

Successful Men Men of Action

They lay out a plan and then work toward that end everlastingly. Without an object—a goal for which to strive, one's life can easily be frittered away on mere trifles—things that amuse for the moment but bring no lasting rewards. Theodore Roosevelt, when president of these United States, foresaw the effects of this tendency when he said, "The home is the backbone of our nation."
It takes backbone, though, to start, but the man who succeeds these days must have backbone.
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The Big Horn Basin and Yellowstone Valley are closing a most successful season of heavy crops. Fillings for Government irrigated homesteads this Autumn will be very numerous. Some of the finest lands that the Government has ever bestowed are for you in these regions. A party of twenty-one news paper correspondents has just made a tour through the Big-Horn Basin and the Sheridan Country and they were amazed at the wonderful fields of grain and alfalfa, the ample water supply, the permanent canals, the progressive new towns, the productive soil, the climate, the surrounding—and scenic mountains, the mineral wealth, the industrial possibilities and the hospitality of the people.

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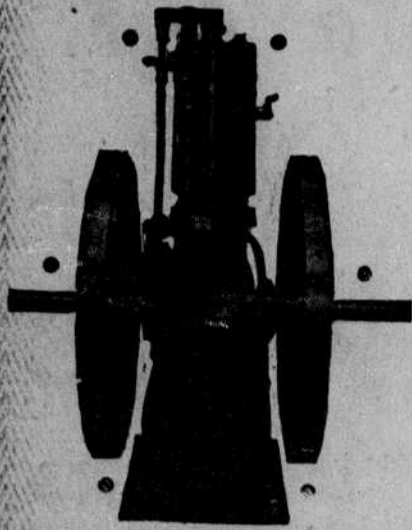
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WITHOUT RESPECT

But With Respect It Was a
Different Matter

By F. A. MITCHEL

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There is a house still standing in South Carolina, one of those old fashioned but stately manors, that is more than 150 years old. The woodwork above its cornices, its massive chimneys, its fluted pillars extending from the porch to the roof, smack of aristocratic persons who dwell there when the place was new, but who dwell there no longer.

When the Revolution came on Charles Ringold, then lord of the manor, remained loyal to the king, but his children, all of whom were grown, chose the patriot side. His two sons were with General Marion, the "Swamp Fox." His only daughter, Margaret, remained at home with her father, though her heart was with her brothers in the continental service.

One evening during that troublous period Margaret, looking out of a window, saw a man in a scarlet coat riding toward the house. Going out on to the porch, she stood there between two of the great white pillars waiting for him. When he drew rein before her and doffed his hat politely she saw that he was what a woman would naturally admire, a gentleman, a soldier and handsome. He came of the same aristocratic English stock from which she herself had sprung.

"May I ask," he said, "are you loyal subjects of the king here, or are you rebels?"

"My father is for the king" was the reply.

"And you?"
"It doesn't matter where my sympathies lie, for I am a woman, but were I a man I would now be fighting for the patriot cause."

"May I see your father?"

"Certainly."

The officer dismounted. The girl called a negro servant to hold his horse, then showed the man into the library, where her father was reading, and left the two together. Captain Arbuckle, one of Colonel Tarleton's officers, had been sent out by his chief to make inquiries among such Tories as he could find in the neighborhood as to where the "Swamp Fox" was lurking. He asked Mr. Ringold for information, but the latter frankly told him that though he was loyal to the British cause he had two sons in Marion's corps and begged to be excused from replying to his questions. But since darkness was coming on he offered the captain entertainment for the night.

Arbuckle accepted the invitation, not for the entertainment, but that he might pass an evening in company with Margaret, whose stately figure, comely face and aristocratic bearing had made a profound impression upon him. Women to young English bloods of that day were considered legitimate game, and Arbuckle vowed within himself that before he parted with the girl for the night he would take at least one kiss.

He kept his resolution, though he no more than kept it, for he got but one kiss. He left a crimson spot where his lips touched Margaret's cheek and fire in her eye. Rising, she swept out of the room, leaving him discomfited. He had not expected such a rebuff from a woman dwelling in this wild country, so far from old England. He was in doubt whether to regret his act or to make an excuse to remain, with a view to a further effort. But for the present there was nothing to do but go to bed.

In the morning he breakfasted with Mr. Ringold, and when the meal was finished, feeling obliged to return to duty, he ordered his horse. The negro who brought it handed him a note from Margaret, in which she told him that a champion demanded satisfaction for the insult he had offered her the evening before. Captain Arbuckle was astonished. He had played the same game many a time at home, with no serious consequences, to meet with a challenge to mortal combat on a like provocation in the wilds of America.

But for one thing the officer would have offered a humble apology. That was the champion. A spirit of rivalry took possession of him. Who was this man who was to stand in defense of the woman who had so impressed him? Was he a lover, a brother or a friend? In any event, could he, an Englishman—the proudest race on earth—apologize for taking a liberty with one born in a land recently acquired from savages?

"Tell your mistress," he said to the negro, "that I will communicate with her as soon as my duties as a soldier will permit."

On his return to camp Arbuckle found that the command had got wind of the "Swamp Fox" and had gone in chase of him. Tarleton had left an order for the captain to remain in the camp in command of a small guard left there till the expedition returned. This left him an opportunity to take care of the matter he had in hand. He wrote Margaret that since he had learned that she had a champion the fight must come off before any apology could be made. He was impatient to throw himself at her feet to implore her pardon; therefore he desired the affair should be settled as soon as possible. Besides, he was now free from

any duty that would interfere with its settlement. Would she ask her champion to name an early date, place, weapons and other details?

A reply came that she felt a delicacy in the identity of the man who was to defend her being known; therefore she stipulated that he should fight masked. The time would be that evening at sunset, in a clearing back of her father's house, the weapons to be cavalry swords. There were to be no seconds. Her slave, Jim, who bore her messages, would be present as a witness.

To the masking Arbuckle declined to assent unless assured that her champion was not a blood relative, and when thus assured he agreed to be on hand at the appointed hour.

He found his enemy waiting for him. The man was tall and slender, being dressed in citizen's costume of the day, a broad tailed cutaway coat and breeches, buff waistcoat, white stockings, large shoe buckles and a powdered peruke. His mask was of black velvet, with lace at and below his mouth.

Jim, the colored slave, stood near with a saber under an arm and a small box containing articles to stop the flow of blood in the other. He handed Arbuckle a saber, and the latter advanced to the spot where his enemy was standing. But before putting himself in a posture for defense he said to Jim:

"In case I am denied an opportunity to crave your mistress' pardon by being killed in this fight I desire you to assure her that had I lived I would have done so."

"I'll do dat, sah," said Jim, "fo' I reckon yo' gwine fo' to get killed. De man wid de udder sword mighty fine fencer. He killed!"

A suppressed exclamation of dissatisfaction from the champion stopped this attempt to frighten the captain, and the principals in the affair, advancing toward each other, began to fence. Notwithstanding Jim's encomiums the unknown at once proved himself no match for his opponent. Arbuckle, perceiving this, stood strictly on the defensive, not desiring that blood should be spilled in such a cause.

He was beginning to be amused at the bungling thrusts and parries made by his opponent when an accident happened at an unlucky moment. Just as the masked man was making one of his awkward thrusts Arbuckle's foot caught in a creeping vine, and he fell forward on the point of his adversary's sword, which, entering his right side just below the arm pit, inflicted a flesh wound.

A cry came from the champion. Not a masculine cry; it was like a woman's shriek. Throwing away his saber, he stooped and lifted his enemy in his arms. Arbuckle, more interested in the champion's identity than his wound, pulled off the mask and exposed the features of Margaret Ringold.

The two looked at each other for a few moments without speaking; then Arbuckle, seizing Margaret's hand, kissed it respectfully, exclaiming:

"Forgive me!"

Meanwhile Jim was hurrying forward, opening the box of materials for staunching blood. Arbuckle assured Margaret that his wound was of no importance, threw off his coat, opened his waistcoat and exposed his shirt saturated with blood. Margaret tremblingly applied lint and wound a bandage to hold it in its place. Then she told Jim to go for assistance and bring a conveyance to take the wounded man to the house. But Arbuckle demurred.

"The affair must be kept secret," he said, "because I am ashamed of my part in requiring a woman to protect herself against me, and, as for being carried about with such a pin prick as this, my comrades would despise me. Go to your home, Miss Ringold. You have vanquished me in more ways than one. Henceforth I am your champion whenever you choose to have me by accepting my services. I will now ride to camp, but ask that at the first opportunity I may be permitted to pay my duty to you."

Margaret turned and walked away, but she heard footsteps behind her and felt her hand clasped. It was Arbuckle.

"Tell me before we part," he said, "am I forgiven?"

She made no reply except with her eyes, but the man was satisfied. He watched her, attended by Jim, till she reached the house, when she turned and, putting her fingers to her lips, threw him what she had fought him for taking disrespectfully.

The "Swamp Fox" kept Tarleton and his men busy for some time, during which Arbuckle did not appear at the Ringold manor. Then he was taken ill. From a hospital he sent word to Margaret that as soon as he had recovered he would see her and make all possible amends for his treatment of her. But he was obliged to wait till the war had ended before being able to visit her. When he came he asked to see her father, saying that he had called on a matter of vital importance to himself. He asked to be permitted to pay his addresses to his daughter. The old Tory was much pleased at the request, though he felt that it would separate him from his child and, having granted it, informed Margaret that Arbuckle had come and had asked for her hand.

There was a great contrast between this and the first meeting Margaret had with Captain Arbuckle, which gave a peculiar zest to the latter. The couple were married before Captain Arbuckle returned with the British forces in America to England. There the South Carolinian was welcomed by her husband's relatives, and she at once assumed a prominent position in society. But she always maintained that had not the colonies won their independence she would not have left her American home.

First publication Sept. 21st.

Notice for Publication.
Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at O'Neill, Nebraska, Sept. 19th, 1911.

"Not Coal land."
Notice is hereby given that Hans Peterson, of O'Neill, Nebraska, who on August 7th, 1904, made homestead entry No. 19780, No. 01711, for n₁ s₁ sec. 5, and n₁ s₂, and s₁ w₁ s₂, section 6, township 27 n., range 12 w., 6th P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year, proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before register and receiver, at O'Neill, Nebraska, on the 24th day of October, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph McCaffrey of Emmet, Nebraska, Charles M. Brown, of Chambers, Nebraska and Andrew Clark and Charles Cavanaugh both of O'Neill, Nebraska. 14-5 B. E. STURDEVANT, Register.

First publication Sept. 28.
Legal Notice.

F. M. Higgins, first and real name unknown, Eva M. Higgins, John W. Bowser, Mrs. John W. Bowser, first and real name unknown, wife of John W. Bowser, E. D. Boyles, first and real name unknown, N. B. Ketchessid first and real name unknown, will take notice that on the 19th day of Sept., 1911, Michael Lyons, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Holt county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants Anna L. Perry and A. O. Perry her husband upon the east half of section number two, township number thirty-one north, range number fifteen, west of the sixth principal meridian, in Holt county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of three certain promissory notes dated July 29th, 1907, for the sum of four hundred dollars each, and due and payable in one, two and three years respectively from the date thereof; that there is now due upon said notes and mortgages the sum of twelve hundred dollars with interest thereon at the rate of seven per cent per annum from the 29th day of July 1909, for which sum with interest thereon seven per cent per annum from July 29th, 1909, plaintiff prays for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday the 6th day of November, 1911.
15-4 MICHAEL LYONS, Plaintiff.

BUDDHIST CREMATION.

The Funeral Pyre and the Disposition of the Ashes.

A Buddhist cremation is a strange and uncanny event, and it is not often that a foreigner is given to witness one. I saw some of the preliminary ceremonies at a temple in south China, but found myself apparently becoming persona non grata as the time for the cremation proper approached and did not care enough about seeing it to intrude. I have since heard and read several descriptions of the gruesome ceremony.

The priests are dressed in white sackcloth, similar to that worn by the mourners at the funerals of the laymen, and their brows are bound with white bandages. The corpse, dressed in a cowl and with the hands fixed in an attitude of prayer, is placed in a sitting position in a bamboo chair and carried to the funeral pyre by some of his fellow monks, all the other monks of the monastery following in a double line. As the procession advances the walls of the monastery echo with the chanting of prayers and the tinkling of cymbals.

When the pyre is reached the bearers place the corpse upon it, and the fagots are kindled by the head priest, and while the flames are mounting the others prostrate themselves in obeisance to the ashes of their departed brother. When the fire is burned out the attendants collect the charred bones and place them in a cinerary urn, which is often deposited in a small shrine within the precincts of the monastery, to remain there until the ninth day of the ninth month, when the ashes are sewed up in a bag of red cloth and thrown into a sort of ossuary or monastery mausoleum.—Lewis R. Freeman in Los Angeles Times.

Byron's Three Great Men of Europe.

Lord Byron said that Europe saw three great men in the early part of the nineteenth century. But no one now, in the early part of the twentieth century, could guess at the names of more than one of the three. It may be that Lord Byron was joking, but it is quite possible that he was serious when he named the curious trio.

Third in his little list he placed himself, the second person was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the first and foremost was George Bryan Brummel, Beau Brummel, "king of the beaux" and "Le Roi de Calais."—From Jerrold's "Beaux and Dandies."

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