Is caused by Uric Acid and other impurities lingering in the blood, which have not been filtered out by the Kidneys through the urine. The seat of the trouble is not in the skin or muscles. It's sick Kidneys. Electricity liniments or plasters will not reach the case. But the disease can be

best preparation on the market for all duey and rheumatic affections."

D. D. BRUNSON, Baggage and Transfer Line, Norfolk, Neb. "Your sample and one box of Hobbs Pills which I have used, relieved me so much of my rheumatism and kidney trouble that I have discarded my crutches and have no further use

G. M. HANNA, 510 South 12th St., Omaha, Neb. Dr. Hobbs

FOR SALE BY A. F. STREITZ.

EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR. Last Night of a Southern Soldier on the

Battlefield. "Don't leave me, captain! Oh, don't leave me!"were the words that came to me with an agonized shriek from a bleeding and dying Confederate soldier on the evening of the great battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. He, a mere youth of 17 years, lay in a heap, gasping for the breath which was fast leaving him, along with the rays of sunlight, on that sad and memorable day. I, for whom that piteous cry was meant, was a staff officer of the brigade to which the Louisiana regiment, the soldier boy's regiment, was attached.

Well mounted, I was galloping back across that bloody field to report the duty I had performed when suddenly arrested in my course by the voice of despair and woe, coming from my stricken comrade. The day was fast passing away into darkness, a darkness that seemed to enshroud this valley of gone into the pockets of the cattlemen. death. The terrific cannonading on both | Pierre Wiebaux, the Montana stocksides that had lasted for hours from the | man, said to be the largest single owner surrounding hills (Malvern hill being of cattle in the United States, has numthe central point of attack by the Con- | bered his total possessions of cattle at federates) was supplemented by the 50,000 head. The Berry-Boice Cattle booming of artillery and bursting of company has owned and grazed each shells from the gunboats on the adja- | year not fewer than \$0,000 head, and

Nature seemed to revolt at this scene of blood and carnage. Thunder and total of from 10,000 to 35,000 head. lightning and an avalanche of rain came | The vastness of the business of these in quick succession with such great force as to cause the stoutest heart to the fact that the annual shipments for quake. This great battle was the sev- | the past few years have been from 3,000 enth day's fight to capture the city of | to 6,000 head for each of the large com-Richmond. It was not an ordinary battle, but a demons' fight and the final encounter between those two giants of cost of the cattle and the cost of their war Robert E. Lee and George B. Mc Clellan. It gave the laurels of victory to the southern chieftain, bedewed with the tears of broken hearts.

Without stopping to consider what I ever. alone could do for the dying youth amid the chaos and increasing darkness of the night that prevailed. I turned back and dismounted to keep a lonely vigil with the dead. My horse, which, strange to say, had seemed frenzied with swooned away from less of blood, and was glad to know he was not dead. and served equally well for food in dead Giving him the bridle of my horse to of winter as in the heat of summer. hold. I tore the sash from around my

ing forest could now be heard. The great armies that had so lately confronted each other in battle array had seemingly vanished from the scene. I was alone on a battlefield with the dead. Wet and dripping, with the chill of night upon me, I waited for morning, and he, too, the brave soldier boy, was waiting for morning. Oh, God, will it

He clasped my hand with hope and without pain. I believed he had gone to smaller scale. sleep. Morning came, and he was still asleep-asleep to wake no more. - Dawson A. Blanchard in Washington Post.

ANCIENT WARFARE.

How an English Castle Was Attacked In the Fifteenth Century.

vised his castle, called Caister, to John ed as hay, until the ranges in many Paston. As a fortification, it was an places are bare of feed for the herds of excellent defense against foreign invad- the larger companies. These conditions ers, and as a residence it was worthy of are responsible for the closing out of royalty itself. In fact, the Duke of the cattle princes. There is no longer Gloster, afterward Richard III, at one room for their thousands of beeves. Fiftime contemplated making it his abode. | teen thousand cattle, the property of While Paston was trying to establish one of the larger operators, succumbed his title in the courts the Duke of Nor- to the severity of the weather for no folk purchased a pretended claim to it, other reason than that the ranges had and sought to gain possession by force. been denuded of grass by the numerous The Pastons did not propose to yield, though the duke was then probably the most powerful noble in England, and John Paston was his liveried servant. Four professional soldiers were sent up from London to aid in the defense. They are described as "provyd men, conning in werr and can wel schote both gonnes and crossbowes and devyse bolwerkys and keep wacche and warde. They be sadde and wel advysed, saving on of them, whyche is ballyd (bald) but yit he is no brawler. Ye shall fynd them gentylmanly comfortable fellowes, and that they dare abyde by ther taklyng."

Young John Paston, aided by these four and by a handful of personal friends and followers, held the castle for several weeks against a siege conducted by the duke's army of 3,000 men. By the terms of the final surrender the besieged were allowed their lives and goods, horses and harness, and a respite for 15 days, in which to go where they pleased. They reported that they were forced to surrender by "lak of vitayl, gonepowdyr, menys herts and surete of rescue." Edward IV had refrained from interfering in this extraordinary contest, because the troubles with Warwick were gathering thickly about him, and the Mowbrays were too necessary to be safely offended. -Sewanee Review.

Personal. Sawftleigh-I tell you what it is, there's some funny things happen in

Keener-That's a fact. How long ago 1d you happen in?-Boston Courier.

THE CATTLE KINGS.

CNCE A GREAT POWER IN THE WEST, THEY ARE NOW DISPLACED.

Small Stock Raisers Have Driven Out the Larger Ones-Big Ranges and Water Holes Fenced In - How the Bonanza Cattle Outfits Made Enormous Profits.

The great cattle ranges of western North Dakota and Montana, where for nearly 20 years, the bonanza cattle outfits have held complete sway, and where cattle have roamed the vast prairies at will, like the buffalo a quarter of a cen-

tury ago, are passing out of existence.

The deathknell of the large cattle companies has been sounded by the innumerable settlers who have taken up vacant government land in the great grazing region, built "shanties" in the vicinity of every natural spring and water hole, fenced in thousands of acres of grazing land and driven the immense herds of the bonanza cattlemen from place to place, until there is no place left for them to go. All the years that the vast prairies of the west have remained unsettled have been worth millions to the cattle princes. Hundreds of thousands of cattle have been imported, placed upon the ranges at a cost not to exceed \$16 a head for the 2-year-old steers, allowed to roam at will for two years, at an average animal cost not to exceed \$3, and then sold in the market at Chicago for an average price of \$45 to \$50. The free ranges offered by the millions of acres of unsurveyed and unoccupied government land have been turned into millions of dollars in cold cash by the cattle kings, but the tide of immigration to the west has sealed

their fate and they are ready to go.

For 20 years nearly a vast region lying along the western part of North Dakota and the eastern strip of Montana measuring 100 miles in width and 150 miles in length has been entirely given up to the interests of the cattle kings. Thousands of head of cattle have been grazed year after year, countless trainloads of beeves have been shipped to market and millions of dollars have there are numerous companies that have essayed to keep on the ranges an annual cattle companies may be estimated from panies. The annual profits of the larger companies, after deducting the original maintenance upon the ranges, are from \$75,000 to \$150,000-all that from the free ranges of the government, given without taxation or any return what-

To understand the situation that has miles but short nutritious grass, which cured on the prairie, as clover in a stack,

Forth upon this vast area every spring waist to bandage his torn and bleeding have been poured streams of gaunt, ill shaped, long horned and lean ribbed The boy was praying and called down | southern cattle. Left to roam at will, God's blessing on me. His petition to they have thriven and waxed fat, until heaven seemed to be heard. The storm in two years they have become sleek of wind and rain, although still high, and fat and comely to the eye. During was abating. Naught but the mournful all that period they have been as free wail of the wind through the surround- and untrammeled as were ever the buffalo. But at the close of the maturing period they have been rounded up, driven to railroad stock shipping pens and loaded upon the cars for a trip to market. Their places are taken by fresh importations from the south. And so, ger \$50 for the eye, thinking he would year after year, have the processes been get \$100 upon returning it and he repeated, until the profits that were | would have \$50 clear. known to have accrued from the business have tempted thousands of small holders of cattle to settle in this region | him there. He found that no such man confidence and seemed to be happy and and engage in the beef business on a

The presence of these smaller operators is the inevitable doom of the cattle kings. Their vast herds are no longer allowed to ream the ranges undisturbed. The small ranchmen have built fences and inclosed the water holes. The prairies have been made to yield to the mowing machine, and the former Sir John Fastolf had by his will de- free grass has come to be cut and stacksmaller ranchmen. This was a warning that the most obstinate must heed. And so the cattle companies that formerly numbered their possessions by the thousands of head may now number them easier in hundreds. The small ranchman is the man upon whom the market of the future must rely for its beef. -St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Out of His Depth. "What," said the girl with loose hair around her ears and a spasmodic manner, "is your opinion of the ultimate destiny of the human race?"

"Did I-er-understand you to say he ultimate destiny of the human ace?" inquired Willie Wishington.

"Yes." "Why-um-if you want my candid pinion, I should say that-uh-that 's a long ways off."-Washington

Smoke and Lightning. "On the approach of a thunderstorm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire," says Industries and Iron, "in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured. By some this is deemed superstition, but Schaster shows that the custom is based on reason inasmuch as the smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away the electricity slowly and safely. He points out that in 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 6.3 churches and 8.5 mills have been struck, while the number of factory bimneys has only been .3."

COST OF SABLES.

How the Price Advances After the Ski

Up in the great watershed dividing Siberia and Mongolia lives a peculiar race of people, half Chinese, half Tibetans. Few Europeans have ever seen them. In fact, with the exception of one or two enterprising explorers or geo-graphical enthusiasts who have crossed the Altai range, European eyes have never gazed upon the aboriginal Syots of northern Mongolia.

Sable hunting in the Siberian moun-tains and northern Mongolia is confined almost exclusively to the Syots and other native races, and it would surprise a good many fur dealers in England to know the prices which are paid by the Siberian traders to these poor aborigines

for the skins they collect. The Siberian trader, knowing his market, makes periodical journeys into Mongolia. It is safe to say he does not take a kopek of money with him, but he drags behind him a well stuffed caravan loaded with tea, tobacco, gunpowder and shot, strings of beads for the women and roughly made moccasins for the men. In due course he will come across a Syot encampment.

The trader sits on his wagon and barters cheerfully. With the eye of a connoisseur and with fingers rendered deft by long practice he sees and feels the smooth, warm skins of the little ani-

This small black one-well, a two ounce packet of tobacco is enough for that; that large black one-a handful of shot and an equal quantity of gunpowder; a packet of tea for a lovely skin with a long black stripe down the center; this one, a fine skin, but a little bit hurt by the shot entering the back-well, say a string of beads for

In their original undressed state it is enfe to say that the skins do not cost the Siberian trader much more than a few pence each on the average. As the poor sable travels farther westward, however, he gets dearer and dearer. In Tomsk one can buy a very good sable for something like 5 or 6 rubles, about 13s. In Omsk few are sold under 10 rubles—£1 is. In Moscow 100 per cent goes on. In. St. Petersburg no one except the middle class or a functionary that nasty mathful that gave you the bles-£1 Is. In Moscow 100 per cent would wear a sable under £5. In Paris and London a real Siberian sable skin will fetch anything up to £20, but the imitation sables of the present day have done much to depreciate this wonderful trade.—London Mail.

HIS HIGH PRICED EYE.

How a Clever Bunko Game Was Played

on a Son of Sunny Italy. A well planned scheme was worked on a down town Italian confectioner the other night whereby he lost \$50. About 2 p. m. a man who had one good eye and one glass eye came wandering along the street and stopped at this Italian's fruit stand. He stooped over to look at some of the fruit, when unexpectedly his glass eye fell from its socket down among the bananas and

The pretending purchaser at once began a diligent search for the missi

the stranger to come around in the even ing and he cruld get the other eye. The man explained he was a stranger and would not be here in the evening, but if he (the Italian) found the eye he should bring it to his hotel, where \$100 would be paid to him.

An hour later another man came along, pretended to make a purchase, and while Engering around in the fruit suddenly espied the wonderful glass eye. The man from Italy made a grab for it, but was too late, as his would be cus tomer already had it. Both claimed the eye, and a quarrel ensued. The Italian patched matters up by giving the stran-

He went to the hotel with the eye to get the \$100 that he was told awaited had been there and no \$100 was left there for him. He then saw how he w worked and notified the police.-Pittshurg Commercial-Gazette.

SHADOWING A FOOTBALLER.

Several years ago a young athlete named D-was conspicuous as a football player. He was a swift runner, a all round player. He had proved such a tower of strength on his college eleven that rival teams feared him, and when rumors to the effect that he had received to investigate his amateur status. If he had received money, as alleged, he was no longer an amateur and could be debarred from a place on the team.

Accordingly an emissary was dispatched, with the usual oppressive college secrecy, to the village of Swhere the suspected player resided when at home. The father of D- was a well to do farmer, and the spy, passing as a book agent, experienced little difficulty in getting him to talk about his

"Famous?" he said, with no great show of enthusiasm. "Waal, I s'pose the boy is famous, but there isn't much in this football."

"But a fellow as famous as he is must get a good salary," the spy suggested, with a craftily assumed air of innocence. "Nope," said the farmer. "Football players don't get a salary." "That's odd," continued the spy.

'I heard he was kicking for cash."

"Waal, that's right. He is," the father slowly admitted. The spy was secretly overjoyed. He chuckled inwardly and fairly hugged himself with delight. In fancy the rival team was already deprived of her strong-

est player. "So he's kicking for cash at college, is he?" he echoed. "Yes," the farmer said wearily, 'yes. he's kickin for more cash 'most

every letter I get." And then the disgusted spy kicked himself, metaphorically speaking, a'll the way back to college.—Harper's Ba-

ATRUE RKSTORY

PATHETIC .

the Little Blue and Hook-Death by "How very hard it is to provide for

a young, fast moving family nowa-days!" eaid the mother shark, turning, for the hundred time that morning, upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week-she had been fasting-in fact, ever since she came in burriedly at the close of a great feast hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the stripped carcass of a recent whale. There, is dint of the energy of her massive steadders, her 14 feet of length and freshid rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proposition of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw as well as for the up keep of the 14 shark-lings that were now restlessly darting in and out of their cozy cave at the far

end of her capacious throat.

Within the immediate range of her glance a wast black shadow obscured a wide, irregularly shaped area of the blazing sumbles. It was so calm that the shadow seemed stationary. In the direction of the cool penumbra her gaze lingered caractly, for hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the subher the knowledge that from the sub-stance of such shadows came food dropping down, waied and toothsome, actually alive or rare occasions. Somely she wondered at the long time that her little blue and gold

long time that her little blue and gold attendant had been gone.

He was so midom absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute that she get quite uneasy, but while she fidgeted to tailly, with many twitchings of her fittible "gaff topsail," back came the pilot fish in a tearing hurry. "Now, then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as hig as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can be sure this latter part of this energetic exordinm was lost upon mother shark, being drowned in the wash set up by her great tail fin, which was going in grand style, starting ber off at such a rate that two or three stragglers of the family had to sain like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and

Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into tue shadow, where, sure enough, a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted almost out of water every now and then.
"Oh, do look, mamma! There's a hig fish. Is he going to eat up that pretty little one, do you think?" "Oh, no, my little man," struck in the mate, "but you watch him now!" As he spoke the great gray body took a curve latterly, a

pilot circled excitedly at top speed. Slowly the mate as gently slacked away, there was a gulp, and the big joint disappeared. There was a flash, a splash and an eddy. Then the rope attached to the shock back aspected in the peak the shark hock concealed in the pork groaned over the rail as it felt the strain.

"Lay aft the watch," roared the feet, a babel of directions and a tremendous tumult alongside, through the writhings of the captive monster, she was transferred forward to the lee gangway, where, by the aid of a stout watch tackle, she was hoisted out of water.

"Don't take him aboard," cried the captain. "Make such an infernal mess if you do. Just spritsail yard him and let him go agen." So a piece of scantling was got from the carpenter, pointed at both ends, about four feet long. This they drove between her jaws from side to side. Another wedge shaped piece was planted diagonally down through her broad snout, the upper end pointing forward. Then they cut off the wide pectoral fins, letting the quivering carcass fall into the sea again by the simple expedient of chopping the book out. "What abominable cruelty," muttered a gentle faced man among the crowding passengers, as he turned away sick at heart. But the bustling seaman looked pityingly at him, wondering doubtless at his lack of sporting instincts. Thus disabled, the miserable monster plunged blindly in uncertain directions, unable reliable drop kicker and an excellent to steer herself, unheeding the frantic caresses of her faithful little satellite, who had almost exhausted himself by leaping up at her as she hung struggling against the vessel's side. Neither money for his services were circulated did she notice the puzzled, wavering steps were eagerly taken by the foot- movements of her wondering brood. So she disappeared from the view of the laughing, happy crowd on deck. But whichever way she rushed she always fetched up to the surface promptly, because of the vane in her head. Thus for a day and a night she fought aimlessly with all the forces of amazing vitality pent up in her huge body against these torturing disablements, until mercifully she fell in with a couple of ravenous congeners. Scenting fresh blood, they made for her straightway. Like mad things, they fell upon her. Long and hard they strove, tearing their way through the tough framework until assistance came from all quarters, and a motley multitude of various hungry ones cleaned up every shred of the welcome banquet, leaving only the deserted pilot to seek another partner.-London Spectator.

A handsome gown made in Berlin is thus described: "The skirt of a mouse gray reception toilet was of figured moire, decorated with an apronlike arrangement of openwork embroidery, the rosettes and flowers being made very plastic by means of a thick underlining, which permits the delicate shade of the satin lining to shimmer through. The waist was similarly arranged with a traverse empiecement of small satin bands, which fell over the jabot of yellow guippre lace. On the neck was a garland of wired points or tabs and white silk gauze ruches. The waist disappeared beneath a belt of gold and silver braid finished with silver rosettes. The leg o' mutton sleeves were in the form of a spiral above, the plaits narrowing in the lower part."

BRITISH HISTORY WRONG.

White Plains.

A Misleading Account of the OF AN OCEAN STRUCTION.

In its series of supplements recounting "The Battle Honors of the Services" The British Navy and Army Illustrated once in awhile says something about the British forces in the Revolutionary war. When it does, it is pretty sure to be inaccurate.

The cover of oue issue of the "Battle Honors' has a spirited picture of Bragg's grenadiers winning the battle of White Plains, where they wen the name of the "Slashers," because they threw away their flintlecks and carried an intrenchment with their short swords. The picture is entitled "The Slashers at the Battle of White Plains, 1775."

The battle of White Plains was fought, as a matter of fact, on Oct. 28. 1776. It is stated in the publication that Washington sent 8,000 men to oc-cupy a hill above the ford of the "Brunx," and that this position was carried by the "Slashers" with their swords. It is also said that "soon after this turning movement General Washington, abandoning his stores, retired with his army toward Connecticut."

As a matter of fact the position referred to was held by 1,400 Americans under General McDougal and was carried by a British force of 4,000. One would think from reading the British version of the fight that the "Slashers" whipped the entire American army. There were other British regiments engaged in the work of carrying Chatterton hill, and it is unfair to them to give all the credit to the "Slashers."

Of what took place after the position was carried the version given by The Navy and Army Illustrated is deliberately misleading. The facts are that when the hill was carried General Mc-Dougal retired to Washington's camp with a loss of 80 prisoners and 100 killed and wounded. The British lost 229 killed and wounded. Howe did not dare to attack Washington, but sent for reenforcements, and on Nov. 5 moved his augmented army to Dobbs Ferry. Washington, being confronted by superior numbers, retired, not toward Connecticut, but across the Hudson to New Jersey on Nov. 9.

When a nation starts out to write its military bistory and distorts it in some particulars, it makes one doubt the truth of all. The truth about the battle of White Plains would redound just as much to the glory of the "Slashers" as does the perverted account published by the navy and army. - New York Press.

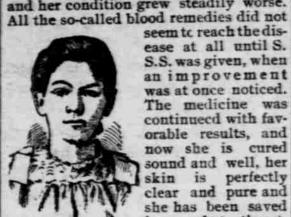
Testing Him. Bagley-Do you recollect that \$5

et you have about a year ago? Brace-Perfectly. Bagley-That's good. I see your memory is all right. How's your eye-

ight?-Harlem Life. Although Greece has an abundance of escoast, most of the fish eaten are imrted, the imports of fish averaging

10,000 yearly.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., eays that his daughter, Ida, inherited a evere case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external appli-cations and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, mate, and amid the trampling of many and her condition grew steadily worse.



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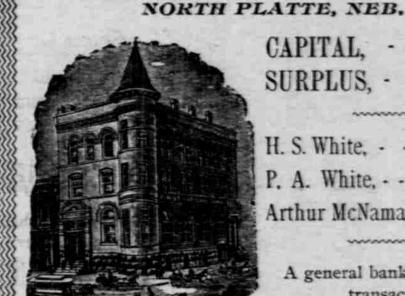
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