

The County in General The Healing of a Breach

The "Doings" of our Country Friends and Neighbors.

DAWSON.

Bryan Kirk is on the sick list this week.
L. Tyree has a very sore hand at present.
Kate O'Donnell came up from Falls City, Saturday.
Ellen Riley who has had pneumonia is improving.
Leo Tiehen returned to Falls City Monday to attend school.
Lon Harbor and wife are the happy parents of a big boy baby.
Mrs. M. J. Clancy was a Humboldt visitor between trains Saturday.
Winifred Ryan went to Shubert Friday and visited until Sunday.
Mike Tiehen went back to school Monday. He attends at St. Paul.
M.C. Riley and daughter Mary were visiting in Tecumseh Saturday and Sunday, returning Monday.
Mrs. Nora Emmons of Lincoln visited a few days with Mrs. Will Albright the first of the week.
Fannie Bacon and little niece Francis Riley were Humboldt visitors between trains, Saturday.
Mrs. E. W. Cummings and little Margaret O'Grady visited with relatives in Humboldt, Saturday and Sunday.
John O'Donnell is sick. The doctor has not decided what his difficulty is, but thinks it may be typhoid fever.
Mable Shrier returned home Saturday afternoon from Humboldt where she has been visiting her sister Mrs. Will Waggoner.
Steve Lair and son came down from Pawnee to see Mrs. Lair who has been very sick. She is improving at this writing.
Garret Quinlan purchased a new farm of 160 acres near Sabetha. It is close to a little town of the name of Woodlawn. He has been moving his farm implements and other things to his new home.

BARADA.

Fred Mertz is ill with Quinsy.
Dr. S. A. Van Osdel was in the city last week.
Geo. Davis' oldest son is quite ill with the gripe.
John Rumbaugh is now able to be about on crutches.
L. A. Berry's eldest son is just recovering from pneumonia.
A severe cold confined Mrs. Jacob Mack to her bed last week.
Fred Hartman, Jr. was threatened with an attack of pneumonia.
E. E. Butler and wife were guests at the home of J. A. Martin on Sunday.
Jacob Peters and Conrad Gerdes marketed a carload of hogs in St. Joe last week.
Henry Schafer's baby has been suffering from a carbuncle on the back of his neck.
Miss Flossie Wamsley is taking a vacation from her duty as saleswoman at R. J. Dunn and Sons.
Mrs. and Mrs. Herbert Stokes visited last week with Ode Stokes at Shubert.
R. Dunn is taking a vacation from farm duties and greets his friends and customers from behind the counter once more.
Robt Ankrom and W. E. Slagle made a trip to Thayer county this week, combining business with pleasure. Mr. Slagle has a brother living there.
Rumor has it that Miss Audrey Wileman will complete the term of school at St. Deroin, which Miss Duerfeldt was compelled to resign, owing to her unfortunate accident.
Miss Lizzie Buchholtz who for several months past has been making weekly trips to Falls City for instruction in music under Clarence Smith, has completed the work laid out. Mr. Smith speaks very highly of Miss Lizzie's accomplishments as a pianist. Her correct execution and musical touch calls forth appreciation from those least receptive to music.

OHIO.

Born to J. Fritz and wife, Sunday a little girl.
Wilma Shaffer visited in Falls City Saturday and Sunday.
H. J. Prichard and wife were guests of F. S. Lichty and wife, Sunday.
H. Beechy and wife were guests of Wes. Nedrow and family Sunday.
Mahlon Peck and wife visited with Eph. Peck and family, Sunday.
Frances Stump and family spent a few days with Perry Shaffer and family.
Maude and Myrtle Yocam spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. N. Peck.
Mrs. A. Elshire and children visited at the home of E.M. Kimmel and wife Sunday.
Mrs. Ritamel of Seward is here staying with her sister Mrs. John Fritz.
Ralph Nedrow returned home Saturday after a two weeks visit with relatives at Griggsville, Ill.
Sam Maust of Pennsylvania is visiting E. T. Peck and other relatives. From here he will go to California.
Guy Lichty and wife returned home Monday, from Kansas City after a two weeks visit with the latter's parents.
Mrs. F. S. Lichty returned home from Hastings last Wednesday after a few days visit with Chester Stump and family.
Mr. Way of near Carlton is the guest at the home of his sister Mrs. Leon Peck.
Mrs. Yoder and a sister and brother of near Sabetha, are visiting with Mrs. Anson Kniseley.
Mrs. Ruegge came out from Falls City Sunday, to visit her daughter Mrs. E. M. Kimmel a few days.
Grant Stover and sister Mrs. Aaron Peck of Morrill, Kansas, visited with Cleon Peck and wife, Sunday.
John Bauer and wife celebrated their silver wedding at their home Saturday. A great many were there and a good time is reported by those who were there. They received many nice presents.

NOTICE

I have for sale the 40 acre tract belonging to Charles Portrey, lying North of the city and adjoining the Meyers land on the North, was a part of the Sarah Rhine land. Can sell the tract in 1, 2, 3, or 5 acre tracts to suit the purchaser. Can give 3 years time on two-thirds of the purchase price. Mr. Portrey will have the land surveyed and give a road from the city to each tract. This is a chance to get a nice piece of land for a home near town at a very reasonable price and on exceedingly reasonable terms.
For further particulars call at the office of
John W. Powell.
1st. floor of new office building south of Court House square.
Falls City, Nebraska.
Office Phone 252, Home 51.

South Side Sunday School.
Bible School—3:00 to 4:00 p. m.
Evening Service—7:30 to 8:30 p. m.
All who have no convenient place to attend, and desire to study the word and worship in a plain and informal way, are invited to attend. We are little but we are growing. Come and help us grow.—W. H. Wyler.

WANTED—A dependable boy at once to help distribute the Kansas City Star mornings and evenings. Only a boy who wants a steady job and won't soldier on duty need apply. Phone 226 or call at The Tribune office.

By Marian C. Walton

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"If I were only a man," Ellen exploded, her eyes dark with tears. Clayton's eyes twinkled despite their open admiration. "No doubt it is possible to improve on the ways of providence," he said. "Still—in this case, I don't see any misfit."
"Of course not—you believe. 'Whatever is, is right,'" Ellen flung at him in a tone meant to be crushing. Clayton took her hands in his, looked carefully at the pink palms, soft as a baby's, at the filbert nails, the tapering tips and went on: "It really seems to me the powers that be knew their business. What could you do with those hands? Besides—men are not allowed to cry merely for getting vexed—nothing short of losing a fortune or a wife excuses them for being lachrymose."
"Hush! You are too hateful for anything! Anything!" Ellen burst out. "Of course, if I were a man I shouldn't be the ridiculous nuisance I am—I should have reach and strength of body to match my strength of mind."
"Dear me! Where do you keep it? I always thought you adorably feminine—not the least bit strong-minded," Clayton interrupted, teasingly. "It alarms me—dreadfully—to find myself mistaken. You know I've quite made up my mind to marry you."
"Indeed!" The monosyllable spoke volumes—of scorn, of anger, of smothered satisfaction. Clayton caught the smothered note and smiled covertly.
Ellen saw the smile, read it aright, and grew angrier than ever. "Maybe I am ungrateful," she went on, choking slightly, "but really, it seems to me I have some rights in the case."
"All rights," Clayton conceded, promptly. "But see here, honey-bug,



don't, don't let's quarrel, even before we are engaged."
"Then—when can we quarrel?" Ellen demanded. "We surely never will be engaged."
"Do you mean that?" Clayton demanded, a hint of seriousness creeping into his voice.
Ellen looked him up and down. "I mean it. Utterly, positively!" she said. "So I had better say good-by to you—I fancy you won't care to stay for dinner."
"No; but I am not going until you hear me out," Clayton said half sternly. "We have got beyond jesting. Let me state the case. You know I love you—I've been showing it the best I know how this year and better. I think you love me—no matter what you say—now. But you are flouting me, angry with me over the most foolish thing in the world. An old quarrel, one that belongs to the men of your family. If it means anything, I'd joy to take it up. You are precious to me—so precious any hurt or shame or scath to you would be worth a man's life if I knew it. But I don't intend to make myself a laughing stock for the county by refusing to speak from the same stand with General Peabody at the rally next week. I want to speak—for many reasons—I ought to do it—it belongs to me as a man and citizen. You wouldn't have me sit back, a snail in my shell."
"I would when that creature Peabody was around. My father simply couldn't bear him. If I were a man I'd show him the blood was true to itself—no Burton ever forgets," Ellen said, her eyes flashing.
Clayton was not sure whether he wanted most to kiss her or to shake her. He compromised by kissing her hands, murmuring fond words as he did it.
She snatched away the hands, saying scornfully: "No doubt you think I'm clay—to be molded as you choose. But this I tell you—and you may believe it—the day you shake hands with General Peabody, that day you cease to be—even an acquaintance of mine."
After the last word she turned away. Clayton whistled, and took an instant departure. He felt he had made the grand mistake of arguing where he should have entreated. "But Nell was always so sensible—until now," he told himself. "How could I guess she had so much of that old fire-eater, her daddy? Game's up, it

appears—without a special providence. Please send one—quick—kind Fate. Life without Nell is duller than ditch-water."

Ellen had not meant to go to the rally, but now a sense that going was imperative fell upon her. So she was there, very fine, very gay, with Johnny Goold at her elbow. He had begged to fetch her, but she had come alone in the family carriage, save for Mammy Nance.

Johnny's tender mercies were over-tender—he had been mad about Nell ever since they met. He was not bad-looking, nor bad-hearted, only lax and coarse of fiber, also easily beset with a craving for liquor. Ellen had never seen him save strictly sober—she was pardonable for failing to understand his high color, his glib speech, his all-embracing affection for the universe. He was gallant to every petticoat, but he never got far away from Ellen.

Long before the speaking ended, though she had not fully sensed his condition, she had begun to be uneasy.

Prejudiced as she was, uneasy as she was, she had had to admit that General Peabody was worth hearing; not so well worth it as Frank Clayton, to be sure—but still he was eloquent, and had sense no less than sound to what he said. Deep down she began to wonder—she had been regretting it ever since the day of the quarrel. If only she had left a loophole—but she knew how futile it was to think Frank would ever come back. "Won't you find mammy, please?" she asked Johnny. "I think we had better go home before dinner. Tell her so—and to come at once."

"You're going to dine, not at this measly barbecue—but with me—up at the club," Johnny said, strenuously, clasping her hand, tucking it over his arm and striding toward his big motor car. "We'll get there in no time—I hate crowds like this," he ran on, half carrying Ellen as he strode along.

She was wildly angry, still more frightened. Pull as she might, she could not free her hand. To scream meant a scene—and anything was better than that. Desperately she hung back, casting appealing glances toward the place where Clayton had been standing a minute earlier. He had vanished, but tall old General Peabody was in evidence—he caught Ellen's anguished eye. In three strides he was beside her, saying as he laid a heavy hand on Johnny's shoulder:

"Pardon me, my young friend, but I must speak to Allan Burton's daughter. Your father and I, my dear young lady, were, I regret to say, lifelong enemies. And all over a trifle—a trifle moreover in which lately, I have found that I was wrong. So I offer him through you my sincere apology, and beg pardon. Will you grant it?"

"Oh, general!" was all Ellen could say. Clayton, behind the general, caught her trembling hand as it fell from the general's clasp, and said, smiling: "I am sure she is in a forgiving mood. Johnny Goold nearly always provokes one to repentance and remission."

"I am very glad—to—to—forgive—everybody," Ellen said in a small, tremulous voice.

The general smiled, shook hands again, and bowed himself away. "Did you really find out you were wrong?" a crony asked him as the two stood apart filled with joy and barbecue an hour later. The general's eyes twinkled. "I have quite forgotten what Burton and I hated each other about," he said, "but I shall never be old enough to forget the appeal of a girl's eyes when she's badly worried—today I saw it, and acted accordingly."

"Yet folks say you are less man than politician," the crony said, admiringly.

The general chuckled mildly. "I hope I'm pretty much all there is of both," he said, "for the credit of my country, no less myself."

One Way to Create Peers.

Peerages have sometimes been acquired in curious ways. When the head of a well-known west country family was raised to the upper house a good deal of surprise was expressed at such a distinction being conferred upon him, for he had not rendered any particular service to his party, having lost practically every election he had contested. Lord Beaconsfield furnished me with the key to this enigma. "Well," said he, "we really did not know what to do with him, for he was positively doing us harm. Wherever he stood he was beaten, so at last we thought the best way to get rid of him would be to send him to the upper house."—From "Under Five Reigns."

The Son's Future.

Bonaventure de Foureroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century, a splendid orator, an eminent advocate, and an intimate friend of Moliere to boot, on being asked one day by a magistrate what he meant to do with his son, replied: "If there is anything in him I'll make him a barrister; if not, I'll make him a judge."

A Student of the Drama.

It was at a recent performance of "Macbeth," and the three weird sisters had just made their first appearance and chanted their uncanny incantations, when a handsomely dressed, intelligent-looking woman in the third row turned to her neighbor and inquired, "What's the idea in having those witches?"

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