

A Delayed Recognition

By ELLIOT FLOWER

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

She saw him coming. Further, she saw that he intended to speak to her. That they should meet was not surprising, but that he should speak to her was simply amazing. Had they not quarreled less than a week before? Had it not been settled that thereafter they were to "meet as strangers?" And now on the occasion of the very first meeting after their angry parting, he was going to greet her as a friend. There could be no mistake about that; he was coming directly toward her and was smiling directly at her. Well, she would have something to say about that; she knew how to freeze a presumptuous man solid; she had some steadfastness of purpose, and "meet as strangers" was more than a mere phrase to her. She would lower the temperature about 100 degrees—a variation, up or down, well within any girl's power—and see how his warm smile stood the shock of that.

Her chin tilted aggressively, her face became coldly impassive, her eyes swept past him as if he were a mere post in the road; there was no sign of interest or recognition. Nevertheless, he held gamely to his smile and his course.

"Miriam!" he said.
He was ignored. He might as well have said, "Evening papers!" or "Hi, cabby!" or anything else that did not concern her. There was nothing to indicate that she gave the name any more attention than she would any familiar street-cry; a beggar who held out his cap when her purse was empty would have been ignored in precisely the same way. She did not turn away from him; she merely went on as if she had heard or seen nothing



He Might as Well Have Said, "Evening Papers!"

that was of the slightest consequence. He stopped short, the smile frozen as she had planned to freeze it. Then it thawed out a little. She was angry, naturally. She could not know that he intended to ask her forgiveness for his unreasonableness on the occasion of their quarrel. If she knew that he was properly penitent, she would act differently, for she was not a girl to cherish resentment. Being penitent, it was necessary for him to abase himself sufficiently to make her understand. So he turned and followed her. "Just a word, Miriam," he said, as he reached her side.

She turned abruptly away. At the same moment a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he found himself looking into the frowning face of a big policeman.

"Thank you," she said to the policeman. "He has been annoying me." Then she hurried on.

"Ye oughter be kicked," asserted the policeman still keeping his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"What for?" asked the prisoner.

"For annoyin' iv the lady," answered the policeman.

"I had no intention of annoyin' her," explained the prisoner. "She is a friend of mine."

"She acted like it," said the policeman scornfully.

"She is momentarily provoked."

"I saw it."

"But we have been acquainted a long time."

"There's another kick comin' to ye," announced the policeman disgustedly.

"What for?"

"Fer lyin'. Only fer the regglations, I'd give it to ye meself."

"Do you think I'm a stranger to her?"

"I think ye're a masher—wan iv thim lads that's givin' the eye to ivry girl that lugs his way."

The prisoner was now seriously disturbed. To be charged with highway robbery or murder would be bad enough, but to be arrested as one of the contemptible male bipeds who ogled and annoy women on the streets was simply intolerable. He never would recover from the disgrace of that.

"Oh, that's a mistake!" he protested. "We were friends."

"Whin?" asked the policeman.

"Why—why, a week ago."

"Ye break off sudden," commented the policeman.

"And we are now," persisted the

that being our first encounter, I merely returned it unmarked and unimpaired. Passing back over the Midland a fortnight later I ordered short-cake again, and back it came. I dented it this time, for identification purposes, and again returned it. Fortnight later I got it again, "short" crust, powdered sugar—fresh coat—new red berry on top, but with the presumption of berries within still unexplored, and 12 dents added to mine. I wrote my name on the bottom, to be absolutely sure of identification, and passed it back once more.

"Well, gentlemen, a fortnight later I got it again; no doubt of my name there on the bottom, though it was almost obliterated by the 17 others written over it. And regularly, twice a month when I passed over the line, I got that short-cake—except when someone else was using it—for the rest of the year. The boys used to order it, not to eat, of course, but as a sort of mascot for the rest of the food; though some of the strangers who got it used to wash off the sugar with cream and mutilate the berry on top so that there was a regular 'maintenance and depreciation' charge against it in the kitchen. Of course by this time the bottom was a regular palimpsest; and then it disappeared.

"I had ordered it, as was our habit, when the waiter told me it was gone.

"Do you mean to tell me, Charley," I said to the waiter, "that any one has eaten that cake?"

"No; it wasn't that."

"And you mean, then, Charley," I said again, "that, though knowing that cake so long as you did, you stood by and saw it wantonly destroyed?"

"The gent'man would have it, suh; Charley excused himself; the gent'man would have it."

"Would have it? Why?"

"Why—why, he was an autograph collector, and I couldn't stop him. I done speak to him, suh, explaining it to him; but he would have it. Said, suh, 't war jest the thing he war looking for to round out his collection.'

"But the top, Charley," I said. "He couldn't have had use for more than the bottom; do you mean to say the Midland has thrown away the rest?"

"Oh, de top, suh. Oh, yes; yes; it's strawberry tart now, suh. But—but the gent'man over there in de corner ordered it first, suh; but I speek he'll be through with it pow'ful soon. Would you like it then, suh?"

NEW HOPE.

Last Friday morning, Mrs. James Haffaker started on a trip to Wichita, Kansas, where she will visit her father and other relatives.

Mr. Christison's little girl has been quite sick but is better at the present writing.

Quite a number from this vicinity went to the Bow last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Furrow spent a few days last week with their daughter, Mrs. Henry Day.

Alice and Leota Huffaker spent a few days in the Bow last week.

Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Van Nortrick visited at W. H. Cline's last Saturday.

Mrs. Anna Wolf and her sister, from Iowa, went to visit their uncle who lives in the western part of the state, last week.

Clarence Huffaker and wife went to the Bow last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christisen are the proud parents of a baby girl which arrived at their home July 22.

NOTICE OF SCHOOL DISTRICT BOND ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that a special election is hereby called in and for the school district of Broken Bow, in the County of Custer and State of Nebraska, to be held on Saturday, the 28th day of August, 1909, and there will be submitted to the legal voters of said school district at said special election the question of voting school bonds in the sum of \$25,000.00 for the purpose of erecting a new school building and for furnishing the necessary apparatus and furniture therefor, said school building to be built within the corporate limits of the City of Broken Bow, and to provide for the annual levy of a tax to pay interest on said bonds as it becomes due in January and July of each year and to further provide for a sinking fund to be levied by the board of education, beginning A. D. 1910, and each year thereafter, until said bonds are matured, for an amount sufficient to pay said bonds at their maturity, said bonds to be due and payable A. D. 1929, and to draw interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent interest, payable semi-annually, principal and interest payable at Kountze Brothers, the Fiscal Agency of the State of Nebraska, in the City of New York. Said bonds to be drawn in the sum of \$10,000.00 each and to be signed, sealed and delivered as provided by law and in accordance with the provisions of Sub-division 14, of Chapter 79, Wheeler's compiled statute for 1909.

Said election shall be held between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m., at the city hall on the south side and at the old college building on the north side of said school district.

The tickets at said special election shall have printed on them:

"For the issuing of bonds."
"Against the issuing of bonds."
Dated August 2nd, 1909.

A. R. HUMPHREY, President.
L. H. JEWETT, Secretary.

Miss Nettie Holcomb left for Seattle Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Katherine Neidheiser who has been visiting Miss Ruth Jones the past week left this morning for Denver where she will spend a week before returning to her home in Laramie, Wyo.

A VISIT TO MT. GREINA.

(Continued from Page 3)

The auditorium seats 1800 people. Back of the stage on a white ground, bordered with evergreen, in gold lettering, are these words, "Let us keep our heavenly Father in our midst." On either side a large American flag is draped. The entire front of the stage is hid by evergreens. Season tickets for the entire month are \$3.50; single admission 15 cents; one week \$1.00.

I also attended the Sunday evening chautauqua vesper service. The Reformed quartette choir of Lebanon, sang many pleasing selections and was the feature of the service. All the Sunday services, special or otherwise are absolutely free.

Tuesday, we three sisters received an invitation from Mrs. J. Garber Hertzler to be her guests Wednesday morning on a marketing expedition to Lebanon. It is almost needless to say the invitation was instantly accepted. Mrs. Hertzler is an old college friend of my sister, Sadie's, and is a woman of charming personality, a hard student and fine linguist and great traveler, having spent several years abroad. Her winter home is in Philadelphia. She also owns a cottage here called Alceska, just across from sister's Yorktown lodge. We all breakfasted at the latter place at 6 a. m., Wednesday morning. It was an easy thing to get up early with such a trip in view. How cool, in fact almost cold it was, this early morning in the South mountains. We reached the station armed with baskets just as the train came in from Lebanon. In a short time it had emptied itself of a small army of working men, which was a matter of

much surprise to me; on second thought however, I realized their absolute necessity on the grounds if the new hotel is to be completed, new cottages and bungaloes built, old ones enlarged, improved or repaired. The same train on its return carried us as passengers. On the way Mrs. H. proposed a trip to Hershey and wondered what we thought of it. "Burus was willin'," so we chorused our delight at the prospect.

On our arrival at Lebanon a wealthy city of 25,000 population, we went directly to the Market House on the principal street and though we were early we found we could get in and buy and engage anything we wanted, but could not take it or pay for it until the bell rang at 8 o'clock. The largest part of our marketing was done before that time, but it had assumed such proportions that it became necessary to purchase a couple of large baskets. Our party being short on baskets, started the joy bells ringing in the hearts of two small boys, when Mrs. Hertzler not only bought one of the boy's stock, but the basket as well; the other boy sold out to Mrs. Buckingham. Before the deal was closed we were surrounded by a crowd of small boys, but how they got there so soon or where they came from, I do not know; I can not tell, but this I do say, that it would be hard to find two happier boys than they. Their faces were sunbeams after such a rare, unheard of good luck. They were the center of attraction in that crowd of boys. Just outside a man wondered what was the matter, the boys said "we've sold out, and its only half past eight, we don't have to work

any more today.

My first and only purchase was a large slice of the reddest, ripest, most delicious watermelon, which I ate with the assistance of a jack-knife, back of the counter just before we left the market.

(Continued next week.)

THE YALE-HARVARD GAMES.

(Contributed.)

During the past two weeks there has been much enthusiasm shown by the contests in base ball spelling between the Yale and Harvard divisions of Miss Burley's orthography class. Among those who visited the games were, Messrs. Jewitt, Elliott, Pinckney and Mr. Balcomb, professor of agriculture in the university of Oklahoma. All those who have been present at the games have shown much interest and have spoken highly of the games. Mr. Jewett looked on with interest; Mr. Elliott rooted for Harvard; Mr. Pinckney for Yale, while Mr. Balcomb was feeling sorry for Yale, as he saw Harvard coming out ahead. Mr. Balcomb said that the Harvard team had more confidence than the Yale team.

In speaking of the cause of Harvard's victory Mr. Newcomb, captain of the Harvard team during the last two games said: Misses Osborn, Herrick, Pickett, Gundy, Wolf and West, were the stars of our division; I placed them at the head of the batting line. Misses Lichtenburger, Bates, Eartly, Hewitt and Baark were good spellers. I put them next to the stars. Misses Rapp, Francis, Alexander, Bevis, Bush and Milligan, though good were not so efficient as the others; I placed them at the foot of the line and did all I could to invite

and help them get a perfect lesson, which they did admirably well. On the other hand I had great confidence in Harvard's pitcher and catcher. Miss Pickett was very skillful in picking out hard words and putting them at the ones who could not spell them, while Miss Osborn is hard to beat at catching fouls. Thus knowing what each one could do, I had great confidence in the Harvard team and all on my side seemed to have caught the same disease.

As for the Yale team, I considered them better as a whole than the Harvard team. I considered Miss Myers a very good catcher and Miss Pringle a good pitcher, but not so skillful as Miss Pickett in picking out hard words although, as I noticed, she did very effective work in the last game. Besides I considered that Mr. Grant could have had his batter arranged more effectively, yet he had improved the arrangement very much in the last game.

Yale—Miss Laughlin 1, Miss Jensen 2, Miss Myers 3, Miss Weaver 4, Miss Turnbull 5, Miss Lester 6, Miss Pringle 7, Miss Curtis 8, Miss Vistrop 9, Miss Stockham 10, Miss Hide 11, Mr. Russan 12, Mr. Grant 13, Miss Christian 14, Miss Milligan 15, Miss Ingram 16, Miss Griffith 17, Miss Kennedy 18 and Mr. Hains 19. Yale 31, 13, 35, 7, 7; Harvard 12, 35, 13, 43, 23.

Wm. Jackson became the owner of one of the finest country homes in Custer county by the purchase of the Harry Knapp farm west of the city. The deal was made by R. A. Hunter. This is the third time Bob has sold this farm and he says it needs selling again to reach the real value of the land.

A Great Educational Institution Coming

Chautauqua Opens Saturday Aug. 14th

People will be given an opportunity to hear some of the greatest statesmen in the country. Men like Senator La Follette, Congressman Champ Clark and Congressman J. Adam Bede will speak.

Governmental, Educational and Musical Features so as to please all People

The Chautauqua which opens Saturday, August 14th, and continues until August 22d, will give the people an opportunity to hear some of the greatest statesmen, greatest lecturers and finest musicians.

It offers an abundance of good, clean, wholesome entertainment, offering light upon, and in many cases a solution of perplexing state national and world problems, and insisting upon a higher degree of culture, and a more exalted plan of moral life.