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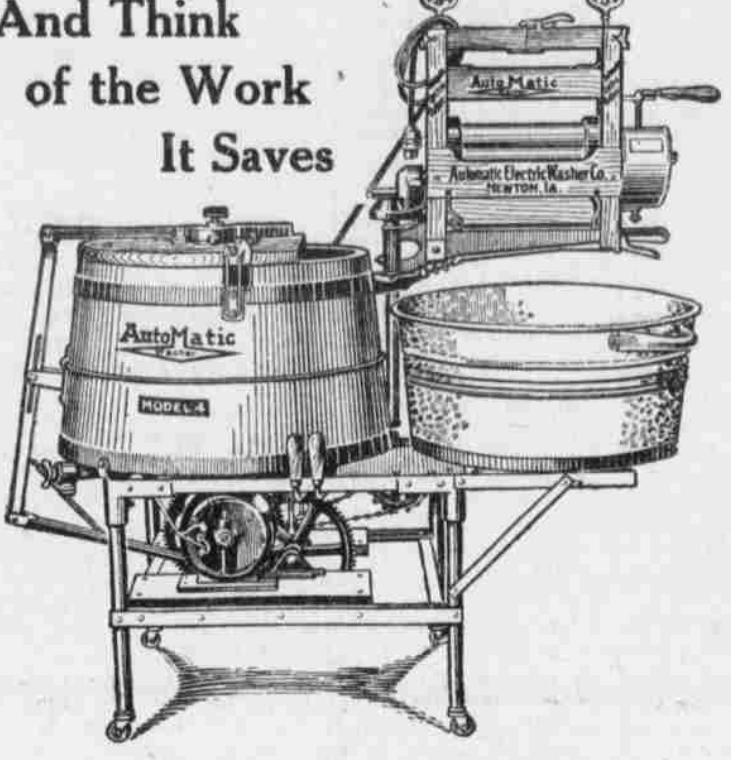
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**Happiness Alley**

By OTILLIA FRANCES PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)  
A peculiarly placid and uneventful life had Arline Merritt led. Her mother had died when she was twelve and for six years the daughter had passed most of her time at a select boarding school.

All that time Arline never returned to the home where she was born. Four times a year her father spent a day at the school, brought her many presents and supplied her liberally with spending money. At each visit Arline referred to the old home in the city and expressed a longing desire to spend her vacation there.

"You will soon be eighteen," said her father, "and then you shall come home for good to keep house for me," and at his last visit he had added: "You won't know the old place, Arline. My means have continued modest, but I have managed to save enough to renovate house and grounds and it will be a snug nest. 'Happiness Alley' as they call the little blind end block; it has only ten houses its entire length, but each one is occupied by some old time family residents."

"'Happiness Alley,'" repeated Arline dreamily. "What a charming name! Why do they call it that, papa?"

"It is really Gresham court, of course," responded Mr. Merritt, "the little spot right in the heart of the city and yet quiet and vernal as some country lane. You see, our neighbors and myself started in trade on the business street nearby when it was far from being built up, and settled in Gresham court for our homes. We have been closely connected, both as to business and socially, and a little community of genial, humble storekeepers have led peaceful, happy lives, with no ambition toward splurge and show."

It was a golden day in the experience of Arline when she left school for home. She went into raptures over the broad porch looking out upon a lovely garden, all fenced in and at its rear a high brick wall shutting out the rear of the business buildings fronting on the next street. An old woman servant relieved Arline of all household drudgery, the neighbors greeted her warmly. Plain, practical people, the denizens of Happiness Alley were sincere, unpretentious and entirely apart from show or glitter. Their clean, even lives shut out all extravagance and folly, and Happiness Alley was not a misnomer.

Unexpectedly Mr. Merritt sickened and died and Arline was left alone. It was her first real sorrow, and the kindly sympathy of the neighbors bound her more closely to them and to her home. She settled resignedly into the groove of a calm, even life. She grew sedate, instead of gloomy.

A bench under a great flowering tree overhanging the rear wall became a favorite spot with Arline. One evening she looked up as there was a rustling in the tree overhead. She started to her feet as she made out a figure, hanging on the top of the wall and clutching at a swaying branch.

It broke with the adventurer and he fell in a senseless heap almost at Arline's feet. She could not repress a scream. From the little two room cottage where he had his living quarters the old gardener came hurrying to the spot. The intruder was a young man dressed in neglectful attire and his pale face suggested the invalid or convalescent. Old Hugh carried him to the cottage and placed him on his bed.

"He is not hurt by his fall, only stunned," he said. "It looks to me as if he was getting away from somebody. Shall we call the police?"

"Oh, no! No!" responded Arline quickly, interested strangely in the intruder—"at least not until we learn his story. You will undertake his care, Hugh?"

"Surely, if you say so, Miss," replied the old gardener and the next day, able to sit up but still looking weak and troubled, the young man told Arline of himself and her compassionate soul was moved to new kindly sympathy.

He was Sidney Marsh, he told Arline, and for over a year the subject of peril and prosecution at the hands of schemers who had swindled his father out of his rights in a corporation of which the latter, now dead, had been an official. In order to terrorize Sidney their emissaries had assaulted him, had once kidnaped him and held him a captive for months, and everything now depended on the young man finding a safe seclusion until the day of trial, a few weeks ahead. They had located him the day of his fall from the tree, and in escaping Sidney had scaled the wall and met with his present friends.

And loyal, helpful friends they proved, old Hugh and the housekeeper as well as Arline. Interest and sympathy aroused new emotions in that tender, innocent heart and Sidney seemed to wander in a lonely paradise, safe and secure from the troubles and dangers that had made of him a persecuted refugee.

It was a glad day for him when he appeared in court, sustained his claim and secured a verdict against the plotters which made of him a rich man.

"I lay it all at your feet, dear one," he told Arline, "and my life's devotion with it! One favor I crave: that we remain in this Eden always, amid the peace, and loveliness, and contentment of Happiness Alley."

**The Midnight Man**

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)  
When Robert Ward was taken ill in the boarding house of Mrs. Mary Durand, that motherly hearted lady was solicitous and helpful. There was something about the silent, dignified man that enforced respect, and his attentions to her daughter, Lucille, delicate and sincere, had won the latter, too.

Mrs. Durand was a widow and had a hard time getting along and Lucille worked with a zest and uncomplainingly. She was educated and refined.

During Ward's illness mother and daughter divided the most perfect care of him. In addition to that Mr. Ward loved music, and it was his delight afterwards to leave the door of his room open while Lucille in the parlor played for him his favorite tunes.

Just as Ward was getting well Mrs. Durand was taken ill and died. While saying little, as was his way, Ward deeply sympathized in the fervent grief of the stricken orphan girl. Mrs. Durand had died deeply in debt. He volunteered to clear up her affairs as much as possible without distressing Lucille.

"It will be necessary to sell all of the furniture and lease in order to pay the debts," he said.

"I don't know what I shall do," spoke Lucille depressedly.

"I have tried to think out a way for you," replied Ward. "I am a man of few words and I can condense my recommendation briefly. Marry me."

She regarded him in profound wonderment. Then a slight flush overspread her sorrowful face, but she remained silent.

"You know little of me," proceeded Ward, "and I shall tell you nothing more than that I am an honest, respectable man of clear record with a great liking for you and a fair income. I do not suppose you feel anything deeper for me than the kindly interest in everybody that is natural to you, but I shall make it the object of my life to bring you happiness."

They were wedded and settled down in a pretty cottage at Everdeen, a quiet suburb. Ward was all that was chivalric and thoughtful, but he never explained the business that took him each afternoon to the city and he always came home on the last train. It got to be so that the neighbors began to get curious and designated him as "the midnight man," and all this secretiveness and mystery troubled Lucille. She grew still more uneasy when, one day accompanying her husband on the train to the city, as Ward went forward to the smoker one of two men passing him in the aisle said:

"Wasn't that Bob Ward who was in the state penitentiary for so many years?"

A nameless dread chilled Lucille's heart. Penitentiary! Had her husband been an inmate of a penal institution—a criminal, a convict!  
A few days later Lucille endured new distress of spirit. At their little home her husband had a room which held some bookcases, a desk, and which was his special den. Lucille found the door open. She crossed the room to open the window for ventilation and could not help but notice in an open cabinet weapons, handcuffs, and what she decided was a set of burglar's tools. She fled precipitately from this bluebeard closet and was wretched and tearful all that day.

It was late that night when Lucille, awaiting the return of her husband, heard a strange noise in the den. She threw open the door of the den and the light from the other room revealed a startling sight.

A man had got half through the outside window and the sash, with an old-fashioned catch, had imprisoned him there, his body half in the room. He could be nothing less than a thief, Lucille realized. She acted speedily, bravely. Seizing the pair of handcuffs from the cabinet she rushed at him and slipped them over his wrists and then held him at bay with a leveled weapon.

"Come quick!" she cried breathlessly, as she heard the footsteps of her husband on the porch, and fluttered forth her sensational story as Ward entered the room.

"One of the spies of the Trust, eh," spoke Ward, after a keen glance at the captive. "After some of my incriminating papers? Well, they this day passed into the hands of the government, and the case will come on tomorrow. Your occupation is gone, my man, for after a year's work I have traced down the hundreds of thousands of dollars of which the Trust has swindled the government."

He coolly released the captive and thrust him out of the house. Then he turned to Lucille with his customary welcoming kiss.

"My brave little woman!" he commended, "you faced a desperate criminal, for that man is a dangerous convict, once in my keeping when I was a prison warden."

"And not an inmate!" With a wild cry of relief and joy Lucille threw herself into the arms of the husband she had distrusted. A few days later Robert Ward received a large fee for his services in running down the officials of a high up but dishonest Trust, and Lucille never told the man she now loved and trusted so devotedly of the dark hours when she had been haunted by an apparent mystery in his life.

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**Notice to Non-Resident Defendants.**

Oscar L. Livingstone and the E 1/2 of the SW 1/4 and Lots 6 and 7, Section 6, Township 12, Range 30, 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 E 1/2 of the SW 1/4 and Lots 6 and 7, Section 6, Township 12, Range 30, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Plaintiff further seeks in said action to quiet his title against a certain mortgage executed by John Klemm, single, to Margaret Livingston which mortgage is recorded in Book 18, 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 SW 1/4 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 wherein 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 SW 1/4 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 being the owner of some 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 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., and 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,  
n4-28 County Judge.