

# THE MYSTERY MAN

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Laurel went up the unfrequented path, a look of expectancy upon her lovely, eager face. To her the tangled way was as a broad and open road, for she had lived and grown in the mountain; its dense solitudes her playground, each rough mountaineer her champion.

Laurel's gentle mother had been unable long to cope with the hard life to which her young husband brought her—she had left her "little mountain flower," as she called the girl, to his care, and, now, for many years Laurel had been alone.

Untaught she grew, her only books the ones nature gave her. Yet Laurel was happy, confident in the care of her kind neighbors, keeping house in the little cottage of her parents, Dave, the roughest and kindest of the men her father had known, guided in a careful way Laurel's speech. Dave, in times past had known education. It was he who taught Laurel the rudiments of reading.

Laurel was unafraid of wild things. There were birds which learned to answer her call, squirrels which came to feed from her hand. But this dog, this fierce threatening creature was the conquest Laurel's spirit craved.

The men of the isolated section were banded together in friendliness, but this was no place for an interloper.

Laurel caught her breath at a sound in the thicket near by, then low and crooning she gave a call. It was the dog, as she had thought. His fierce jaws protruded, then swiftly, noiselessly he came fawning to her feet.

Laurel bent with a glad cry, her hands caressing him. For days she had awaited this surrender. Her patience had been long. Suddenly the dog withdrew from her caress. Imperatively he sounded a bark of distress.

Coaxingly he ran before, only to return, eloquently begging the girl to follow. Quickly, Laurel obeyed. On through brambles that cut her face, on to the door of a small hidden tent. Then, still on, through the open flap to the side of a man reclining on a cot bed.

The man put out his hand to the dog.

"Good Cap," he said, "you managed to bring me aid."

Smiling he turned to the girl.

"I've been a prisoner in my own tent," he told her. "Got my leg caught in some confounded trap. Then broke it, trying to get away."

Laurel was all sympathy, strangeness, astonishment forgotten.

"Oh!" she murmured, "you must have suffered and you've been lying here helpless."

"For nearly two days," the man replied. "I'm pretty weak," he said, and smiled again.

Laurel liked his smile. She like his soft voice that was so different from the men's voices that she had known.

"First, I will get food for you," she suggested shyly, and went at his direction in search of it.

Every morning thereafter, Laurel ran, all aglow, up the mountain path. The stranger had need of her, and service was Laurel's only creed.

She must not betray his presence, he told her, his dark eyes beseeching, he wished it to be kept unknown. Sometime she would learn why. But now—now he loaned her books and magazines with pictures of beautiful women in a wonder of which Laurel knew nothing. She spelled out the books until far into the night. She dreamed dreams and—kept the secret.

It was Dave who came upon the girl one day with the dog at her side, intent upon her happy errand of mercy.

"Whose dog?" he questioned, and when she refused to answer, Dave bided his time and secretly following, came upon her at the very tent door.

"We'll see," he said angrily, "what it is you're hiding from your guardians." And Dave saw.

The man lay white and calm beneath the tirade of the mountaineer's accusing tongue.

"So you are the mystery man we've been hunting," he raged, "hiding away like a cur for the crime you've done. May be you thought we wouldn't get word of it in this lone corner, but we did, and we've been laying low."

The man on the cot turned to the girl.

"Laurel," he asked, "do you believe me to be the man he thinks me?"

The girl came closer.

"Mystery man," she replied, "all the world could not make me believe anything of you that is not right and true. My heart—knows."

"He's a thief," Dave stormed.

"He's the honest man that I love," Laurel answered.

Dave jumped to his feet.

"You've dared make love to her!" he cried.

The man drew from his mattress a budget of papers.

"They may explain my reason here," he said. And when Dave looked up from the papers his face had changed humbly.

"So you are on the trail of that slippery one," he muttered. "You, a federal detective! I'm sorry, I thought—"

"That," the man replied, "concerns me little. It is what Laurel thought that mattered. She had promised to go back to the world with me as my wife. And—"

"And I am going with you, Mystery Man," said Laurel.

# "BORN OF FIRE AND BLOOD"

Officer Tells of Circumstances Under Which Colonel McCrea Wrote "In Flanders Fields."

"In Flanders Fields," to quote the words of Major General Morrison, who commanded the brigade to which Lieutenant Colonel McCrea was attached at the time, "was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres."

"My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres canal; and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods of the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the 16 days of the battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery.

"Just as he describes, we often heard the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he mentions having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic meter."

The unit with which McCrea served was the most advanced of all the "French" guns by a good deal, except one French battery, which stayed in a position yet more advanced for two days, and then had to be taken out.

# MANY SEEK COVETED TITLE

Thousands of Young Chinamen Undergo Severe Examination in Hope of Becoming Mandarins.

Though Chinese education is gradually undergoing change, candidates for the title of mandarin still gather at three-year intervals in Chinese cities, and the examiners sit in their robes of state under their umbrellas and conduct the examinations.

Many of the younger generation nowadays have imbibed a western idea of education; but many still begin with the Book of Three Characters, the Book of a Hundred Families and the Book of a Thousand Words, and pursue an educational system that is held to be more than 30 centuries old, to the ultimate triumph of becoming mandarins and enjoying the ceremonial honors, distinctive costume and an individual reputation for wisdom and learning, that go with the title. The examination consists in the writing of philosophical and political essays, exposition of the sayings of Confucius, commenting on Chinese texts and the composition of sentences and maxims in prose and verse.

The number of candidates at such examinations still counts up into the thousands. Sometimes their failures, one might say, in the phrase with which western editors return ambitions contributions, have been "due to no lack of merit," for the number of vacancies to be filled at any one time in the list of mandarins is very small compared with the number of candidates.—Christian Science Monitor.

# ONE EVENING

By MILDRED WHITE.

The leaves blew in crackling heaps across the wind-swept veranda as the man hurrying to escape an October shower ascended the steps. To all appearances the old house was vacant; darkly uninviting the windows confronted him, and there was no response to his ring.

The stranger lingered as though loath to leave, then went slowly around the garden path. At the lower end of the house a light rewarded him. It shone from a curtained window, and the man went unhesitatingly to a side door set in a vine-covered porch.

As he raised his hand to the old-fashioned door bell, he paused, struck by a comfortable home-like picture. Inside, a woman was seated in the glow of a rose-colored lamp. Her face was bent over the crimson wool she was knitting, and her silvery hair in curling tendrils touched her pink cheeks. There was something singularly youthful about that bent head, notwithstanding the whiteness of its soft coiled hair. Though cold winds shook the porch, the woman inside was clothed in dainty white. And presently, as though instinctively aware of a watching eye, she raised her face in the lamp light, while the man outside caught his breath, as one who had seen a vision.

Then no longer hesitant, his summons pealed through the rooms. The woman, arising, stood startled by the table; as she uttered a word, a great dog came from beneath it, aggressively speaking protection. The animal, preceding her to the door, she opened it, awaiting the stranger's mission.

The sound of his voice was pleasing assurance.

"I found no one at home in the front of the house," he said, "and so came around here to beg for shelter. I am overtaken on a dark road in the storm. May I ask the liberty of running my car into the barn and, if possible, accommodation for myself over night. Twice I have found accommodation," he hastened to add at her stare of astonishment, "in this same house."

"I see." The woman's voice sounded sweet in his ears.

"But you misunderstand. That was in the great part of the house which is separated from my small wing. I live here—alone. My neighbors have gone away for the evening but will return later."

She considered a moment, her hand on the dog's head, the wind tearing around the corner tossed wet leaves against their faces.

"You are welcome to wait in my sitting room until they return," she said impulsively.

"It may help you pass the time, Mr. Cole," she said. But the man took a chair opposite her own, regarding her thoughtfully.

"I would like," he said, "to tell you of one evening in my life which this one recalls."

She looked at him with a quick, inviting smile, then into her blue eyes came a wondering, retrospective light.

"It was on just such an evening years ago," the man went on, "that I lost my way in this same road, and begged for shelter for the night at the same house. An elderly couple welcomed me hospitably, and by their fire-side, in a room like this, we sat and talked of many things. They were interested in all that I could tell, while nearby, her fingers busy with embroidery, but her beautiful eyes often upraised to mine, sat a young girl." The man paused. "There seems nothing more to tell about her than that," he said musingly, "but her very presence there, her personality, appealed to me as no woman ever had appealed—before."

"It was she who bade me good night, passing at last up the high stairway with but one backward glance to soften my disappointment. I was obliged to leave very early the next morning. Back in my city home I realized in astonishment that I had not learned the name of my protectors or more about the young girl than that they called her 'Le.' Discouraging this finality, to an ardent heart which would have confided its affection to paper, seeking the faint hope of a reply. The girl's unforgettable face haunted me for a year. Then a second time I went back to the lonely road and sought shelter. Strangers opened the door of the house, strangers took me in. The old MacGregors were dead they said.

"Their daughter? I asked breathlessly.

"Dead also," they replied.

"It was as though my future had ended suddenly before its beginning. Yet in my heart 'Le' still lived. One evening had made for me her personality a deathless thing. Always I saw her, silent, sweet, appealing."

The man arose, his face was white with emotion.

"Tonight," he said, "I came again."

The woman arose also. She spoke softly, hastily.

"I—remember it all," she said. "I was visiting grandmother and grandfather then. There was something about you that one did not—forget; your glad frankness, perhaps yourself, I am Leonie. When my grandparents died they left to me this home. I rent the bigger half, and try to make my own little home—here."

In the rosy lamp light the two stood and looked into each other's faces. Before them seemed to stretch a future as rose-colored and as bright.

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### Legal Notice.

T. F. Laughlin and Estelle Gibson, James Gibson, Rachel A. Staley, Rosa Connor, and Robert Staley, heirs at law of John Staley, deceased, and Cecil Teusel, National Fire Insurance Company, The South Half of the South West Quarter of Section 32, in Township 11, North of Range 32, in Lincoln County, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, will take notice that on the 28th day of June, 1919, W. T. Ervin as plaintiff filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage deed alleged to have been executed and delivered by the defendants, W. T. Ervin and Winnie Ervin to T. F. Laughlin May 9th, 1916, and thereby conveying to said Laughlin the South Half of the South West Quarter of Section 32, in Township 11, North of Range 32, W. 6th P. M., in Lincoln County, Nebraska.

That on October 6th, 1919, the said W. T. Ervin and Winnie Ervin defendants filed their answer and cross petition in said action, the object and prayer of which are to clear title to said lands of certain clouds thereon and to quiet and confirm such title in the said W. T. Ervin and to exclude each and all of said defendants, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, from any right, title or claim against said premises.

You are required to answer said cross petition on or before the 22d day of December, 1919.

Dated November 10th, 1919.  
W. T. ERVIN and WINNIE ERVIN, Defendants.  
By HOAGLAND & HOAGLAND and E. E. CARR, Their Attorneys. n1145

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Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.  
Oscar L. Livingstone and the E½ of the SW¼ and Lots 6 and 7, Section 6, Township 13, Range 39, Lincoln county, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, will hereby take notice that Robert E. Anderson, plaintiff in an action wherein the said Robert E. Anderson is plaintiff and you and each of you are defendants, filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 6th day of October, 1919, the object and prayer of which said petition is to quiet plaintiff's title in and to the E½ of the SW¼ and Lots 6 and 7, Section 6, Township 12, Range 39, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Plaintiff further seeks in said action to quiet his title against a certain mortgage executed by John Kleman, single, to Margaret Livingstone which mortgage is recorded in Book 15, page 296, of the mortgage records of Lincoln county, Nebraska, and which mortgage is dated August 17, 1893.

Plaintiff alleges in his petition that said mortgage has been paid, and that the same has been barred by the statutes of limitation of the state of Nebraska; that he and his grantors have been in the absolute, open, exclusive, continuous and adverse possession of said land for more than ten years and that the plaintiff has a new and absolute title to said real estate, and that the defendants have no right, title or interest of any kind in and to said real estate.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 22d day of December, 1919, or judgment will be taken against you by default.

ROBERT E. ANDERSON, Plaintiff,  
By Halligan, Beatty & Halligan, his Attorneys. n1145

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.  
Mead State Bank, a corporation, Wilber A. Brothwell, Phoenix Investment Company, a foreign corporation organized under the laws of the state of Colorado, and the SW¼ of Section 6, Township 10, Range 33, Lincoln county, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, defendants, will hereby take notice that on the 6th day of November, 1919, A. H. Stevens, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, in an action where the said A. H. Stevens is plaintiff and you, and each of you, are defendants, the object and prayer of which petition is to quiet the plaintiff's title in and to the SW¼ of Section 6, Township 10, Range 33, Lincoln county, Nebraska, against the claims and demands of each of the defendants to said action in said real estate.

Plaintiff alleges in his petition that the defendant, Mead State Bank, a corporation, Wilber A. Brothwell and Phoenix Investment Company, a foreign corporation, claims some right, title or interest in and to said real estate by virtue of a mortgage executed by Stephen A. Albro and wife to Mead State Bank on December 24, 1889, which mortgage is duly recorded in Book 5, page 298, real estate records of Lincoln county, Nebraska, the said Mead State Bank claiming to own some interest in said mortgage, and the said Wilber A. Brothwell claiming to own some interest in said mortgage as assignee thereof from said bank and as purchaser of said premises under a foreclosure of said mortgage, and Phoenix Investment Company claiming to own some interest in said real estate by virtue of the notes secured by said mortgage.

Plaintiff alleges that said mortgage and the indebtedness secured thereby have been paid, that the same is barred by the statutes of limitations of the state of Nebraska, that plaintiff has been in the open, notorious, exclusive, continuous, hostile, adverse possession of said real estate for more than ten years, and that he therefore has a new and independent title to said real estate, and that said defendants and each of them to said action have no right, title or interest of any kind in said real estate, having been barred therefrom by said adverse possession and the statute of limitations of the state of Nebraska.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 22d day of December, 1919.

A. H. STEVENS, Plaintiff,  
By Halligan, Beatty & Halligan, his Attorneys. n1145

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.  
The State of Nebraska, Sheriff, Plaintiff, vs. W. M. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge, Defendant.  
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a writ of attachment issued by the County Judge of Lincoln County, in a suit pending wherein The Leyoldt & Pennington Co., a corporation, is plaintiff and A. A. Pruitt, real name unknown, is defendant, and to me directed, I have levied upon one car of potatoes as the property of A. A. Pruitt; and whereas said goods have been considered of a perishable nature and an order of sale having issued from said County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, and to me directed, I will on the 22d day of November at the hour of 10 a. m. at building known as The Lamb Ware House, on Lots 1 and 2, Block 84 of Original City of North Platte, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, 30,780 pounds of potatoes, taken under said attachment, ordered sold, as the property of A. A. Pruitt.

Dated this 8th day of November, 1919.  
A. J. SALISBURY,  
Sheriff. n11-21

Order of Hearing.  
In the Matter of the Estate of John Rylander, Deceased.  
Now on this 31st day of October, 1919, on the filing of the petition of Ellen Rylander, praying that Peter C. Oberg be appointed as administrator of said estate, J. G. Beeler, named in the will, having declined in writing to act as executor.

It is hereby ordered that November 28, 1919, be set for the hearing thereof before this court at 9 o'clock a. m., and that notice of said hearing be given to the heirs, devisees, and all persons interested in said estate by publication of a notice hereof for three successive weeks prior to said hearing in the North Platte Tribune, a legal semi-weekly newspaper printed and published in Lincoln county, Nebraska.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST,  
County Judge. n4-3

Notice of Petition.  
Estate No. 1702 of Mary A. Simants, 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 appointment of William M. Simants as Administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing hereon on November 28, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m.

DATED Oct. 28, 1919.  
(SEAL) WM. H. WOODHURST,  
County Judge. n4-21

Notice to Creditors.  
Estate No. 1695 of Henry F. Coates, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.  
The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is March 5, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is October 28, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on December 5, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., on March 5, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

(SEAL) WM. H. WOODHURST,  
County Judge. n4-28

T. S. BLANKENBURG,  
Bonded Abstractor.  
Public Stenographer.  
Office with B. M. Reynolds, Architect,  
Apt. 1 Reynolds Terrace.  
Phone Black 1105.

Legal Notice.  
To William E. Pickens and the heirs, devisees, legatees and personal representatives of said William E. Pickens, and all persons interested in the estate of said William E. Pickens, defendants:

You and each of you will take notice that A. Belle Swarthout as plaintiff has filed her certain petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, and object and prayer of which are to partition the following described lands situate in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: Lots Five (5) and Six (6), Block One hundred and eighty-six (186) of the original town of the city of North Platte, part of Lot Three (3), Union Pacific Railroad plat lying south of Lots Five (5) and Six (6), Block One hundred and eighty-six (186) in the City of North Platte, the north forty-four feet of Lots One (1) and Two (2), Block One hundred and seventeen (117) of the original town of the city of North Platte, all of Lot Three (3), Block One hundred and twenty-seven (127) of the original town of the city of North Platte, West twenty-two feet of Lot Three (3), Block One hundred four (104) of the original town of the city of North Platte, Nebraska, described as follows: Beginning at the northeast corner of said lot, thence 132 feet in a southerly direction along the east side of said lot to the southeast corner thereof, thence 66 feet in a westerly direction along the south line of said lot to the southwest corner thereof, thence 82 feet in a northerly direction along the west line of said lot, thence east 3 feet, thence 15 feet in a northerly direction on a line parallel with the west line of said lot, thence east 3 feet, thence 35 feet in a northerly direction on a line parallel with the west line of said lot to the north line of said lot, thence east 60 feet to the place of beginning; all of blocks One (1) and Two (2) in Thomson's Subdivision of a part of Lot 4 of Section 4, Township 13, North of Range 30, west of the 6th P. M. of the original town of the City of North Platte, Nebraska. And the following described lands situate in Dawson County, Nebraska, to-wit: Lots One (1), Two (2) and Three (3) in Block Fifty-six (56) of the original town of the city of Lexington, all of Block Ten (10) in C. L. Ervin's Addition to the city of Lexington, and a part of Block Seventeen (17), MacColl's Addition to the city of Lexington, Nebraska, described as follows. Commencing 100 feet west of the northeast corner of said block 17, thence south parallel with the east line of said block 150 feet, thence west parallel with the north line of said block 100 feet, thence north parallel with the west line of said block 150 feet, thence east to the place of beginning. And to confirm title in and to all of said lands in the following shares and proportions to-wit: In the plaintiff an undivided eleven-twelfths (11-12) interest in all of said described lands and in the defendants or such of them as may be entitled thereto an undivided one-twelfth (1-12) interest and for such other and further relief as is just and equitable.

You and each of you will make answer to said petition on or before the 8th day of December, 1919, or your defaults will be taken and judgment entered against you as in said petition prayed.

Dated October 28, 1919.  
A. BELLE SWARTHOUT, Plaintiff,  
By EVANS & EVANS,  
Her Attorneys. o28n21

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In the Matter of the Estate of John Rylander, Deceased.  
Now on this 31st day of October, 1919, on the filing of the petition of Ellen Rylander, praying that Peter C. Oberg be appointed as administrator of said estate, J. G. Beeler, named in the will, having declined in writing to act as executor.

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