Semi-Weekly

Ira L. Bare, Editor and Publisher

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PAGES 11 AND

Story of Lady Hamilton. The story of Amy Lyon, the daughter of the humble Cheshire villager, who by her wondrous beauty rose to a pitch of European renown, is an astonishing instance of beauty's power. The future Lady Hamilton was christened Amy, but after trying the various changes of Amyly. Emyly and Emily finally adopted Emma and. wishing also a change of surname. christened berself Hart when at sixteen she came to London as lady's maid. After an extraordinary career of vicissitudes she came under the protection of the Hon. Charles Greville, who introduced her to Romney, who was inspired by her loveliness to paint from her some of his finest pictures. She also sat to Reynolds, Hoppner and Lawrence and to numerous artists in Italy when at twenty-eight she had become the wife of the ambassador at Naples. Sir William Hamilton. There she met Nelson, and thereafter her history is intwined with his own, She was obliged at fifty to flee from her creditors to Calais, where she died in 1815.-London Strand Magazine.

Waco and Arkansas.

Every town has a right to pronounce its name in its own way, but Texans never seemed to get together on the pronunciation of the name "Waco." Years ago Texas was represented by two senators, one of whom called the town "Way-ke." whereas the other insisted it was "Wack-ko." The rending clerks had a merry time. If the word were read one way the opposing senator would make a complaint, and vice

It recalls the time when Arkansas was represented in the senate by Garland and Wulker. One insisted that the state should be called "Arkansas," just as it is spelled. The other always insisted upon "Arkansaw." John J Ingalls, who was presiding officer of the senate in those days, had the mutter down to such a nicety that he would recognize the one as "the sena tor from 'Arkansas'" and the other as "the senator from 'Arkansaw,' " being very careful to give each senator his favorite pronunciation.-Washington Cor. St. Louis Star.

Opened His Eyes. The dapper little traveling man

tle one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Elia, and I know I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite awhile and like the place. and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel. If I did I'd quit my job. And my wages are satisfactory, and I don't know if there is a show or a dance in town tonight, and if there is I shall not go with you. and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs 200 pounds, and last week he wiped up this dining room floor with a fresh fifty dollar a month traveling man who tried to flirt with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little traveling man said coffee and some hot cakes would do .-Exchange.

Lord Southey's Guillotine.

The most eccentric action of an eccentric man was Lord Southey's cool arrangement for suicide by means of his cheek, but did not succeed in forca guillotine. He had a magnificent one ing the wind through the bugie. Shuterected in the drawing room of hishouse in the Rue du Luxembourg at laid with gold and silver, the framework carved with artistic skill; the knife, sharp as a razor, was of polished and ornamented steel. Preparing for ease the knife. But the spring failed tain: to work, and the would be suicide decided to give the guillotine to a museum instead of making a second attempt to end his life. It is said that he made an annual pilgrimage to see the guillotine until the end of his life.

How the Chinese Preserve Grapes. To preserve grapes the Chinese cut a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is cleaned out, the grapes placed inside and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then put in a cool place, and the grapes retain their freshness for a long time. Careful selection of the pumpkin is requisite, the common field pumpkin, however, being well adapted for the purpose.

Quite Willing to Migrate. a traveler passing through a fever infected locality said to an Irish rest-

"Pat, I'm surprised that you stay in place where people die so thick and

"Faith," rejoined Pat, "if you'll be afther tellin' me av a plate where payple niver die Ofil move there to-morry an' end me dhys."

Tribune STICK TO YOUR TRADE

By B. CRITTENDEN LYTLE. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-ciation.]

We move in ruts. Getting accustom ed to one kind of work, we are unfitted for another. Let a husband ask his wife to buy him a few cigars and the wrappers will likely be paper colored, to look like tobacco leaf. Let a wife ask her husband to hire a maid and, though she may be comely, she will have to be got rid of instanter.

One would suppose that all soldiering is alike. Nothing of the kind. An infantryman knows nothing about cannon; an artilleryman knows nothing

about the signal service. These remarks are a preface to the recital of an attempt to make a fighter out of a musician-an army musician. Jacob Gobeler was a bugler in one of the regular regiments. When the regiment was preparing to go to Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war he became ambitious to be a real soldier instead of a tooter. His sergeaut told him that he had better stick to his bugle, but Jacob said that when a bugler was killed in battle there was no glory in his death. He preferred to die with weapons in his hands instead of a bugle.

So Jacob became a soldier and was in the first battle fought after the troops landed near Santiago. Unfortunately it was his first fight, and he was rattled. Men were being shot down beside him by an enemy they could not see. Some of the corps were getting back; others were standing. Jacob got it into his head that he should sound a retreat. Putting his hand back to grasp his trigle, he found a revolver instead. Putting the muzzle into his mouth, he tried to blow. In his excitement he must have pulled the trigger, for he was brought to his senses by feeling something warm on his jaw, and, putting his hand there, he found blood pouring from a hole in his cheek, The wonder was that the bullet had not gone through the vertebrae at the back of his neck and killed him. He must have blown through a corner of

his mouth. Jacob was in a hospital till pretty near the end of the war. It would have been better for him to return to the duties of a bugler, but the hole in his cheek didn't close up, and an attempt to blow a bugle would send all the wind out at the side of his face instead of through his bugle.

When Jacob returned to duty be found it impossible to explain to his comrades how he came by the hole in his cheek. The story got out, and he was laughed at. This fired him with a desire to redeem himself. He longed for an opportunity, and the opportunity came. There was no lack of fighting around Santiago. True, the Spanish and American forces were standing off from one another, but lay now almost at death's door. glanced at the ment and then tooked there were sorties and charges. One with his bugler at his heels blowing each respiration. his orders when suddenly the bugle from his horse. The colonel, seeing his pulse now?" bugler knocked out, looked about for another, but there was none at hand. The captain of Jacob's company, real-

izing his predicament, cried out: "We've got a bugler here, colonel.

Gobeler, get up there on that horse!" Gobeler, obedient and forgetting that he had been disqualified to blow orders by his wound, picked up the bugle, mounted the horse and placed himself directly in the colonel's rear. The Spaniards were preparing to crush the American troops on that part of the field. The colonel saw a brigade of the enemy swinging round on his right to get in his rear and gave Jacob he was not very hungry and a cup of an order to signal a change of front. Jacob put his bugle to his lips and blew, but there was no sound. All the wind was going out through the hole

in his cheek. The colonel looked at him in surprise and anger. Jacob clapped his hand to ting his mouth, he put the bugle to the hole in his cheek. Since no wind could Paris. The machine was of ebony in- get out through his mouth it went through his cheek. At any rate, enough of it got through the bugle to faintly sound the colonel's order. But Jacob's delay gave the enemy an addeath, his lordship had his hair cut vantage that pretty nearly caused the close, and, clothed in a robe of white capture of the regiment. It was saved silk, he kneeled upon the platform un- only by support coming in the nick der the knife before a mirror and of time. When the fighting was over pressed the spring which should re- the colonel called out to Jacob's cap-

> "Keep that man in the ranks, captain. He's no good for a bugler."

"He was a good bugler, colonel, but he insisted on going into the ranks. The first thing he did was to try to blow a signal on his pistol and shot a hole in his cheek. Now he's no good for either a soldier or a bugier."

After this episode Jacob was so ridiculed by the men that he tried to get himself killed in order to escape their jokes. To make matters worse it seemed that all the buglers in the army were getting shot, and the commanding officers were always sending for men who could sound the calls. It was constantly: "Say, Gobeler, you can blow a bugle, can't you? Oh. I forgot. You ruined your wind trying to blow down the muzzle of a pistol." These and other references to his misfortune so worked upon Jacob that he gave up trying to be a hero and concluded to sink into an inferior bugler. Going to the hospital, he secured a hot water bag and turned it into a wind bag. making a close connection with rubber bands between its mouth and that of his bugle. Then he offered himself to his colonel to sound calls, and, there being uo one else to fill the place, Jacob was accepted. As soon as the war

HIS BUMPS.

The Explanation Given by the Book on Phrenology.

They were newly married and were calling upon one of the friends of the bride who had been particularly pleasant upon the occasion of their wed-The bridegroom, apropos of nothing, began to talk about phrenology and told how his wife had discovered two very prominent bumps on the back of his head. He was proud of them. So was she, and she passed him around that the host and hostess might feel the bumps and know of their existence. Then she explained:

"My book on phrenology says that they mean good memory and generos-

It was evident that she was proud of the facts, and so was he. But the host, being of an inquiring turn of mind, wished to satisfy himself, so he got down a phrenological work from one of his library shelves and after much labor found the bumps on the chart. Turning to the notes, he read, seriously at first, then unsteadily. The bride became suspicious, but she was game and said:

"Read it out loud. Please do!" And the host read: "These bumps are most frequently

found on cats and monkeys." Other topics consumed the remainder of the visit, which was brief .-New York Sun.

THE CABINET LEAK.

Daniel Webster Was Not Long In Dis covering Its Source.

Once years ago, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state, there was an important foreign matter up for dis cussion before the cabinet, and the utmost secrecy was of course maintained, but the whole thing was blazoned about in a few hours after the cabinet meeting. So the president hastily sent for his cabinet to talk over this leak. Each man had a different idea of it.

Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying, "You, gentlemen, go on with your discussion, and I'll be back in a minute.' In a few minutes he returned and repeated every word that had been spoken in the room in his absence. He explained that if by standing close to the door outside the cabinet room you held your ear to it you could not distinguish one intelligible word, but if moving back from the door and a little to one side upon a certain spot in the carpet you kept an attentive ear every word could be plainly heard as though whispered. Some enterprising eavesdropper had been experimenting with the door and had found that upon that exact spot there was some acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the sound in perfect entirety.

"Going-Going"-The auctioneer had auctioneered for the last time, for he was very ill and

Beside his bed stood the doctor and at the pretty waltress. "Nice day, lit- day Jacob was in some very thick the auctioneer's wife, anxiously watchfighting. The colonel was racing about ing each symptom, each movement.

> "Doctor," hoarsely whispered the dropped from his hand and he fell hammer wielder's wife, "what is his

The doctor raised the patient's wrist. "His pulse," he answered, "is now going at 104." The auctioneer sat up excitedly in

'Going at 104!" he cried feebly. "Going at 104! Who'll make it 105? Do I hear 105 for a pulse that has been running stendily for forty-seven years and never once stopped? Will you bid 105? Who'll make it 105?"

But no one made it 105. And a min ute later the auctioneer was going-going-gone!-Exchange.

How Eskimo Women Die.

On her first entrance to her new hu of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow contines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her, upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companioning with her, may re fresh itself with food; but, starving and freezing, her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perisb alone.-Harper's Bazar.

Paying For the Spots. "I conceived a perfectly dandy scheme for saving my table linen and teaching Jack to be dainty about his carving," said a young married woman. "Every time he gets a spot on the tablecloth I have him cover it with coin. The larger the spot the larger the coin, and more often than not it takes paper money to cover it all. Then Norah takes up the money when she clears the table, and we save it up to buy kitchen utensils." - New York Press.

Think It Over.

Fuddy-What a happy world this would be if more of us got what we wanted! Dudy-Yes, or else fewer of us got what we deserved. - Boston Transcript.

Comforting the Sick. Louise Jebb-And tell Tom not to worry about me. Mary-I did. He said he wouldn't "The horrid brute!"-Life.

The song that nerves a nation's

THE CULPRIT?

BY SALLY MENDUM. Copyright, 1919 by American Press Assec

All Petersvicie was ringing with the number of the Mengher, an old man who lived mone in his cottage on the outskirs of the fown Miller, the head of a detective firm in the city, twenty miles distant, was called for by the town authorities. He went up, looked the matter over, came to an agreement with the mayor and promised to put some one on the case immediately. He was taking his supper in a private room in a restaurant when the door opened and a man of rather seedy appearance entered.

"Mr. Miller, 4 believe," said the new comer.

"I am. What can I do for you?" "I was in the detective business once and I'm trying to get into it again. I'd like to take hold of this Meagher case." "I'm going to send a man up to at-

tend to It." The seedy individual pulled a letter from his pocket and handed it to the detective to read. It was a certificate from a detective firm that Joel Zimmerman had worked for it and done good service.

Miller's bargain with the mayor had been largely contingent upon tracking and capturing the murderer, a not very profitable way to do business. It oc curred to him that if he could get this person cheap he would let him work for awhile-at least long enough to make some development. Besides, the man told him that he suspected a certain person and would look for a clew in that direction. He felt so confident in the matter that he offered to work without pay unless he made a valuable discovery, but stipulated that he should have the field to himself No other detective should be put on the case. On these terms Mr. Miller engaged him and went back to the

city to attend to other matters that promised more certain results. Joe Avery, a nephew of the murder ed man, lived in Petersville, a much respected young man, with a very nice wife and two very pretty children. One day while walking on the street he picked up a ten dollar bill. He was in hard luck at the time and very much delighted at his find. The bill was partly spent for ment at a butcher shop. The same afternoon Avery was arrested for the murder of his uncle on information furnished by Zimmerman. The detective produced a list of bills, giving their numbers, that he said be had found in an unused chimney in the murdered man's house. The list was supposed to refer to \$7,000 that the old man kept there. The theory was that the money had been taken by the murderer, who had unwittingly left the list.

Everybody in the town was surprised at Avery's arrest, and no one at first believed him guilty. It was not supposed that his uncle had any money, and if he had the murderer was the only one who could have known of it.

There was a strong case of circumstancial evidence against Avery, but it was weakened by Zimmerman himself, who under cross examination contradicted himself as to how, where and when he had found the list. Experts disagreed whether it was or was not in the handwriting of Meagher. By throwing doubt upon this evidence the prisoner's attorney saved his client from a verdict of guilty. The jury disagreed, but in order to avoid the expense of another trial brought in a ver-

dict of not guilty. Avery had no doubt that he had been made the victim of a plot and as soon as he gained his liberty set about a bit of detective work to discover the author. The first fact he noticed was that with his acquittal the case was dropped. The authorities believed that the murderer had been discovered, but that his acquittal was a case of "not proved" rather than "not guilty." The detective who worked up the case against him had dropped the matter and was now working for the Miller detective agency that had employed him. Indeed, every one seemed satisfied to let the matter rest except the man who had narrowly escaped the gallows and was in consequence living under the ban of being a murderer. These were the reasons that induced Avery to take up the case on his own account.

Avery made up his mind that his uncle had been a hoarder. Indeed, he remembered certain incidents to indicate that such was the case. Some one had discovered that the old man had money in his possession and had robbed and murdered him to get possession of it. If his uncle had saved money possibly he might have had something to do with some bank. He sent out a circular letter to all the banks in the state asking if Timothy Meagher had any deposits there. Seven savings banks replied that bank books to the aggregate amount of \$260,000 had been issued to one Timothy J. Meagher. Avery did not suppose that his uncle had a middle name, but searched the family records and found that he had. It was John.

Avery was astounded. He was also delighted-delighted for two reasons. First, he was his uncle's legal beir and would be rich; second, his uncle had undoubtedly had some money in his house and had been robbed as well as murdered. Could be find this robber he would be exonerated and rich.

He first took steps to secure his

uncle's fortune, then offered \$25,000 reward for the murderer. The reward brought a letter from the murderer's accomplice stating that he would give up his principal if not prosecuted himself. His terms were

accepted, and he sent in the name. It was Joel Zimmerman. Fight months later Zimmerman was

THE PLANET VENUS.

Night Eternal Reigns Over One-half of Her Globe.

To have the same hemisphere exposed everlastingly to sunlight while the other is in perpetulty turned away must cause a state of things of which we can form but faint conception from what we know on earth. Baked for left. acons without letup and still baking, the sunward face must if unshielded be a Tophet surpassing our powers adequately to portray. And unshielded it must be, as we shall presently see. Reversely the other must be a hyperborean expanse to which our polar regions are temperate abodes, for upon one whole hemisphere of Venus the sun never shines, never so much as peeps above the star studded horizon. Night eternal reigns over half of her globe. The thought would appall the most intrepld of our arctic explorers and prevent at least everybody from going to the pole, or, rather, what here replaces it, "through the dark continent." It exemplifies the eventual effects of a force in astronomical mechanics the importance of which is only beginning to be appreciated, tidal friction. It has brought Venus as a world to the deathly pass we have contemplated together. Starting merely as a brake upon her rotation, it has ended by destroying all those physical conditions which enable our own world to be what it is. Night and day, summer and winter, heat and cold, are vital vicissitudes unknown now upon our sister orb. There nothing changes while the centuries pass. An eternity of deadly deathlessness is Venus' statuesque lot.-Dr. Percival Lowell in Popular Science.

OLE BULL

Not a Classical Player, but He Bewitched His Hearers.

The truth is that Ole Bull was not a classical player. As I remember him, he could not play in strict tempo. Like Chopin, he induiged in the rubato and Notice to Patrons of The Farmer Line abused the portamento. But he knew his public. America, particularly in the regions visited, was not in the mood for sonatas or concertos. "Old eler" were the mode. Bull played them both, played jigs and old tunes, roused the echoes with the "Star Spangled Banner" and Irish melodies. He played such things beautifully, and it paid in full monthly. would have been musical snobbery to say that you didn't like them. You couldn't help yourself. The grand old

fellow bewitched you. He was a handsome Merlin, with a touch of the charlatan and a touch of Liszt in his tall, willowy figure, small waist and heavy head of hair. Such white hair! It tumbled in masses about his kindly face like one of his native Norwegian cataracts. He was the most picturesque old man I ever saw except Walt Whitman, at that time a steady attendant of the Carl Gaertner string quartet concerts in Philadelphia. (And what Walt didn't know about music he made up in his love for stray dogs. He was seldom without canine company.)-James Huneker in Everybody's Magazine.

A Lesson For Nellie.

tis and her cousin, Martha Dandridge appeared at the table in their morning gowns, but no comment was made upon it until a coach was seen ap proaching and the visitors, some French officers of high rank and Charles Carroll, Jr., of Carrollton, one of Miss Custis' ardent suitors, were announced. Instantly the girls, in a flutter of excitement, begged to be excused in order to change their gowns, but Mrs. Washington shook her head. "No," she said. "Remain as you are A costume good enough for President Washington is good enough for any guest of his." Needless to say, Miss Nellie never overlooked her proper garb for dinner again. - National Monthly.

Sensible Sandy. While passing by an old fashioned inn in Scotland the tourists were attracted by an ancient bagpiper, who playing and looked up in astonish have at low prices. ment. "Havers, mon, ye dinna understand! If ma bagpoipes wor in good tune the inn mon winna give me 2 shillings to move on."

a one to two miles an hour breeze is blowing. A three miles an hour wind will just stir the leaves on the trees. Twenty-five miles an hour will sway the trunks; at forty the small branches will break, and it takes a mile a minute gale to snap the trunks of big trees.—London Answers.

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1. London Answers. blowing. A three miles an hour wind

Advice.

For the next fifteen days all our ladies' suits, ladies' misses' and children's cloaks and furs will be cut to onehalf the former price. Come early for we have not many THE LEADER.

McDONALD STATE BANK.

Doubles Its Paid Up Capital Stock-Notice is hereby given that on January 11th, 1910, the McDonald State Bank of North Platte, Nebraska, by a vote of all of the shares of stock cast at its regular annual meeting, increased its paid-up Capital Stock from \$50,000.00 to the full \$100,000.00 authorized by its Articles of Incorporation.

MCDONALD STATE BANK, By Chas. McDonald, President. Attest: W. H. McDonald, Cashier.

DOUBLES ITS PAID-UP CAPITAL STOCK. Maxwell State Bank of Maxwell, Nebraska.

Notice is hereby given that on January 12th, 1910, the Maxwell State Bank of Maxwell, Nebraska, by a vote of all of the shares of stock cast at its annual meeting, increased its paid-up capital stock from \$5,000.00 to the full \$10,000.00 authorized by its Articles of

MAXWELL STATE BANK. By W. H. McDonald, Pres. Attest: W. C. Plumer, Cashier.

Notice.

Tri-County Telephone Rates-Gandy to North Platte 35 cents, Gandy to Loudon's (Myrtle) 15 cents. Loudon's to North Platte 20 cents. Always ask for the Metallic Line. Best of service guaranteed.

of the Tri-County Telephone Co.

On and after March 1st, 1910, all parties owning phones on said line will Dan Tucker" and the "Arkansaw Trav- be held responsible for all messages sent over these lines by outside parties from their phones. Rate is 20 cents for each message. All bills must be



Offering Cigars

to your guests is a risky proposition unless you know the cigars. To be al-Mrs. Washington was a strict disci- ways on the safe side keep a box of plinarian about certain matters and our Forest King brand in your house. among other things always required They are cigars which experienced the members of the household to fol- smokers declare the best for the money low the example of her husband and they ever knew. No danger of ofdress for dinner, which was at 3 fending your guests if you offer him a Forest King.

J. F. SCHMALZRIED,



A Good Road Horse

that is well fed and well groomed, surewas tooting atrocious sounds through footed and equal to any emergency we an instrument that was both dilani. Will rent you at any time that you wish dated and squeaky. "Great Jericho, to indulge in a satisfactory and pleasur-Sandyl' exclaimed one in desperation, able drive. We have all kinds of "Why don't you have your bagpipes vehicles in the latest styles, and that repaired?" And the old man ceased are rich and handsome, that you can

A. M. Lock

Wind Velocity.

The majority of people are unable to determine the wind's velocity. When the smoke from a chimney moves in a straight, vertical column, it means that the control of the column of the district court of Lincoln county. Nebras-to-the smoke from a chimney moves in a Guardian and Lots 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, block straight, vertical column, it means that Lincoln County. Nebraska, are described to two miles an long breeze is fendants, and to be directed. I will on the

"Nobody listens to advice."

"You're wrong. One fellow always does."

"Who's that?"

"The fellow who's giving it."—Clevery land Leader.

No Difference.

Jinks—Which women have the worst tempers, blonds or brunettes? Binks—My wife has been both, and I could not see my difference.—New York Thats. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION