D.A. BAKER, Sheriff of Lincoln county, Nebrask

U. P. TIME TABLE.
GOING MAST.
No. 8—Atlantic Express Dept 12:30 A. No. 6—Chicago Express 6:30 A. No. 4—Fast Mail 850 A. No. 2—Limited 10:05 A. No. 28—Freight 7:50 A. No. 18—Freight 6:00 P. No. 22—Freight 4:05 A.
GOING WEST-MOUNTAIN TIME.
No. 7—Pacific Express Dept 4:40A. No. 5—Denver Express 10:30 P. No. 1—Limited 10:00 P. No. 21—Freight 4:30 P. No. 23—Freight 5:10 A. N. B. OLDS. Age

ORIMES & WILCOX,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA Office over North Platte National Bank. H. CHURCH,

LAWYER. NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA

Office: Hinman Block, Spruce Street. R. N. F. DONALDSON.

Amistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board, Office over Streitz's Drug Store.

WM. EVES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA

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Monuments, Headstones, Curbing, Building Stone, And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery Work.

Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and esti-mates freely given.

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MARKET

Meats at wholesale and re-Fish and Game in magnitude.—St. Louis Repulbic. season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

I. A. FORT, Has 200,000 acres of U. P. R. R. land for sale on the ten year plan. Call and see him if you want a bargain.

E. B. WARNER,

Funeral Director.

AND EMBALMER.

A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock. NORTH PLATTE, - NEBBRSKA.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS AT VENICE.

The Famous Archway Around Which Re In the heart of Venice, between the magnificent palace of the doges and the grim walls of the old prison, flow the dark waters of the Rio del Palazzo and across the canal stretches the Bridge of Sighs-connecting link between the splendors of a palace and the terrors of the dungeon, the torture chamber and the heading block. One of the most noticeable points about this bridge is the fact that it is closed in, thus proving all stories of suicides committed from

it to be fabulous. This fact robs the Bridge of Sighs of one of its most romantic associationsof its pretty legends of grief laden mortals heaving their last sigh upon its parapet and ending their sorrowing lives in the black waters beneath it. From without the bridge, with its archlike form, its ornamental stonework, its grotesquely carved heads and its small square windows filled in with iron tracery, presents a rather fine appearance, but the interior is strictly devoid of ornament and has not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

During our visit to Venice of course we included the doges' palace and the dungeons in our programme. After wandering for some time through the vast halls and beautiful saloons of the old Venetian palace we passed over the Bridge of Sighs on our way to the gloomy cells. The bridge seemed to be little more than a narrow passage between two thick walls of stone, and unless you stepped up onto the slightly raised stonework which runs along beneath the tiny windows on either side and caught a glimpse of the canal without you might easily take it for an ordinary passage within the palace. At the far end of the bridge our progress was barred by a grim looking oaken doornail studded, age blackened and of immense thickness-guarding the entrance to the dungeons. Our guides came to a halt. There was a jingling of keys, a lighting of torches; then the great door swung slowly back, and we passed into the darkness beyond. When next we passed the ancient door and crossed the Bridge of Sighs, it was with the memory of those terrible cells, those fearful dungeons where the hapless prisoners endured the most horrible tortures that tyranny could devise or brutality in-

I remember strolling, on the last evening of our holiday in Venice, along the Piazza San Marco and making my farewell look at the Bridge of Sighs. It was a summer evening, hot and sultry, while the fast gathering clouds, dense and inky, betokened an approaching storm. I had just reached the Ponte della Paglia and was gazing at the Bridge of Sighs when a tremendous peal of thunder rent the heavens, seeming to shake the city to its very founda-

tions with its violence. Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning lit up the palace, bridge and dungeous with its lurid flare. For an instant the bridge stood out with dazzling distinctness, while the lightning played on its traceried windows; then all seemed dark. And this was the last I saw of the Bridge of Sighs .- Newcastle Chron-

A Postman's First Attempt. A route is given to you, and just about this time it begins to dawn upon you that perhaps you could not cover the route in half the time the regular man did, and before you got half a block away you got mixed up because you couldn't work your papers in with your letters, to say nothing of several small packages in your bag. You found yourself chasing up and down the street, and in order to make up the time you were losing you began to plunge, and the more you plunged the more you got mixed up and the botter you got, and once, when you stood still looking for a number, a little boy asked you whom

you were looking for. Dreadful, wasn't And when you got back an hour or so behind the regular man's time you were sure it was the heaviest route in the office, and you felt like fainting when you were told that it was the easiest. And owing to your inability to make time you had to double up with your partner, so that you worked all day long, from before sunrise until long after sunset. You got no lunch except a few mouthfuls you grabbed in passing rent. CURE GUARANTEED. from a free lunch counter, and when you got home you were so tired, so hungry and so disgusted with your first day at the business that you would have resigned forthwith, but, aye! there was the rub.-Postal Record.

Chinese Visiting Cards 1,000 Years Ago. The Chinese, who seem to have known most of our new ideas, used visiting cards 1,000 years ago, but their cards were very large, and not really the prototypes of our visiting cards, as they were on soft paper and tied with ribbon. Venice seems to have been the first city in Europe to use cards. Some dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century are preserved in a mu-seum there. The German cities followed the Venetian custom in 100 years or so, then London followed suit-actually followed suit, for the first visiting cards in Great Britain were playing cards, or parts of such cards, bearing the name of the bestower on the back. They were first used in England about 1700. We do not know when they were first used in this country, probably not long after their first introduction into British society.-St. Louis Globe-

Infinitesimal Webs. Mexico, the land of Montezuma. vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little araneida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 100 of them to equal a common hair in

Not a Good Substitute. Guide-Ladies and gentlemen, right here among these cliffs is a wonderful echo. A pistol shot is repeated 15 times. Is there a gentleman here from the west. If so, will be please discharge his pistol? Man From Kentucky-I don't go much on a gun, but if you can use a 'leven inch bowie knife I've got one

Industries. Herds of Elephants. Sir Gerald Portal says that between the coast and Uganda the supply of elephant tusks in Africa is "apparently almost inexhaustible." Enormous numbers of elephants are in the country still. One of the officers of his expedition, while exploring the country west of Mongo, saw more than 300 in one herd.

right on hand in my boot.-American

The history of gardening from the most ancient days is likely to be illustrated at Versailles during the great Paris exhibition of 1900. There is plenty of space in the grounds, while the lakes would give ample scope for the display of floating gardens such as the Aztecs and the Chinese loved to arrange | - Exchange

IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

WHEN THEATRICAL TICKET SPECU-LATORS WERE IN CLOVER.

Was One of Jimmy Hyde's, Whom All Old Time New York Show People Know

"The palmy days of the ticket speculator are over," said the old theatrical man. "There's nothing in the business nowadays. Newpaper criticisms, the result of public sentiment, were the first things to kill the business, and it never has and never will revive. Why, it was nothing in the old times for a man to make \$25 and \$50 in a night speculating. It wasn't necessary, either, for a man to stand in with the box office in order to make money, as speculators have to nowadays. A speculator could be stuck with 15 or 20 tickets and still make some profit. So far as making money now, though, there is little in it. A speculator is in luck if he can knock out \$3 a night. All of the old timers who made big money speculating years ago are either dead or in other branches of the business now. A trickier or smarter crowd of fellows than some of the old time speculators

could not be found. "About the most successful game ever saw worked by a speculator was the scheme gotten up by Jimmy Hyde, then prominent among ticket specula-tors, to beat the French ball. Jimmy, who is now with the Casino, made up his mind that it would be an easy thing beat the ball out of several hundred dollars. Max Hirsch, who was then and is now treasurer of the Metropolitan Opera House, was telling Hyde about the elaborate arrangements that were being made for the French ball that year, and how it was bound to be a great success on account of the entire suspension of the free list, when Hyde exclaimed: 'Suspend the free list, eh? Well, you can suspend and be darned, but just the same I'm going to pass in at least 15 people.' 'I'll bet you don't pass in a soul, barring yourself,' replied Hirsch.

"The result was a heavy wager, Hyde betting that he would pass in at least 10 strangers for nothing, giving none of them tickets or passes. Every one who heard of the bet laughed at Hyde, but Jimmy simply smiled and said nothing. Those who knew Jimmy Hyde felt confident that he would succeed in doing what he had boasted he could do, although nobody could see just how he way to the Ponte della Paglia to take a night of the ball Hirsch stuckaround the recent issue the following advertisement in thinking.

Which appears twice a week. From a thinking.

The recent issue the following advertisement in thinking. door of the opera house all night, watching every one that passed in. It was just about midnight when Hyde, followed by a meek looking individual who carried something under his coat, showed up in the vicinity. Leaving his companion on the corner, Jimmy walked into the lobby and approached a young man who was leaning against the wall.

" 'Going in?' asked Hyde. "'Can't. Ain't got the price?' responded the stranger. "'How much have you got?' asked

" 'Two an a half.' "'Well, it's money anyway, so come on,' and Hyde walked out of the lobby,

followed by the young man.
"'Now, see here,' said Jimmy when they reached the corner, 'when you get flight of stairs. Go down them, and the conversation by asking: you'll find yourself in the cellar right under one of the gratings which open on saw you last?" Thirty-ninth street. Will you do that?'

"'I don't see any use of doing all that, but you get me in and I'll do it.' "'All right,' said Hyde, and he took me vandie from under his companion's coat and handed it to the young man. It was an old and battered violin case.

"'Take that and walk right through the door,' said Hyde. 'If any one says anything to you, just say "musician," and pass on. When you get in the cellar, pass it up to me.'

"The young man took the case and walked into the lobby and past the doormen without any trouble. In three minutes he was under the grating and had passed the case up through a small aperture. Nine other men, each of whom paid from \$2 to \$4 apiece for the use of the violin case, were successfully passed through. Hirsch stood at the door the whole time and never once saw through the game. It was one of the doormen who caught on first. He thought it remarkable that so many of the orchestra | To tale you the truth," he added, lowerwere coming in late, and when Hyde's ing his voice almost to a whisper-"to eleventh man tried to pass through he railed him. 'Musician,' said the man prosy! Aye, but dinna be laughing, or hoarsely, but it was no go. The door-

Of course it was empty. "Hyde saw that the game was up and almost burst with laughter when he saw his man go sailing out into the street. with the old violin case flying after him. The truth flashed on Hirsch in an instant. Two mutual friends whom Hyde | said a sportsman, "and was entirely unhad let into the secret at the last moment testified that 10 men had been passed through on the old case, and | night in a small cave near Grandfather Hirsch paid over the amount of the mountain. The cave was dry and comwager like a man. It didn't take the fortable, and making a pillow of my crowd long to drink up the money, and | coat I soon fell asleep. The next mornwhen it was gone Hyde was forced to | ing I was awakened by something pullblow in the money he had collected from those he had passed in too. That was a that it was a cub bear. mighty neat piece of work, that was, and there wasn't another man in New York

"Yes, the day of the ticket speculator is over, and, despite the old saying that at each other, and then the mother bear what's wanting?"

"The clothes for the week please sir." many subtropical wonders, both in ever come around again."-New York a hasty retreat."-St. Louis Globe-Dem-

> Figuring It Out. A schoolmaster had been severely correcting one of his boys and finished by saying: "Now sit down and write a let-

ter to your parents telling them how good deal and then wrote: DEAR FATHER-I am very stupid, though there is more to be learnt here than anywhere. Twice two's four—four boys go to one bed—six beds make one attic, and four attics make one well ventilated and appointed sleeping dormi-tory. One round of bread and butter makes one breakfast, and every tea makes its own

"This time," said the master, "we will er-overlook your conduct, and you needn't send that note." (He had been overlooking.)-London Tit-Bits.

The Making of Shakespeare. "An old crippled woman whom I knew a Leamington, England," writes a correspondent, "used often to amuse me by her original ideas and speeches. Speaking of Shakespeare one day, I said I would like much to visit Stratford-upon-Avon. 'Law!' said she, with much scorn, 'who was he? On'y a plowboy, and he was never thought nothin of till them Americans came and took him

up."-Boston Transcript. "John, dear," said Mrs. Hicks, "I'm making a shirt for the heathen. Come here and let me fit it on you, will you?"

EARNINGS OF BEGGARS.

Pick Up a Good Living. The professional beggar is not a modern innovation by any means. Readers may recall Scarecrow, the famous London beggar, who, having disabled himself in his right leg, asked alms all-day in order to get a warm supper at night. According to John Timbs, the Bufflers, of whom we often find mention in the literature of the seventeenth century, were troops of idle vagrants who infest-

ed Lincoln's inn fields. They assumed the characters naimed soldiers who had suffered in the great rebellion and found a ready prey In language the people of fashion and quality who drove by. Indeed it is made clear by We think for contemporary allusion in comedies that this square was the regular haunt of bogus cripples who lived by mendicancy, which they carried on in the most barefaced and even intimidating manner. It Where angels invite to the city of gold, Wales, once attended a beggars' carnival in London incognito. He had not been there long when the chairman, addressing the company and pointing to the

"I call upon that 'ere gemman with a accompanied him, promising to sing instead, which the latter did amid great applause. The health of the prince and his friend having been drunk and duly responded to, they departed in order to afford the company an opportunity to fix their different routes for the ensuing day's business, for at that time the pro- he supposed all women faded just so. fessional beggars of London used to have a general meeting several times during the year, at which they were divided into companies, each company having its particular walk.

In those days their earnings varied, some getting as much as 5 shillings a day. Most of the professional beggars in London today-and their name is legion-emanate from two or three comof these, which is known as The Dis-Paris, as is well known, the professional to help you do nothing at all?" beggars hold regular weekly meetings, at which the routes to be followed by out by a standing committee.

called The Journal des Mendicants, still Carry Carver stood there, thinkingwhich appears twice a week. From a thinking. a small deposit required."

This queer announcement is explained by the fact that the proprietors of hotels | I sprained last night." and boarding houses of fashionable French watering places assume that visan opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging gars to whom they grant permission to won't be much, you know." solicit alms on their premises, and the beggars in return pay them one-half of their daily receipts.-North American

Frank Confession.

Robert Chambers, the large hearted and honest publisher, one night appeared at his club after a short absence, and inside don't stop a second, but just go there delighted at least one member-J. right past the wineroom down toward | C. Jeaffreson-by a deliciously frank exthe stage. At the left end you'll find a pression of opinion. Jeaffreson began "What have you been doing since I

> "I have joost been spending the time in Scotland with my ain people, and for my diversion I have been reading yet again Scott's novels. I went deliberately through the whole lot o' them. What do you think o' a mon o' my years spending the greater part of the long holidays

in sic a way?" "It was in that way that I first made acquaintance with the Waverly novels," was the enthusiastic reply, "in a broiling hot summer and autumn. How you must have enjoyed yourself!" "Weel, weel, I canna say," returned

the Scottish publisher and man of letters. Then he looked warily up and down the room to make sure of not being hard by any brother Scotsman and continued:

"I canna say I enjoyed the buiks so much as I did in my younger time.] would not say it aloud in Adinbro, but weel you believe me when I say that Sir Walter isn't what he used to be to me? prosy! Aye, but dinna be laughing, or the lads there will be asking what I said men took the case away and opened it. | to you. It is the truth that I tale you. I moost conface I fund him at times a leetle prosy!"-Youth's Companion.

"I had been fishing for trout one day in a North Carolina mountain stream, successful. Upon trying to reach camp I became lost and took refuge for the

"A few feet distant was a large bear sitting on its haunches and another cub but Jimmy Hyde who would have playing around her. I had no weapon thought of it. It seems that Hyde had of any kind and was completely at the made up his mind to beat the ball in that | mercy of the animal, but she was not in way long before the bet was made, and the humor to dispose of me just then. that he only accepted the wager because | She sat watching the cub as it pulled at he saw a chance to rake in a few dollars | my coat, and I was careful to make no motions that might be considered as hoshistory repeats itself, I don't believe it'll ambled off with her two cubs, and I beat

A Pleasant Man to Interview. Professor Felix Adler, the founder of the Ethical Culture society, is a most pleasant gentleman to interview. He says that he has found the newspaper much you are taught here and how lit- man to be honorable in the highest detle you profit therefrom. I should be gree, and that he has never found it necashamed to tell them." The boy cried a essary to indicate what part of his conversation is intended for publication and what part is to be considered as purely personal. This of course means that Professor Adler does not limit himself in an interview to the matter directly in hand. He is not unwilling to speak of things that are entirely too personal for publication and will give an elaborate discourse on metaphysics to his interviewer and not express the least shade of doubt as to its being correctly put down.-Chicago Post.

An Ingentous Clock. A clock of ingenious mechanism has been completed by C. E. Shearer of Schuylerville, N. Y., after two years' work. The case represents an arsenal. It is 3 feet 6 inches high, has several balconies and piazzas and a tower in which is a bell. On either side of the entrance door is a miniature brass cannon mounted on trucks. The works are automatically musical, playing a different tune every half hour. Each time the music plays a trumpeter on horseback rides out of the lower front door and remains until it ceases. Then he re-enters, and the bell in the tower rings.-New York

NOT CALLED.

He may be a scholar familiar with books In person - mode', unrivaled for looks.

An orator, too, like the great Mr. Puff,
But that to our notion, is not quite enough.
In language decided the truth must be told,
We think for our parish he's rather too old.

For aughe that we hear of he may be a saint,
And none of his errors makes any complaint.
He knows all the canons and rubrics by heart,
And on to the needy will blessings impart,
But he isn't the shepherd we want at our fold.
We think for our parish he's rather too old. Did you ever learn that experience tells and work by a master for full value sells?

You make a migake when that man you pass

And say, when inquired of the rea Oh, what shall we do when our pastors get gray And cannot quite compass the world in a day?

I know nothing else save devoutly to pray They soon may be called to some region is related that George IV, when prince of | And none will refuse them for being too old.

CONVINCED.

Peter Carter pushed his chair back shirt for a song." The prince, as well as from the table and surveyed the faded he could, got excused, upon a friend, who little face on the opposite side of the tea

barely 27. You would hardly have believed how fresh and pretty Carry Carver had been on her wedding day. Her husband saw the change, but somehow "There is so much to do, Peter, and

the children demand so much of time." pleaded the meek wife. "If I were manager in this household. things would happen very differently." "I have no doubt of it," said Carry

"There is no earthly reason," went on Mr. Carver, ignoring the sarcastic meaning of her tone, "why the work shouldn't mon lodging houses. The most populous | be done and you dressed and enjoying vourself, cultivating your mind or somepensary, supports an individual known thing, at 11 o'clock every morning that as a "scriver," who earns a living by you live. Washing up a few dishes, manufacturing the pathetic signboards sweeping a room or two-what does it which the sham cripples and the bogus all amount to? Why, my dear, don't blind men carry round their necks. In you see the folly of asking for a servant

The morning sunshine crept down the pale green wall paper, sprinkling drops the members of the guild are mapped of gold on the few little geranium plants that Peter called a "waste of time" and They have an organ of their own, lay in noon splendors on the carpet, and

taken: "Wanted-To engage a cripple | this morning? It is half past 7, and"for a seaside resort. Good references and "I cannot, Peter," groaned Carry, turning her face away from the light. "I am suffering such dreadful pains in that foot

"Well, what shall I do?" "You must take charge of the houseitors would be disposed to give alms if keeping yourself, Peter," said Carry, hiding a smile in the folds of her pillow. "It's only for a day or two, and I don't themselves they engage professional beg- know of any help you can obtain. It "That's true," said Peter, somewhat

> encouraged. "Please darken the room, and keep the children away, and don't speak to me if you can help it. I have such a racking headache, and the least excitement drives me wild."

Peter shut the door with distracting caution and went down stairs on creaking tiptoe. As he passed the nursery door a duet of voices chimed on his ears. "Papa, papa, we are not dressed."

"Dress yourselves, then, can't you?" said Mr. Carver, pausing. "Pet is too little to dress herself," said Tommy leftily, "and mamma always

"Where are your shoes?" "I don't know," said Tommy, with his finger in his mouth. "I know," said Pet, aptly revenging herself for the hit at her diminutive pro-

portions; "Tommy dropped them out of Crash! went a fancy bottle of cologne off the table as Tommy groped for his garters. Bang! fell Mrs. Carver's rosewood writing desk to the floor, bursting off the frail hinges and scattering pens, tember. By the way, the name is ailanenvelopes and postage stamps far and

Mr. Peter Carver was an affectionate father in a general way, but human nature could not have endured this. And he bundled the two little crea tures miscellaneously into whatever articles came uppermost, rending off strings and fracturing buttonholes in frantic

The fire obstinately declined to burn although Mr. Carver opened the oven doors alternately and drew out all the dampers he could spy. "Confound the fire!" said Mr. Carver, mopping his wet forehead with the stove cloth. "It won't go. I'll have a blaze

of kindling and try the breakfast on He seized the ham and carved several thick slices, which he transferred deftly to a gridiron, and then, elated with his success, broke several eggs over the ham. "Bless me, how they run!" he ejaculated, rather puzzled. "But I know I'm right. I wonder why this coffee doesn't boil. I'll stick in a few more kindlings -that's the idea. There are the children crying-hungry, I suppose. I do believe they do nothing but eat and cry." Mr. Carver rushed to attend the peremptory summons of the milkman.

And then he sat down, tired and spiritless, to a repast of half cooked meat and liquid mud, by courtesy termed cof-

He looked despairingly around at the chaos that reigned in the kitchen. "Nine o'clock, as I live-and nothing done. Well, I see very plainly there's "The clothes for the wash, please, sir,"

said a little girl, courtseying humbly at "Up stairs and down stairs" went Peter Carver, laying hands on whatever he considered proper prey for the washtub. rummaging in bureau drawers, upheaving the contents of trunks and turning wardrobes inside out for a mortal hour

before he had completed the requisite search. The kitchen was empty when he turned. "Where are the children?" was his first

alarmed thought, expressing itself unconsciously in words. "I saw 'em go out of the door, please, sir." said the washerwoman's little girl. The July sun was beginning to glow intensely in the heavens. The pavements reflected the ardent shine with tenfold heat, and poor Peter Carver was nearly melted ere he espied his hopeful son and heir, with Pet following.

Neither of them would walk-in fact, the little wanderers were far too weary -so Mr. Carver mounted one on each arm and carried them, limp and unresisting, through the streets. "I'll have a nurse for you, my young friends, before the world is a day older," he said, grinding his teeth with impotent wrath as he deposited Pet and Tommy on the floor and went wearily to his

household duties. "How are you now, Carry?" he said about an hour afterward, throwing him self into a chair by her bedside and fanning himself with the newspaper he had

laid there that morning. "About the same, dear. How does the housekeeping get along?"
"It don't get along at all."

"Is dinner ready? "Dinner?" echoed Peter in a sort of lismayed tone. "Why, I haven't got through with breakfast yet!"

"But it is 12 o'clock." "I don't care if it's 25 o'clock-a man can't do 40 things at once." "Where are the children?" asked hi

"In bed. They were too much for me so I undressed 'em and put 'em to bed to get them out of the way."

"Poor things," said Carry. "Poor me, I should think," said Carver irately. I had quite enough to do without 'em. I've broken the plates, and melted off the nose of the teapot, and lost my diamond ring in the ash barrel, and cut my fingers with the carving

"Have you looked after the pickles and baked fresh pies?" "Nor blackened the range, nor cleaned the knives, nor scrubbed the kitchen

"Nor made the beds, nor swept the chamber, nor dusted the parlors, nor polished the windows, nor heard the children's lessons, nor taken care of the

canary birds, nor"-"Stop-stop!" ejaculated Mr. Peter Carver, tearing wildly at his hair. "You don't mean to say that you do all these things every day? "I do, most certainly-and long before

12 o'clock. And yet you wonder that I am not dressed and cultivating my mind before 11 o'clock." "My dear Carry," said Peter penitently, "I have been a brute. I'll have a cook and a nurse and a chambermaid

here just as soon as I can possibly obtain them. You shall be a drudge no longer." A few minutes afterward the unskilled cook was scorching his whiskers over a gridiron covered with hissing mutton chops, which would alarm him by sud-denly blazing up into his face without the least premonitory symptom, when a light step crossed the kitchen floor and a little hand took the handle of the gridiron from his grasp.

"I release you from duty," smiled the wife. "My ankle is better now." "I say, Carry!"

"Tell the truth, now. Wasn't that ankle business a little exaggerated?"-Buffalo News.

Bird Slaughter.

will pretty soon become extinct. Is not | plate. the warfare the American Humane so-

too, as ever was spawned from the brain exorable and also demand the bodies of our feathered songsters? - Sacramento

The Female Allantus. Mr. C. F. Saunders of Philadelphia justly calls attention to the great beauty of this tree. The male ailantus first disgusts by its disagreeable odor, and then the flowers fall, leaving nothing more behind them. But the female flowers have a rather pleasant fragrance and are followed by the fruit, which soon takes on a beautiful golden color. Most will agree with him that there are few things more beautiful than the female ailantus with its young fruit

during the months of August and Sep-

tus and not ailanthus, as frequently writ-

ten, the tree being named from the Chi-

nese "ailanto."-Meehan's Monthly. English In Spanish. The ordinary method of construction by which the Spanish writer places adjectives after nouns has sometimes a droll effect if he chances to adopt English words into his composition. Thus it certainly sounds odd to read in La Nacion that "the congress of the United States has finally disposed of the dangerous Bill Sherman," and in Il Comercio of Lima that "the American congress committee has voted for Bill Wilson to kill Bill McKinley."-New York Re-

Can Hire Everything. Do you know that you can hire almost everything necessary for your house, your table and yourself when you want

to give a reception? Heirlooms can be got by the evening, and quite reasonably, from curio dealers. Cut glass and old silver, spindle chairs, rugs, etc., just the very thing that will have a nice, old pointed to a negro servant, and he was wise, old bottles are fixed up and com- happened to be the negro's old master, to mon wine is decanted into them and whom he was still intensely loyal. sold to people who are perfectly aware He made no defense or denial as the of the fraud. It is a wonder, one host judge laid the evidence point by point confessed to me, the influence a bottle against him, and sentence was about to will have on people. Let the bottle have be pronounced when suddenly the real nice cobwebs on it and a good brand, culprit was discovered.

and they will believe the stuff that comes out of the bottle is good too. A certain lady who entertains a great "family silver" except on special occa- say I is the man den I is the man, but sions, and that she keeps it in the safe | you see I ain't the man."-Exchange. deposit meanwhile, but at least one other lady knows this is fiction, because the same other lady is in the habit of hiring tience; third, a good cause; fourth, a the same "family silver" for her affairs, good lawyer; fifth, a good counsel; sixth, and has once or twice had to postpone them because No. 1 had the stuff engaged ahead for the same date.—New York Journal.

Blindness Not Necessary. Simkins was speaking about his visit to the blind asylum, and he wound up by one violator, charged with keeping open saying what fun it would be to have all night, was that his brother had gone some of the blind men as fellow board- out of town, taking the keys with him, ers. "It would be rich," he said, "to and he could not lock up. put a cup of hot water before them and to see them gravely drink it, supposing it tea or coffee." "Awfully funny," said Mrs. Simkins. Then she thought and abruptly concluded by remarking, "Mr. Simkins, you're a fool."-Pick Me Up.

The Earth's Girdle. The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America. Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.-Boston Globe.

A Proposal. Chollie-Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble

Miss Rox-Oh, Mr. Sappe, this is so rudden!-Indianapolis Journal.

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT LIGHT OR LENS.

A Picture Taken by Electrical Action Only. Hertz's Experiments Rivaled by a Professor In the Leland Stanford, Jr., Uni-

Clerk Maxwell's electro magnetic theery of light received striking confirmation seven or eight years ago when Heinrich Hertz performed a number of experiments in which electrical waves were made to imitate the conduct of light waves in several particulars. This gifted investigator, now connected with the University of Bonn, concentrated the rays to a focus with a parabolic mirror. Refraction as well as reflection was accomplished. Electricity, proceeding in straight lines, was diverted from its course by a prism of pitch. The phenomena of interference and polarization were also reproduced.

It is now announced that a photograph has been taken by using electricity instead of light, and if this story is true then additional evidence will have been afforded as to the kinship of these two forces or forms of force, Hertz, it will be observed, only showed that the electrical radiance conformed to mechanical laws which are known to control life, but photography introduces the element of chemical action, so that this later achievement, if it proves to be all that i seems, is one of the most remarkable

revelations of our day. Professor Fernando Sanford, who claims to have attained this wonderful result and who gives some account of it to the San Francisco Examiner, occupies the chair of physics in Leland Stanford, Jr., university and is one of the youngest members of the faculty of that institution. As the story appears over his own signature, and he intimates that he has repeated the experiment several times, there is little room for doubt as to the genuineness of the occurrence described. Professor Sanford obtained his picture in the dark without even a lens

in the following manner: It is well known that when two brass rods connected with the sides of the battery or placed in the secondary circuit of an induction coil are brought close enough together a spark will fly from one to the other. If to each rod, a short distance from the knobs in which they terminate, a copper wire be attached and the two wires be led off to suitable metal An American dealer sold last year plates placed facing each other, but not 2,000,000 birdskins. All were used for or- quite touching, an electrical oscillation namenting woman's attire. Women ought | will occur between the plates whenever to cry down this vanity that feeds and | there is a discharge between the knobs. pampers the destruction of the feathered | Now, Professor Sanford substituted a tribes. The birds sacrificed are of course | coin, the object to be photographed, for those of richest plumage, and of course one of the plates of such a pair, and laid also those that will be least easily re- it face downward upon a thin sheet of placed. In fact, if this thing continues, mica, which in turn rested on the sensi-American bird life of the gentler order tive gelatin film of a glass photographic

Tinfoil was arranged on the other side ciety has opened upon the birdskin traf- of the glass and took the place of the fic wholly justifiable? We think so. The other metal plate of the pair. This comdestruction referred to contributes not bination was now placed between two one whit to human need or human com- boards and left in the dark for an hour, fort. It adds nothing to the intellectual, during which time a series of sparks nothing to the mental. It is simply wan- were flying from one knob to the other tonness practiced at the beck of fashion, of the discharger across an interval of and as silly and meaningless a fashion, one-sixteenth of an inch. Upon develtoo, as ever was spawned from the brain oping his sensitive plate Professor San-of a man milliner. There are birds in ford had an image of his coin—that is, plenty that shed their plumage to supply of the portions in relief on that side the vain demand for flaming headgear. | which was in contact with the mica. Why should the fashion monarchs be in- The Examiner prints a copy of the picture, a positive, which shows the Liberty head, date, inscription "E Pluribus Unum," circle of stars and raised edge

in white on a dark background. Professor Sanford does not enter into discussion of the theories involved, but he mentions that the tinfoil was not only of the same size as the coin (a silver dollar), but placed directly opposite. Apparently electro magnetic waves flowed | rp from the coin to the tinfoil, but prefering the shortest route radiated mainly or exclusively from the raised part of the dollar. They seem to have proceeded in straight lines too; otherwise the chemical action on the film would not have been confined so accurately to regions directly opposite the pattern.

Right here it should be noted that Hertz discovered in his experiments that the induced magnetic radiance excited in the manner described, and now called "Hertzian waves" in honor of that now famous physicist, had this remarkable trait not possessed by a primary electrical current: Good "conductors," like copper or other metals, being interposed would stop them, but they would go right through wood and other so called 'insulators." Hence in Professor Sanford's experiment the mica and glass were evidently no barriers to the passage of the particular kind of electricity pro-

Although it does not at first appear clearly what practical applications of this discovery can be made, it is not improbable that uses will be found for it. The indirect consequences are sure to be valuable as well as interesting .- New York Tribune.

A robbery had been committed in a Virginia town. The finger of suspicion time look about them, can be had. Like- arraigned before the local justice, who

"Why didn't you say you didn't do it, George?" asked the justice. "Why," said the faithful old servant, deal explains that she never uses her "you's a hones' man, judge, an if you

> Success in law requires, first, a good deal of money; second, a good deal of pagood witnesses; seventh, a good jury; eighth, a good judge, and, ninth, good Inck.—New York Evening World.
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them more true. Daniel Webster still lives to some people in this country. Letters are still occasionally received at Marshfield post-office addressed to "Hon. Daniel Web-

so exact that no compass would make

The Cathedral of Kazan in St. Peterscrated wax candles at prices ranging cents per package. For sale by druggists from 3 kopecks to a ruble apiece. "Æsop's Fables," by Caxton, publish-

ed in 1484, was the first book printed, it is said, with its pages numbered. The grave need never associate with the gay unless they choose. But the gay must eventually go to the grave.

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