

Low Excursion Rates To All Eastern Resorts

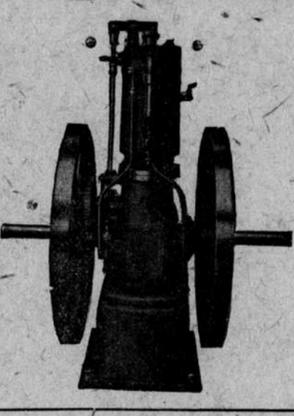
If you've been planning an eastern trip, by all means go now—take advantage of the low, summer excursion rates offered by the Burlington Route. Special low fare tickets are now on sale to New York, Boston, Niagara Falls, Atlantic City, Catskill Mountains, Montreal, Quebec and many other eastern points.

Start your vacation right—take the Burlington. Courteous, attentive employes, delicious meals, safety block signals, "On time" arrival, congenial environment—these are a few advantages of "Burlington service." Let us explain the low fares, excellent accommodations, and help you plan your trip.

Send a postal for free literature—tell me of points in which you are interested—I'll send you descriptive literature and complete information as to cost, etc. Write or call or phone—get the low excursion fares via the Burlington before you decide. Summer excursions tickets on sale daily until September 30.



G. W. WEST, Ticket Agent, O'Neill
L. W. WAKELEY, Gen'l. Passenger Agt., Omaha, Neb



Save Work- Worry- Money

by using a **STOVER GASOLINE ENGINE**. Made right. Sold right. Send for illustrated catalogue free.

SANDWICH MFG. CO.
Council Bluffs, Ia.
General Agents.

Low Round Trip Fares To Points East

Special low-fare summer tickets via the **Chicago and North Western Ry.** on sale daily until September 30 to Detroit, Niagara Falls, New York, Atlantic City, Boston, Philadelphia and other Great Lake, mountain and seaside resorts, affording a splendid opportunity to enjoy a novel vacation back east, away from the routine of every day life.

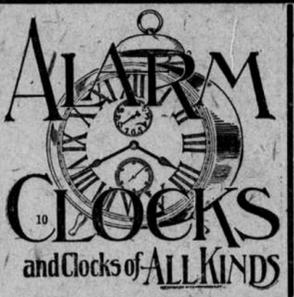
The splendid service maintained from all points via this route to Chicago including modern equipment, convenient schedules, smooth well-ballasted roadbed, automatic electric safety signals and unequalled dining car service.

All trains arrive at the palatial new passenger Terminal in Chicago.

Direct connections with fast trains to the East.



For full particulars apply to ticket agents
**Chicago and
North Western Railway**



WILL WAKE YOU UP FOR \$1.

J. W. HIBER
Jeweler & Optician, O'Neill, Neb.

Inman Items.

Mrs. James Colman is quite ill this week.

Mr. Daniel O'Donnell is on the sick list this week.

Carl Wilcox returned home last Friday from Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jansens are the proud parents of a baby born July 19.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Brewer went to Long Pine to attend the carnival, Friday.

Mrs. Chas. Eaders went to O'Neill to visit relatives, returning Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Fowler was very ill the first of the week. She is some better at present.

Misses Della and Vera Trobridge returned home from Wayne last Saturday.

The Misses Mildred Rilely and Marvel Cress went to O'Neill last Saturday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Geo. Killinger returned from Carrol last Friday where

she had made an extended visit. Miss Nellie Winchell of Chambers visited with Miss Margaret Leidy last Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Souvignier went to Long Pine last Friday to attend the Frontier Day's carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Colman and son, Elsworth, went to Long Pine last Friday to attend the Frontier Day's carnival.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Abrams and daughters, June and Charlotte, of Omaha are in Inman to make an extended visit.

The Eternal Feminine.
"Wimmen certainly ain't got no consistency."

"What's the matter, Mike?"
"Me wife chased me out wid a rolling pin this morning and then cried because I left home without kissing her goodby."—Pittsburgh Post.

Caught the Habit.
"That yachting party are telling the biggest fakes I ever heard."
"Yes, and you can see at a glance that even the yacht is lying to."—Baltimore American.

Huber's Daughter

She Was the Last of His
Children Unmarried, and
He Could Not Give
Her Up

By EDITH V. ROSS

In one of the little villages overlooking the Lake of the Five Cantons in Switzerland there lived a retired watchmaker named Huber. For years he had made watches in Lucerne, and when he had saved enough of his earnings to live without work he bought a chalet on the lake shore, near the city, where he could pass the rest of his life in ease and comfort.

His children had grown to manhood and womanhood and left the paternal abode, except Katrina, a lass of eighteen. Huber, who was a widower, held on to her as one will keep his last dollar, dreading to have a man come near her lest she take her away from him. But so far as the old man knew there was no one who wanted her or whom she wanted.

The truth is that Katrina, knowing her father's wish that she should discourage all suitors, assured him that she would not leave him in his old age. Indeed, when the matter of marriage was broached it was by Huber himself, Carl Gotthold, about thirty-five years old, who had succeeded to the old man's watch business, went to see his former partner one day and asked for his daughter. Huber told him that Katrina was not to marry, but remain with him always.

Gotthold, who had a persuasive tongue in his head, represented to Huber that when he died Katrina would be a middle aged woman whom no man would care to marry and would thereafter live a lonely life. "If you will give her to me," he said, "I will come here to live with you, going into the city every morning to business and returning in the evening. You will thus keep her with you, and when you die she will not be alone in the world."

Now, Gotthold had considerable money that he had inherited from his father, besides his watch business. His proposition struck Huber favorably, though he did not admit it. But before Gotthold left him he promised to think of the matter. He did think of it and made up his mind that he had better accept the proposition. He said nothing for some time to his daughter, for in Europe parents have for centuries been accustomed to arrange marriages for their children.

Katrina kept a boat, and when she wished to go to any place on or near the margin of the lake she would go down to the little shed where she kept it, take it out and pull out on the bosom of the water. One evening while near the middle of the lake a sudden squall came up and overturned her boat. She clung to it till another boat approached her and a young man in it took her aboard, righted her boat and pulled his, towing her boat, to the nearest point of land. There he built a fire, and she dried his clothing by its warmth.

The two remained there for some time waiting for the storm to subside, then re-entered the young man's boat, and he pulled her to her landing place. He asked her if he might come and see her, and she refused her consent, telling him that her father dreaded to have any young man call upon her. But there was another reason. She did not intend to let her father know that she had been capsized in the middle of the lake. She had narrowly escaped drowning, for, though a good swimmer, the water in these Swiss lakes is so cold that she could not have possibly swum ashore. Indeed, she was so numbed when help reached her that she was about to let go her hold. Should her father know all this he would never let her go out in her boat again.

Who knows but that if Katrina had given this young man, Caspar Beck, permission to visit her he would never have availed himself of it. Be this as it may, her refusal, which was not dictated by an unwillingness on her part to receive him, at once filled him with a desire to break through the barrier that stood between them. But he said nothing to her of this, apparently accepting her refusal as final, and with a goodbye he pulled out into the lake toward his home near Lucerne.

Katrina reached her father's house when he was absorbed in Gotthold's proposition. Consequently she did not receive as close a questioning as to where she had been during the storm as might have been expected. But the old man had no idea of broaching the matter concerning her future until he had definitely made up his mind on the subject, and his mind was far from being made up. Gotthold knew that if he got Katrina it would not be soon and, having made his proposition, waited patiently for the old man to come to a decision. The applicant had nothing further to do in the matter, for Huber would not be influenced and whichever way he decided his decision would be final.

After his rescue of Katrina Caspar Beck often went out on the lake in his boat purposely to meet her. One evening shortly before sunset he saw her pulling toward her boathouse and, rowing with all his strength, he intercepted her. He asked her if she would not remain out a little longer, and she consented. Helping her with his boat, he took her in tow and pulled southward in the direction of Fiwela.

It was after dark when Katrina returned and found her father worrying about her. This time he questioned her more closely as to where she had been and noticed that her usual frank expression was replaced by a troubled look. Perhaps he feared the true cause of her detention. At any rate, from that moment he resolved to accept Gotthold's proposition.

The next morning Huber went to Lucerne, saw Gotthold and told him that he might have his daughter. The two went to an attorney, who drew up an agreement by which Gotthold was to settle a part of his possessions on Katrina, was to leave her with her father so long as he lived, and Huber agreed to give a stipulated amount for a dowry. Katrina herself, most concerned of all, was not consulted. Indeed, her father, who was very deliberate, did not tell her of the arrangement for two weeks after it had been made.

During this fortnight Caspar and Katrina had met frequently on the lake, where they were not likely to be observed by her father. The forbidden fruit, which is always sweetest, worked on the emotions of the two and stimulated the passion that was growing between them. Katrina, who loved her father and realized the obedience required of her, suffered with her newly found pleasure. Her father noticed that something was troubling her and concluded to bring about her nuptials in the hope that they would drive it away.

The principal cause of Katrina's distress was that she had got wind of the match her father had arranged for her with Gotthold. She was at liberty to write her lover, but she dare not receive a letter from him lest it fall into the hands of her father. As soon as she learned that she was to be given to Gotthold she wrote Caspar of the fact, telling him at the same time that they must succumb to the plan. There was but one other alternative—that she should refuse to marry any one, remaining unwed with her father. He might consent to the latter alternative, but that he would consent to her marrying Caspar, who was but a few years older than herself and without any means whatever, was not to be considered.

On receipt of her letter Caspar abandoned all caution. He resolved to see Katrina at once and persuade her to defy her father. Getting into his boat, he pulled toward her home, reaching it after dark. Seeing a light in her window, which was accessible by means of a trellis, he climbed it and appeared before her. Standing on the trellis, he told her that he would not give her up and remain alive. The idea of being the cause of his death well nigh drove her to madness. She begged him to go away and accept the situation. During the interview he climbed into the window. Frightened lest he be discovered there, she promised him that if he would go away she would refuse to marry any one, the only alternative her father could be expected to accept.

Caspar, thinking he could not accomplish any more, at least at the time, was about to depart when a step was heard coming toward the room. It was so real that within a few seconds who ever was coming would enter. Caspar, seeing some jewels on a bureau, seized them. Katrina convulsively clutched his wrist. Huber came in and saw a man clasping his daughter's jewels, she apparently endeavoring to prevent his getting away with them. Caspar's move won. Huber seized him by the shoulder, and Caspar dropped the jewels.

"Let me go," he cried. "It will kill my poor mother to know that her son is a thief."

Without reply Huber, keeping his grip on Caspar, took him down the stairs and out on to the porch, where he set up a shout that aroused his nearest neighbor, who came to his assistance. The two took their prisoner to the basement, where they locked him in. Then Huber returned to his daughter, whom he found just recovering from having fainted. She asked what had become of the thief and was told that he was locked in the cellar. In the morning he would be taken to Lucerne. She must go to bed and try to sleep, for she would be required to go to the city and appear against the robber.

Katrina begged her father to let the man go for his mother's sake, but Huber was not so merciful and paid no attention to her request. Within half an hour the house was closed and those in it supposed to be asleep. There was but one opening, a door to the room where the prisoner was confined, and to that Huber had the key.

Katrina lay awake thinking. To go to Lucerne and appear against her lover with the evidence that was expected from her would send him to prison probably for many years. To tell the truth would defeat the object for which her lover had sacrificed himself—to save her good name. A third course which might be successfully carried out suggested itself to her.

Rising, she put on her clothes and crept downstairs to her father's room. The door was ajar, and, going in, she felt for the chair on which he always laid his clothes. In his trousers pocket she found the key to the basement. Going there, she unlocked the door. In a moment she felt her lover's hand clasp hers. Without a word she led him out into the open.

"Go," she said.
"Not without you."
"Then you must go to jail or I be disgraced."
"I will go to jail."
She stood irresolute. Placing an arm to her waist, he hurried her down to his boat.

When the next day the two returned a married pair and confessed the story to Huber he made a virtue of necessity and on their promise not to desert him pardoned them.

His Portrait

How a Rich Man
Paid For an
Injustice

By ANDREW C. EWING

Edgar Beckwith, at eighteen, having shown a marked artistic ability, wished to be an artist, but his father had recently died leaving no estate, and Edgar, far from having the means to study a profession, was obliged to support his mother. He obtained a position in the mercantile house of Goldwin & Co. at \$15 a week.

Mr. Goldwin claimed that a business plant should be run on strictly business principles. He paid very low salaries, not inquiring into the honesty of his less important employes, his chief object being to get his work done cheaply. He figured that he could afford to lose small sums now and then rather than pay an increase of salaries for honesty. Besides, he had an inexpensive detective service which consisted of himself only. He would place bills on his desk in his private office, go out, set a watch on who entered, and if the bills were missing on his return would know who had stolen them. Then he would discharge the thief.

One day he placed a bill on his desk and went out, intending to be gone only a few minutes. Half an hour passed before he returned to find Edgar Beckwith just leaving the room. "Come back," said Goldwin. Edgar went back into the room and when asked what he had wanted said that he had been sent with a message by the head of one of the departments. While he was delivering the message Goldwin was looking for the bill he had left exposed. It was gone. He said nothing about it to Edgar, but the next morning the boy was notified that he was discharged.

Edgar was not minded to submit patiently to an imposition. He went to Mr. Goldwin and said to him that since his services were no longer required, he would not object to leaving the concern, but a certificate of good character would be necessary to enable him to find another place.

"It's against my rule to give certificates of good character. I require none when I hire persons, and what I don't ask I don't give."

"Then tell me the reason of my discharge."

"That I decline to do also. Should I give you the reason you would call upon me to prove it. That would take time. Time is money."

Edgar saw by the resolute look on the man's face that he would gain nothing by pressing the matter and left with anger in his heart. He went straight to the head of his department and asked for an explanation. He was given the reason of his discharge and advised not to stir the matter, because it could only result to his injury.

There had been two other persons in Goldwin's private office besides Edgar, one of whom had taken the bill. But it would be difficult to prove this even if an opportunity had been offered. Edgar went home and talked the matter over with his mother. After thinking of it she counseled him to swallow the pill. Since he had not been openly accused it was not incumbent upon him to make a defense, and if he made a defense there was every chance that he would not be able to prove his innocence.

It happened at this time that news came of the death of an uncle of Edgar's, who left him the sum of \$3,000. He resolved to apply a part of it to studying art, and since this would obviate the necessity of his obtaining another position he concluded to accept his mother's advice. But he swore to himself that a companion object to success in his profession should be to "get even" with the man who had refused him an opportunity to vindicate himself from a charge of being a thief.

Young Beckwith's talent lay in transmitting a human face to canvas. This was evident from the first, and he resolved to become a portrait painter. Nevertheless he painted portraits for years before he obtained a reputation for excellent work. But at last he received an order to paint the portrait of a prominent judge on the bench and succeeded in making a very lifelike representation of his subject. The painting was hung in a courthouse, and every one who saw it admired it.

From this time Beckwith received orders from prominent men, and every portrait of such added to his reputation. Not only prominence in his art, but money, came to him. Persons of wealth flocked to him to have themselves represented on canvas.

Twelve years passed since Beckwith had ceased to be a clerk and become an artist. He had grown a beard, and his hair was already flecked with gray. A great change had come to his appearance since he had been an employe in the house of Goldwin & Co. One morning a carriage drove up to his studio and a man came up the stairs. The moment he entered Beckwith recognized him as his former employer. But the artist saw that he was not himself recognized.

"I believe you are a portrait painter, sir," said the visitor in a tone he would have used if he had been asking if a man sold mouse traps.

Beckwith went on with the work he was doing.

"What's your price for a portrait of that size?" asked Goldwin.

"The size doesn't make any difference as to the price."

"Well, what will you charge to paint my portrait? I don't want it myself, but my family do. If it doesn't cost too much I'll humor them."

"Five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars! How many portraits can you paint in a year?"

"A dozen perhaps."

"That's \$6,000 for sitting here daubing paint. Why, I don't pay any one of my heads of departments in my business half that, and they're all first class business men."

To this the artist made no reply.

"If you'll paint my portrait that size, painting, frame and all, for \$250, it's a go."

"Five hundred is my price."

Goldwin spent some time trying to obtain a reduction. Finally it occurred to him that, after all, perhaps, he would not need to pay anything till the portrait was finished and the artist, having expended his time on it, would then probably take less for it rather than have it on his hands.

"You'll want your money, I suppose," he said, "on delivery of the goods."

"Yes."

"Very well; go ahead."

Beckwith arranged with his subject for the sittings, and Goldwin departed. While the man of business was planning to beat the artist, the artist was planning to beat the man of business. But Goldwin was in this respect in his element, while Beckwith was not. Though during the sittings that followed he racked his brain for some plan by which he might get his revenge for that past injustice which still rankled within him, his inventive powers failed him. One thing he resolved upon—he would paint the best portrait of his subject that he was capable of painting.

The features are expressive of the character, and Goldwin's features were no exception to the rule. Beckwith while painting drew his subject away from his covetousness by chatting with him on other subjects and thus caught his best expression. When the portrait was finished the man it represented seemed to live. One would suppose he was about to speak, and speak pleasantly. Goldwin told the artist to send the portrait to his house, but Beckwith preferred to keep it till he got his money and frankly told Goldwin that if he would send for it with a check for \$500 it would be delivered to the messenger. Goldwin grumbled at this and went away.

The next day Beckwith received a note from his client stating that the portrait did not come up to his expectations and he had concluded not to accept it. Beckwith made no reply to the note and in time received another stating that since Goldwin preferred to pay for the time spent on the portrait he would pay half the amount charged, \$250. To this also Beckwith paid no attention, but sent the picture to a dealer for sale.

One day Goldwin was informed that his portrait was hanging in an art store; that it was being visited by connoisseurs and pronounced a remarkable piece of work. It had not yet been sold, for the artist had set a very high price on it. Goldwin at once went to the store, saw his portrait and asked the dealer the price for it. He was informed that it was \$10,000. Goldwin went at once to an attorney, whom he directed to take steps to claim the portrait as his property. But when the lawyer called for the correspondence in the case and read copies of his client's letters to Beckwith he said he had no case.

Goldwin found himself in an unpleasant position. His portrait—pronounced a work of art—was for sale, and persons were asking why he did not buy it. To do so would cost him \$9,500 more than the price he would have paid had he accepted it. He sent an agent to Beckwith to try to effect a compromise. The agent returned with a statement from the artist that the painting was making a great reputation for him and he had decided not to sell it, but keep it before the public. Goldwin decided not to be "done" that way and let the matter rest.

The picture was withdrawn from exhibition, and when it appeared again the covetous expression that had been left out was in it. This being reported to the original, he went to see it again and was furious. Again he went to his lawyer and directed him to prosecute the artist for ridiculing him before the world. The lawyer showed him cartoons of prominent men in the newspapers and informed him that it would be much more difficult for him to recover in his own case than for these to do so. Besides, any jury would decide against him. If he wished to own the picture he must pay the price.

Goldwin sent again to Beckwith, asking him to make a price on the portrait. Beckwith made a price of \$25,000. Goldwin made no reply to the offer. Again the picture was withdrawn, and when it reappeared the covetous look on the face had become miserly. Goldwin tried again to buy it, but the price had gone up to \$30,000. Goldwin feared that if he did not pay it the expression would become worse and the price would go higher.

He sent word to the artist to ask whether, if the \$30,000 was paid, he would restore the original expression to the face. Beckwith agreed to do so and intimated that if the money were paid him he would distribute it among the poor. This closed the bargain, the covetous look on the face disappeared, and the poor were richer by \$30,000.

When Goldwin opened the case containing his portrait a statement of the true reasons for the great rise in its price lay where it would be seen.