

# Royal BAKING POWDER



Royal Cook Book mailed free

Immediately on receipt of your address.

Tells How to Make 178 Kinds of Cake Cakes of all kinds for all people are best made with Royal

**SPECIALLY FINE FOR LAYER CAKE**

### Inman Items.

Little Bessie Green is quite ill this week.

Mr. Grant Davis and family are moving to Elgin this week.

Miss June E Hancock had business at O'Neill last Saturday.

Mr. Wm. Kelly went to Omaha on business last Sunday, returning Tuesday.

Mr. H. J. Abrams and wife, are here from Omaha, spending a week with friends.

The Misses Bessie and Amy Goree came down from O'Neill last Sunday to visit friends.

Mrs. L. M. Tompkins went to Norfolk last Thursday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ed Lauke.

The Lewis Davis Amusement Co. stopped off in our town Friday and Saturday, giving two very good shows.

Mr. and Mrs. Goree, who have been visiting relatives at Norfolk the past two weeks, returned home last Friday.

Mr. Karl Wilcox and sister Lulu went to Lincoln last Thursday to attend the teachers meeting returning Sunday.

Mrs. Frank McDermott went to Ewing last Thursday to spend Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. Burke Wood and family.

The Misses Johnston and Butler, the primary and intermediate teachers, went to Lincoln last Wednesday to attend the teachers meeting.

Mr. Lee Conger of this place and Miss Jessie Bullie of Denver, Colorado were united in marriage last Friday. The community congratulates them.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Doughty and daughter, Mertice came up from Norfolk last Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Leon Tompkins and family.

### Supervisors Proceedings.

(Continued from last week.)

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of Holt County, Nebraska.

Your petitioner shows unto the Board that he is the owner of lots 9 and 10 in block 2 of Western Town Lots Company addition to Stuart in said county and that in the year 1909 he erected some buildings on said lots and said buildings were in the process of construction on the first day of April, 1909 and was only half completed on said date and were not completed until some time in May of said year. That he was erroneously assessed for the full value of said buildings as completed and was compelled to pay taxes thereon in the sum of \$19.35 which amount is \$9 in excess of what it legally should have been.

Your petitioner therefore prays your honorable body to order a refund to him of the sum of \$9.00 for excess taxes paid on said lots for said year 1909.

M. Johnson, Petitioner.

On motion prayer of petition was granted.

Mr. Chairman:

In relation to a part of road No. 110 commencing 8.00 chains south of the

### DR. J. P. GILLIGAN

Physician and Surgeon

Special attention given to

DISEASES OF WOMEN, DISEASES OF THE EYE AND CORRECT FITTING OF GLASSES

## FOILED.

### A Historical Story of Diplomacy.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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In looking over some papers, yellow with age, I came upon the following, written by my grandfather, who in his younger days was a newspaper correspondent of considerable celebrity:

During the civil war I was sent to France as correspondent for the Washington. The duties of a European correspondent are very different from one in America. There it is the duty of the enterprising journalist to secure an entree to the society of those who are making the history of their times, from whom alone he can get the news.

There was one man in France to whom the Emperor Napoleon III. was more indebted for bolstering him on his throne than any of his imperial majesty's official counselors. One evening at a ball at the Tuilleries this man, whom I shall call Count de V., approached me and entered into a conversation with me about my journalistic work. I was rather surprised that he should take any interest in such a matter, for no American correspondent was a part of the European system, being usually employed to gather the news as it was published and transmit it to American newspapers.

Among other things Count de V. asked me if I corresponded with him in other than American papers. I replied that I had a commission to send news to an English paper whenever I had anything special to send, whereupon he asked me to breakfast with him the next morning, promising that he would give me an item.

When I met the count the next morning at breakfast I was not only amazed at the item he gave me, but at his giving it. He told me that the emperor had been striving to secure another power to join him in interfering to stop the war in America; that he had been working secretly and persistently upon the English government, the people of England being almost wholly on the side of the south owing largely to their dependence on getting cotton from that section. "The emperor," he added, "is about to succeed, and within sixty days a combined French and English fleet will be on the American Atlantic coast to break the blockade."

Patriotic American that I was, my blood chilled at this information; but, immediately remembering that if the news were true a man so close to the emperor would be guilty of betraying a trust to give it to me, I said, "It would be impossible for me to secure the publication of this news in any English paper without documentary proof."

"I can give you the proof," replied the count, "provided that proof remains with you and dies with you—that it is kept a secret till we are all dead."

"I am quite sure, count," I replied, "that if I can say that I am convinced the paper will act upon my assurance that I have been convinced."

Count de V. arose, went to a cabinet, unlocked a drawer with a key he took from his vest pocket and brought out a package of papers, which he laid before me. I perused them with ever growing wonder and long before I had finished was convinced not only of the truth of his statement, but that within sixty days the independence of the Confederate states would be acknowledged by France and England. I kept rereading the papers in order to gain time to think. I was perusing documents of which President Lincoln was ignorant and which constituted the death warrant of the Union cause. What should I do—what could I do to arrest such a blow? Finally I looked at the count and said:

"Count, you are either the greatest knave or the greatest fool on earth or you have some special purpose which will result beneficially to the emperor."

"I am no knave. How much of a fool I am depends upon your sense of honor. That I have a purpose I will not deny."

"You have gone so far that you must go further. Tell me all."

The count deliberated for some time, and before he spoke his manner indicated that he had resolved to tell the whole story.

"Very well," he said. "Listen. The throne is tottering. There are too many factions striving to possess the government to permit the emperor to remain in peace upon it. He realizes this and desires to concentrate the minds of the people on some foreign achievement for the benefit of France. He purposes to take possession of the government of Mexico, which has been offered him by a few malcontents there. Before doing this he desires to break the United States into two parts, gaining at the same time the good will of one. By bringing about this intervention he will establish the Confederacy and gain the eternal gratitude of the southern people. His Mexican scheme will then be on a far stronger basis."

The count paused, and I noticed that a pained expression passed over his face.

"And your opinion, count, of the wisdom of all this?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It means the end of the empire. No more crazy scheme was ever devised. I believe that there are underlying principles in this American struggle of yours which in the end, however remote, will give the free north the victory over the slave south—that even the south, once free, will not tolerate a foreign government set up so close to her. And now we come to the object of this revelation. I have begged and pleaded with the emperor to have nothing to do with America or the struggle now going on in America. He declares that it is his only hope to save his throne. He will not listen to me. I would save him from himself. By securing a premature publication of the plan I may thwart it, and my master will be saved from its disastrous consequences."

In my enthusiasm I grasped the count's hand and held it as in a vise.

"Count," I exclaimed, "I am no less struck with wonder at your disinterested wisdom than I was at first at your seeming dishonor. These men about the emperor are idiots. You are a statesman in the very highest degree."

Though I was burning to act in the matter, I left the count to spend twenty-four hours in thought upon it before doing so. The fate of my countrymen was in my hands. By an error I might turn the clock of human liberty back half a century. By a well aimed stroke I might change the fate of the American republic. I slept not a wink that night and when the morning came had formed a new plan. At 10 o'clock I was again with the Count de V.

"Count," I said, "I have not sufficient standing with any English paper to feel sure I can put your scheme in practice. American journals would pay millions for the news, but they are too far away to serve the purpose. I have a proposition to make. Trust me to reveal this conspiracy to some ruler who has the power in himself to thwart it."

The count thought a few moments, then with a sudden impulse turned to his desk, seized pen and paper and wrote. "There," he said when he had finished, "is a note of introduction to a man very near the person of the emperor of Russia. I have told him to introduce you to his master and say that I have proof in my possession of all you may tell him. Go to St. Petersburg, reveal the plot to the czar, but remember that my honor, my life, depend upon your ability to play this difficult role."

"I will do my best, count, not only for my country, but for you."

"Goodby!" he said. "And may you save the empire of France as well as the cause of liberty in America. If you do either and I am sacrificed I shall not go down in vain."

That night I took a train for St. Petersburg. Fast as we traveled we seemed to me to be going at a snail's pace. My mind was ever on my work of blocking the most rascally political game that was ever played by civilized governments. But, while I thought much of the main issue, I thought more of devices by which I could get the benefit of De V.'s information without bringing him into the matter.

Arrived at St. Petersburg, as soon as I had made a toilet I drove to the house of Alexiaef Vronsky, to whom I bore the letter of introduction. I found a middle aged gentleman, untitled, but for some reason possessing great influence with the czar. He listened to what I had to say, then told me that he would go at once with a view to making an appointment for me at the palace. The same afternoon he wrote me a note saying that he would go with me and present me to the emperor the next morning at 11 o'clock.

On the way to the palace Vronsky said to me:

"There is great hope for you in this: The emperor is not fearful or jealous of the French, but he is watching the efforts put forth by England to control the sea and thereby the trade of the world. I tell you this that you may know your best card and know how and when to play it."

When I stood in presence of the autocrat of all the Russias I felt that I bore on my shoulders the cause of freedom for the world. He listened to what I had to say intently and with evident interest. But, seeing me hesitate, he said:

"You may trust me as you have been trusted."

That was a help to me, and I got on much better as soon as I had been thus assured. I laid bare the whole scheme and showed a knowledge of facts which fitted in with much that he knew himself about the schemes not only of Napoleon III., but the prime minister of England. Before I had finished I knew I had at heart won the czar's confidence.

"I can only say to you now," said his majesty, "that the scheme will not be carried out."

I withdrew at once perfectly satisfied with the result of my mission. After thanking Vronsky again and again for this introduction I took the train at once for Paris, knowing that De V. would be eager to hear what I might have to say. I called on him on my arrival before going to my home and after assuring him that his part in the matter would never be known gave him an account of my interview ending with the czar's assurance.

In a few weeks, hearing nothing more of the matter and becoming uneasy, I sailed for America to report the affair to the president. In sailing up New York bay I found it filled with a Russian war fleet.

## Coverly's Substitute

### Appearances Were Against Him.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"I'm sorry, Elizabeth," said Ralph Coverly, "that I must go to Chicago on business for the firm of Fabens & Coverly."

"Never mind, Ralph. My one week has been lovely, and I shall enjoy spending a quiet time with your mother."

"Mother will be delighted to have you with her constantly. An invalid's days are dull enough. But there is an elderly aunt coming tomorrow, and I'm afraid you'll not find it very amusing with just Aunt Agatha and mother. I've thought of a plan so that you might enjoy the program we planned and not miss any of the concerts or art galleries or even the opera."

"What is that, dear? Really, half of the anticipated pleasure was the knowledge that we were to be together."

Ralph hesitated, and then, as if dismissing some unworthy doubt from his mind, he said quickly:

"Why, I've spoken to Fabens. He's a mighty clever chap and is better versed in all the things you're interested in than I am. I'm such a practical fellow, Elizabeth. Well, I told Fabens all the things I'd planned we were to do the coming week and asked him to see that you didn't miss any of the pleasures."

"It's very thoughtful of you, Ralph." The next morning when Elizabeth wandered downstairs to a late breakfast she found the expected Aunt Agatha established at the head of the table. She was a stern visaged lady, whose hair remained a shining black in defiance of threescore years. She wore gold spectacles with thick lenses, which magnified her dark eyes with startling results. An ear trumpet dangled from a ribbon over her shoulder, much like a powderhorn at the back of a hunter.

"Good morning, Miss Neal—or shall I say Elizabeth? My niece has written of you, and I've seen your picture. If you'll excuse my saying so, you're not at all the sort of girl I thought Ralph would marry! He always preferred brunettes, like myself. Well, men are fickle as the weather! It's too bad Mary is confined to her room. You will be very lonely." Miss Dale paused to take breath.

"Mrs. Coverly will enjoy having some one with her. She is so much alone except for the nurse," said Elizabeth.

"I can't hear a word you say," asserted Miss Dale calmly. "It doesn't matter. I can always guess what people are talking about at table. You probably remarked that you wouldn't be lonely at all during Ralph's absence. I know Dick Fabens, my dear, and a more fascinating man I never met. Ralph is very foolish to leave you in Dick's care. But, there, every one has his consolations, and that little dark beauty Ralph was so crazy about last year lives in Chicago. There, there! Don't get emotional!"

Elizabeth, angry and amused, watched her and when she was alone finished her breakfast and retired to her own room. Later her brief morning visit to sweet Mrs. Coverly brought forth the fact that Aunt Agatha had arrived from her suburban home at an early hour that morning. She had surveyed the house from attic to cellar and had interviewed the nurse and the servants with praiseworthy results.

Mrs. Coverly smiled indulgently and touched Elizabeth's serious face with a delicate forefinger. "Aunt Agatha is an angel at heart, Elizabeth, but her deafness has accentuated certain oddities in her manner, and she has adopted a freedom of speech that is sometimes alarming. Don't forget. I shall expect you to come in for our game of chess every evening if you don't mind devoting so much time to an old woman."

Elizabeth's answer was to kiss the hand that caressed her, and the next half hour was one of the most intimate with the mother and prospective husband.

Aunt Agatha at luncheon was a repetition of Aunt Agatha at breakfast, and her deeply voiced monologue left the girl with a strange sense of desolation. For the first time since her engagement to Ralph there crept into her heart a vague disquiet as to his perfect loyalty. Who was this dark beauty of whom Aunt Agatha Dale babbled?

Two o'clock brought Dick Fabens with tickets for a matinee, and, as Aunt Agatha was too rheumatic to go far afield, Elizabeth went alone with Ralph's partner. During their brief ride in the carriage Elizabeth learned that Mr. Fabens was feeling much better and that the simple program Ralph had laid out appealed to his convalescent body and mind as nothing else could.

Dick Fabens was fascinating. Older than Ralph, he was attractive by reason of his contrasting gray hair and youthful face. He was strangely sympathetic to Elizabeth, and she found herself looking to him for confirmation of all her delight in the pleasure that came to her on the days that followed.

He did not flirt with her; he did not make love to her. He was simply natural and unaffected, and by very reason of her enforced solitude at the Coverly home Elizabeth turned to him for congeniality and pleasure during those seven days.

Aunt Agatha suddenly disapproved of Dick Fabens' attention and expressed her opinion each morning. Elizabeth came to take a wicked delight in listening to those lectures, and frequent mention of the dark beauty in Chicago and Ralph's weakness in that direction hardened her heart against the absent lover. His daily letters were characteristically short, and her jealous eyes read between the lines that he was enjoying his stay in the Windy City. Then on Thursday the letters ceased coming, and Elizabeth stopped writing.

On Saturday morning she took counsel in her own room and decided that Ralph Coverly was tired of her. If he had not been, if he had really cared for her, would he not have hesitated at leaving a substitute for his own attention to this other girl—whose name Aunt Agatha had once admitted to be Elsie—that he had provided a substitute? Fabens spoke little of his partner beyond saying that the coveted contract had been secured by Ralph.

Saturday morning Elizabeth went back to the boarding school, where she was a teacher of music, but before she went she inclosed her engagement ring in a tiny box, registered it and sent it to Ralph's office, with a brief note explaining her action. "It has all been a mistake," she said.

Aunt Agatha's farewell of her was prolonged and affectionate at the late breakfast, several hours after the ring and letter had been sent.

"Goodby, my dear Elizabeth. I've learned to love you dearly, and I've watched you closely during the past week while Dick Fabens has been taking you out, and you are a most unusual girl. Ralph has won a treasure indeed. We would have been so unhappy if he had cared for that Elsie girl who set her cap for him last year. It's a good thing she eloped with her chauffeur and went to Paris, for— And so on until Elizabeth's brain reeled with the horror of what she had done.

Her farewell to Mrs. Coverly was tearful and brief, but she did not dare divulge the fact of her broken engagement to the woman who had taken the motherless girl to her warm heart.

At Ferncliff the weeks passed drearily without word from Ralph. There was a picture postcard from Aunt Agatha, who had returned to her home, saying she trusted the missive found Elizabeth in good health. Then Elizabeth mailed a card to Miss Dale and hoped that lady was quite well, and so ended her connection with the Coverly family.

There came a day several months afterward when she received cards from Dick Fabens' wedding to some girl from New Orleans. She laid it away with a little sigh. It was merely an echo of the happy life she had dropped out of. She blamed herself bitterly for listening to Aunt Agatha's inane chatter and knew that she had wronged Ralph. And yet there was the fact that he had ceased writing to her. That might be easily explained. Letters often miscarried. There was no excuse for her doubt of her lover's constancy. She ought to have trusted him against everybody in the world, even as he would have done had the case been reversed.

That same day was a half holiday, and Elizabeth, weary with the strain of teaching and very unhappy, stole away to spend the afternoon alone in the beautiful chestnut woods that stretched behind the school buildings. The trees were in their summer glory of gold and brown, and through the scanty foliage there were glimpses of the clear blue sky. Where the trees fringed the banks of the tumbling river Elizabeth found a seat on a mossy rock.

The rushing of the river drowned all other sounds, and it was not until he stood beside her that Elizabeth knew Ralph Coverly had come at last. From very joy in his presence she was powerless to move.

He looked down at her, pale and worn and quite unlike his usual buoyant self.

"Elizabeth," he said desperately, "I've just had Fabens' invitation. If it isn't he, who is it?"

"Who is who?" asked Elizabeth weakly, her voice breaking as he caught her hand.

"The one who came between us," said Ralph hoarsely. "Aunt Agatha hinted—she wrote—it was Fabens, and you were both so happy, so I stopped writing and came home to find the ring and your letter. I was a beast to Fabens—thought he had cut me out with you—and then he stiffened up, and we've hardly been on speaking terms outside of business. Then this morning I found his wedding invitation in my mail, and so I came down to find out who the other man is. I would have staked my life on your faith, Elizabeth!"

"You may now. Wait, Ralph, till I tell you all," sobbed Elizabeth. But Ralph did not wait. His arms were about her and her sunny head on his shoulder while she poured out the misunderstanding and misery of those seven days.

"It's turned-out-for the best, dear," he comforted her. "This contract was a big thing, and so I am not going to wait another week for you. June is too far away. Give up your position and come. Mother needs you, and I do not dare run the chance of having to provide another substitute."

"Or another visit from Aunt Agatha," said Elizabeth devoutly.