

The Size of His Head. In one of the big stories the other afternoon a stoop shouldered man with a faded brown beard was clanking over the hats and trying them on, one after another, without appearing to find any to fit him.

"What size are you looking for?" asked one of the salesmen. "What size?" he said. "Somethin I kin wear, I reckon."

"Of course, but what's your number?" "You don't number a man when he comes in here to buy a hat, do you?" "Certainly not. I mean what's the number of the—"

"Don't you s'pose I'll know when I come to a hat that fits me? I ain't no spring chicken, young man. I've bought hats 'fore this. You go on waitin' on customers. I'll find what I'm lookin' for after awhile. I've got plenty of time."

"So have I. Time is nothing to me. I can stand here all day and watch you trying on hats, but it isn't necessary. If you can tell me what size of a hat you wear, I can give you half a dozen of that size to try on. It will save you some trouble, and won't be quite so hard on the assortment."

The customer reflected. "Well, that's reasonable," he said. "Young man, I might as well tell you the truth. I've clean forgot the size hat I wear. I never can remember it. I know I wear a No. 9 shoe, though. A No. 9 hat would be about the right thing, wouldn't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Crow, the Peasant and the Cadi. Once upon a time the villager went to the cadi and complained: "O wise man, I would be protected against the crow. Out of every five hills of corn I plant he digs up at least one."

"That's a pretty good philosophy," said the cadi as he picked the grass out of his venerable goatee, "and I will advise the villager to act on it. Let him bring out his gun and shoot one crow out of every five and his corn will no longer be disturbed."

Moral.—"It may be true that you stole lambs instead of sheep," said the judge to the prisoner, "but we are trying this case with the wool on!"—Detroit Free Press.

Notoriety. "You fight your way through the New Guinea forests; you are in daily peril of your life; you open up a new country, and yet you are not a made man until you are attacked by a wretched newspaper," she cried.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIANO. Chiffonier, your memory's falling— You are older than I am. In the days long past bewailing You'd sing sweet and low, Almonds, oranges and spices, All as good as they could be; The plates with quaint devices For the children's Sunday tea.

Chiffonier, of all your treasures You retain no molder crumb, And I've lost my sweet old measure, And my keys are chiefly dumb. Yet I have many a memento mingle Sometimes in the dead of night With a faint, uncertain jingle I awaken in affright.

Voices lost to mortal hearing Memento's softly in the gloom; There are children's faces peering From the shadows of the room, And I feel my faded certain Softly lifted. Who are these? No chord sounds, yet I am certain There are fingers on my keys—

They for whom a tall was candle In each polished source was set, Brightly lit, and brightly gleamed, Many a stately, staid deed. They were tender and soprano; Pleasantly their voices rang. No one but the old piano Can remember what they sang.

Winter seems an earlier comer, Yet some days of warmth we win. Through the window in the summer Looks the wily sun's joyous beam. Has the old piano ever spoken Of the sprays that once were laid On my shining cover oaken— And I found them when she played!

On the lawn I still look over, Where a footstep seldom falls, There were joyous cries of "Dover!" There were clashing croquet balls. But I don't hear the children's play, And no steps the whole day long. But the old piano waxes For the laughter and the song.

I am battered, I am dusty, And my silk is dark with mold; No one but those who share like gold. Tarnished now, that shine like gold. The last breath of life is dwindling From my arms and voiceless keys. They may break me up for kindling Just as quickly as they please. —May Kendall in Langman's Magazine.

WITHOUT A LICENSE. Nowadays all that is required to get married is a "he" and a "she" and the necessary license. Any one authorized by law can splice them without a question as to who or what they are, whether they possess anything or by what means they intend to support themselves or their children. That is the exact situation. Those matters are none of the officiating medium's business, nor is he in a position to hinder the couple, sometimes hardly out of their teens, from rushing straight into trouble and misery.

In times gone by things were altogether different and more care was taken. But then one may go too far in his care for the well being of hysterical candidates, as the following narrative shall demonstrate. In order to allay possible apprehensions on the part of our fair readers about the fate of the hero and heroine, and to save them the trouble to begin this little story of love and its trials at the end, let it be understood right here that in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties they reach the matrimonial haven in safety.

once. We will see about it. If everything else fails, I think my godfather, the abbot of R—, will find a way to make them pliable."

The worthy burgomaster of B— and the members of his council were assembled at the city hall when Lisbeth appeared, dragging her bashful Francois forcibly by the hand into their august presence.

"With your permission, mighty sirs," she began in her open, unhesitating way, poking him in the ribs as a gentle reminder that he looked sheepish, "with your permission, powerful masters we appear before you to inform you that we intend to marry, and what is more, to marry as soon as possible; wherefore we most humbly and dutifully pray the high and mighty council to grant us the necessary papers, and to be quick about it, for we have no desire to wait any longer than absolutely necessary. My homestead needs a master, as you all know. The young man by my side, a bachelor of good repute and law abiding, is my choice, and is better fitted for the position of host at the inn of the Front Room than any one else I know. He is a butcher by trade, young and strong, and what is more, his brother across the border, over in Alsace, owns him 1,000 guilders Rhenish, part of their father's estate, which he can collect in cash at any moment. Therefore, I can see, neither legally nor morally, anything to be said against my Francois, and I—well, why make many words? I love him, and I want him."

A silence fell upon the assembled city fathers after this strange speech of the plucky little widow. At last the worthy burgomaster, a member of the worshipful Tanners' guild, broke the awkward pause, after deliberately helping himself to a plentiful supply of snuff from a silver tabatiere—a present of "his most great and all powerful nightiness" the reigning prince of the land—and passing the box to his colleague.

"Highly honored friends and colleagues, and thou, honored and virtuous Mistress Lisbeth, thy desire is full of the Christian spirit of neighborly love and according to the laws of the land; in fact, it is reasonable—yes, more than that, it is necessary. Thou speakest truly. Thy establishment is sorely in need of a master's strong arm, and thou needest a husband. But it is absolutely necessary that it should be a stranger? Are there no young men in our town, some of our worthy citizens, who are as fit to rule the destinies of the inn of the Front Room, and thine own as well, and who are but too willing to have thee for their lawful wife? Explain, worthy Mistress Lisbeth, why dost thou run after this tramp? Be advised by us. Many one of our young men. But shouldst thou remain stubborn and wilt not be guided by our fatherly care for thy welfare, the consequences be on thy head, for I tell thee that, under the name of the citizens all we dislike and disapprove of thy choice.

"The inn has for long generations been in possession of men who were citizens of our borough, and thus it shall remain. Even thyself art but a stranger, having gained the inn by marriage. Hence it is just that nobody but a son of one of our citizens should again own it, and thou art herewith forbidden to marry you vagabond. Collectively and individually, this council formally protests against you, and declines thy petition. That ends it."

Commentary words rewarded the burgomaster at the end of this lucid expatriation, and the prince's snuffbox again made the round of the council table. Lisbeth's ire had risen fast during this insulting speech. She began an angry remonstrance, but was quickly and considerably drawn toward the door and pushed out into the corridor by the city messenger (who was thoughtful of many a free drink at her bar) before she had chance to further injure her cause by angry expostulations.

Not so Francois, the unfortunate groom, who had been terribly wrought up by the expressions of "tramp" and "vagabond" hurled at him. He suddenly sprang forward, stopped short in front of the burgomaster, and shaking his fist in his face, exclaimed: "And I say, you high and mighty citizens of B—, I'll marry her in spite of you and all your trick headed and crooked legal sows!"

The year of mourning having expired, the childless widow had had the audacity to fall in love with a good for nothing tramp and vagabond, an Alsatian, named Francois, a low bred, ill mannered butcher, and she actually had dared to ask our permission for a marriage with the fellow. All of which, if it pleases your high and mighty government, is against the interests of this city, where there are just 17 young and marriageable sons of landed citizens, every one of whom is ready and more than willing to be the husband of the aforesaid widow. We, therefore, deem it our duty to lay before your high, noble and mighty government and the learned and all powerful, wise and highly respected councilors this unwarranted, treasonable and unbecoming proceeding on the part of the said widow, and humbly ask you to interfere to send the tramp Francois back to Alsace and thus restore the peace and good will to this city.

We subscribe ourselves, with undying loyalty, as your high and mighty government's humble servants."

A kind fate has kept the original of the above petition intact among the archives of the "ever loyal" city, giving proof of the sagacity, care and unselfishness of its citizens and council. After the bulky document had been dispatched quiet was restored in the borough, and the good citizens congregated once more, as usual, in the great room of the inn, where showed Mistress Lisbeth had ordered a "Metzelsuppe" of gigantic proportions to be served during her absence, which every one—burgomaster and council not excepted—enjoyed so hugely that on the following morning when his worship tried to help himself to a pinch of snuff he had to send to the inn for the princely box, having left it there the night before from sheer forgetfulness, of course.

It would make interesting and profitable reading for jurists how the "high and all powerful" government of B— disposed of the knotty question. To our sorrow and regret we have to disappoint them, for history has not handed down this important decision.

And the resolute Lisbeth and her Francois? How did they manage to enter the blissful conjugal haven? We doubt not the abbot, her godfather, was a shrewd man, who knew a thing or two. Not far from the abbot's cloister, and there she and Francois were made one, while the good citizens of B— were indulging too freely in the "Metzelsuppe."

All this is made evident by the entry in the books of the city treasury of B—, stating that on July 1, 178—, Francois—, a butcher and proprietor of the inn of the Front Room, and his lawful wife, Lisbeth, had been fined 50 guilders Rhenish for getting married at the Church of — without having first secured the consent of the council of B—, their legal abode.—From the French.

A Gladstone Interview. An English paper tells an amusing story about an interview that the correspondent of an obscure provincial paper once said he had had with Mr. Gladstone. On a certain evening the correspondent was seated on the stairs leading to the piers' gallery, when Mr. Gladstone happened to come down stairs rather late, and the correspondent, who had blocked the way the Grand Old Man said to him politely, "Will you kindly let me pass?" The question at once suggested a brilliant idea to the newspaper man. He rushed to the telegraph office and sent this dispatch to his paper: "I had a somewhat brief but profoundly interesting conversation with Mr. Gladstone last evening, meeting the right honorable gentleman in the lobby of the Grand Old Man's residence."

Electricity. Electricity is now employed by dentists in extracting teeth. To the battery are attached wires. Two of them have handles at the end, while the third is attached to the forceps. The electricity is turned on suddenly, and the dentist simultaneously applies his forceps to the tooth. The instant the tooth is touched it, as well as the surrounding parts, becomes insensible to pain. A jerk and it is out.—Popular Science News.

The Poet in Japan. Four or five years ago I stopped for the night at a little tea-house far up in the mountains of Japan. Nowhere were to be seen any railroads, European cast-off clothing or other "modern improvements," and in a walk through the village after a dinner of rice and fish I was led to believe that at last a spot had been found where things were to be as they always had been. But on returning to the village last summer there stood at the door a little maiden with a delightful smile of rejoicing, as she proudly showed in one hand an unmistakable nickel plated American alarm clock and in the other an unbroken tin foil stick of chewing gum. Verily our civilization had arrived. The next day, however, in a village even more remote, a still greater surprise awaited me, for displayed prominently, and with an admiring crowd about it, was a veritable poster, and a few more days showed that this innovation in art, if it may be so called, was common and highly popular. Every tea-house had its posters, and all the shops in the bazaars were full of them, and wherever a poster was in sight an admiring throng was sure to be seen. A new style of drawing seemed to go hand in hand with the new idea, and even an understanding of our perspective was appreciable.—"Japanese War Posters," by D. P. R. Conkling, in Century.

Humiliated. She was a well dressed young woman, who looked haughtily upon her fellow beings in the crowded cable car and seemed to marvel at the class who could habitually patronize that plebeian mode of conveyance. Those who noticed her scornfully inquiring air resented it, but not until the transfer station was reached did they have their revenge. The well dressed young woman had taken her transfer slip and crammed it into her card case absently. When she boarded the second car and the conductor demanded her ticket, she was for a moment at a loss to remember what she had done with it. Then remembering, she drew it forth, handed it to the waiting collector of fares and looked scornfully about her. He gave a look at the slip she had offered him and returned it, remarking loudly: "Fares tickets don't go on this line."

The laughty young woman had lost something of her *Veru de Vere* air by the time she had made the correction in her fare, and the plebeians who habitually patronize the cable roads were smiling happily at her.—New York Journal.

Pulley Belting. Practical observers experienced in the working of belting have generally concluded that a belt of 2 inches width and of single thickness, running on a pulley 8 inches in diameter, represents about as near a perfect belt transmission as it is possible to get with oak tanned leather belting. This may seem, it is thought, rather a favorable condition for a belt of such dimension to work under, but as far as the pliability of the belt is concerned, it is assumed that there would be no objection to the curvature of eight inches, and as for the width, one inch and a half might be considered quite narrow and three inches in width somewhat wide. It is argued, however, that if the oak tanned material will endure all this bending action while under a high speed and drawn up tight enough to show well when power is to be transmitted, then it must be expected that a pulley 16 inches in diameter, when provided with a double thick belt of 4 inches width, must give equal satisfaction.—New York Sun.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless this inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give you Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

HUMPHREYS' No. 1 Cures Fever. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Infants' Diseases. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 5 " Neuralgia. No. 6 Cures Headache. No. 10 " Dyspepsia. No. 11 " Delayed Periods. No. 12 " Leucorrhoea. No. 14 " Skin Diseases. No. 15 Cures Rheumatism. No. 16 " Malaria. No. 20 " Whooping Cough. No. 27 " Kidney Diseases. No. 30 " Urinary Diseases. No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

A Cure for Piles. We can assure all who suffer with Internal Piles that in Hemorrhoidine we have a positive cure. The treatment is unlike any thing heretofore used, and its application so perfect that every vestige of the disease is eradicated. Hemorrhoidine is a harmless compound, can be used for an eye ointment, yet possesses such healing power that when applied to the diseased parts, it at once relieves and a cure is the sure result of its continued use. All who suffer with piles suffer from Constipation also and Hemorrhoidine cures both. Price \$1.50. For sale by Druggists. Will be sent from the factory on receipt of price. Sent to THE FOSTER MEDICINE CO., Council Bluffs, Iowa, for testimonials and information. Sold by A. F. Streitz.



Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

U. P. TIME CARD. Taking effect January 28, 1895. EAST BOUND—Eastern Time. No. 2. Fast Mail... Departs 9:00 a.m. No. 4. Atlantic Express... 7:00 a.m. No. 28. Freight... 7:00 a.m.

FRENCH & BALDWIN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over N. P. N. L. Bank.

C. PATTERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office First National Bank Bldg., NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

WILCOX & HALLIGAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over North Platte National Bank.

E. NORTHROP, DENTIST. Room No. 6, Ottenstein Building, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

D. N. F. DONALDSON, Assistant Surgeon, Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. Office over Streitz's Drug Store.

CLAUDE WEINGAND, DEALER IN Coal Oil, Gasoline, Crude Petroleum and Coal Gas Tar. Leave orders at Newton's Store.

GEO. NAUMAN'S SIXTH STREET MEAT MARKET. Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

PROBATE NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of John Hawley, deceased. In the county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, May 24, 1896.

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