

THE TRESPASSERS

BY LESLIE TRENT.

"Remember, Dorothy, that I am most particular about trespassers on the place," admonished Miss Priscilla Fenn as she climbed into the station bus. "I leave the place in your care and I do hope that when I come home I won't find a whole posse of fishermen sitting by my trout stream. Good-bye, dear, and send me word at once if you are ill or anything happens—Martha will take care of you—and, yes, Mr. Penny, I'm ready—goodbye, Dorothy, goodbye!"

Miss Priscilla waved a silk-gloved hand as the big white horses plunged forward with the long omnibus and rolled toward the railroad station. Miss Fenn was merely going to Tullip-ton, ten miles away, but her elaborate preparations for the two days' visit and her endless admonitions to her grandniece whom she had left at home, one might have thought Miss Priscilla was setting forth on a trip around the world.

Dorothy turned away from the gate an indulgent smile curving her red lips. The wide pleasant lawns with their stately trees, and the cool shade of the deep verandas were alluring enough on this beautiful summer morning, but she had promised Aunt Priscilla to patrol the banks of the trout stream and see that no trespassing boys disturbed the rippling brown brook where speckled beauties lurked in dark pools.

It happened that the brown brook was most tempting where it rippled through the Fenn place. Up above it was but a narrow thread broken by many rapids and tiny waterfalls; below the Fenn place it ran through carefully preserved property belonging to the Whitakers, and after serving the Whitakers the trout stream widened into a pond.

So Miss Priscilla was greatly annoyed by lawless fishermen who thrashed her stream in the early morning hours when she was still sleeping.

Now Miss Fenn had gone away and the safety of the trout rested solely upon Dorothy Fenn, who was visiting her favorite aunt, for Martha, the stout maid-of-all-work, had refused to do sentry duty. As for Dorothy she did not much care for she loved the deep woods and the brown brook was a favorite retreat of hers.

"Now, Miss Dorothy, you ain't ever going down to that nasty brook this morning!" protested Martha with the familiarity of an old and privileged servant. "Them trout ain't biting every day—why, I've heard tell that Mr. Whitaker himself has been known to fish for three days without catching a bite even; but he's a dreadful crank at it. So 'tain't likely them boys will ketch anything if they do fish."

"I dare say you're right, Martha, but I promised Aunt Priscilla I would keep watch and you know she is very particular about it. Suppose you ring the big bell for me when luncheon is ready—then I will be sure to hear it."

"Very well, Miss Dorothy, but look here—" Martha went to a chimney cupboard and took from it an ancient and rusted pistol of enormous size. "I never go into the deep woods without this weapon and you take it in case anybody scares you. Law, it ain't loaded—I wouldn't carry it if it was! But, you can show it and frighten 'em off. There, I'll put it in this little basket with some pears and cookies—run along now."

"Oh, Martha, you are the funniest old dear!" laughed Dorothy. "If you hear a tremendous explosion you will know that this old cannon has gone off and frightened all the trout to death. Ho, hum, if they only would depart to other streams we wouldn't have to do sentry-go, eh, Martha?" She waived her hand and departed through the orchard toward the tall woods.

Established under an oak whose shining green leaves overhung the dancing stream, Dorothy tossed aside her hat and allowed the vagrant breeze to ruffle her red-gold hair. Her book lay open on her lap, and her brown eyes dreamed of the love and romance that ran over the printed pages. Love and romance had never come to Dorothy Fenn, but it was very near to her that morning.

A gray squirrel flirted with her from his hole in a nearby tree; a wood thrush charmed her with his plussing love melody; the leaves of the trees whispered softly, and the brown brook rippled on and on, going secretly around the rocks where the trout hid in the deep green pools.

After awhile Dorothy got up and walked along the bank of the stream, following a striped chipmunk darting through the underbrush. The chipmunk disappeared in his hole, and a flock of chickadees performed antics on the branches of a dogwood tree.

There was a splash—a sharp exclamation and the whirring of a reel Dorothy forgot everything save that there was a trespasser nearby.

Silently she went back to her basket and was astonished to find that she had wandered so far—why, she had even crossed the brook on the stepping stones in her chase of the chipmunk who was a venturesome mite—and she hid the pistol in the blouse of her sailor suit and went back across the stepping stones to that spot beyond the alders where she had heard the sound of a fisherman's reel spinning out.

At last she could see him—a sun-browned hatless youth clad in old clothes, with a pipe between his teeth,

and his blue eyes bright with excitement as he played a splendid trout in and out of the deeps and shallows of the stream. At last he whopped exultantly and landed the speckled beauty on the mossy bank.

"What are you doing here?" asked Dorothy sternly as she broke through the alders and stood before him, a slender, white-clad girl with accusing brown eyes below a serious forehead.

"Why—ah—you can see!" he explained, removing his pipe and showing splendid white teeth in a pleasant smile.

"I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself," went on Dorothy contemptuously.

He flushed. "You mean fishing out of season? Well, I suppose I should, but the fish didn't come for luncheon and I promised Antonio that I would get him one down here."

"It is too bad that Antonio will be disappointed for, of course, you cannot take the fish away," said Dorothy.

"Indeed?" he asked coolly. "Why not, please?"

"Because it belongs to my aunt, Miss Fenn. There are signs plainly reading, 'No trespassing,' and yet you have trespassed on her property. Please throw it back in the stream."

"Pardon me, but it is my own," he said with a puzzled stare at her, with which was mingled reluctant admiration.

"Then I will throw it back," said Dorothy bravely, for if there was one thing more than another that she loathed to touch it was the cold body of a fish.

He stood looking at her with angry amusement in his eyes as she went toward the fish and touched its brown tail.

It flopped wildly. Dorothy jumped back. Her foot slipped on the muddy bank and she fell into the arms of the shabby fisherman whose pipe went to destruction on the stones below.

"Not hurt, I hope?" said the fisherman not unkindly for the brief instant Dorothy had lain in his arms had kindled an unquenchable spark in his breast. There was a strange light in his eyes, and Dorothy's cheeks were like twin roses as he quickly released her.

"No, I am not hurt," began Dorothy strongly inclined to cry because of her varied feelings; at that instant her eyes lighted on the great pistol which had fallen unheeded from her blouse.

The strange fisherman spied it at the same instant.

"Is that yours?" he asked.

"Yes—at least it's Martha's—I brought it along for protection," said Dorothy with what dignity she could summon.

He actually picked it up and did not smile as he restored the ancient weapon to her.

"I hope you will have no occasion to use it," he said, and Dorothy loved him at once because the smile that twitched his lips never materialized.

She took the pistol and held it rather gingerly. "You will go—and you will put the fish back before it dies?" she asked almost pleadingly.

"Yes, I will go, if you desire it; and I will put the fish back into the stream—but you don't know Antonio; he can swear in three languages!" The youth grasped the trout and deftly whisked him into the brook where he struggled for a moment before sinking slowly down with gently moving fins until he was out of sight in the dark pool.

"There!" breathed Dorothy with relief. "Thank you so much."

The young man looked at her hesitatingly; then, as if arriving at some decision he picked up his rod and empty reel and made as if to leave the spot.

"I wonder why you think I should leave my own property," he said with a whimsical smile.

"Your own property?" echoed Dorothy. "Why this is part of Miss Fenn's place."

He shook his head in dissent. "Pardon me, but you are mistaken. This is the Whitaker land—you see Miss Fenn's property is divided from ours by that brushwood hedge on the other side of the brook." He pointed back along the way she had come. "But on this side of the brook the dividing line is that stone post half covered with cat-brier, and you evidently crossed the boundary on to our land without knowing it."

Dorothy was rosy with mortification. "Then I am a trespasser, not you!" she cried ruefully.

"Never a trespasser on Whitaker land," he smiled gallantly.

"Thank you—and the fish—why, it was your own!"

"Never mind—I expect he's thanking you for his life."

"And your horrid Antonio who swears in three languages?"

He laughed gaily.

"Oh, there are other cooks if Antonio leaves me, but there are not many—pleasant adventurers."

"I must go now," said Dorothy hastily. "I hear the luncheon bell."

"If you are stopping with Miss Fenn we may meet again," said the youth eagerly. "I am John Whitaker, and Miss Priscilla and I used to be great pals. She always kept a pot of ginger cookies for me—but I have been away from the old place for many years, and she probably has forgotten me."

"I don't believe so, for I know the cookie pot is always filled—and you better come and see, anyway," said Dorothy over her shoulder.

"Thank you, I will," he said, and after she had gone he stared at the spot where she had disappeared for a long time.

"I believe I'll call on Miss Priscilla this evening," he mused. "I feel an appetite for ginger cookies."

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STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

HOW TRADERS GOT TO FRONT

Sold Northern Papers Containing First News of Battle of Shiloh to Soldiers of Grant's Army.

In 1862, the year before I enlisted in Company H, Fourteenth Illinois cavalry, I was at Cairo, Ill., just after the battle of Shiloh, with my uncle, James Proud of Clinton, Ill., who took the first newspaper containing accounts of the engagement to General Grant's army. They were Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati papers.

I shipped as cabin help on a transport which was taking the Eighth Missouri from Cairo to Pittsburgh landing a few days after the battle. They had recently been paid off and had had no chance to spend their money. I got \$15 wages for the trip. We landed the Eighth Missouri at Shiloh and took on about 800 of the Seventh Kansas cavalry, destined to a point below Cairo.

When we got back to Cairo I met my uncle and he engaged me to go with him up the river with his outfit consisting of papers, a hoghead of ice, lemons, cigars, tobacco, etc., also two casks of pints and half-pints of whisky, writes Albert K. Minton of Denver, Colo., in the National Tribune. Whisky was contraband, but I did not know it at the time.

It was impossible for any one to get a pass up the river, so our only way was to get aboard, hide and take chances. I made the boat, all right. I told the guard I was employed in the cabin and he passed me in. The boat was loading army wagons as part of its cargo, and my uncle got into one of these and came on in that way.

When daylight came next morning, before we arrived at Paducah, the guard got busy and began to check up the passengers and others. I bluffed my way through. They soon located my uncle and brought him out and put him under arrest, with guard over him, to be turned over the provost guard at Paducah. They put him off at Paducah.

I kept out of sight until the boat pulled out for up the river, and when we arrived at Shiloh I found the Eighth Missouri still there in camp. I found an old log stable and got some of the Missouri boys to help me get my papers and goods up to this stable which they did. It was hot. I told them to bring water and we would make a tub of lemonade. So we soon had a fine business going. Papers were sold for 25 cents each, containing the first account of the great battle of Shiloh, and they went fast. We had altogether 5,000.

My two unopened casks of whisky had attracted the attention of the Missouri boys, and they wanted to know what was in them. Before I thought I said whisky. Then I was in for it. They begged me to open them and said price was no object to them. I tried to hold them off until my uncle arrived, but it was no go. I supplied their demands, so off they went to their camp. It was not long until it looked like the regiment was all coming to see me, and I was not long in disposing of all of the whisky, except a few bottles that I had put under the sawdust on ice. My lemonade trade was rushing, too, as it was a very hot day.

About five o'clock in the afternoon a provost guard drew up in my front and demanded an immediate surrender. The sergeant had orders to search my place for whisky and confiscate the same and arrest the seller. The officer in charge made the investigation, but, strange to say, found no whisky. They filled up on lemonade and left for camp. In a short time the officer came back alone and called me out to one side and said: "My boy, I found your whisky, but keep it quiet and I will come tonight for it. Do not sell any more, and as soon as I am relieved I will come and get a few bottles." Which he did and paid for them.

The next day my uncle arrived, having been released and furnished passes to the front, and we left for Grant's army, which was about ten miles out towards Corinth. There we disposed of all our papers in a very short time. The next day we left for home, well pleased with our trip and the way we got out of our troubles.

The Twentieth New York. Silas Brink, 2804 Farragut road, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes the National Tribune that the old Twentieth New York at Gettysburg was in the First brigade, Third division, First corps, and commanded in the first day's fight by Col. Theodore B. Gates. They were in action on what is now known as Reynolds avenue until 4 p. m. On July 2 they were on Cemetery hill, and on July 3 facing Pickett's charge.

Getting Her Money's Worth. Mrs. Kimp—"Don't you find Dr. Soakum's charges rather steep?" Mrs. Simp—"Yes, I do. But then he always gives such dignified and impressive names to the most ordinary ailments that it is really a pleasure to be ill and go to him for treatment."

Putting it Mildly. Tom—"Did you say your friend is slender?" Tab—"Well, she returned a silhouette gown because she couldn't make a shadow in it—Judge."

HAD YEARNING FOR ACTION

Incident in the Early Life of the Great Hercules Not Hitherto Recorded in Mythology.

The infant Hercules had tired of hygienic cuddling. Kicking the slats from his trundle bed, he tipped over the table with the modified milk and the distilled water and the government tested food and, making his way to the pantry, put himself outside of a pan of baked beans, a chunk of corned beef, a mince pie, and then drank a gallon of fresh buttermilk. When his frightened nurse found him he picked her up and tossed her to the top shelf of the china closet and playfully roared, "Good night, Nurse."

After which he toddled out on the front porch and looked up and down the highway. As he did so he toothlessly muttered:

"Why don't they bring on those unsanitary snakes that the fairy books say I throttled?"

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 of, — 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. Busber, Jan. 28, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Too Risky. Bill—"Go in an' tell de bartender dat if he don't give yer a drink you'll drop dead." Red—"I dasn't. If he did I would."

A simple protection against dangerous throat affections are Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops; 5c at Drug Stores.

Philadelphia has three women mill owners.

Most of your friends will stand by you as long as you have a dollar.

Mrs. Bacon—"Did you cook leave in a huff?" Mrs. Egbert—"No; in a taxicab."

Every mother thinks she has the dearest baby in the world. So does the father when the bills come in.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

Early Suffragette.

Militant minded women were known in England before the suffragettes, one of whom lies in Henry VII's chapel—Margaret, countess of Richmond, its builder's mother, with her brass effigy by Torrignano. She hated the Turk, and she made, as Camden reports, a sporting offer to the chivalrous of her day: "On the condition that princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against the common enemy, the Turk, she would most willingly attend them and be their laundress in camp." That position of laundress to the crusaders would have been an easy one, for it was the fashion to make vows to change no underclothing until the holy sepulcher was regained.

Sneeze "Born Full Grown." "You must have patience," said the Sage. "Nothing is ever born full grown." "How about a sneeze?" asked the Fool.

Modern Ways. Mrs. Bacon—"Did you cook leave in a huff?" Mrs. Egbert—"No; in a taxicab."

Every mother thinks she has the dearest baby in the world. So does the father when the bills come in.

Are Your Hands Tied?

by a chronic disease common to women—kind? You feel dull—headache? Back-ache, pains here and there—dizziness or perhaps hot flashes? There's nothing you can accomplish—nothing you can enjoy! There's no good reason for it—because you can find permanent relief in

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

Mrs. Fannie H. Brent, of Bryant, Nelson Co., Va., writes: "I believe I had every pain and ache a woman could have, my back was weak, and I suffered with nervousness and could not sleep at night. Suffered with soreness in my right hip, and every month would have spells and have to stay in bed. I have taken eight bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one vial of your 'Pleasant Pellets'. Can now do my work for six in family, and feel like a new woman. I think it is the best medicine in the world for women. I recommend it to all my friends and many of them have been greatly benefited by it."

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS Relieve Liver Ills!

SUNSHINE L.W. SODA CRACKERS

The Big Package

Sunshine L.W. SODA CRACKERS

CRACKERS

Everything's big about Sunshine L.W. Sodas—except the price. The big saving in the big, economical family package. The big satisfaction in crunching their crisp, fresh, flaky deliciousness. The big appetite their solid nourishment sustains. And the big help in having on hand these ready-to-eat delicacies that everybody likes. At your grocer's—25c for the big package.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY Bakery of Sunshine Crackers

The Test. She—Women can fight as well as men. He—Certainly, if it comes to the scratch.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

There is no effect without a cause. The girl with pretty feet never gets the bottom of her skirt muddy.

If a man and his wife are one, how many was Solomon and his outfit?

A REAL ASSET

Digestion is the most important of all bodily functions and anything that tends to disturb it is a serious offense against health. At the first sign of digestive or bowel trouble resort to

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

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Omaha, Nebraska. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rooms from \$1.00 up single, to extra up double. CAFE PRICES REASONABLE.



T. A. GIERENS, OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA who handles and breeds more high class Holstein cattle than any man in this territory, has purchased the entire herd of the late Mr. Sedgwick of Eagle, Nebraska, and will sell at auction February 11th, the entire herd. Twenty-five head of these cattle are descendants of the famous cow "Katie Gabe" owned at the state farm.

Lincoln Sanitarium



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