(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

The great stone house back from the beach had long been known as a select Lakeside hoarding place. Its mistress, daughter of the man who had in fortunate circumstances built the imposing residence for his summer home, was to be relied upon as bringing together only congenial people, Many fashionable as well as staidly respectable city folk felt free to send their daughters unattended to Mrs. Van Rensaler's for the summer.

Very exacting were Mrs. Van Rensaler's summer people in their unspoken rules of social convention; and one evening when the women in their exquisite organdles, and the men in the proper attire of the hour, were gathered upon the veranda, the stranger who scorned both rule and convention

In the full light of the setting sun, his coarseness of face and feature know that's what both the Wainwright were plainly visible. "Repulsive creature," was what Dolly Flanders called him, and she was not far from right.

Without waiting to change his stained tweed suit, the stranger seated himself in apparent brazen confidence opposite Dolly Flanders and her mother. That acknowledged social leader observing in disgusted silence the man's detached absorption to his meal, arose and went forth presently to interview Mrs. Van Rensaler at the office.

With her usual dignity and with more than her usual reserve, the mistress of Stone House, refused to diseuss her new guest. Moreover, indignant protest had no effect,

"Mr. Carson would be there for the rest of the season," she announced, "he had come with her full permission."

When later, the stranger settled himself in an isolated corner of the veranda to smoke his pipe, general indignation grew.

It had to be admitted that the man knew his place. Though he continued to pass coolly among them clad in stained loose-collared woolens, nelther by word or look did he seek companionship or favor.

Once when Dolly Flanders' saddle horse reared and became unmanageable at the mount, the scarred stranger went quietly to her assistance, but at her grudging "Thank you," he falled to raise his hat.

"Might be a burglar, judging by appearances," she said to her escort.

Each morning the stranger left the hotel to go to work; returning at noon from the direction of the factories across the bridge, dirtier, more stained

Mrs. Flanders was disgusted anew Mrs. Van Rensaler had been unaccom- ties to brighten her up. I see that." modating in not placing a separate Then one evening when the favored few were indulging in a corn | can't feel festive these days." roast on the beach, Mrs. Van Rensaler added to the chagrin by a new an-

"Mrs. Carson is coming to join her husband tomofrow," she said, and smiling serenely passed out from the presence of her guests before they could voice their outraged feelings.

"Was not the man impossible forcing among them the sort of crea- ten. ture his wife was sure to be? What had happened to Mrs. Van Rensaler?" And in the sunshine of the morning came the beautiful young woman

of charming personality. "Who is she?" the women whispered

wonderingly. Again Mrs. Van Rensaler smiled. "That," she replied, "is Mr. Carson's

"It could not be possible," the guests said among themselves, but down the to meet the red faced man, coming back with him, smiling happily into his | don't try to see me again." lined face. At table she sat, dressed irreproachably and in most becoming Mrs. Flanders found herself conversing not only with the newcomer, but with her heretofore silent husband as

"The woman is-charming," she con-

And it was only when she had won her way into all hearts, that the objectionable stranger's wife sat one lovely eyes gazed tenderly down the unwilling. way her husband was wont to come. They had been speaking jestingly and seriously of love and its ways,

Little Mrs. Carson smiled. "Love is -strange," she said. "When I first saw my husband, he lay ill in a hospital bed, his face hideously burned by some chemical. I had left my own home with an exalted purpose to be a nurse and thus aid suffering humanity. Pleasing suitors had come and gone in my father's home; there in the hospital looking down into a patient's scarred and swollen face, I lost my heart completely; and I have never regretted the losing. His own heart is as fine as his face is rough, his mind, a continual unfolding joy. My husband's accident was the result of heroism, the testing of a dangerous chemi-

cal which others feared to try. Having given years of study to the subject, he offered his own services for the test. That same knowledge is now at the disposal of his government, This commission is one of Mr. Carson's greatest, it absorbs him to the exclusion of his own stained clothing. The chemicals just ruin his clothest But," the experimenter's wife laughed as she started down the path to meet him-"Oh, my diamond is in the rough," she said.

By LOUISE OLIVER.

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Elleen Wainwright, leaning back wearlly against the cretonne-covered help overhearing the conversation go-

ing on just inside the club window. At first the words had no meaning, for her own thoughts were busy with other things. Then she realized that some one, an often referred to "she," was most unpopular with the conversers, and suddenly hearing her own name mentioned she realized that she herself was the subject of this unpleasant discourse,

It was Mrs. Langdon Merrill talking to her sister, Mrs. Enoch Cuthbert, about her son, Lionel Merrill and Elleen herself.

"Don't you see it all, Jennie?" said Mrs. Merrill's voice. She's come back because she's tired of nursing. You girls did after their father lost his money-trained for nurses. And as she and Lionel had a sort of boy and girl affair, she thinks she'll take it up now where they left off. I shouldn't worry about it, only the girl's a raving, tenring beauty. She's got that of ethereal look about her that appeals to a man. And she knows It, you can gamble, and she's going to play for blg game. But she's not going to marry Lionel Merrill if I know anything, just when he was beginning to take an interest in Mary Evans-the very thing I've set my heart on all my life. I don't know what the Aberdeens meant by asking her here! Why didn't she go to France, where she's needed? I've no patience with nurses who don't go to France."

There was more, but Eileen, deciding she had heard enough, got up and

Her indignation had cooled to a

quiet amusement. She joined the Aberdeens at the end of the terrace, watching a set of ten-

deen as Elleen came up. "Lion Merrill | a man with broad well set shoulders.

and Mary Evans are winning." It was the first time Elleen had seen him for seven years, and she approved of what she saw.

"Why didn't Lionel join the army?" the asked Jean. "Why!" Jean's eyes were indignant.

Because his mother wouldn't let him, It's a shame, when he wanted to go so, The set over, Lionel came up to the group on the terrace, "It's little Elleen back again," he said, taking her hand and looking searchingly down into her "And she's come back a very beautiful lady-but it strikes me, a sad at the condition of the man's hands. lady. We'll have to have a few par-Eileen laughed and shook her head,

'It's not a time for parties, Lionel, One Mrs. Merrill arrived in time to hear

the remark. "You're very patriotic, Miss Wainwright. One would think your patriotism would carry you across seas." Elleen's face clouded. "I wanted to go," she said simply. "My sister and

I drew lots and she won.' Several days passed in which Lionel enough," they complained, "without Merrill managed to see Elleen very of-

Then, one soft evening in June, when the stars were struggling through a long pale twilight, he told her he loved

"Elleen, dear, I love you," he said suddenly. "I can't let you go back to New York. I can't let you go away again, my white angel."

She drew away gently. "Lionel, we must not talk of love. It can't be, You see, I know your mother doesn't approve of me. And I'll never marry a path at noon the beautiful one went man against his mother's wishes. Goodby, dear boy. I must go in. And please

Two days later Doctor Harbison came downstairs at the Merrills', fashion; before the meal was ended, where Mrs. Merrill was anxiously walting for him in the hall.

"It's pneumonia, Mrs. Merrill, Lionel must have a nurse right away. But there isn't an extra nurse in the state. "But what shall we do?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. Mer-

"I have it," she exclaimed. "There a girl-a nurse visiting near here. Perevening among a bevy of girls. Her haps she'll come." But her voice was

Mrs. Merrill herself called on the telephone and stated her case. "I'm sorry," said Eileen. "My rest is over, Mrs. Merrill. I must return to New York today. The bables and mothers need me. I'm pledged to them and to the soldiers, if they need me

on this side. I can't take any one else." "But Lionel needs you, my dear Miss Wainwright. If he were a soldier would you nurse him?"

"Then, my dear, he'll be a soldier. He has always wanted to be one. It is my fault he wasn't. If I consent when he gets well will you come?"

"Yes, I can do that without breaking my pledge.' "And Miss Wainwright! There is another thing. I've been fearfully unkind. I-I think Lionel cares for you

a great deal. If you can forgive me. I

am going to ask you to be kind to him." "It seems," mused Elleen thoughtfully, as she hung up the receiver, "that it takes the fear of death to move some people's hearts. I often wonder if this war isn't just for that very thing! Of course, I'd have gone, boy, dear, but it didn't hurt your mother to coax me-and it didn't hurt her to promise you to your country either, my soldier."

PRINCE CHARMING

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Rhoda sat on the lowest step of the tiny porch, and shed bitter tears. To grieve deeply over the loss of a horse was, her neighbors told her, a wicked back of the plazza rocker, could not thing. But Rhoda continued to be very wicked indeed.

Prince Charming was such a wonderfully human horse, a courtly companion too, suggesting the name bestowed upon him when Rhoda's father brought him home to her a slender young animal, white and proudly stepping;

The great house on the hill where Rhoda spent her sheltered girlhood. had passed into other hands at the time of her father's death. The estate was heavily entailed, the lawyers told her-if she wished temporarily to make use of a small cettage far up the road, she could consider herself free to do so; and because she was utterly perplexed by her changed plan of life, the girl accepted the offer.

And near by in the rickety stable waited Prince Charming eager to carry the girl "over the hills and far

Rhoda enfoyed the drives into the adjacent town; she enjoyed her brisk canter down the long road at evening. And Prince Charming, gentleman that he was, responded instinctively to her every mood. Now, he too was gone. Rhoda could no longer afford to keep him. She wondered wistfully how her asy-going luxury-loving father had llowed his affairs to drift so hopeessly. She thought too of the new inmate and purchaser of her former home, as a sort of grasping ogre, For the inmate had bought Prince Charm-

Rhoda sat on the porch of her tiny home and wept.

Then with a little cry she sprang her feet. Down the path leads ing to the rickety barn came a latter of hoofs. No other horse ran with just that rhythmic swing. Why was the ogre bringing him back? But t was no ogre who sat Prince Charm-"Thirty-love," explained Jean Aber- ing's saddle, but a straight figure of

Across the lawn rushed the horse, pausing only at the low step where Rhoda stood; with a loving whine he ent his white head to the girl's shoulder. Swiftly her arms went about the iorse's head.

"Oh! Prince," she murmured, "you nissed me too!" Then defiantly brushng aside her tears, she looked into the wide and puzzled brown eyes of Prince Charming's driver.

"So that's the solution," the young nafi exclaimed. "Ever since we left the stables the horse has insisted upon his own course. Coaxing, punishing, were of no avail. I wanted to go to town, he brought me here, You must e his former mistress.

Rhoda smiled now, as she continued to caress the horse, and the man dropped lightly to the ground, "Prince Charming and I." Rhoda told him, have been friends, chums, companions. Tell me," she turned on him quickly, "does his owner treat him kindly?"

The man laughed. "That responsibility will rest with me," he said, "The gentleman who bought your horse did so through a passing whim. He has by this time forgotten its existence. If it will relieve your mind, I will assure good care for the animal,

"Thank you," said the girl, her eyes expressed gratitude. "Prince Charmng is back in his old home," she added, "I-we-were very happy there, Is the garden blooming well I wonder, and does the rich old man who owns t, care?"

"The garden and the house were just another satisfied whim," the young man replied, "but the flowers are coming beautifully; I look after them."

"I see," said Rhoda, "Mr. Cameron Is fortunate in having so interested a caretaker."

The caretaker sprang up to the saddle. "Mr. Cameron leaves for a southern trip tomorrow," he said. "I hope that you will feel welcome to visit your old gardens as often as you wish." He looked down into the girl's wistful face. "Tell you what!" he added impulsively. "I will send the horse down for you."

So followed days too joyous, Rhoda feared, to last. Prince Charming released from his stable and saddled for her use, would speedily find his way to stamp before the cottage door.

The young caretaker, pruning or trimming the hedges near by, would pause often in his work, to rest at her side. Rhoda at first distantly courteous, forgot her scruples in the delight of his conversation. He was a wonderfully superior person-this man-

she confided to Prince Charming. And while she sat in the little moonlit porch, silent with her strange discovery, quietly, and as though he had answered the call of her thought, the young man came,

"I love you Rhoda," he said simply. "I knew it that first evening when you looked up at me over Prince Charming's white head. I have been watching for the answer of your heart. Tonight, something gave me courage to ask you to be my wife."

And though she did not answer, trustfully the girl's hand crept into the man's, while his own closed over it. "And oh! I'm glad," he went on, "that I can take you back into your own home. Don Cameron is my father Rhoda, so when this big place proved more of a change than he had supposed, he passed it over to me. So I have not been caretaker in just the way you believed."

Works of Art of Unfortunate City That Rivaled Those of the Greek Schoo!.

Four years ago the sculpture of Relms was one of the three great, original groups in France, the others being Chartres and Amiens. How they escaped, heaven knows, but they did Saint Denis, Scalis and Laon, equal in beauty and in quality, fell easy prey to one set of sodden savages or naother until only a few precious fragments are left, mutilated almost beyand recognition. Paris has been further degraded by barbarous restoration, and therefore Chartres remains as the exemplar of the high hieratic school of the twelfth century, Amlens of the supreme fulfillment of the thirteenth; for the great gray cliffs of Reims, with their matchless flowering of inconceivable, incredible statues. have been blasted by shell and calcined by fire, and the exquisite sculpture of all the craftsmen of France has erackled, crumbled and fallen into indistinguishable dust.

I think it was the greatest sculpture of the middle ages; greater than Chartres, for this was merely a triumphant detail of architecture; greater than Amlens, since it was less cleverly naturalistic, more Greek in its proportion and line, and more vital and varied in its vivid characterization, writes Ralph Adams Cram in the Yale Review, Medieval sculpture is often dealt with as Interiority, patronizingly commended as all very well, considering the time. I regard it as a school of sculpture that stands on the same level with that of Greece, Here at Reims were tenny schools, many masters and each following had its own personal qualities. In all, however, we find a truly Greek quality of line and composition, kidneys have acted irregularly. By a sense of dignity and power that is using Doan's Kidney Pilts whenever unique, vivid and convincing characterization, and an indwelling devotion and religious passion that find their match neither before nor since.

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cartridge. The cartridge consists of a steel cylinder containing numerous small pistons that move at right angles to the axis of the cylinder and expand when water is injected into them with a hand somp. After drilling a deer enough hole the workmen insert the cylinder and then set to work at the hand pump.

The tiny pistons expand until their free extremities bear against the mass of rock with constantly increasing force and the rock is gradually fractured under tremendous pressure. The operation, it is said, is not only cheap er than the ordinary blast but dista tegrates a larger area of rock.

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Double Chief 77098. The Fall Gilts are sired by Star Victor 84409,

by Nebraska Ben Amazon 74110. The Spring Gilts are sired by

Extra Wonder 88380, by Extra Long 69044. I have bought my breed-

ing stock out of such herds as J. E. Smatlan, Schuyler; Phil Dawson,

Endicott; and La Vern A. Ball, Albion. They are bred to Fancy Big

Bone by Giant Big Bone Prospect, others are bred by Long Boy by

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W. P. SNYDER Supt. Notice to Creditors. Estate No. 1605 of Hans D. Jergenen. Deceased, in the County Court of

Lincoln county, Nebraska, The State of Nebraska, ss. tors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is May 7th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is January 3d, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on February 7th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., and on May 7th, 1919, at 10 c'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly

Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

Notice of Hearing-State of Nebraska, County of Lin-

In the matter of the Estate of Aaron Mills, Deceased. In the County Court. ot o ... w.ff. .htmpaoitnalonetaolheee

To all persons interested in the estate of Aaron Mills, deceased, both creditors and heirs, take notice, That on the 24th day of December, 1918, 'arl Gottlieb Fredrich, filed his petition in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska setting forth that he is the owner in fee simple of the foilowing described real estate, to-wit: The SW14 of Section 26, Township 13, North of Range 32 West 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska; that the sald Aaron Mills died Intestate on February 11, 1898, in Lincoln County, Nebraska, being at the time of his death a resident and inhabitant of said Lincoln County, Nebraska, and that at the time of the death of the said Aaron Mills he was owner in fee simple of the above described real estate. That more than two years have elapsed since his death that no application has ever been made for the appointment of an administrator in the State of Nebraska, that the deceased left surviving the following named heirs and o other: William Mills, Egbert Mills and Oscar M. Mills.

You are further notified that said petitioner prays the Court to fix a time and place for the hearing of said petition, that notice of said time and place be given to all persons interested in said estate, both creditors and heirs, and for the Court to determine the time of the death of the said deceased and for a determination of the heirship of the said deceased, a decree of kinship and the right of descent of

ald real estate. You are further notified that said matter will be heard before the Court at the County Court room of said Court on the 31st day of January, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., when any person may appear, object to or contest said petition.

Dated December 24, 1918 Wm. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

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