

The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius has been detailed to watch the steamer Dauntless, which it is said is preparing to take another load of supplies to the Cuban insurgents.

ENGLAND'S "grand old man" is said to be breaking down, and his friends are much worried over his condition. The physicians have ordered Mr. Gladstone to go to the Riviera.

ACCORDING to the report of the fourth assistant postmaster general, 7,299 postmasters resigned and forty died during the past year. This is proof that not all the federal positions are remunerative.

The resignation of Sovereign as general worthy foreman of the Knights of Labor, the order has caused for congratulation. He did not have the ability to occupy the position, while his work retarded rather than advanced the principles of the order.

GENERAL GOMEZ, the daring Cuban insurgent, who was forced to retire to the mountains on account of lack of ammunition, has received new supplies and is preparing to make things lively in the vicinity of Havana.

It is announced that Speaker Reed will make a tour of the west before congress convenes in order to learn the popular sentiment on questions which may come up in congress. The "czar" may be a little stiff in his rulings, but no one will accuse him of being narrow-minded.

NEBRASKA demonstrated her superiority over Kansas in a game of football Saturday between the teams of the respective state universities, the former winning on a score of 10 to 5. The game ended in a wrangle of considerable proportions, in which the Nebraskans also got the best of it.

The newspaper correspondents at Washington say that legislators who are beginning to arrive predict that the first regular session of the fifty-fifth congress will last eight months, and that excitement will reign from start to finish. The currency question will be the important subject to come before congress and it promises to be long drawn out.

THE Bee says the condition of Omaha's trade is such that jobbers have all the business they can well take care of, and that country collections are good. Omaha has been pretty deep in the slough of business depression for several years past, but now seems to be getting along in good shape. As Omaha is part of Nebraska we should all feel glad that her business conditions are improving so rapidly.

DR. MORROW, an eminent medical authority, says that more than ten per cent of the Hawaiian race is effected with leprosy, and that the disease has made rapid advances in the past fifty years. He argues that the annexation of the Hawaiian islands would naturally lessen quarantine restrictions on the Pacific coast, thereby increasing the chances of the introduction in this country of that most loathsome disease.

The election is over with all its joys and sorrows. We are sorry to know that so many people will resort to trickery to elect or defeat some candidate. This fact was fairly demonstrated in Nichols precinct the last election. The names of the precinct officers on the republican ticket were not printed on the ticket. The secretary whose business it is to hand in the names so they could be printed, failed to do so. The nominations did not suit some and they boasted that they would beat the nominees and that was the scheme they resorted to. It is strange that men will betray their party to accomplish their own selfish purposes. TRUE BLUE.

THE UNION PACIFIC Passes through the best cities and towns of Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, and its best route to Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Portland and all Puget Sound Ports. The advantages gained by traveling via the Union Pacific are Quick Time, Unequaled Service, MAGNIFICENT EQUIPMENT, DOUBLE DRAWING ROOM, PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS, PULLMAN DINING CARS, FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS, PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS. For time tables, pamphlets descriptive of the country traversed, rates of fare, sleeping car accommodations, or any other information, apply to N. B. Olds, Agent.

GAMES WITH CARDS.

SOURCES OF UNTOLD MERRIMENT AND SORROW, SMILES AND TEARS.

Gambling in the Olden Times—Women Were as Deeply Infatuated as Men—Everything Made Subservient to Play—Facts—Some of the Old Games.

Possibly no other invention has ever given rise to so much merriment and sorrow, has called forth so many smiles, frowns and tears and has been the agent in so many tragedies as a pack of cards. The actual source of this invention still remains a mystery, the generally accepted story of origin being that in 1393 cards were introduced at the French court as a diversion for King Charles VI during his temporary attacks of insanity. From this date they spread rapidly through every country in Europe and received such a warm welcome from all classes that laws had to be made for the better regulations of dice throwing and card playing.

During the commonwealth card playing shared the banishment of every other amusement, but with the restored monarchy a reaction set in, and heavy play became the fashion. Basset and ombre were the games in favor at court, and in the graphic picture given by Evelyn of the last Sunday spent by King Charles II at Whitehall he speaks of "at least 200 in the hall" on the last table round which "about 30 of the great courtiers" were sitting. Ombre was also a court game. Waller has a poem "on a card torn at ombre by the queen." Pope also, in "The Rape of the Lock," gives such a faithful description of Belinda's game that the Hon. Daines Barrington, writing in The Universal Magazine for December, 1788, says, "When ombre is forgotten (and it is almost so already), it may be revived with posterity from that most admirable poem." In its turn ombre was deposed for quadrille, and for a time no one who aspired to be counted among the beau monde condescended to play any other game. Mr. Urban, in The Gentleman's Magazine for 1796, gives "Cautions Against Quadrille" and warns "the young and unwary of both sexes" against a most growing vice which if not timely prevented will end in their ruin. "I mean," he says, "the great increase of Play in private Houses, and more particularly that artful and cheating game of Quadrille." Quadrille was equally popular in Paris, and a pamphlet is extant dated 1760 of "The game of Quadrille for Four as it is now played at the French Court," in which it says, "It is allowed by all players that Quadrille is more amusing and entertaining than Ombre or any other game on the cards, either because every Deal is played out or that it better suits the genius of the Ladies, to whom compliance and good manners must Prejudice the Gentlemen in its favor." Such a prejudicial hold had this fascinating game taken on women that a writer of the day declares that "women now spend all their time in gambling. Their husbands, children, the duties of so society, are, without Quadrille, wearisome encumbrances. Quadrille is the joy that gives life, spirit and brightness. For this they hurry over their meals and abridge their most agreeable Refreshments. For this alone they visit and are visited."

In the autobiography of Mr. Frederick Reynolds he tells us that one of the most noted card playing places near London was Trickham, and that there, in Montpellier row, lived four maiden ladies who were known in the neighborhood as Manille, Spadille, Basto and Punto. Mrs. Harris, writing to her son, the first Lord Malmesbury, says: "Mme. de Walden would fain have tempted me to her loo table, but I needed little fortitude to withstand it, as one stake lost would ruin a whole assembly. I preferred a sober game of quadrille with Miss Chadleigh." The Annual Register for 1766 informs us that "a lady at the West End lost at a sitting one night last week 3,000 guineas at loo." As early as the reign of Henry VII a prohibitory statute forbade any persons save those of noble rank to play at cards except during Christmas, and for generations this custom was strictly adhered to, so that many who objected to touch a card at any other time relaxed their prejudices and played a few games at this festive season. As late as the year 1789 The European Magazine for December says: "This being the season when and when only card playing is permitted in sober families for the recreation of men, women and children," etc., "it may not be out of place to give a few observations on games which at no distant time were the most popular." Among these games brag is spoken of as "peculiarly adapted to the fasts was among the ladies of distinction that hereby they acquire a decent assurance and competency of countenance so absolutely necessary in life, and remedy that shamefacedness, which is a defect of nature, by the assistance of her handmaid art."

The passion for gaming which was prevalent in the days of Queen Anne went on steadily increasing during the reigns of the three Georges. The Gentleman's Magazine for 1753 tells us that "his majesty played at St. James' palace on Twelfth Night for the benefit of the groom porter. Fortune favored the royal family—the Duke of Cumberland won £3,000." The spirit of gambling was by this time no longer confined to the court, it had broken loose over the whole land, the taste was universal and alike indulged in by both men and women.—Pall Mall Magazine.

The Cost of It. A juror returned as dead before a London magistrate was fined \$10 the other day for nonattendance, that being the only way the judge could think of to remove the name from the jury list. This will have a tendency to put a stop to the practice of being dead.—Rochester Union.

Ballard's Snow Liment. Mrs. Hamilton, Cambridge, Ill., says I had the rheumatism so bad I could not raise my hand to my head, Ballard's Snow Liment has entirely cured me. I take pleasure in informing my neighbors and friends what it has done for me. Chas. Handley, clerk for Lay & Lyman, Kewanee, Ill., advises us Snow Liment cured him of rheumatism. Why not try it? It will surely do you good. It cures all inflammation, wounds, sores, sprains, etc. Price 50 cents. Sold by The North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

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A Sound Liver Makes a well Man. Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick-headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chill and fever &c. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act promptly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

At the beginning of this century a most peculiar cholera remedy was in use in Persia. It consisted in wadding up a leaf from the Koran and forcing it down the patient's throat. The medical department of the queen's household costs £2,700 yearly and comprises 24 persons.

A VIRTUE OF OLIVE OIL.

Man-of-war's Men Say That It Will Prevent Intoxication.

The glasses were going round when the man who had been in the navy spoke: "Wait a minute, boys. We've had several. Let me give you a tip that I learned when I was on the China station. You are pretty good drinkers, you Kentucky boys, and you can hold your own with anybody, east, west or north, who tries to put you under the table. But unless you carry out my plan don't you ever stack yourself up against an Englishman, and especially an army or a naval officer. You could knock him out on whisky, but he doesn't drink it, except in the shape of smoky Scotch and Irish abominations. But champagne, burgundy, claret, ale, sherry, madeira, port, palm in Mexico, saki in China, pulque liquor in Africa, bambos and shandygaff in India, steer clear of them—that is, unless you have the good luck to meet a certain little, yellow faced, wizened creole from Louisiana whose recipe is passed around the mess table of United States men-of-war to this day.

"It started in the old days when the British officers always had the pleasure of outstaying their American guests or hosts whenever two ships met on foreign stations. Then that little yellow devil came along with his trick, and the Englishman has never since come out better than second in any drinking bout. The secret? Olive oil. One wine-glassful before the fun begins, and, if possible, another later on, and you can keep your wit and legs throughout the dampest evening. I suppose one of two things happens. Either the oil coats the stomach and keeps the alcohol from being absorbed by the system, or else it floats on top and keeps the fumes from rising to the brain. But you'll have to ask the medicine men about that. All I know is its practical result, and that has enabled us Yankee Doodies to go home cheerful and clear headed many an evening when our foreign counterparts were speechless."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AMERICAN TOOLS ABROAD.

Purchasers Found For Them Nowdays Throughout the World.

American tools are sold all over the world. The New York representative of an American tool manufacturing establishment when asked where American tools were sent ran over the export orders received that day. They included orders from Hungary, Austria, Germany, France, England, South Africa and South America. There were altogether about 30 orders, and from some of the countries named there were two or three orders. The export orders of the previous day included orders from Russia, Australia and New Zealand, and these were not unusual orders, but such as are constantly received. In the shipping room at that moment stood cases marked for Java, for Ecuador and for Australia.

Many of these orders are small. In some cases there were orders for a single tool, or for two or three; for some orders of half a dozen or two or three dozen to supply orders on to keep lines filled. These small orders are mostly from European countries, with which communication is nowadays quick and convenient. European merchants order these things just about as merchants in other cities in this country would. It costs no more to send to London than it does to Chicago, and it is as easy to send to Berlin as it is to Paterson.

The characteristics that commend these American tools to their foreign purchasers are the same that mark American machines and implements generally—lightness, fine finish and perfect adaptability to their several uses. The exports of American tools to all parts of the world are steadily increasing.—New York Sun.

Bad Story Telling.

If Oscar Wilde's assumption were to be taken seriously, that all fiction is lying, it might account for much that afflicts readers, since the lack of morale affects the intellect, and what is done without conscience is apt to be done badly. Of course all fiction is not lying, as all killing is not murder, but it is a sad fact that many writers of novels and short stories seem to have left their consciences and much of their brains behind when they go forth to work—as if these belongings might safely remain in seclusion, with the dress coat and the white tie, to be brought out only for special occasions. Artemus Ward once remarked that he had a secret, but did not have it with him, and that (or the latter half of it) is apt to be the case with any of us when we are careless. True, even good Homer sometimes nodded, but this affords no example for us who are not Homers. To come to our tasks otherwise than with all our wits about us and invite public attention to the chance "oozings of our brains" is as if one should issue from his apartments unshorn and half clad or enter upon the busy haunts of men without money in his pocket.—Frederic M. Bird in Lippincott's.

Leather and Kerosene.

There is one use of kerosene which is seldom mentioned. It often happens that when a heavy shoe or boot has been wet it hardens and draws so that it hurts the foot. If the shoe is put on and the leather thoroughly wet with kerosene, the stiffness will disappear and the leather become pliable, adapting itself to the foot. If oiled while wet, the leather retains its softness a longer time. The kerosene does not injure the leather at all.

KEARNY'S CHARGE.

LOST AN ARM, WON A BREVET, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Phil Kearny Led His Dragon Grens to the Mouth of the Mexican Canyon—He Was Afterward Known on the Battlefield as the "One Armed Devil."

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THE gates of the City of Mexico, which fell under Scott's bold attacks in September, 1847, the "One Armed Devil," dashing Phil Kearny, got the empty glory and the empty honor, but conspicuously won by him in the wars of two continents.

When Kearny was killed by Stonewall Jackson's soldiers in 1862, Jackson exclaimed to his men: "Boys, do you know you have shot the most gallant officer in the United States army? This is Phil Kearny, who lost an arm in Mexico!" Kearny's career in Mexico and afterward in Europe showed that he was a born cavalryman. Yet he died, somewhat ignominiously, it must be confessed, seeking stirring adventure as a general in infantry, and a second in the company of the enemy's lines when killed. When a boy at college, Kearny had with him a war plant consisting of thousands of leaden soldiers, artillery train, spring guns, elaborate field works and fortifications. His leisure was spent in exercising on mimic battlefields. One of the great soldiers idolized by the boy warrior was Tilly, a German of the seventeenth century, known as the "Old Devil."

In after years Kearny was to bear a nickname quite as significant, for while reverencing Tilly and others of the scholarly type of commanders he yearned to be a dashing Hussar and perform reckless cavalry charges. He early became noted as a horse killer. Although born to ample fortune, Kearny put everything aside at the age of 21 and took a second lieutenant's commission in the famous First United States dragoons. That was in 1836, a dull time for American soldiers. Fortunately the young lieutenant was sent to study cavalry tactics abroad. He served through the French campaign in Algeria as an aid on the staff of the Duke of Orleans. He had his baptism of fire in driving the fierce Arabs from the mountain of Monzia, a celebrated "battle above the clouds."

In the Mexican war Kearny led a company of dragoons, all picked men, mounted on iron gray steeds. The "grays" became famous under their dashing leader. But the mountain passes, the marshy fields, with their deep wide ditches, in the early march of the army toward the City of Mexico were unsuited to brilliant cavalry maneuvers. At a dinner given the American officers in the Mexican city of Puebla, Kearny lamented the dullness of the work assigned his troopers. He said that he would gladly give an arm to win a brevet.

Chance was at last given the dragoons to relieve the monotony of outpost and picket duty at the battle of Churubusco bridge. The company of "grays" was attached to General Pillow's division. Pillow's foot soldiers stormed and carried a fortified bridge head (Tete de Pont) on the river. The Mexicans, who were overthrown on the bridge head, retreated along a single causeway leading through the swamps to the City of Mexico. It was a disorderly rout, and the Mexicans actually saved themselves by blocking the road with a jam of infantry, cavalry, artillery and wagons. The victorious Americans were baffled in the attempt to pursue, but Kearny dashed across the bridge, followed by his 100 dragoons, and lunged upon the heels and flanks of the Mexicans until the road was cleared. Then, dashing in at the first opening, he rode over and through the panic stricken mob, sabering right and left. The terrified Mexicans were driven into the swamps on either hand.

Between Churubusco river and the gates of the city was a stretch of road two miles in length. It was quickly passed over by the dragoons, for Kearny only waited to lay a path for himself and the column of fours at his heels. "On to the San Antonio gate!" was the cry, and, although the recall was sounded in the rear by Pillow's bugles, Kearny gave no heed. The rear files of his dragoons gradually dropped away until less than half a dozen sets of fours held to the chase behind their mad leader.

Santa Anna himself stood at the San Antonio gate watching the sad plight of his defeated army. Seeing the little whirlwind of American sabers speeding down the causeway, he ordered the battery defending the gate to be ready with double load of grape and canister. On Kearny, plying sabre and spear, and on rode the dragoons, until with a ditch brought the pursued and pursuers to a halt. The flying Mexican officers were seen to dismount at the ditch, and Kearny and his handful did the same. Just beyond the ditch was the first of the defenses of the gate, a lunette with two guns. Kearny pushed through the crowd of Mexicans in front of him, losing half his accoutrements in the crush, but retained his sword. With three officers and a dozen men he entered the battery.

It was a wild moment. Santa Anna was plying the lash to his followers to urge them to stand to their guns. The artillerymen in the battery deluged the mob, friends and foes alike, with canister. A gallant officer who had volunteered to share the dangers of Kearny's charge—Major Mills—was killed, and the other two officers, Captain McReynolds and Graham, were wounded. Several of the troopers were killed, and the rest were wounded. Then Kearny stood alone inside the walls of Mexico and not a friendly arm within two miles. Making his way in the confusion of the melee back through an embrasure, Kearny crossed the ditch and struck the causeway unnoticed. The Mexican guns were still raking the road lengthwise, and it was soon cleared of all but dead men and wounded and frightened horses. Seizing one of the steeds, a griffin lunging to a fallen dragoon, Kearny vaulted into the saddle. Riding, sword in hand, through the fire, he again attempted to hew for himself a pathway, but a canister shot tore the bone out of his left arm between the elbow and shoulder.

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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

He kept in the saddle until his horse reached the American outposts, and there the surgeon's knife removed what was left of the shattered member. In exchange for that the gallant captain got his brevet of major.

So it was that Phil Kearny, the "One Armed Devil," came out of Mexico to exploit his fame and courage on other fields of war. He served on the plains until 1858. When the French and Austrian war came in 1859, he was leisurely traveling in Europe. True to his old instincts, he volunteered as an officer of the French cavalry guard. He fought at Solferino. The old Algerian regiment with which he had taken his baptism of fire in 1840, the Chasseurs d'Afrique, was ordered to charge the heights. Kearny rode at the head of the chasseurs "with his bridle in his teeth," so that his sword arm might be free. Once more he got beyond the friendly lines into the enemy's masses and had a most miraculous escape. A third adventure of that kind, and Kearny was no more.

Kearny had not in him to be another Marat to some modern Napoleon. But when he offered his sword to the government in 1861 as a leader of cavalry volunteers he was told, "This is not a war for horseback fighting." So he fretted and chafed behind slowly moving infantry and lost his life seeking for that excitement which comes without seeking to a gallant marshal of squadrons.

The Confederates always made a target of the "One Armed Devil," but he lived through many battles in 1861 and 1862. At Fair Oaks he held a subordinate position which he should lead his regiment in: "Oh, anywhere, colonel. You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line." When killed at Chantilly, in September, 1862, Kearny was riding alone inside the Confederate lines. It was dark and raining, and he wore a rubber cloak, concealing his uniform. One of Stonewall Jackson's pickets halted him. "Don't fire! I'm a friend," said he, wheeled his horse and leaned forward upon the animal's shoulders and neck. Several shots were fired and finally a bullet of heavy caliber struck the flying horseman at the base of the spine, razing upward and instantly fatal. Had his left arm been intact he would have leaped out of the saddle, Indian fashion, and shielded his own person with that of his horse. So fell Kearny, the hero of the most brilliant personal exploit performed at the gates of Mexico. He had just sent his orderly to the rear to mail a letter to his wife, and, his fate was not known until the body came into the lines under a flag of truce.

Kearny's genius stamped itself upon the First Jersey brigade. This body of men was organized by Kearny at the request of the governor of New Jersey. His name was always associated with it during the war, although he never led it in battle. The veteran survivors of the brigade still venerate the name of their old leader. He was strict in his



discipline and a very hard taskmaster, but the American volunteers were men intelligent enough to recognize the fact that they needed a very rough breaking in order to be quickly changed from ease loving civilians into soldiers fit for the hardships and dangers of the campaigns. The Jersey brigade was one of the best fighting corps in the army. When the army reached the peninsula, Kearny was placed in command of a division in the Third Army corps. He proved to be a very active division commander. In the battles at Williamsburg and Fair Oaks he displayed great gallantry in hurrying forward the troops where they were needed and leading them into action. In the battle at Fair Oaks his division was one of the most conspicuous. It was at Fair Oaks that General O. O. Howard lost his right arm. Kearny passed the field hospital, where the amputation took place, and seeing the freshly bandaged stump exclaimed, "Howard, you and I can buy our gloves together after this!" GEORGE L. KILMER.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TEUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINNAUL & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best. 1-39

MORTALITY OF SLANG.

WORDS AND PHRASES THAT RUN WILD AND ARE SHORT LIVED.

The Use of Slang as a Habit Compared to Swearing and the Intemperate Use of Intoxicants—The Harm That Results From the Nonsensical Custom.

The Italian method of prefixing a *s* to a word to give it a damaging significance can be employed with good effect in christening that wayward and degenerate offspring of English known as slang. In its present state slangness has attained to such a luxurious completeness that it warrants serious treatment. So copious and comprehensive has it become that there is hardly a human want, feeling or emotion of the heart that cannot be translated into the vernacular of the bootblack. In studying the philosophy of slang the first question is, How and why did it originate? To the first question one might give, with certain modifications, the same answer that would be given to the question, Why do people swear? The human animal, like a locomotive, seems to require escape valves for occasions when there is too much steam in the boiler. When a man is overflowing with admiration, anger or wonder, the ordinary adjectives do not (or he thinks they do not) meet the emergency. They do not relieve his pent up fullness any more than a sip from a dewdrop would quench a man's thirst. The natural man and the natural woman sometimes find relief under strong emotion in explosive utterances. In the case of anger the escape valve expletive is an oath unless the man in question happens to be a gentleman and sometimes, though very rarely, when he is not.

It will thus be seen that slang, being of emotional ancestry, is a first cousin to the oath, and both are used by those who mentally resemble the man whose use of intoxicating drinks has made him forget or underestimate the attractions of pure water. Slang, in sooth, is a whisky distillation of language. It is so strong that it may be taken only very rarely with impunity, and herein lies the chief danger in its use. Not only does the slanguist find ordinary English tame, but he ends in not being able to find any English at all. Another fatal characteristic of slang is the very one which at first secures its adoption—namely, its pungency. The same law that makes quiet colors and shades wear well in the world of fabrics has its counterpart in the world of speech. We tire very speedily of a startling costume, in high colors, and just as speedily do we tire of slang, which is startling, high colored speech. Still another reason why slang can never gain a permanent foothold in the language is its utter lack of dignity. No subject can be seriously treated in slang. Its sole function is to tickle by its patness or its grotesqueness. It reflects a fugitive iridescence upon current wit and humor, as like the bubble catches prismatic colors, but like the bubble, it vanishes even while you behold it. Naturally there are slang phrases of all degrees of goodness and badness, ranging from the worst, which is only a slight remove from a forcible but perfectly decorous adjective to slang of the most daring, deep dyed order. At one end of the scale, for instance, one might place "fetching" and at the other end its superlative "rum." Again, the injunction "play ball" is gentle and seemly, in comparison with the brusque command "get a move on." Along certain lines the slanguist seems to revel in extravagant synonyms and antonyms, especially in those expressing some infirmity in the upper story. The man who has "wheels" is also popularly known as "nutty," "cracked" or "off his trolley." Again, if he comes from the country, he is "corn raised," "has 'seed in his hair," or his "face doesn't fit him." "Gut," "nerve," "cheek," "sand," "brass" and "face" are also nearly synonymous terms for qualities whose universality has made them a target for popular satire. Equally prolific is the slanguist in coinage terms for money. "Dust," "tin," "sand," "rocks," "chink" and "spondulicks" are only a few of the words that translate "filthy lucre."

Two of the slang phrases now in gallingly frequent use are, "That's right," and "That won't cut much ice." The latter, it must be confessed, has certain cool figurative qualities which give it a saving color of grace. But most of these phrases rely chiefly upon their condensed expressiveness, which is the trademark of their American manufacture. They are but one of the many devices of the masses to compass a crosscut and avoid circumlocutions. Thus "snap" and "cinch" are time economy for a moneyed sinner and an assured competence. One of the surest tests of the rapid mortality of slang is the extremely painful sensation produced by hearing antiquated slang phrases used—and there are always people who are two or three or ten years behind in their use of such phrases. When other people are saying "Not on your tynotype," the user of midwived slang feebly ejaculates: "I should smile." The piquancy and patness of certain phrases make it hard to declare that slang has no legitimate use. But concerning its misuse, there can hardly be two opinions among people whose opinions are worth anything. A careful study of the qualities of men and women who habitually interlard their remarks with slang will furnish anybody with a world of convincing conclusions in favor of pure English.—Critic.

The hagfish, or myxine, has a custom of getting inside the cod and similar fishes and entirely consuming the interior, leaving only the skin and the skeleton. Gray horses are usually the longest lived. Creams are decidedly delicate and are seriously affected by very warm weather. Ballard's Horehound Syrup. We guarantee this to be the best Cough Syrup manufactured in the whole world. This is saying a great deal, but it is true. For Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, we positively guarantee Ballard's Horehound Syrup to be without an equal on the whole face of the globe. In support of this statement we refer to every individual who has ever used it, and to every druggist who has ever sold it. It is a necessity, indispensable. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by The North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.



When a young woman sits down and ponders over her future life, there is one all-important subject which she should not forget. In a day dream she may build castles in the air with a happy home, laughing children and a loving husband in the foreground. At that moment she may be facing death. Matrimony and motherhood hold out no happiness to the young woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. The woman who suffers in this way will be a weak, nervous, sickly, petulant wife, an incapable mother, and an unhappy, restless, and discontented mother of healthy children, as the result of the use of this medicine.

Mrs. John M. Conklin, of Patterson, Putnam Co., N. Y. (Box 134), writes: "I am enjoying perfect health and have since I took the last bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I had falling of the internal organs, or female weakness, and flowing caused by miscarriage, and was very weak when I commenced taking your medicine." The unfailing, never-gripping cure for constipation—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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