

YOU'LL REMEMBER

By NELL ADAIR.

(Copyright, 1929, Western Newspaper Union)

The girl sat before the piano in a cozy parlor. Her graceful figure was reflected in an old-fashioned pier glass, and upon the marble shelf of the pier glass were various ornamental shells of a generation ago. The white gown that the girl wore was not an old-fashioned gown, and her beautiful hair was done in quite an approved new fashion. As her fingers touched the keys she glanced upward with pretty unconscious coquetry into the attentive face of a man who bent over her. He was tall, this young man, with the litheness of an athlete, and his deep-set blue eyes beneath their fringed lids gave to him an air of sincerity and wisdom. Dick Brown would make his way in the world, the proud villagers prophesied, for already Dick had started upon the way. Had he not transferred the work of his father's farm to hired help while he himself attended college in a faraway city, returning no whit changed by the experience from the frank, unpretentious lad he had always been—unchanged, save in practical application of knowledge? The farm prospered anew under his supervision, while Dick took the place which the town's worn-out old lawyer was overwilling to lay aside. Kitty Dalq was proud of Dick. Well, Kitty knew that it was she who had always been his inspiration; his thought of her a spur to do his best. Kitty could not remember a time when she and Dickie Brown had not been companions and confidantes. He had carried her books down hill from the academy when she had worn pink gingham and curls. When Dick had crossed the seas to fight for his beloved country, Kitty was still his inspiration and comfort. Sometimes, in the midst of heart-rending struggle, Kitty and Dick's country became one and the same. It was for her sake, as well, that he was doing this thing. But sorrow was lost in victory, absence forgotten in the restored joy of the present.

Bending over the one that he loved Dick sang tenderly, "Then you'll remember me." It was an old song they both loved; Dick's eyes would grow deep with meaning as he sang the words, while Kitty would flash up at him at his finish a smile of sweet understanding. Tonight she turned upon the stool, regarding him apprehensively; he would not like the news she had for him.

"Dickie," said the girl, "I'm going away—to visit mother's sister in the city," she added at his startled glance, "and, for the rest of the winter perhaps, Aunt Eleanor feels that I should see more of the world and learn its advantages. She is very rich; it is her pleasure to buy pretty frocks and do for me some of the things she would like to do for her own daughter if she had one."

Kitty's mother spoke briskly from an adjoining room. "We feel it our duty to let her go, Richard," she said. "My sister who was here last week for the first time in years, was just taken with Kitty's appearance. Father's agreeable to the visit, too, so we've planned it for next week."

Dick Brown held Kitty's hands later as they stood in the old hall saying "good night."

"I am not going to ask any promise from you before you go, little girl," he told her. "You know that I love you."

And so Kitty went. The beautiful city home, the wonderful entertainments, the distinguished people who visited at Aunt Eleanor's—all were a revelation to the girl who seemed to grow in levelness and in the confidence of her surroundings. There was one personality, which dazzled and absorbed her, Kitty in all her secluded young life had not dreamed that a man such as Kenneth Gordon could exist outside pages of romance.

Gordon, prominent in the world of business, and feted as a singer, could be as companionable as Dickie Brown himself. Kitty tried not to be disloyal to her old friend, in realization of many small courtesies which he had lacked. Kenneth Gordon bestowed them with the manner of a knight, unbelievably and miraculously, Kenneth Gordon, the favored and admired, loved her—loved her, a little country girl. He had told her so, and in her astonishment Kitty had delayed answer to his plea. Aunt Eleanor was jubilant over the success of her secretly planned achievement, and so she gave that evening a musicale. Kenneth Gordon should further seal his conquest, wooing in song. Kitty was very lovely that evening as she sat and listened. Hers would be a home as fine as this; hers the magic of wealth and power. Dickie Brown in his plain little law office formed no part of her picture. Dickie Brown with his dreams of reward after struggle. Then, all at once, to Kitty came a distinct memory picture. A cozy room in shaded light, an old piano, and over the piano a man's figure bending. Eyes, blue eyes deep with sincerity, gazed into her own. Kenneth Gordon's voice rang out now in that self-same song:

"There may perhaps in such a scene, Some recollection be— Of days that have, as happy been, Then you'll remember—me."

Kitty turned to her aunt a sob in her throat.

"I'm going home," she whispered breathlessly. "Oh! I must go home to love—and Dickie."

AGE-OLD BUILDING MATERIAL

"Pise," in Use for Many Centuries, is Merely a Simple Form of Concrete.

What is pise? The word, which in its complete form is written pise de terre, betrays a French origin and, from its general appearance, might well suggest some affinity with the world of art. These preliminary impressions, however, will be found misleading. There is nothing peculiarly French in pise dwellings, though they are common enough in some parts of France, and reference to them abounds in French literature of the eighteenth century.

The word itself, traced to its Latin origin, apparently means nothing more artistic than "battered." Perhaps the simplest definition of pise is provided by Fliny the Elder, who calls it "earth battered between boards," meaning by boards a form such as may be used for concrete in construction work.

The Roman sage adds that it was an old and well-tried system of building and remarks that Hannibal used this material for watch towers on the tops of hills in Spain during his campaign.

Who knows whether it was not also in use when Cheops built his Great Pyramid; for there are prehistoric pise buildings in New Mexico and Arizona which, some say, date back almost to that period?

Certainly history cannot trace the system to its origin, and the pise dwellings now visible in France, Spain, America, the British colonies and elsewhere may give no complete indication of the extent to which this material was employed in other centuries. —Exchange.

INDIAN'S TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

Red-Skinned Fighter in World War Proves Worthy Descendant of Race of Chiefs.

Wounded-With-Many-Arrows is an Indian living in South Dakota.

According to an Indian custom, the first thing an Indian mother sees or says after her child is born may be chosen as the infant's name. The night of his birth, in April, 1891, the mother saw a warrior who had been wounded by many arrows; hence the name given to the new-born child.

Entering the world war in the armies of the great white father at Washington, the first thought of this copper-skinned descendant of a race of chiefs was of his mother, whom he named as the beneficiary in his \$10,000 government war risk insurance policy.

The mother's name is Susan-Loves-the-War and she lives at Wapola, S. D. She was proud that her son was among the first to respond to the call of the United States for soldiers to fight for their country; she was glad when he came back, unharmed, full of wonderful stories of the adventure through which he had passed. And she realized that he had, by allotment of pay and by his insurance policy, demonstrated that all he had was hers, as everything he was owed to her.

Wounded-With-Many-Arrows might be called Indian-Good-to-His-Mother.

Big Money for Perfect Potatoes. The perfect potato, which resists blight and other "spud" diseases, has been developed, according to Samuel Ryder, head of a well-known English seed firm.

He refused to give the name of the hybridist, but said he paid him \$12,000 for seed potatoes which wouldn't fill a peck measure.

"We have bought up all the hybridized seed of this expert," said Ryder. "The average potato yield in 1918 was four tons per acre in England. With the new seed, six pounds per root, or 33 tons per acre, can be produced. The full results of the perfect potato may not be reaped for two or three years."

New Matrimonial Idea. Connecticut has a married couple living apart in two towns, the bride, who has advanced ideas, in one town, and the bridegroom, who has a good job and a big salary, in another. They decided to live in separate establishments and to visit each other over week-ends or run away together, as one of them explains it, for several days whenever the mood seizes them.

They have rented a third apartment in New York city, which they will share "in their play time." The bride retains her maiden name and title of Miss. It is her idea that man and wife should not live in the same house, and so get a surfeit of each other.—Boston Globe.

Many O'Briens. A soldier named John J. O'Brien, writing to the war risk bureau about his insurance, failed to give his serial number or policy number, but said the papers would be easy to identify as his wife's name was Mary A. O'Brien. A search through the bureau files disclosed the names of 175 John J. O'Briens, and each of an even 50 of them had a wife named Mary A. O'Brien.

May Use Concrete Coffins. The corporation of the town of Middleborough, England, is considering the use of concrete coffins in local burial grounds as being lighter and cheaper than those made of wood.

His Class. "Here's some health expert says we don't need sugar." "He must be one of those guys who are always taking the sweetness out of life."

A DUROQUE MODEL

By LOUISE M. ADDELSON.

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At an unusually early hour one morning Clarice entered the little dress shop of Mme. De Reval. An important social affair was coming off, for which she was, as yet, unprepared; and she was much pleased when Madame, with much enthusiasm, informed her that she had several gowns exactly suited to Clarice's style and figure.

Clarice examined them carefully. She had discovered Mme. De Reval a couple of years before, when dwindling family funds forced her to stop buying at the most exclusive store in town, and take what she could get in the smaller, more moderately priced shops. The gowns designed by the clever little woman were as dainty as any she had ever seen, with the additional merit of being much cheaper.

Nobody, so far, had detected any difference in Clarice's manner of dressing, or suspected that her clothes did not come from a more pretentious establishment. So she continued to patronize Mme. De Reval, and Madame, in return, kept her choicest models for Clarice.

Two gowns in particular captivated Clarice, each so soft in texture, so dainty in design and delicate in shade that for some time she found difficulty in making a selection. At last she decided on a rich blue as being more suited to her complexion, and with a last, lingering, regretful look at the lovely rose-colored concoction of silk and chiffon that she must leave behind, Clarice ordered her purchase wrapped, saying she would take it home with her, as she wanted it for immediate wear.

While waiting on the corner for the street car, Clarice was surprised to see approaching from the opposite side Millicent Gray, one of her numerous acquaintances. And to Clarice's astonishment Millicent walked straight into the store of Mme. De Reval. Millicent had always boasted of doing her shopping in the more exclusive districts, and Clarice could not help wondering what she was doing in this rather unfrequented part of the town. She was about to call out, but just then her car came in sight and she boarded it, much puzzled.

The following evening Clarice was one of many guests at the function for which her dress had been specially bought. It was a gala occasion. There were wonderful gowns and the flash of multi-colored gems. Clarice, however, did not feel ashamed of her costume. It held its own, in spite of the higher-priced ones all around.

As shimmering, as lovely, as well-made as any, it set off her blonde beauty to perfection, and, stately as a young goddess, she kept a crowd of admirers around her the whole evening. She was obliged, in fact, to turn away a good many would-be partners.

It was late when Clarice caught sight of Millicent Gray at the further end of the room. Millicent beckoned, and, tired of dancing, Clarice excused herself to her partner and went over to see what was wanted. Within a few feet of her she stopped, rooted to the spot, for Millicent wore the rose-colored gown which only the day previous Clarice had seen at Mme. De Reval's.

Seeing Clarice's surprise, Millicent smiled with pleasure. She thought her friend overcome with the beauty of her gown.

"It is pretty, isn't it? One of the newest at Stark's. A Duroque model." "A Duroque model?" murmured Clarice.

"A real Duroque. They have so few, even at Stark's. Isn't it a darling? But you have a very pretty dress on yourself. Where did you get it?"

"At Stark's. It's—it's also a Duroque model." Clarice looked at the rose-colored dress, and tried to assume a correct and admiring expression, but quite suddenly and unexpectedly she began to laugh.

Millicent stared resentfully, her face red with anger.

Clarice went on laughing. "Oh, Millicent, please forgive me. I can't help it. I saw that very dress yesterday at Mme. De Reval's—and I got mine there, too!"

Millicent's face, which had turned from red to white, grew red again. For a moment it looked as if she would cry, but Clarice's laugh was infectious, and presently Millicent, too, began to giggle until the two were almost hysterical.

"Clarice," said Millicent, when they were more composed, "this is the last time I resort to sham. For the past three years I've been buying my dresses at Mme. De Reval's, because they cost less. I didn't have the courage to let people know it, for fear I might fall in their esteem. But this is a lesson to me. I'll be honest from now on."

"And so will I," declared Clarice. "Hereafter, if I get a gown from Mme. De Reval that cost a third less than the same at Stark's, I'll let the world know it, and look no more for Duroque models."

Mark of Missouri Eccentricity. "Uncle Johnberry is a mighty queer old man," mused the gaunt Missourian. "Why, actually, he don't 'pear to care at all when some other 'pid chap comes around and outrages him about his rheumatiz."—Kansas City Star.

ED. KIERIG, Auctioneer

General Farm Sales a Specialty. References and Dates at First National Bank, North Platte, Neb. 400 East Third St. Phone 312

Sale Dates. Ed Galvin, Feb. 20th. Feb. 23—Hog sale, Western Nebraska Breeders' Ass'n. L. O. Lloyd, February 21. R. C. Doebke, February 25th. February 26—E. S. Froman, Charlie Shinn, February 27. R. Nolde March 3d. March 9th—John Wing. March 10—H. Frazer. R. T. Welliver, March 16th. March 23—R. S. L. Vass. March 26—Cattle sale, Western Nebraska Breeders' Ass'n.

Land and Stock Sale. On March 9, 1929, Mrs. Bartholomew & Son will hold a stock and land sale, 1120 acres of land, in Sec. 2, T. 16, R. 32, and Sec. 36, T. 17, R. 32, located 12 miles south of Tryon, 20 miles northwest of North Platte and 2 1/2 miles west of Tryon mail route. Now is the time for those interested to look this land over, while the snow is on, as it will be sold upon the above date regardless of the weather. 1021f

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1718 of Patrick H. McEvoy, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is June 12, 1929, and for settlement of said estate is August 5th, 1929; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on March 12, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on June 12, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge

NOTICE OF PETITION

Estate No. 1729 of George Brown Carr, right, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss: To all persons interested in said estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of John Carrigh as administrator of said estate which has been set for hearing herein on March 5, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated February 3, 1929.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge

NOTICE OF HEARING

In the matter of the estate of Adolph Scherz, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To the heirs and all persons interested in said estate: Notice is hereby given that a petition for the appointment of Frieda Scherz, as administratrix of the estate of Adolph Scherz, deceased, and also an application for an allowance for Frieda Scherz, as widow of said deceased, has been filed in this court and that said petition and application for widow's allowance will be heard before the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, in the Court House in the City of North Platte, in said County, on February 28, 1929, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time any person interested may appear and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition and application should not be granted.

Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, February 6, 1929.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1716 of Christina Cobagen, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is June 12, 1929, and for settlement of said estate is January 30, 1921; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on March 12, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on June 12, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate No. 1715 of Joseph J. Bowker, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is June 5th, 1929, and for settlement of said estate is January 30th, 1921, that I will sit in the county court room in said county on March 5th, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on June 5th, 1929, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

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(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge

Col. H. M. JOHANSEN, AUCTIONEER.

Sale Dates:

21st. Casper Rauch, general farm sale at the old stock yard barn. 23d. Western Nebraska Breeders' Association, North Platte livery barn. 25. Lee Mustard, general farm sale, southeast of North Platte. 26th. Scott Shaner, general farm sale, two miles southeast of Bignell. 28th. Combination sale at the North Platte Sale Barn. March. 11th. W. H. Towers, general farm sale, southeast of Maxwell. 15th. Landholm & Anderson hog sale at the North Platte Sale Barn.

Land and Stock Sale. On March 9, 1929, Mrs. Bartholomew & Son will hold a stock and land sale, 1120 acres of land, in Sec. 2, T. 16, R. 32, and Sec. 36, T. 17, R. 32, located 12 miles south of Tryon, 20 miles northwest of North Platte and 2 1/2 miles west of Tryon mail route. Now is the time for those interested to look this land over, while the snow is on, as it will be sold upon the above date regardless of the weather. 1021f

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