

OLD AGE.

And no one upon any... And no one upon any... And no one upon any...

THE POSTAL THIEF.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

As a postoffice inspector I did not hear of the doings at Shelby until two or three of my fellow inspectors had tried their hands and made a failure of it.

The postmaster was an old man named Harper, and for assistants he had his two daughters, one being 19 and the other 16 years of age.

I caused to be mailed to the patent medicine people a large number of letters, with a private number on each envelope.

That evening, after the office closed, we turned it upside down, as it were, but nothing came of it.

I went back there in the disguise of a farmer's hired man looking for work, and luckily for me no farmer wanted a man.

A little boy sat on a bumblebee. Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my!

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascares Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year.

had seen in the afternoon and what was a fact. For some time he argued that I must be mistaken, but finally told me to go ahead and do my duty and never mind his feelings.

He gave me his promise to say nothing overnight, and I was at the house soon after breakfast. I sat down with the girls and went over the case, as I had with him, hoping to break them down.

My search revealed two letters from two different men in New York. They had been directed under other names, but the two girls had opened them.

"We were young, you see, the theater for us a scene of enchantment, in love with each other and more than happy. Our hearts, like the strings of some delicately tuned instrument, vibrated to the slightest touch.

"The clock at the corner was just striking 12 as we slipped into our movable apartment, rather cramped, to be sure, but both of us were light and thin; so, drawing close and snug like birds in a nest, we awaited the passing of the shower—cheerfully awaited it, too—when all at once something very strange occurred.

"The door of the house near which the chair was standing opened noiselessly, as if hung on velvet, and two men looked out, evidently desiring neither to be seen nor heard.

"This was startling enough, but fancy our horror when the bearers of this strange load moved straight to the chair where we crouched in terror, and one of them already had his hand on the door when Victoire uttered a stifled shriek, answered by a frightful oath, and quick as a flash the men were gone as they had come, and the door reclosed as softly as it had opened.

Several thousand steps will be necessary if it takes you as long to find a publisher as it generally takes me.—Chicago Tribune.

A MARVEL. An old astronomer there was who lived up in a tower named Ptolemy Copernicus Flammarion McGower.

"I repeat it," said Jacques d'Ebli-gnac, with an emphasis so curious that all turned to look at him; "it gave me the fright of a lifetime."

"This was the state of things, when, one day, I chanced to find the pass key of 'le pere,' who spent half his time in the winery shop across the way and the other half going up at his door with his equally idle neighbors.

"Hurry! hurry! to the street, we found that the night had changed. The stars were gone, the moon hidden under a canopy of clouds, a cold, penetrating rain beginning to fall and all the sedan chairs gone with the stars.

"The door of the house near which the chair was standing opened noiselessly, as if hung on velvet, and two men looked out, evidently desiring neither to be seen nor heard.

"The gorgiously colored, moppie blooms now exhibited every autumn would certainly astonish that writer of 30 years ago. The golden and bronze shades of the chrysanthemum suited the taste of the promoters of the 'high art' esthetic movement of a few years ago, which, if it had no other merit, helped to bring this flower more forward and revived the culture of snufflowers, which were fast becoming extinct in our gardens.—Longman's Magazine.

"How are your relations with your wife's mother?" "My relations are not with my wife's mother. They are with me and have been in all the controversies."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fillen—By the way, your wife has discontinued her pink tea. Follen—Well, yes. We've got a little pink tea at the house now that is occupying all her time.—Indianapolis Journal.

had it, and we, instead of the murdered victim, were hurrying away through the shadowy gloom.

"What should I do? What could I do? I was nearly distracted. 'By this time we were clear of the suburbs, but still swept onward. Another lightning of the sky, and I saw ahead of us a glistening sheet of water, the river Deule. I knew it well—a deep, rapid stream, the running of whose current we even now could hear.

"She is here," the bearers replied. "To work, to work, then! We have no time to lose. "And the chair door was thrown open. 'But scarcely had they caught sight of Victoire and me, crouching half dead in the bottom of the chair, when a wild stampede took place, a helter skelter rush for the outside. The lights were extinguished, the thud of feet was heard pounding away into the night, and a deep, bloodcurdling stillness.

"An invalid directed by the doctor to take the steam baths," they told the officers of the law, "by name Mme. Jervaise."

"Mme. Jervaise! The name told me all and explained everything that hitherto had seemed mysterious and inexplicable in our midnight adventure. Happily for us: nocturnal escape had never been suspected, and Victoire and I escaped a summons to appear as witnesses before the court of assizes. All the same from that day to this the thought of a sedan chair gives me goose flesh down the spine."—From the French in Cincinnati Enquirer.

When the plant was introduced, about 1840, it was only the small daisylike flower, now only seen as a rule in cottage gardens, which was highly prized as a novelty. The taste for growing and showing it began early, and before 1860 there were many chrysanthemum societies in existence, among them the Stokes Newington, which formed the nucleus of the National society. Yet it was not until 1850, when the plants suffered severely from early frosts, that there was any idea of growing it under glass. The Japanese variety was noticed in 1864 as a novelty, "very curious and interesting, but scarcely ornamental." How little did the author of these remarks suspect what a future was before the plant he so summarily set aside! Three years later, however, we find Japanese varieties recommended with pomp and incurr, and since then they have ever increased in favor.

"My relations are not with my wife's mother. They are with me and have been in all the controversies."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in the system to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says: I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars.

NEW TIME CARD. EAST BOUND—CENTRAL TIME. No. 6—Local Passenger..... 7:05 A.M. No. 2—Fast Mail..... 8:30 A.M. No. 4—Chicago Special..... 11:40 P.M. No. 28—Way Freight..... 7:05 A.M. Trains No. 2 and 4 stop only at Lexington and Kearney between North Platte and Grand Island.

LEGAL NOTICES. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., January 22d, 1898. 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 March 5th, 1898, viz: WILLIAM OCHAMPAUGH H. E. No. 1611 for the northeast quarter section 21, town 4, range 20 west.

ORDER OF HEARING ON ORIGINAL PROBATE STATE OF NEBRASKA. LINCOLN COUNTY, ss. At a County Court, held at the County Court Room, in and for said County, February 14, A. D. 1898. Present, A. S. Baldwin, County Judge. In the matter of the Estate of Nelson F. Donaldson, Deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., February 19th, 1898. 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 Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on March 25th, 1898, viz: LORENZO D. GEORGE, who made Homestead Entry No. 1694, for the lots 1 and 2, section 2, township 14 north, range 31 west, 6th P. M.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., February 19th, 1898. 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 Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on March 25th, 1898, viz: JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

AND AGENT FOR ECLIPSE and FAIRBANKS WINDMILLS. NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

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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