

ON AN ACTRESS.

She played rarely, though it had been played. A hundred times, and some of more renown...

THE NAZIM'S JEM.

I had been ill with fever. They tell me that it was a severe illness and that the outcome was for many days in doubt...

It seemed to me, as I lay there, that my mind was unnaturally acute. I fancied that my feeble physical condition accentuated the action of my brain.

"Any letters, George?" He started up hastily. "Letters, sir? Yes, sir, letters and a telegram."

"Read the telegram," I said, after another spell of thought. He tore open the yellow envelope.

"Just heard of your illness. Start for home today, Mary." Mary was at Colorado Springs with her invalid mother when I fell ill.

"Get flowers, George," I murmured. "Let in the sunlight. Hide these bottles."

He smiled and smoothed the blankets above me. "Everything shall be as presentable as possible, sir," he said.

As presentable as possible? That note of exception must mean me. Never mind, Mary was coming. Mary loved me too well to take offense at my changed appearance.

"George," I said, "the world is still outside there, I suppose. Read the newspaper."

He read to me for half an hour or more, read the news just as it came to hand—telegram, local, political. For a time his voice was simply a lulling effect.

Then I began to take notice of the substance of what he read. When I had heard all I wanted, I laid him down and let the substance of his reading filter through my brain.

As I strove to recall it all there was an item that seemed to hold my fancy in a peculiar way. It was a telegram which told that a nizam of Hindustan had been robbed of an almost priceless diamond which it was understood he meant to present to Queen Victoria at the time of the coming jubilee.

This story, I say, seemed to fascinate me—the diamond of the nizam, filched from its oriental owner, gleaming mayhap from the dusky corner of some squalid hut when it should be clasping the jewels of a queen.

And Mary was coming. What a gift for Mary that diamond would be—Mary, my queen! There was a strange humming in my head, but out of it all came one clear thought—I would get that diamond and give it to Mary.

When I had determined on this, I seemed to grow cool and calculating. I realized how helpless I was physically, but my will power, thank God, was still left me. I would concentrate my mind on the thief. I would will him to come to me.

steps the man who crouched by the city gates. Step by step he comes to my bedside, and his eye glimmers and his knife is red, and my eye never leaves his.

"The diamond!" I hoarsely murmur. He removes his turban and slowly unwinds its many folds. As he does so the room seems filled with the rustle of garments, and a strange, sweet perfume comes to me.

Slowly the stranger unfolds his turban, and suddenly out of it leaps a green white pebble. He lifts it before me, and his eyes are fixed on it.

"The diamond of the nizam, sahib," he murmurs. As he speaks a sudden ray of sunlight falls upon the white pebble and a mighty glory seems to fill the room.

My eyelids drop before that glare. I see the brown face of the Indian bed lower. I see his fingers clutching at my knife. The room grows dark and yet darker. I seem to be slipping away, slipping away.

"John!" Is that my name? Is somebody calling me? What is this that holds my hand and draws me back? No, no; let me go.

"John!" Surely somebody is calling me. I open my eyes slowly, so slowly. Across the level of my bed I see the face of George leaning forward, his features in the shadow, his eyes gleaming with frightened anxiety.

"John, dear!" I raise my eyes a little higher. Another face is bending over me, a white, tear-stained face.

"John!" It is Mary. And so I came back.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Kaiser's Story. The emperor's "lieblingsblume" has become the national flower of Germany and the symbol of patriotism, but it will never be forgotten why he loved it.

As my mother fled with myself and my deceased brother from Memel to Königsberg during the troubled times at the beginning of our century, the misfortune happened to us that one of the wheels of our coach broke in the midst of the plain.

My brother and I were rendered both tired and hungry by this delay, and particularly I, being a weak and delicate little fellow, gave my dear mother much trouble with my complaints.

My mother stood up, pointed out the many beautiful blue flowers in the fields and requested us to gather them and bring them to her. Then she made wreaths of them, and with joy we watched her skillful hands.

Thereby the sad state of the country, her own trials and the anxiety concerning her sons' future may well have once more pressed heavily on my mother's heart for she wept after tear welled from her beautiful eyes and fell on the wreath of cornflowers.

A LIFE LESSON.

There, little girl, don't cry. They've broken your doll, I know. And your eyes are big. And your toes, too. Are things of the long ago.

There, little girl, don't cry. They've broken your slate, I know. And the glad wild ways Of your schoolgirl days Are things of the long ago.

There, little girl, don't cry. They've broken your heart, I know. And the rainbow gleams Of your youthful dreams Are things of the long ago.

There, little girl, don't cry. They've broken all for which you sigh. There, little girl, don't cry.—James Whitcomb Riley.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In the county of Berkshire, state of Massachusetts, the lofty Monument mountain rears its gray form. If there is anything sublime attached to it, a rare beauty will be admitted to linger around this wild and towering line of rocks.

The red belt from the thundercloud, the winds and the power of centuries have torn way many fragments of stone from on high and sent them smoking to the base, where already a long pyramidal line is strung along, quite a mountain in itself.

The untutored urbin quickens his pace when passing this spot after daylight has departed from its summit and whistles a lively air to elevate his drooping spirits, and the teamster, as the crack of his whip rings among the rocks, starts from his seat as if a spirit.

Once this backward slope was studded with the wigwags of the Indians, called the Stockbridge tribe, and tradition has handed down many an ambiguous and chilling tale in regard to them.

There she hung at the mercy of a slender branch, without even a hope of rescue. The spirit of the rock, the Indians are famous. But here a thing occurred which had never been known before.

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had faded over Monument mountain the broad heavens were clear and blue, except the crimson folds which floated in grandeur along the west. Yet the squaw still hung by the branch of the pine, and her cries alternately rose through the deep stillness that reigned around.

But soon a leaden haze began to rise along the azure wall of the west and was shortly succeeded by dark, dismal looking clouds, around whose edge the lightning played, as if to light them on in their sad and gloomy pathway.

The thunder muttered faintly, then sent its roll up to the meridian, and finally, with increased power, cracked and shook through the very heavens. The shriek of the squaw was heard in the profound pause after the roar had died away.

The untutored urbin quickens his pace when passing this spot after daylight has departed from its summit and whistles a lively air to elevate his drooping spirits, and the teamster, as the crack of his whip rings among the rocks, starts from his seat as if a spirit.

Commercial law terms are not entirely safe at all times. John E. Watrous, deputy United States marshal for the southern district of Kansas, sends in this story:

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a commission to the Register and Receiver in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight."

That Hoover put up his gun. "That's expensive shooting," said he. "But I reckon you're as sorry as I am."

"What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man. "He told me to," said Hoover, surprised.

"Told you to?" demanded the white checked city man. "I never did anything of the kind."

"You did," said Hoover, and drawing out the telegram he read: "Draw on me at sight." "I done it," said he.—Chicago Post.

A Toad as a Talisman. The Western Morning News reports a remarkable case of superstition. A young woman in Penzance had suffered from fits, and she adopted a remedy which would be to most people almost as repulsive as the disease itself.

The Man (expectantly)—Then you will be my wife? The Girl—No, indeed. I simply said I loved you.—New York Ledger.

To Live. To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded into the heart.—Victor Hugo.

A fancy dress ball is given once a year by the lady artists, sculptors, singers and actresses of Berlin. No males are permitted at this ball, and about one-third of the attendants go in masculine costume.

The yield of wheat in France, owing to the careful cultivation of the soil and the large quantity of guano and other fertilizers employed, is 17 bushels per acre.

Legal Notices. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Lead Office at North Platte, Neb., June 14th, 1897.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Lead Office at North Platte, Neb., July 6th, 1897.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Lead Office at North Platte, Neb., July 12th, 1897.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA. To Peter B. Wyhoff, John Dillon, James M. Ham, executors of the Estate of Sidney Dillon, deceased, and the unknown heirs of said Sidney Dillon, defendants.

FOR FINE RIGS at REASONABLE PRICES GO TO—Elder & Lock's Stable.

First National Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEB. CAPITAL, - - \$50,000. SURPLUS, - - \$22,500. H. S. White, - - - President. P. A. White, - - - Vice-Pres't. Arthur McNamara, - Cashier. A general banking business transacted.

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North Platte Pharmacy. Drugs and Druggists' Sundries. We aim to handle the best grades of goods. Sell everything at reasonable prices, and warrant all goods to be just as represented. All Prescriptions Carefully Filled by a Licensed Pharmacist.

FRANKLIN FEALE'S WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT. WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF, GOLD PAINTS, BRONZES, ARTISTS' COLORS AND BRUSHES, PIANO AND FURNITURE POLISHES, PREPARED HOUSE AND BUGGY PAINTS, KALSOMINE MATERIAL, WINDOW SHADES. ESTABLISHED JULY 1868. 310 SPRUCE STREET. GUY'S PLACE. FINEST SAMPLE ROOM IN NORTH PLATTE. Having refitted our rooms in the finest of style, the public is invited to call and see us, insuring courteous treatment. Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. Our billiard hall is supplied with the best make of tables and competent attendants will supply all your wants. KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT.

Beware Of the Knife. Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Marshfield, Mo., writes: "For six years I have been suffering from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here, my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S.S.S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, though I am not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S.S.S. long ago, I would have escaped years of misery and saved over \$500. This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even their resorts to the knife prove either fruitless or fatal. S.S.S. is the only real blood-purifier that gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) A Real Blood Remedy. is a blood remedy for real blood troubles; it cures the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, etc., which other so-called blood remedies fail to touch. S.S.S. gets at the root of the disease and forces it out permanently. Valuable books will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.