

## \*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\* Sequel to the Measles By HARRIET G. CANFIELD \*

Copernshi, 2004, Sp. M. Weest

\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\*0\* Kitty shoul at Miss Tremont's door. smilling broadly, "Here's a note, ma'am," she suid, holding out a piece of newspaper scribbled along the margin. "The little feller on the second floor said I should give it to you. He's just gettin' over the measles an' awfui lonesome. It's written on the blas like,

nu'am." "Poor little man!" Miss Tremoni said sympathetically. "I don't seem to remember him, Kitty.

"No'm; they just moved in this week, an' they've kept quiet like-there's no one but the little feller an' his uncle. He paints women's heads mostly redhended ones in their back parlor, but he's out today, an' I'm getting paid for lookin' out for Jimmie-that's his name, ma'am." Miss Tremont read the note and

smilled. "Tell him I'll be there soon, Kitty," she said. Jimmie's note was short and pho-

netically spelled. "Deer Miss Treemont," it said, "I wish you wood plees come down and see me. My eyes are week, and Kitty only noes 'bout Cinderella. So no more from your yung frend, Jimmie B."

When Miss Tremont knocked at her little neighbor's door an eager, boyish olce called out, "Come right in!" Jimmie was sitting up in bed, supported by many pillows. He was very thin and weak-"all eyes and beak, like a young robin," Kitty said.

"Shake!" he said, holding out a thin little hand. "I can't give 'em to you now-the measles, I mean. It's first class of you to come. Kitty thought you would. Sit down, won't you? It's pretty dark in here-'count of my eyes -but I can see you're awful pretty." Miss Tremont laughed and drew a chair close to the bed. "Thank you," she said brightly. "Did Kitty suggest that you send for me?" "No. But it's too dark in here to

read, an' Kitty just knew one story, an' after I'd heard that three times



white lids curtained her telltale eyes, "Uncie Hal," did you say?" she asked softly. "Once upon a time," she continued, to the delight of Jimmie, who thought the words prefaced another story, "I had a friend-an artist-whose name was Hal."

"Haven't you got him yet?" Jimmie usked.

"No. I sent him nway-I didn't know how dear he was to me-I wouldn't do it now, Junimie and he was"-

"Eaten by canababe?" Jimmie inter rupted in an awestruck value.

Miss Tremont smiled and looked up. A tall young man, with fine eyes, was standing in the doorway, looking at thens.

"Uncle Hal!" Jimmle cried. "Uncle Hal, here's Miss Tremont. She came But, to Jimmle's surprise, in to"-Uncle Hal had crossed the room and was holding Miss Tremont's hands in his.

"Kate," he said. "Kate, dear, will you forgive me for listening to what you said to Jimmle? Your words have made me very happy, dear."

Jimmle wondered what it was that had pleased Uncle Hal so much-the bears or the Indians or the cannibals. "I'll bet it was the cannibal story," he said to bimself. "She's a Jim Daudy at

"Will you forgive me for listening?" Uncle Hal said again.

"Why not?" Miss Tremont asked softly-so softly that Jimmle barely heard her. "It was true, Hal." Jimmio's eyes opened wide. "Can-

nibabs and all?" he said. But Miss Tremont didn't hear him. Uncle Hal at Ho'clock a. m., for the purpose of was talking to her again. He coughed nominating candidates for the followonce or twice, but they didn't notice ing positions: him, "You'll have to speak a little louder," he said at last, "if you want me to hear."

Miss Tremont's face grew very pluk and Uncle Hat laughed aloud.

"Never mind, Jimmie boy," he said, "I've been persuading Miss Tremont to adopt you-you'll like that, old fellow?

"Like it?" Jimmle should for joy. Then a sudden doubt assailed him. "Would you mind taking Uncle Hal, too, Miss Tremont?" he said anxious-"We belong together." ly.

Miss Tremont's laughing eyes met the artist's for a moment. "I understood," she said demurely, "that he was to be thrown in."

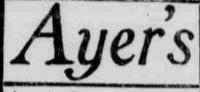
## Two Lives Saved.

"At a certain suburban station," said a railroad official, "a train was starting off one morning when an elderly man rushed across the platform and jumped on one of the slowly moving ents.

"The rear end brakeman, who was standing by, reached up, grabbed the old man's coat talls and puiled him off the train.

"There,' he said sternly. 'I have saved your life. Don't ever try to jump on like that again. "Thank you,' said the old man

calmiy. Thank you for your thoughts 1904, at 7:30 p. m. ful kindness. It is three hours till



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strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine. "We have used Aver's Cherry Pectoral in Mus. A. POME

eak Inroats Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

Democratic County Convention.

The democratic electors of Cass county. Nebraska, are hereby called to meet in delegate convention at the court house in PlatIsmouth, on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1904.

One State Senator.

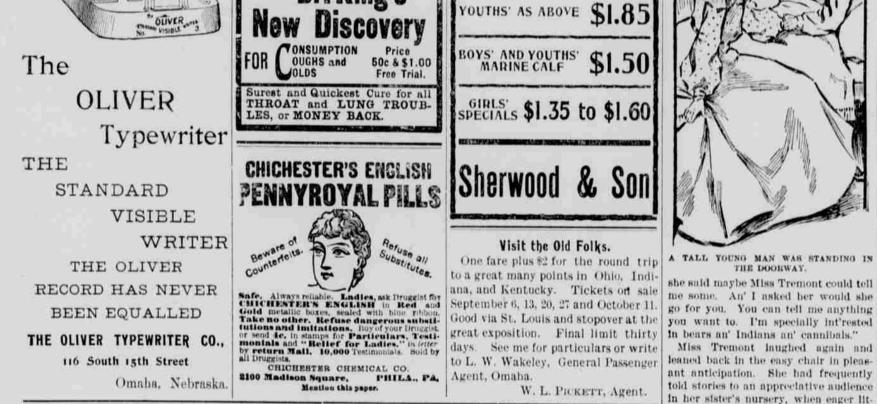
Two Representatives.

One County Attorney One County Commissioner (Third District.

To select delegates to the Float Representative convention, and to transact such other business as may come before the convention. The several precincts are entitled to representation as folnws towit

OWS, LOPWIE:
Pipton
reenwood
toye Creekd Elmwood
south Bend
Senter
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light Mile Grove
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HIRK DALES DE LA POLICIA DE LA
ourth
Remaining and the second secon
Total number of delegates, 130.
It is requested that primaries be held
it the usual voting places in the various
precincts on Monday, September 19,

HENRY R. GERING, Chairman County Committee. M. A. BATES, Secretary.



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-DEALERS IN-

## Live Stock, Real Estate and Commercial Papers

NO. 365.-160 acres of land in Pierce County, Neb., six miles from town, one mile from school, about 80 acres under cultivation and 80 acres in hay and pasture land. It has fair improvements and a nice grove. It is a good neighborhood and a bargain at \$26 per acre.

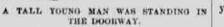
DUVER

NO. 367-160 acres in Pierce County, Neb., three and one-half miles from town, one mile from school. This land lies gently rolling, has about 80 acres under cultivation, the ballance in pasture. Has a small house, good barn, good well and wind mill, good hen house. Price, \$25 per acre.

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she said maybe Miss Tremont could tell me some. An' I asked her would she you want to. I'm specially int'rested Miss Tremont laughed again and ant anticipation. She had frequently told stories to an appreciative audience in her sister's nursery, when eager little faces sought hers in breathless expectation and eager little voices pleaded for "just one more, please-"bout Indians!" It was a pleasure to bear this weary

little soul away on the wings of her imagination-away from the second floor bedroom and the measles. Together they roamed the plains with the red men, climbed trees with the black bears and were cast away on cannibal islands, where only living skeletons were safe.

Neither Miss Tremont nor her delighted little hearer was conscious of the passage of time. "And the little cub climbed a persimmon tree and escaped from the hunter," she was saying when the clock struck.

"Was it 4 or 5?" she said. Jimmie sighed and came back to everyday life and the measles. "I don't know." he said. "You can look an' see, if you'd like to." Miss Tremont went into the back

parlor, and presently Jimmie heard a startled exclamation. "Is it so late?" he called. She came back and stood by his bed. "I-Ididn't look at the clock," she stammered. "There was a picture on the easel-the paint was fresh-it was a picture of-who painted it, Jimmie?" "Uncle Hal, I suppose," he said languidly. Pictures were not as interesting as cannibals. But Miss Tremont seemed to think that they were. "It's a woman's picture, isn't it?" he said politely. "Uncle Hal said he was working on a stunner. He didn't just call it a stunner, but it meant the same-his 'masterpiece,' I believe he said. Has she got red hair? Not bright red, but a dark brownish kind, like yours? Most all Uncle Hal's pictures have red hair. Kitty says she guesses red paint comes cheaper. Uncle Hal calls it 'auburn.' " Miss Tremont's face flushed and the

the next train, isn't it? "'Three and a quarter,' said the brakeman.

"The long train, meanwhile, had been slowly gliding by, slowly gathering speed. Finally the last car appeared. This was the brakeman's car, the one for which he had been walting, and with the easy grace that is born of long practice he sailed majestically on to it.

by the coat and with a strong jerk for each and every case of catarrh that pulled him off, at the same time saying cannot be cured by the use of Hall's grimly:

"'One good turn deserves another. You saved my life; I have saved in my presence, this 6th day of Decemyours. Now we are quits.""

And Lobelia Went.

She-John, how often are you shaved?

He-Four times a week on an average

"How long does it take?"

"About half an hour." "Half an hour four times a week! That's two hours a week, four and one-third days in a year and nearly a month and a half in ten years. Think of it, Billiger. If you should let your beard grow you would save time enough in ten years"-

"Look here, how often do you dress your hair?"

"Every day, of course. But that's different."

"That's different, is it, ch? It takes you half an hour every blessed day of your life to look after your frizzes, if agent. that's what you call them. Think of

it. Half an hour a day, three hours and a half a week, nearly eight days in a year and an entire month in four ation and it will be a lifetime's regret years, a whole year in forty-eight if you fail to see it. years and over two years in a century! Lobelin, you'd better go and look after the baby."

The Profane English Language.

At a suburban station there entered two men of the submerged tenth. I diagnosed one as being of the genus navvy and his compatriot as in some way connected with the building industry. One of my visitors was endeavoring to explain to his fellow traveler that owing to misdirection on the part of a porter he had missed the previous quicker train. Would you believe it, that the poor fellow, to inake this small incident clear to his companion, had to employ as auxiliaries; Seventeen adjectives of a lurid hue. Five appeals to the Almighty. Two invocations that his own eye sight might be destroyed.

Three invocations re the eyes of the officin? Seven iterations of the name of the

infernal regions.

One side issue, necessitating the name of the Messiah,

Seventeen adjectives of simple obscenity.

Four expletives of an unclassified nature .-- Pall Mall Gazette.

STATE OF OILO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. 58 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior member of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the "But the old gentleman seized him sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

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