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March 30—Cattle
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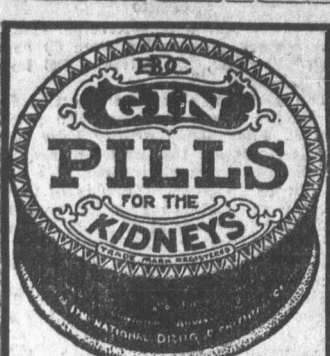
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Manager



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There's nothing else like it—nothing just as good, that will do you as much good. There is only one prescription known as Gin Pills. You can get it at all dealers in the box shown above.

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PHONE 73.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TRAPPING A FLIRT

The Trap Didn't Spring the Right Way

By JOHN Y. LARNED

"Hello, Duncan! You look as radiant as a morning glory! Had a fortune left you?"

"Better than that!"

"What could be better than the sudden coming into a lot of money?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you."

This brief dialogue took place in the cafe of the B. club in New York.

William Duncan led his friend, Edward Archibald, to a table, pushed the button for refreshments and said:

"Ten years ago I met a girl of sixteen—I was then twenty-six—who attracted me more than any one else I ever met. She was far beyond her age in some ways, most especially in flirting. I knew she was playing with me, but it didn't make any difference. I became infatuated all the same. Of course she was too young to be married, and we drifted apart, but I've never forgotten her, and it has been my intention never to marry unless I married my little sweetheart."

"But I have never since that time found it practicable to renew my suit. I have spent some years in South America, as you know, and more time in Australia. Besides, I have only recently come into a financial condition to enable me to marry. A few months ago I met an aunt of my sweetheart, who chided me for having won her niece's affections for pastime. I assured her that I would never marry any one else. Through the aunt I have been placed in correspondence, and I have just received her culminating letter agreeing to marry me on her return from Europe, which will be next month."

"Well, now, that's a romance and no mistake. I congratulate you heartily, old man; very heartily." And Archibald grasped his friend's hand in his viselike grip. "May I ask the lady's name?"

"Edison—Edith Ellison."

Archibald gave a slight start. "Ever met her?" asked Duncan.

"No, but I've heard of her. She threw a friend of mine over her shoulder."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do, and, to make a confession, I've always had a desire to see her caught in one of her own traps."

Duncan looked grave.

"Oh, don't worry," said the other. "You should feel flattered. Doubtless the reason she has declined others is because she wanted you."

"That's comforting. I assure you. You say you would like to see her caught in one of her own traps. A plan occurs to me. Edith and I have not met for ten years. Did I say ten? It will be twelve next month. I'm not sure she will know me when she sees me. Suppose we go abroad, meet her, you as Duncan, I as Archibald—we're not unlike—and see if you can win her away from me."

"Now it is you who are flattering me."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Archibald," said the lady. "Indeed, any friend of Mr. Duncan's is a friend of mine if he cares to be such."

Duncan winced. There was not the slightest sign that she recognized her fiancé. A party, the two men and the lady being among the number, was driven to the coliseum, then to the forum and other objects of interest, and during these visits Miss Ellison devoted herself to the real Archibald, leaving the real Duncan severely in the cold. She seemed inclined to get her pretended fiancé away from the others and was not at all careful of her speech in referring to Duncan, who was much disgruntled at the success of the ruse and his position with reference to his fiancée.

"Your fat friend doesn't seem to be in a very good humor," she said loud enough for Duncan to hear. "What's the matter with him?"

This put a quietus on the "fat friend's" sightseeing with the others for that day. He disappeared while the party were exploring the forum and did not return.

Archibald mildly remonstrated with the lady, saying that his friend was a fine fellow, very sensitive, and his overhearing her remark had doubtless wounded him to the quick. Miss Ellison professed regret and promised if Archibald would bring the gentleman back she wouldn't do so any more.

That evening when the two men were together at their hotel Archibald had great difficulty in keeping Duncan from returning at once to America.

"What's the use of my hanging about here?" the latter exclaimed. "The romance of a dozen years ago has gone up in smoke. Great Scott, man, I'm your 'fat friend'!"

Archibald finally secured a promise from Duncan that he would see Miss Ellison once more before returning to America, and when he did so she received him so graciously that he was sufficiently mollified to join a party for a visit to the ruins of the baths

of Caracalla. On this occasion Miss Ellison shifted her favors from the spurious to the real Duncan. This was not to the former's satisfaction, and when the two men met for dinner it was Archibald who would return to America.

"She's as much of a flirt," remarked Duncan, "as she ever was. It was born in her."

"What a fool I have been," replied Archibald, "to permit myself to be used in such a matter. I'm out of it from this time forward."

"I heard you promise to go with the party to St. Peter and the castle of St. Angelo tomorrow morning."

"Well, that shall be the last of it. I'm off the next day for Genoa and thence home."

At St. Peter's and St. Angelo the wind shifted again, and the spurious Mr. Duncan came in for all the favoritism. And so it was that Miss Ellison kept the two men on the eve of going home, first one, then the other, till it looked as if their friendship would not only be broken, but they would have each other's heart's blood.

One day a little note came, addressed to Mr. Archibald (for the real Mr. Duncan from Miss Ellison, asking him if he could find it convenient to call upon her that evening. He accepted the invitation with alacrity and found the lady alone in her private parlor.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Archibald," she said, "to tell you that my engagement with Mr. Duncan, of which you are aware, must be broken. I should be obliged if you, as his bosom friend, would break it to him as gently as possible."

"I—you—don't mean it?"

"I am dreadfully sorry, but I can't help it."

"Am I to tell him that there is another attachment?"

"Nothing of the kind. If my personality won her originally it should hold her against all comers."

"I'm not so sure about that. Few girls of twenty-six would marry the man they admired at sixteen."

There were more talks between the two friends on the subject, and Archibald finally consented to go abroad with Duncan and on meeting Miss Ellison personate her fiancé, while the real fiancé personated Archibald. Duncan wrote her to delay her departure; that he would join her and come back with her.

It was December when the two friends started for Rome, where the young lady was spending the winter. Duncan had changed a good deal in twelve years. His hair had become very thin, and he was much heavier than formerly. He took with him a photograph of himself taken about the time he first met Miss Ellison, thinking he might have occasion to use it. He tried it on several friends, none of whom recognized it as a likeness of himself.

Archibald insisted that a letter be written to the lady in Duncan's name that he would not claim her as his betrothed or any privilege of a fiancé until awhile after they had met. Time had changed him, and he thought it best that she should have an opportunity of seeing what manner of man he had become before feeling bound to him. This suited Duncan, and the letter was written.

One morning a card bearing the name of William Duncan was carried to Miss Ellison, who was staying with friends at a hotel in Rome, and Mr. Archibald followed the card. The lady advanced with outstretched hand, but stopped short.

"I am charmed," said Archibald. "I knew you would be disappointed in me."

"Yes; you are changed, very much changed. I would not have supposed that a dozen years could make such a difference. But of course I am changed too."

"Very little, and whatever change there is in you has been an improvement."

"Permit me to return the compliment."

Mr. Archibald was ill at ease. He did not like the part he was playing and felt that the meeting lacked that warmth there should be between two persons who were intending to be married. But it was not long before Miss Ellison began to appear more used to the change she found in him and seemed especially desirous for a return to the former feeling that had existed between them years ago.

But she gave no hint that she expected the caresses to which lovers are privileged. This was a comfort to Archibald.

The day after this meeting Archibald informed Miss Ellison that he had brought a friend with him from America who knew no one in Rome. When about to start out with her to see the sights he asked permission to introduce him. This was granted, and Mr. Duncan was introduced as Mr. Archibald.

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"I—you—don't mean it?"

"I am dreadfully sorry, but I can't help it."

"Am I to tell him that there is another attachment?"

"The lady cast her eyes on her arm. Then she suddenly threw her arms around her companion's neck.

"Will," she said, "what did you mean by foisting your friend upon me as yourself?"

"You knew me?"

"Yes; at once."

"But I've changed. I'm bald, and I've grown fat."

"You haven't lost the smile that made me love you from the first moment I saw you when I was young. That smile, which denoted your inner self, is the same today as it was then, and I love it and you as I did then."

That was the end of the ruse that was played, or, rather, attempted to be played, on Edith Ellison. She returned to America as Mrs. Duncan.

But for some time the friendship between the two men was not the same as before. Duncan bore no ill will whatever against his friend, but Archibald naturally felt very sore.

However, in time the lady accomplished what the man could not. She won over Archibald, and before the trio returned to America there was the best of feeling among all of them.

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Accommodation, 100 8 44 a.m.
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Accommodation, 110 7 43 a.m.
New York Express, 6 11 02 a.m.
New York Express, 2 3 00 p.m.
Accommodation, 112 5 16 p.m.
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Wyoming—Oct. 1, 2.
Brigden—Oct. 4, 5.
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