

A PARAGON.
 And he was one who never took
 Advantage of his foe,
 Who never deemed a fellow man
 Dishonest till the facts began
 To clearly prove him so.
 He never struck before he gave
 Fair warning; all he knew
 He told the world, and never sought
 To claim importance he was not
 Indeed entitled to.
 He never asked for favors where
 His help had not before,
 In some fair way, been freely shown—
 All that he asked for was his own,
 No jot nor tittle more.
 I saw him buried yesterday,
 There was no weeping crowd—
 No mourners lingered on behind—
 Ah, but the county still was kind
 It furnished him a shroud.

The Relapse of Miss Turner.

BY JESSE LLEWELLYN.

(Copyright, 1900: Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"It was a sad affair," announced the wealthy Miss Turner, stifling a yawn, as she sank back into the cushioned carriage.

"Sorry, but I don't exactly appreciate your point of view," answered the man beside her. "I thought it jolly."

"Perhaps if I were a 'horsey' person like that Muller woman it would not have been such a bore, or if I cared about making of myself a walking, talking, sitting advertisement for some modiste. Of course I enjoyed your splendid pair stepping about so nobly as though conscious of their precious bit of blue ribbon. You know, Tom, horses have souls. Prof. Blumstein spoke so eloquently about the other day at the club."

"What, about the prize winners?"

"No, no, animals having souls—reincarnation, you know."

"Rot," Tom began, but checked himself in time and only whistled.

"You are so indifferent, Tom, to the things I am most interested in."

"Aren't you the same regarding the things I am interested in? The horse show, for instance. It was splendid. Those well-bred, polished beauties, with their alert, quivering nerves, their proud necks and their fancy gait, I say, how could anyone be indifferent?"

"Oh, the horses were well enough," she admitted, "but the people—like children dressed for their first party. Actually, the three Winston girls in the box next ours never spoke during the entire evening. One moved once a trifle, and I saw a tragic look of pain come over poor moth-eaten Mrs. Winston's face. I am tired of it all; the mahogany souls and peppermint faces of the goodest good and the sticky smiles of the divorcees. I am going to give it up."

"Your description savors of vegetables," he said, rudely.

"Yes, and I'm going to include you, Tom."

There was a pause in which the regular beat of horses' feet on the pavement emphasized the conspicuously noiseless rubber tires of many carriages. Then the man asked abruptly: "Why me, too? Is my soul also wooden?"

His emphasis of the word "soul" irritated Miss Turner, resenting as she did his persistent refusal to mount her hobby.

"Not exactly that, Tom, but what's the use? Here we have gone on being engaged for two years—"

"And whose fault is it that it's been only engaged—"

"All the time," resumed Ruth, "I have been hoping you would come to regard life more seriously. But it really isn't worth while any more. You enjoy this sort of thing—it's your life. I prefer to study—to really amount to something—to give my soul a chance."

Tom Marston groaned.

"I've been hoping, too, Ruth," he said, presently, "hoping that you would recover from this attack of—of soul. I can't see what good you do yourself or anyone else in this Settlement business, mixing up in other people's affairs some one called it—then this theosophy fad—"

"It's no use to talk," sighed Ruth, as Tom handed her out of the carriage at her door. "No, don't wait; that's Mamma in the carriage back."

"Will I see you tomorrow?" he begged. "This is just a mood—and it's awfully sudden of you, you know. Let's talk it over tomorrow—please."

"I've thought it over for two years, Tom; it's no use. Good-bye."

"Where's Tom running off to in such a hurry?" queried Mrs. Turner, as they mounted the broad steps. "I wanted to ask him in to luncheon tomorrow."

"It's broken off," said Ruth, with a little catch in her voice. Perhaps she had been too hasty after all. Being a wise woman, Mrs. Turner's comments were altogether mental, though somewhat involved in guess-work.

For five long weeks Ruth adhered to her resolution to eschew society and cultivate the higher life. She read a great many treatises and parts of a great many books which she did not understand. On Mondays and Wednesdays she attended Mothers' meetings in a Settlement house in the slums, where she sang Nevin's songs and played brilliant piano solos by Chamade. Fridays she attended the Eclectic Club and studied how to release her soul from the material body

that it might soar unencumbered through empyrean heavens. She had hoped to become an adept in time, but somehow her soul was proving undutiful and refused to soar; perhaps because her mind was laden of late with thoughts of Tom Marston, whose six feet of stature and corresponding avoirdupois were quite enough to handicap the most flighty of souls.

"I am going to my room to read," stated Ruth one evening, "and if anyone calls I am not at home." Mrs. Turner frowned but remained discreetly silent, and her daughter was soon ensconced before a lazy grate fire.

"The Law of Psychic Phenomena" in her lap remained unopened as the girl continued to stare into the hearth. Presently she moved to the quaint little writing table, and mechanically her fingers scribbled the words:

"Dear Tom:—Forgive—"

She got no further. Then for a full half hour she sat. Presently her head began to droop until her downy cheek fell upon the written words, and she was asleep.

"Daughter," said a soft voice at the door, "Daughter!" Mrs. Turner stood on the threshold and looked in. Ruth was stirring uneasily in her sleep and muttering something. The elder woman listened a moment and then smiled.

"Tom," she is saying; well, Tom she shall have. I thought she would come to her senses even though it is in her sleep."

A moment afterward the steward of a certain up-town club informed Tom Marston that someone was waiting "on the phone" for him. And still later that same evening Ruth was hurried downstairs by her importunate mother to have at least a few words with "poor Tom." "Don't stop to smooth your hair—you are quite fit as you are," the mother had said.

Ruth had felt a curious bumping of her heart when Tom's card was first brought up. "How curious—and I was just dreaming of him," she thought. "I must have unconsciously sent a thought message."

On her way to the library, however, she resolved to be true to herself and to resist firmly any softer emotions.

The greeting was therefore a little strained, until Tom said suddenly, "What are those blotches on your face, Miss Ruth?"

He had been addressing her as Miss Turner a minute before. Together they walked over to a mirror. "Ink," said Ruth disgustedly, producing a handkerchief. "Wait," admonished Tom, peering curiously over her shoulder. Simultaneously they read aloud from the blotted ink spots on her reflected face:

"Dear Tom:—Forgive—"

"Oh, Ruth, how could you?" he whispered rapturously, demonstrating his words.

"Oh, Tom, I just couldn't—"

After the interruption Tom explained somewhat shamelessly, though according to instructions, "You see, Ruthie, I fell asleep at the club this evening and I dreamed you were calling me—curious, wasn't it?"

"Tom!" exclaimed Ruth, pleasurable wonderment in her bearing. "It was my thought message, you know."

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB.,
 JANUARY 3, 1901.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Nebraska, on February 16, 1901, viz: CHARLES A. GRASS, H. E. No. 14822, for the NW 1/4, sec 5, Twp. 29 N., Range 12 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Timothy McCarty, Thomas Cartey, Charles Shoemaker, D. J. Sparks, all of Page, Neb. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

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 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Nebraska, on Feb. 16, 1901, viz: WILLIAM HAMILTON, H. E. No. 14912, for the SE 1/4, section 26, township 29 north, range 10 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Muller, T. S. Roche, Wilcox Stewart, Winfield Hayne, all of Page, Neb. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB.,
 DEC. 7, 1900.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on January 23, 1901, viz: DENNIS W. ALDER, H. E. No. 14724, for the NW 1/4, Sec. 9, Twp. 29 N., Range 9 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Tom Crow, Jacob Binkard, Fred Torbert, Newton Carson, of Dorsey, Neb. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB.,
 DEC. 19, 1900.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Nebraska, on February 6, 1901, viz: CORA M. NEWMAN, H. E. No. 15340, for the SE 1/4, Sec. 9, T. 31, R. 9 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. P. Anderson, Lizzie Brinker, V. V. Rosencrans, James Wiley of Dorsey, Nebraska. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB.,
 NOV. 28, 1900.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on January 7, 1901, viz: MARY CAVANAUGH, widow of Morris Cavanaugh, H. E. No. 14621, for the NW 1/4, Sec. 11, T. 27, N., R. 12 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Timothy McCarty, Thomas Cartey, Charles Shoemaker, D. J. Sparks, all of O'Neill, Neb. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEB.,
 JANUARY 9, 1901.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on February 23, 1901, viz: STEPHEN DONLIN, H. E. No. 15065, for the SE 1/4, NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Sec. 35, Twp. 32 north, range 12 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: August Eppinbach, Michael Langan, Bernard Hayes, Austin Hayes, all of Turner, Neb. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
 DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,
 JAN. 16, 1901.
 Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at O'Neill, Neb., on February 23, 1901, viz: CHARLES A. INGERSOLL, H. E. No. 14633, for the NE 1/4, sec 10, Twp. 28 north, range 12 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Alex. Marting, Morton E. Blatt, Andrew Clark, Jacob B. Marring, all of O'Neill, Neb. S. J. WEEKES, Register.

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 LAND OFFICE AT O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,
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