

Norfolk Man Purchased by Government

There is a man living in Norfolk who is the property of the United States Government. At least, he was once bought and paid for in actual cash by the American government. He is an old pioneer and the incident of his purchase is unique among the many unusual adventures that befell the early settlers of Nebraska.

Peter Campbell, living at 1005 South Third street, with his twin brother, Daniel, and two sisters, was captured fifty years ago by a band of Ogallala Sioux Indians while living in Platte Valley near the site of Fort Kearney and held in the main camp of the Indians for three months for a ransom. They were finally released when the government paid the price asked for them.

"I can recall the time as tho it were but yesterday," said Mr. Campbell. "To begin with, I was born in Scotland. Our family had heard of America and her wonderful opportunities and so we emigrated here. Our family consisted of father, mother, four sisters and my two brothers. We journeyed by boat and rail to St. Joe and came by the old river boat up the Missouri. We were met by my father's brother who lived in the western part of the state and with an ox team finally reached the Platte valley near the old site of Fort Kearney. The fort contained about ten soldiers, not nearly enough to even make showing had the Indians cared to make a raid on us.

"My mother died the next year, 1836, and my father took an old wagon box and constructed a rude confarmta. She now lies buried on the old farm in the valley. My cousin now lives on the farm.

"In the spring of 1867 my father journeyed to Nebraska City where the government land office was stationed and here he took out naturalization papers and registered for a homestead.

"July came and with it the harvest. On July 24 the harvest was begun on a farm six miles from home and all the available hands were needed to follow the new reaper that one of the farmers owned. This reaper

cut the grain the men coming behind and binding it into bundles by hand. The man who owned such a wonderful machine could have all his grain put up just for cutting the grain of his neighbors. My oldest brother, John, and my father went away to help, leaving us children under the care of my oldest sisters.

"We were playing, as I remember, in the afternoon and suddenly the Indians were upon us. Four of us were picked up or dragged along with the party of eight. One of my sisters, about nine years old, had presence of mind enough to run and hide when she saw the redmen coming and fortunately they did not find her. We were hurried along on foot for some distance up into some small hills where another Indian was waiting with some ponies. We were tied upon these and then began a long, long ride.

"We traveled all the afternoon and all the night, stopping only for a short time at creeks in order that the Indians might water their horses. Morning came and still we did not pause, going on and on southwest all the day. At night we paused for a few hours, but soon resumed our journey, finally coming into the main camp of the Sioux late in the afternoon of the following day. Here we were sent to different families to live in the camp. They would not let us be together for fear we might, somehow, I don't know how, escape. Yes, probably, one of us went to the mayor, the other to one of the councilmen and maybe they sent me to live with the city treasurer. We were allowed to play together in the daytime, that is, my twin brother, Daniel, and I were, but we seldom saw our sisters and when we did, an old squaw was always near to keep us from talking confidentially. My brother and I had great times playing with the little bucks. They were crack shots with the bow and arrow and I have seen them shoot and kill—and they were little fellows, too—blackbirds, high up in trees. Then they would give us the bow and arrow and ask us to shoot. We tried and I remember I

wept many tears over the fact I could never kill a thing with the weapons. "The Indians were fairly good to us. The big buck or father of the family with whom I stayed whipped me twice with a regular willow stick because I took something his little daughter was playing with away from her. I was always careful after that not to bother her or anyone else.

"We lived with the Indians about three months. Finally one day about twenty-five soldiers came riding in to camp and after some quarreling and bickering money was exchanged and my brother and sisters and myself became virtually the property of the government." — Lincoln State Journal.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE DRINK HOT TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.

RUB RHEUMATISM FROM STIFF, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Oil

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a 25 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

VALIANT RED MAN HAD ANOTHER AFFAIR

Voit and Brennan Fined \$100 and \$50 and Costs by Judge Tash for Attack on Indian

The ways of the white man are still perplexing and disturbing to Ignacio Ribberro, the Indian who claims to have been beat up and robbed of \$100 here last week, says the Bridgeport News-Blade in commenting on that fact. Ribberro lives in Banner county, near Hackberry grove. A few years ago Ignacio gathered up a maiden in true Indian fashion and started for Bridgeport where he expected to have the rites performed to make her his squaw forever. The maiden happened to be a white girl, aged sixteen or seventeen years, and her parents inconsiderately objected to her becoming the mother of a race of warriors at that age. The parents took undue advantage of Ignacio by using the telephone, the mystic properties of which Ignacio stood in ignorance, and when the Indian lover and his would-be bride reached the city limits of Bridgeport, they were received with open arms by the officers of the law and the amorous desires of the young Indian were defeated so the officers think.

In telling of Ignacio's visit to Alliance the News-Blade before telling the story of the supposed fight and robbery says: Now, a few days ago, Ignacio made a pilgrimage to Alliance, and while there he journeyed up and down the great white way on Box Butte avenue, stopping frequently to pay due homage at the shrines of Bacchus, Budweiser, et al., when things began to happen to him.

One Case Dismissed

The state cases against W. H. Voit, Ed Brennan, Clarence Morgan and Ed Dillon, charging them with robbery of Ignacio Ribberro, the Indian, here last week were dismissed and were not brought to trial owing to insufficient evidence. The hearings were to have been held Friday morning before Judge Ira E. Tash in county court. However, Voit and Brennan were charged with assault and battery in the same affair and were brought before Judge Tash Friday morning for preliminary hearing. They promptly plead guilty and Judge Tash lost no time in pronouncing sentence. Voit was fined \$100, being the leader of the fight, and Brennan \$50, the cost of \$15.30 to be paid by the two defendants.

Judge Tash stated, when about to name the penalty, that he felt it was not necessary to give his reasons for assessing the fines as he was about to do. He said the man on the street knew about as much about the case as the court and the court probably knew about as much about it as the man on the street. Judge Tash gave Voit the stiffer fine, saying there was no doubt in his mind but what Voit was the leader of the gang.

In commenting on this and other cases, Judge Tash said to a Herald reporter, "I'm going to break up this lawlessness or I'll break Box Butte county." In view of the fact that the county is ahead about \$300 on fees assessed by Judge Tash, it looks like his plan of action will have a two-fold effect. The money collected in fines goes to the school fund.

Calling cards for the ladies are printed promptly and neatly at The Herald office. The prices are reasonable. Phone 340 for samples and prices, or call at the office.

RETURNS VERDICT OF "MANSLAUGHTER" KNAPP SWINGS AT JAW OF HOLD-UP MAN

Defendant in Scottsbluff County Murder Trial Tells Graphic Story of Shooting

The case of the State vs Marguerite Tuttle, wherein Mrs. Tuttle was accused of the murder of her husband on the night of July 31, 1916, was heard in the District Court at Gering last week with the result that the jury returned a verdict of "manslaughter," which is punishable by a sentence of from one to ten years.

The jury was composed of Phillip Ford, J. F. Mills, Steve Lowly, A. H. Hamilton, D. D. Davis, F. D. Scofield, J. C. Allison, E. O. Carpenter, G. E. Whittaker, and W. W. Mills. County Attorney Robert G. Simmans, assisted by William Morrow conducted the prosecution, while H. Leslie Smith of this city, assisted by ex-county attorney G. E. Hager of Lincoln, were the attorneys for the defense.

The prosecution used the same witnesses that were used at the time of the coroner's inquest, and at the preliminary hearing, in which it was shown that the defendant, Mrs. Tuttle, came to the city on the Friday preceding the tragedy, and that she met her former husband, Clifford Tuttle, on Monday, July 31, at about 1 o'clock; that at that time they were heard quarreling; that the two had trouble again in the evening in front of Brown's drug store, at which time Mrs. Tuttle slapped at Tuttle; that later in the evening Mrs. Tuttle met Tuttle in front of the Scottsbluff National bank, and that the defendant and the deceased went east from there together; that they went a block east and turned north and went to the back of the building then being constructed for Joseph Brothers, where Mrs. Tuttle shot him twice with a .32 caliber revolver, one ball entering the left side just below the left nipple, and the second entering the body on the right side just under the arm. Those who were first on the scene of the tragedy found them both. He was dying, and she was holding his head, talking to the authorities and was taken to Gering by the chief of police. She has since been in custody in that city.

Defendant Testifies

Mrs. Tuttle, testifying in her own defense, said that she had twice married the deceased, and was twice divorced from him, the last time in March preceding the tragedy; that she met him for the first time since the last divorce on the day of the tragedy; that they had quarreled at the first meeting over some money she had loaned him, and threatened to have him arrested on the charge of "white slavery" if he did not pay her; that she met him later in front of Brown's drug store, where she slapped him and where he threatened to knock her through the window; that she later met him and asked him to have a talk with her; that they went around to the scene of the shooting, and that he asked her what she wanted of the money; that she told him that she wanted the money to go to the springs for treatment; that he caught her by the throat and wrist and said, "When I get through with you, you won't need to go to the Springs;" that he pushed her back, and that she thought he was going to kill her and throw her body into the cellar; that she jerked her right arm away and drew the revolver, which

she always carried, and shot him in self defense.

KNAPP SWINGS AT JAW OF HOLD-UP MAN

Bandits Put to Flight in Fistic Battle With Former Alliance Barber and Friend

Alliance people will be interesting in reading of the latest escapade of Frank Knapp, a former Alliance barber, as reported by the Omaha World-Herald. Those that know Knapp say his latest stunt is strictly in keeping with his character, and that it "sounds just like him." The World-Herald says:

In a fight with two hold-up men on South 13th street Tuesday evening between Douglas and Farnam streets, R. L. Hyland of Rushville, Neb., stopping at the Castle hotel, and Frank Knapp, 315 South 36th street, emerged victorious, although each is possessed of an exceedingly black eye. The attempted hold-up occurred in front of the Omaha National bank headquarters, shortly after 9 o'clock.

In search of some visiting friends the two men had made the rounds of the hotels, and were returning to the Loyal from the Millard hotel, when accosted by a negro and white man who emerged from the shadow of a doorway.

"Hold up your hands," commanded the negro, and Knapp swung his jaw. The holdup was a little quicker in connecting, and landed a blow on Knapp's right eye, precipitating him into the gutter.

Hyland was undergoing a similar experience with the white man, who struck him over the right eye. The two holdups then fled, with their prospective victims running after them.

"We were a little lame in the night," said Knapp yesterday morning as he applied a fresh porfhorhouse to his eye, "or we would have caught them."

Following the incident both men returned to the hotel, procured arms and started in search of the culprit, but their search was in vain. All the streets were brilliantly lighted, and there were many pedestrians about, the two would-be-robbers had a clear path in making their getaway.

Hot Water Each Morning Puts Roses in Your Cheeks



To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning to flush from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations and poisonous toxins before it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not eliminated, forms toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

● If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste material and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Girls and women with sallow skin, liver spots, pimples or pallid complexion, also those who wake up with coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headachy, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphated water drinking and are assured of very pronounced results in one or two weeks.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and freshens the skin on the outside, hot water and limestone phosphate act on the inside organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

Women who desire to enhance the beauty of their complexion should justify this for a week and notice results.

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