Hopper is defendant, and to me directed, I will on the 24th day of February, 1917, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the eastern 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: Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section Five (5), Township Five (5) North of Range Thirty (30), west of the 6th P. M., in Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated March 22, 1917.
A. J. SALSBURY,
Sheriff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Serial No. 05756
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebr., 1917.
Notice is hereby given that Andrew H. Hamm, of North Platte, Nebr., who on Nov. 20, 1913, made and domesticated entry No. 05756, for SE 1/4 NE 1/4 NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 26, Township 16 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, Nebr., on the 7th day of March, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses: Robert Batie, of Stapleton, Neb.; Wm. Pittman, of North Platte, Neb.; Garfield Guthrie, of North Platte, Neb.; Nath Scott, of Stapleton, Nebr.

323-6W E. J. EAMES, Register.

NOTICE.
Jackson A. Smith will take notice that on the 11th day of January, 1917, P. H. Sullivan, Justice of the Peace of North Platte Precinct No. 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$17.75, which said sum was attached on Jan. 19th, 1917, to read \$5.75, in an action now pending before him, wherein The Star, a corporation, is plaintiff and Jackson A. Smith is defendant. The property consisting of money in the sum of \$22.35 in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a corporation, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 5th day of March, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m.

Dated January 22, 1917.
E. J. VANDERHOOF,
Pres. for Plaintiff.

NOTICE. DECREE OF HEIRSHIP
state of James Chambers, Deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
To the heirs, creditors and all persons interested in said Estate will take notice that on the 8th day of February, 1917, Hannah E. Chambers, heir of said decedent, filed her petition herein, alleging that the said James Chambers died intestate on or about April 14th, 1909, a resident of Lincoln County, and that at the time of his death he was the owner of, or had an estate of inheritance in Lot five and six (5 and 6), in Block eight (8), in Hanna's second Addition to the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, a homestead of less value than \$5,000.00 in said Lincoln County, Nebraska, and that no application has been made in the said state for the appointment of an administrator. That he left surviving heir Hannah E. Chambers, his widow, Frank Chambers, a son, age 50, residing at North Platte, Neb.; Leona Tift, a daughter, age 47, residing at North Platte, Neb.; Alex Chambers, a son, age 45, residing at North Platte, Neb.; Mary Pittman, a daughter, age 42, residing at North Platte, Neb.

Said real estate is wholly exempt from attachment, execution or other process and not liable for the payment of the debts of said decedent, and praying that a regular administration be waived and a decree be entered barring creditors and fixing the date of his death and the degree of kinship of his heirs and the right of descent to said real estate.

Said petition will be heard March 6th, 1917, at 2 o'clock a. m., at the office of the county judge in Lincoln County, Nebraska.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.