

WE SOLVE THE BURNING QUESTION. WHAT SHALL I BUY FOR CHRISTMAS? There is one place full of brilliant suggestions that will save you money. THAT PLACE IS "THE FAIR."

The largest and best selected stock of playthings for children in the country. Anything and everything they want and at prices to suit the purchaser, for remember when we buy we remember the poor have to buy some little present or token as well as the rich, therefore we have SOMETHING FOR THE DIME as well as the dollar.

THE TOY KING, SANTA CLAUS, HAS ARRIVED.

and is making our place his headquarters where he will hold daily receptions. A CONGRESS OF DOLLS FROM ALL NATIONS is in session in our toy department, representatives from all parts civilized and uncivilized dddom. DESIRABLE AND SUITABLE PRESENTS for the older ones are always hard to find. We have acres of choice goods ready for the bargain reapers, among them are PLUSH GOODS, TOILET CASES OF ALL KINDS, CELLULOID NOVELTIES, FINE LINEN SETS, TABLE COVERS AND SPREADS, FINE SHOES and other staple goods in fine quality that make desirable and acceptable presents and our prices are dwarfs and our values giants.

IMMENSITY, POPULARITY AND SUCCESS

Three great links in the long chain which draws the people to the big store every day. If you are not already in the procession, step in line and wend your way towards The Fair Store for your holiday goods. Early buyers have the advantage of a larger stock from which to make selections, more of the clerks' time at your disposal to show you around and quote you prices. When the rush and jam starts there isn't much pleasure in shopping.

RICHARDS BROS.

THE FAIR.

RICHARDS BROS.

THE POINTER IN ACTION.

A Huntsman's Story With the Love of a Dog Told Between Lines.

On the first morning out we struck for a point of low timber that looked promising. The dogs passed in well in advance of us. Soon Ben took on the solemn air and slow tread that with him meant "got your gun." Jeannette, less familiar with this sort of work, quickly slid to the front and hesitated a second only. The scent was new, but the sense was native and unburnt. She straightened. I called "Steady!"—a superfluous noise, however. She was down, steady, fast and true, with patient Ben's head well drawn forward at her flank, her first gsnse, well done. The doctor flushed, but under such a cover his shot was not effective.

On we go, two more flush wild; we separate and follow. Wilson and I go to the left, the doctor and George to the right, up through an old oak woods whose entire foundation was heavy broken rocks and fallen timber. Another fine point by Jeannette and the left barrel brings to earth a handsome fellow. While reloading up go two more; but, alas, the gun was open. Ben comes in and finds my bird, which Jeannette could not locate.

A few yards farther and two more take to wing; again the left does the work. My bird falls with a broken wing. We go to find. The doctor and Ben have left us. We must search alone. From rock to rock amidst Jeannette, seemingly coming no nearer to the hidden cripple. She takes a wider cast down with the wind, swings and comes up. With head high and every sense on the alert, on she comes, straight as an arrow, until confronted by a high flat rock, apparently too high for the leap; but, fearful of losing for an instant what those delicate nostrils contain, up she goes, lands on the edge, starts to cross, hesitates, stops, the hanging tongue is drawn in, with it one side of the upper lip. She gently raises that slender left paw, lowers that knowing head, straightens the bushy tail, and all is still. The only motion in that dumb animal was the beating heart; the breathing even seemed hushed.

For 200 yards in any direction could be seen this small statue of wrothful marble on its immense brownstone base in this old woods, where all was so still. It was a sight to gladden the heart of any true sportsman. To me it was beautiful. Ben paces in front of her, crouched at the foot of a tree, well hidden under a rock, we found my bird, a handsome cock, only wing tipped. The guide secured him, and we pushed on until the noon hour, flushing some birds, but in too heavy cover for effective shooting.—Forest and Stream.

THE FAT CAPTAIN.

His Order, Its Method of Execution and the Boy's Comment.

"Join the militia, if you wish, my boy," said the old man in his kindly way, "but don't get in a company that has a fat captain."

"I don't see what difference that can make," returned the boy. "Do you mean to contend that a fat man can't be a good soldier?"

"Well, not exactly that, my boy," explained the old man; "but in some ways you will find the thin man or the man of medium build preferable. Didn't I ever tell you of my experience?"

"Never."

"Ah, that explains your doubts, then. You see, I once had an ambition to wear a uniform and march behind a band, just like you, and I joined a company that unfortunately had a fat captain. No one thought of the captain particularly at the time the company was organized, but we all learned to look out for such trifles later. While we were in the army it was all right and everything always passed off satisfactorily, but when we began to drill out of doors—ah, then we found how serious a matter drilling with a fat captain was."

"What but?" asked the boy. "You haven't told me that yet."

A TRAGIC ADVENTURE.

The Thrilling Sequel to the Hanging of a Condemned Murderer.

"Everybody remembers when the great Texas murderer, Dick Masters, was hanged," said E. M. Cary of Waco, "but the strange death of Sheriff Winters, who sprang the trap, has been kept out of the papers. After Masters' body was cut down, the county physician pronouncing the murderer dead, the sheriff ordered four deputies to carry the body to his private laboratory, where he used to perform his medical experiments alone. He was bound to dissect the powerful, well developed body of Masters, so he shut himself up with the corpse and went to work.

The sheriff moved about briskly, making a great clatter with his instruments. Several times he went to the windows and peered out, but the neighborhood was deserted. He soon discovered that the drop on the scaffold had not broken Masters' neck, and the sheriff thought that was fortunate, as he always had experimented on the restoration of life whenever opportunity afforded. He laid down his instruments, and began to try and restore life. The evening shadows drifted into night. It was a noisy town and the shouts and laughter of revelers could be heard everywhere. Several times the crowds passing the sheriff's room thought they heard the sounds of scuffling, and more than once a muffled shout was heard. But the pleasure seekers on the streets passed along without giving a thought to this.

On the following day Sheriff Winters failed to appear at his office. Nobody had seen him since he locked himself in the laboratory with Masters' body. Finally the mayor of the town and several deputy sheriffs went to the laboratory, but rapping at the door no shouts would bring any answer. Then they broke open the door. The sight before them nearly turned their hair gray. The room was a total wreck. The furniture was strewn about the room, smashed to pieces, and everything bore evidence of a terrible struggle. Sheriff Winters lay on the floor, dead, and the marks about his throat showed that he had been strangled. A few feet away lay the dead body of the murderer, Masters. The faces and the garments of both men bore evidence of a hard fight. The only conclusion that could be arrived at was that Masters had revived, and on regaining consciousness and strength he attacked the sheriff and succeeded in killing him before he died himself. All this happened in the jail of Rio Grande county."—Kansas City Journal.

IS THIS FACT OR LEGEND?

A Queer Story About the Way in Which "Leonnie" Was Written.

In the house of a gentleman in this city we recently saw a poem written on the fly leaf of an old book. Noticing the initials "E. A. P." at the bottom, it struck us that possibly we had run across a bonanza.

The owner of the book said that he did not know who was the author of the poem. His grandfather, who gave him the book, kept him in Chesterfield, near Richmond. One night a young man rapped at the door and asked if he could stay all night and was shown to a room.

That was the last we saw of him. When they went next morning to call him to breakfast, he had gone, but had left the book, on the fly leaf of which he had written these verses:

LEONNIE. Leonnie! Angie is married here, And they took the light. Of the laughing stars and framed her In a suit of white. Every heart but mine gave of gloomy Moonshine, and they brought her to me In the silent night.

In a solemn night of summer When my heart of stone Blossomed up to greet the comes, Like a rose in bloom, All forebodings that distressed me I forgot as joy crossed me, Lying joy that caught and pressed me In the arms of doom.

Then God smiled, and it was morning, Matchless and supreme, Heaven's glory seemed adorning Earth with its esteem. Every heart but mine seemed gifted With the voice of prayer and lifted Where my Leonnie drifted From us like a dream. —E. A. P. O. Whitecomb (Riley). —Kokona (Ind.) Dispatch. Fiji Island Marriages. Marriage is not a failure in the Fiji islands, for an unmarried man or woman of marriageable age is something that is rarely seen there. The natives believe that if a person dies while in an unmarried state his or her soul is doomed to wander through the endless ages of eternity in an intermediate region between heaven and hades. At the end of each moon they are allowed to look into heaven, but they are never permitted to enter.

HARDY, NOVELIST.

SHORT SKETCH OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN OF LITERATURE.

How He Abandoned Architecture For Story Writing—The Greenwood Incident Shows That There Is Sometimes Something In a Name.

Much has been said and written about Thomas Hardy's work, but very little indeed is generally known of the man himself. An obvious reason is the novelist's dislike of personalities, his shrinking from public curiosity, and the simple, serene—almost medieval—tone of nature that dominates him.

As a young man he proposed to follow architecture as a profession and studied with diligence. He went into the office of the well known architect, Sir Arthur Blomfield, A. R. A., in London. While equipping himself for his future career, he used his spare moments in writing a novel that he called "Desperate Remedies." This book, after several refusals, at last found a publisher, but it did Hardy no more good than harm. Meantime, following his architectural work, he carried out his first commission—naturally a modest one, as young architects are not usually trusted with cathedrals. Although his maiden effort in letters had met with comparatively failure, his zeal was unabated, for he immediately wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree."

At the time this book appeared Frederick Greenwood, now the distinguished student of European politics, edited The Cornhill Magazine. It is a habit with Mr. Greenwood occasionally to "snoop" about old bookstalls. Looking over a basketful of cheap books all thrown together, he chanced to light upon "Under the Greenwood Tree." For the sake of its name he picked it up, paying a few pence for it. The able editor saw at a glance that there was genius in that neglected and discarded work, and, finding out Hardy, then in his thirty-first year, he commissioned him to write a novel for The Cornhill. It was then that Hardy, forced by circumstances as well as impelled by his love for letters, abandoned architecture, and, throwing himself into his work with perfect singleness of purpose, wrote "Far From the Madding Crowd," a book that now stands with a few others among the lasting literature achievements of this century.

Though he is neither listless nor languid, Hardy's appearance is that of a man who has lately recovered from an illness. His cheeks are slightly sunken and his skin is sallow, speaking of sedentary labors, the midnight lamp and of a constitution that could not support the sustained strain of an arduous task. Yet his eyes tell another tale and possess that phosphorescent light that indicates energy. The solution of these contradictory marks must be that he is mentally as robust as he is physically delicate, or it may be that the strong mind has something to struggle against the drooping of the body.

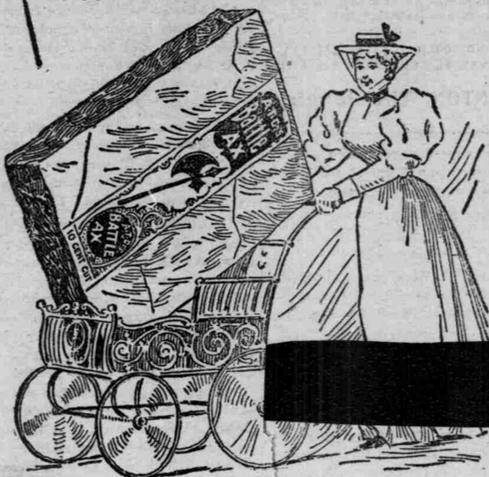
Hardy is neither tall nor commanding in stature. His manner is free from nervousness, shyness or excessive movement; indeed, a tranquil, thoughtful spirit is characteristic of him, and there is nothing in his presence that is strong enough to intimidate the quality of his mind. The most that can be said is that his face is exceedingly keen and clever. His bronzed hair, now tinged with gray and brushed back, is becoming thin. His slender mustache adds point to his finely modeled features. Although spare in type, his shoulders are broad and give him the appearance of being larger than he is when he is seen sitting down.

As is the case with many English writers, Hardy lives in the country and goes to London once every year for a few weeks to brush away the cobwebs by contact with men who keep the rust from their steel and the tarnish from their silver. Hardy's quiet home is not far away from the pretty little town of Dorchester, in Dorsetshire, his native county. This home is entirely the work of his own hands. Every room, window and doorway is designed to suit his own and his wife's fancy. The house stands on a small piece of land and is surrounded by a few acres of garden and lawn. The manner in which the land came into his possession is interesting.

The particular piece of ground he wanted was part of a large tract belonging to a land company of which the Prince of Wales was president. Though the prince did not know Hardy personally, one occasion the directors of the land company met, the prince presiding, and when the report was read Mr. Hardy's application for a few acres of the company's land was alluded to, but merely incidentally, with the remark that it would, of course, have to be declined. The prince said: "What Hardy is it? Not the author?" "Yes; Thomas Hardy," was the reply. "Then why not let him have the few acres?" said the prince. "He would not have asked had he not set his heart on the spot. Yes; let him have them."—Cor. Boston Transcript.

The word boyden, now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character, but of either sex.

A GOOD THING - PUSH IT ALONG



BATTLE AX Plug Tobacco A Great Big Piece for 10 Cents.

THE WORLD KNOWN.

This world that was so vast to dream antique, With golden realms hard by the break of day, With virgin snows and wondrous folk that lay Beyond all seas and storms, to what a spanned And common thing 'tis shrunk! Who now shall seek For happy isles along that vulgar way Which was the ocean sea? Or who shall say Things yet unborn of any maiden land? Beyond the wild, white sea bird's baths or where The utmost altitudes dips lonely ways? —Inigo R. de R. Deoninip Scribner's.

ART OF HANGING PICTURES.

Oil Paintings Should Not Be Placed in a Room With Engravings. Only second to importance to producing a fine picture is the fact that the work when completed should be seen to an advantage on the walls where it is placed.

In consulting with a leading decorator on the subject, he said: "In the first place, it may be suggested that it is not desirable to put oil paintings in the same room with engravings or drawings in water colors, crayons or other like materials. It is often done, frequently as a matter of necessity, but we consider it, from a point of artistic taste, a mistake. "Again, there should be a certain classification of subjects in the pictures ornamenting the walls, as inattention to this is occasionally ludicrous. I recall one instance where there was a print of Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' and, hanging on either side of it, engravings of Wilkie's 'Village Festival' and Meiswiler's 'Cavalry Charge.' Surely nothing could be more absurd than placing in immediately juxtaposition works in which the motives of the designs are so directly opposite as the illustration of death, a village revel and the fierce shock of battle.

"As a general rule, it is well to place pictures of a certain order of design together. Some works can only be seen to advantage in a bright and others in a subdued light, while it is equally certain that many lose nothing if placed above the line of sight, and others gain rather than lose if hung much nearer the floor. "A medallion or bas-relief of the right sort set in here or there among the pictures is a relief to the artistic sense, and, above all, all sorts and conditions of frames should not be put together in a hodge podge. Gold and white and gilt do not offend when in close position, but pictures framed in oak or any dark wood should be kept by themselves. Crayon portraits of photographs should never be visible in a parlor or drawing room, and to overcrowd the walls of any room with pictures, good, bad and indifferent, is the very acme of poor taste."—New York Recorder.

The Apology Was Accepted.

"There is a good story on The Examiner," said J. Ross Jackson, the newspaper man, to some friends in the Palace yesterday, "and although I'm out of the business I can't overlook its merit on that account. It appears that a druggist named Putnam was killed in Willows recently by a man named Sehorn. The telegraphed report came to The Call and also to The Chronicle. The next morning, when Managing Editor Hamilton of the Examiner was looking over the record of the day, he discovered that his paper had been 'scooped' on that particular item. He thereupon sent for Mr. Corey, the coast editor of the paper.

"Mr. Corey," he said, with a dignified look on his face, "have we a correspondent in Willows?"

"Yes." "Did he send in a report of that murder?" "No." "Fire him." "How? By mail?" "No. By telegraph. We can't dispose of a man like that too quickly. A correspondent who doesn't know that a murder has been committed in his town isn't fit for the position. 'Bounce him.' "Mr. Corey went to his record book of correspondents and presently returned to the managing editor. "Mr. Hamilton, there are certain circumstances in this man's favor that— "There are no circumstances that would justify such an exhibition of incompetency. Bounce him, I say!" "But, Mr. Hamilton, this case has no parallel. That man has a good excuse for overlooking the importance of the story." "Well, what was his excuse?" inquired the editor, becoming nervous. "Well," answered Corey, scratching his chin a moment, "he was the man who got killed."

"Mr. Hamilton lapsed into silence and went on reading some proofs."—San Francisco Call. Curious Chinese Playing Cards. A pack of Chinese playing cards is a genuine curiosity. They are generally printed in black on thin cardboard, the average width and breadth being about that of the finger of a human being. In some cases they are only half an inch broad and about 3/4 inches in length. The length, no odds what the size, is always at least six times that of the width. Some of the packs have queer representations of our "kings," "queens" and "knaves," stamped upon them in black. Others are decorated with the figures of animals, birds and fishes. Those used by mandarins and high officials bear only figures of mythological creatures.—St. Louis Republic. A Left Handed Compliment. A certain society lady was designated as a social lemonade dispenser because she sold so many sour things in a sweet way.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, Frank J. Cheney swears that he is the senior partner in the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Frank J. Cheney. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O. Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

ALL COMPETITION DISTANCED.

"The Overland Limited," a New Train Chicago to San Francisco. The fastest train in the world, distance considered, will run via the Union Pacific System. Commencing Nov. 17th, the Union Pacific will run a through train daily from Council Bluffs to San Francisco and Los Angeles, making the run of 1,864 miles in sixty hours and thirty-five minutes.

This train will leave Omaha, 8:10 A. M.; Ogden 1:30 P. M. next day; San Francisco 8:45 P. M. second day, and Los Angeles 10:00 A. M. the third day, carrying through Pullman Double Drawing-room Sleepers and Dining Car to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Be sure and ask for tickets via "The Overland Route."

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U. P. TIME CARD.

Taking effect November 17th, 1895. EAST BOUND—Eastern Time. No. 2, Fast Mail,..... Departs 9:00 a m No. 4, Atlantic Express..... 11:00 a m No. 6, Local Passenger..... 6:30 a m No. 28, Freight..... 7:10 a m WEST BOUND—Western Time. No. 1, Limited..... Departs 2:35 p m No. 3, Fast Mail..... 11:00 p m No. 17, Freight..... 1:00 p m No. 23, Freight..... 8:00 a m No. 5, Local Passenger arrives..... 8:00 p m N. B. OLDS, Agent.

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Prospective schemes investigated. Unprofitable schemes rejuvenated. Surveys, Maps, Estimates and reports made, and construction superintended. Office in North Platte, Neb. Telephone 150. National Bank Bldg., North Platte, Neb.

SMOKERS In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., December 31, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on January 10th, 1896, to wit:

HENRY P. SONNENBERG, who made Homestead Entry No. 14,899 for the Southwest quarter of Section 14, Township 14 N., Range 29 West. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William A. Greer, Aaron S. Greer, Harry M. Howman, and George E. Harbin, all of Willard, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., October 1st, 1895. Notice is hereby given that John Cooper has filed notice of intention to make final proof before Register and Receiver at his office in North Platte, Neb., on Tuesday, the 10th day of December, 1895, on a claim for section No. 20, in township No. 13 N., range No. 34 west. He names as witnesses: George Dugan, Joseph Weir, John Weir and Albert Swick, all of Paxton, Nebraska. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

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