HIS CLEVER SCHEME

John Moran Arose to Occasion. and Immediately Fell With Great Splash.

BY HERBSRT DROCER.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure News-

paper Syndicate.) Anything between the ridiculous and the sublime probably would have left John Moran with a very uncertain appreciation of the Fourth of July celebration. Neither the one nor the other, in his opinion, could have been very fruitful of results. But when the ridiculous followed close on the sublime, the two operated after a fashion peculiarly uncalculated and brought Susan Duvau to an instantaneous decision on a matter affecting John, wherein all the p's and q's she had lingered over so long never became finally resolved in her mind to a syllogistic nicety.

Of the two extremes, the sublime had been deliberately planned; it was premeditated. The ridiculous wasn't. The former was the result of a clever scheme and weeks of hard work. The latter was the chance of a minute, unforeseen, unexpected, and, some might have said on the spot, unpropitious.

For several years John Moran had wooed Susan Duvau, but, so far, he seemed to himself no nearer the matri- rupted. monial goal than he had been at the it beginning. All her people had been assisting him without apparent avail. He had pleaded with her; he had asked. coaxed and cajoled and even assayed to coerce after a mild fashion, his nobody." threats reaching that superlative proportion where he promised to identify himself for life with the sublime order of bachelorhood. But, to all this, she merely cast down her eyes demurely and asked him to wait awhile.

John calculated that he had waited careful not to fall, lest-" long enough. At first he had been patient, but now he was growing desperate.

A score and one-half years had come and gone around the life of Susan. As her thirty-first birthday approached, John, who had schemed undecided on a bold stroke. He spent the afternoon with her that day, and, in the evening, they had dinner together downtown.

That night he sat with her on the front porch, after the family had retired. Over them a dim light shining from the parlor window, cast a pale glow. John sat quietly, waiting for the silence he depended on for the furtherance of his plan. After awhile it came, and then, when the stillness had locked the night in its embrace, he began to hum, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." When he had drew his chair closer to hers, reached ceased, tears stood in his eyes. He out for her hand again, and asked her to become his wife. But it was the same old prosaic answer."

"Wait awhile, John," she insisted. "Wait awhile. Do something grand. Susan. Show me that you can rise to the occasion.

Rise to the occasion, he would. He resolved that firmly as he stood up forthwith and bade her good night. He resolved it all the way home. The next morning he still resolved it. But how?

A happy thought struck him. John had a penchant for happy thoughts. He would make a spech at a Fourth | er the wedding toasts had been proof July celebration. It would be so posed and John had made his regrand and so eloquent, couched in such rich expressions and so laden to himself, as he took his seat. with noble sentiment, that she could not help but feel the appeal. He it was my celebration speech, or the would show her that he could "rise tumble I got?" to the occasion!"

John got out his old, school dietionary and brushed the dust from its covers. Then he borrowed an immense volume of masterpiece orations from a friend and read every speech he could find that contained any patriotic reference or expression. For four weeks, he labored almost incessantly, night and day, on his effusion friend. and finally he had it completed.

An obstacle that John had not reckoned on now loomed up. John was a friends, "and I wonder and grieve at member of the program committee, and he doubted the propriety of having himself included among the list of speakers. But he remembered his penchant, and called it into play again, with good effect.

The morning before the celebration | millions! he called around to see the chairman of the committee.

"You see—ahem!—Mr. Grubbs," John began, "being one of the commitof the program fall flat."

"Just so," answered the chairman. "I feel the same way."

Well, as a matter of precaution, Mr. Grubbs, I think I shall prepare a few remarks myself today. Should to fall on you!"-Saturday Evening any of the speakers be tardy, or fail | Post. to respond, you might call on me."

"Fine idea, John. I'll do it." Then John took himself around to the residence of Squire Sloan. He stand hard usage from automobiles is knocked at the door and was admit-

"Ahem, squire," began John, after an inquiry concerning his host's a hazel nut, but not limestone, with a health, "we are altering the program binding material whose composition is for tomorrow slightly."

advanced years and the fact that you and mixed at this temperature with have been ailing, we thought it might the melted composition. When in use suit you better to speak, say, at 11:30 | the mass is remelted in order to put it

than at 11 o'clock." "I believe it would," answered the rather high point is passed over the

About 11 o'clock the next morning, tons. Reports state that very good Chairman Grubbs scanned the gath- road surface can be obtained in this ering in vain for a glimpse of Squire | way.

Sloan. Then, he stood up and as

"Though not appearing on the program, the Hon. John Moran has been requested to make a few remarks. It is not necessary that I introduce our esteemed fellow citizen."

As John approached the edge of the platform he looked down into the face of Susan and made a mental note of the surprise expressed in her countenance. He paused a moment, as if improvising a speech, while he chuckled inwardly at the satisfaction the occasion afforded. Now, he whispered to himself, he would show her the caliber of man he was; he would prove that he could "rise to the

occasion." And rise to the occasion he undoubtedly did. His was the most eloquent, the most logical and the most impressive speech delivered that day. As he concluded he was greeted by a loud and prolonged applause. He stepped down from the platform and made his way toward Susan. As he approached, he observed a twinkle in her eyes, but did not trouble himself with an explanation just then. He was too happy.

She arose and took hold of his arm. "Let us go off to some place where

we can sit alone," she said. They made their way toward the outskirts of the crowd. When they had reached a point where they could speak without being overheard, he turned to her questioningly.

"Well," he said, "did I—" "You certainly did John," she inter-"Who would have thought

The sublime had been attained. "Who wrote it for you, John?" she

"Wrote it?" in hurt surprise. "Why,

They walked along in silence. "How long did it take you to prepare it, John?"

He did not answer. "Yes, you certainly did rise to the occasion, John. Now, you want to be

Fate would have it that he fell that instant. Twitted and stung by her raillery, he had been walking perilously near the edge of the high dirt bank that overhung the creek, without thought of danger. As she spoke, the ground beneath his feet gave way. til his hair was beginning to fall out, and he went tumbling through the dirt and sand into eight feet of water below.

Susan shricked, and the crowd, alarmed by her cry, began to rush to the spot. As the gathering in front of the speakers' stand broke away in large groups, the chairman arose and asked the cause of the commotion. He was answered by a little urchin, who stood up in the seat of a farm

"Why, Jack Moran's fell in the crick," shouted the lad.

John was dragged out at the ford, a short distance down the creek About his eyes, mouth, nose and ears, and over a part of his clothing, were black splotches of mud. Resuscitating methods were applied, and as he began to revive, the crowd drew back, leaving him stretched out on a buggy lap-robe and attended by

When he opened his eyes, she was into his face.

"Did I rise-" he began. "There-there," soothingly. you did. Now, lie quiet."

She gently stroked the hair back from his brow. He grasped her hand in his and she suffered him to hold it. One night, three months later, aftsponse, he made a mental observation

"I wonder," he reflected, "whether

Comforting News.

A minister who preached for many years in a suburb of Cincinnati retired and went to Florida to live. After a year or so there he paid his first visit to New York in 20 years.

He wandered about for two days, and then went to see an old Cincinnati

"I have been watching the people in this city," said the dominie to his the money-madness I see everywhere. This rush and hurry and eagerness for money abashes me. It is astonishing! Why, down in Florida one can live in comfort for \$2,000 a year, but here they think and talk and act in terms of

"It is all so vast and so complex!" he sighed. "Why, this afternoon I walked down by your tallest building. I stood on the curb and looked up and tee, I should regret to see any part up and up, and tried to comprehend the immensity of that structure. My mind reeled. I felt faint and dizzy. I leaned against the building for support-and a passing newsboy chirped:

"'Cheer up, old sport! It ain't agoin'

New Road Material.

A new road material designed to

being tried by a Swiss engineer, W. Erlich, and is said to consist of a mixture of broken stone about the size of not divulged by the inventor. In the present process the stone is heated "Yes. You see, on account of your at first from 100 to 150 degrees Cent. on the road. A road roller heated to a

surface, the roller weighing about six

AWAITING A HORRIBLE DEATH

Chicagoan Recalls Terrible Battle of Fredericksburg-Was Then a Boy of Only Sixteen Years.

The suspense of awaiting death for which preparations were made again and again, deliberately and in full view, is told by H. H. Walton, 1219 East Seventy-fifth street, Chicago, who was a boy of sixteen years at the time of the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, but who already had more than a year of milltary experience behind him. He was a member of Company K, Thirtyfourth New York Infantry, of Gorman's brigade, Sedgwick's division. The story of his experience before the stone wall of Fredericksburg is told as follows:

"Late in the afternoon of December 13 our regiment, with others, was hurried from within the city of Fredericksburg to support the troops charging up Marye's hill in a vain endeavor to reach the famous stone wall. As I remember it, we had no more than come to a halt when the shells from the Confederate cannon were bursting all about us.

"At this moment, behold! an officer riding a white horse dashed up to 8 Confederate cannon on the hill at our right. He pointed peremptorily straight toward us. We could see every movement of the gunners and we could see the cannon and every one of us knew what was coming. We saw the loading of the piece in every detail, saw the gunner thumb the vent, saw the lanyard placed and then the gun sighted and every man and boy of us knew that death in an awful, horrible shape was coming straight from that cannon mouth

"It did come. The first shot struck and burst at the right of the regiment, killing and mutilating a full score. Again we watched the gunners and waited for death and again it came. This time the shell burst farther down the line near the middle of the regiment, and another score or more were either killed or mutilated. again we watched. Oh, those moments of agony and suspense! The gun is swabbed. The charge is placed and again we see the gunner with his thumb over the vent. The shell is rammed home and now the lanyard is in hand. The man is sighting the gun and death again stares us in the face. Oh, the mockery and emptiness of words to tell of horrors like this!

"In one second our company was rent and torn like a piece of cloth in a hurricane. The shell had burst exactly in our midst. It took one man with it as it entered the ground, bursting, and tore both his legs away; it killed five outright and maimed and crippled I cannot now remember how many. I believe I never jumped quicker or so far. I landed right beside the captain, and at the same instant a bunch of brains as large as a butternut fell on his sword.

"At this moment we witnessed the most glorious sight of our lives. A shell from General Hunt's federal guns an Stafford's heights burst beautifully and exactly under the muzzle of the gun that had wrought us such destruction. The gun disappeared as if it had been swallowed up in the earth.

"Andrew Smith, third from me in the ranks, had one arm and one leg nearly torn off by the last explosion. Two of the men were detailed to carry him into town to a hospital, and I was sent with him to help.

We took him to a church already filled with the wounded. The two others were sent back to our company, and I, being so young and looking it, I suppose, was ordered to stay and take care of poor Andrew. There was no hope for this bright boy. That is all he was, just a slim, pale faced boy. I stayed with him and did what I could for him until about midnight, when he died.

"Where could I go then? Everything in and about the city was absolutely chaos. One of the doctors, or surgeons, told me to stay there until STOMACH BITTERS morning. The body of the church was filled with wounded. They were lying close to each other on the floor just as they had been brought from the battlefield. The wide front vestibule was the operating room. Two tables had been improvised. On one the lacerated and wounded were cared for. The other was used for amputations only. I found an empty box and sat down on it in the corner and watched them amuptate.

"That was a night to remember. They cut off legs and arms so fast one could scarcely believe it was in God's own country and that he was looking on.

The Reason.

When Sherman's men reached Milledgeville, the old capital of Georgia, everybody had fled but a few old women and children and some colored people. The town stands on a hill about a mile from the railroad. One of the soldiers asked an old negro:

"What made them build the station

so far away from the city, uncle?" "I doan know edzactly, boss," came the slow response, "but I reckon hit's beca'se dey wanted it near de railroad

TOOK ON DIFFERENT ASPECT

Somehow Antics of Playful Pups on Second Morning Did Not Appeal to Mr. Knox.

The morning was young and beautiful and Mr. Knox stood at the side window and looked over into the next yard interestedly. He chuckled for sheer delight as he watched the antics of two little pups his neighbor had bought a few days before.

"Oh, Amy, come here and see these pups, over in Porter's yard," he called to Mrs. Knox, who was busily arranging the breakfast table. "Aren't they just having a circus? Bless 'em!" he went on, with all the effusiveness of a genuine dog lover. "Oh, look, Amy, they have taken the morning paper off the porch and each one has an end of it in his mouth, tuesling with it. Is there anything in the world more cunning than a little pup?" His enthusiasm was running away with him. "I think, dearle, we will have to get a dog one of these days."

The next morning Mr. Knox arose, dressed and went down to bring in the morning paper, as was his habit. He was just in time to see the cunning little pups next door playfully tearing his paper into shreds and each vanishing around the house with a portion of it. He came back to the kitchen sullenly.

"Those blankety blang dogs next door have torn up the paper," he said. with no trace of his earlier enthusi-

SCALP TROUBLE FOR YEARS

268 Harrison St., Elyria, Ohio.-"My case was a scalp trouble. I first noticed small bunches on my scalp which commenced to itch and I would scratch them and in time they got larger, forming a scale or scab with a little pus, and chunks of hair would come out when I would scratch them off. It caused me to lose most of my hair. It became thin and dry and lifeless. I was troubled for over ten years with it until it got so bad I was ashamed to go to a barber to get my hair cut.

"I tried everything I could get hold --- and ----, but received no cure until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment when the scale commenced to disappear. The way I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to wash my scalp twice a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap and rub on the Cuticura Ointment. I received benefit in a couple of weeks and was cured in two months."

(Signed) F. J. Busher, Jan. 28, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

World's Saddest Sight.

The saddest sight in all the world is not a grave of the dead, grievous as that might be, but is a grave of the living-humanity sepulchred while yet alive.-Frances E. Willard.

The mere fact that a man doesn't laugh at his own jokes is no indication that he doesn't think them funny.

The mild mellow quality of LEWIS' Single Binder cigar is what the smokers want. Adv.

A woman has to be pretty good at figures to become a fashionable dressmaker.

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Negligence Called Manslaughter. The case of Stehr vs. State before the supreme court of Nebraska involved the sentence of a father for from one to ten years in the penitentiary for criminal negligence, because during a blizzard in Nebraska, when the weather was bitter cold, he permitted the fire to go out, snow drifted through a crack in the door and a broken windowpane and the bedding of all the members of the family was frozen stiff. The feet of one of the children were frozen, and although such fact was apparent to the father no physician was called in for sixteen days, when amputation was found to be necessary and the child died of blood poisoning. The defendant was convicted of manslaughter for criminal negligence in failing to provide medical care after he discovered the frozen condition of the child's feet. In affirming the conviction the court held that for a parent having special charge of an infant child culpably to neglect it so that death ensues as a consequence is manslaughter, although death or grievous bodily harm was not intended, and if the parent has not the means for the child's nurture it is his duty to apply to the public authorities for relief.

Interesting Beginning. A fair graduate was conversing with a young gentleman who had been presented to her after the commencement exercises

"Well," she sighed happily, "I am an A. B. now. Of course you have a degree?" 'Yes," he replied, "but I am only

The fairj grad pondered. The de 'Why, what is that?" she asked.

"Bachelor," he said. Gabe-Does absence make the heart grow fonder?

Occasionally the sense of humor can be exchanged for dollars.

Steve-Yes, of your creditors.

Tabernash, May 30, 1913.

C. A. RUDISILL.

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