Friday His Lucky Day.

"I've quit her," said Gritly as he smoked a good night cigar with his chum. "It's all off. Henceforth it will be like the memory of a dream; what the novelists call a passing romance."

"But I thought you were engaged?"

"So we were. I had seven warm encounters with the old gentleman before I gained his consent. She wears my ring, and I'm paying for it on the installment plan."

"What's gone wrong, then?"

"It's her superstition. She's bright and cultured, but she's the most superstitious girl that ever came within my experience. I wouldn't believe it, you know; couldn't at first. I proposed to her on Friday. A fellow in love is lucky to know the year, to say nothing of the day of the week. Nothing must do but we break off so as to escape the bad luck. We happened to make this shift on the 13th, and I'll be blowed if we didn't have to break off again in order to kill down the hoodoo. Yes, sir, engaged three times and never had a quarrel. It breaks the record.

"We never started any place yet that she didn't forget something. Do you know that girl would always go to the end of a block before she would turn back? Did it every pop; all superstition. I raked up my whole pile to take her to the musical event of the season. Passing into the theater she stubbed her toe. That settled it. She must get right home to avoid a catastrophe. Had to hire a coupe and the driver carries my watch yet.

"I looked my record up and got word to her that I was born on Friday, in the dark of the moon, and with an unlucky star in the ascendant. She promptly called the engagement off, and that's what I was after."—Detroit Free Press.

Hindoo Cruelty.

The correspondent who sends the following to the Calcutta Asian states that his information came to him on unimpeachable authority. During a royal hunt in one of the Rajpoot states an excepionally fine tiger was caught—netted, no doubt—and lured into a cage. His captors then proceeded to noose his feet and draw them through holes bored in the floor of the cage, and a blacksmith was directed to draw his claws. The tiger's legs having been secured by ropes, the royal sportsmen had a sliding door in the cage opened, and when the captive put his head out they shut the door down on his neck while the blacksmith, with mallet and chisel, broke off his teeth. Preparations were concluded by muzzling the poor brute with strong wire in some inhuman fashion. The tiger was then released, to be baited by dogs, and, despite his maimed condition, he killed several before the "sportsmen" wearied of the game and shot him.

If this story is true, and the information is said to have come from an eyewitness—and there is nothing impossible in the crippling part of the business—one would dearly like to take each of those Rajpoot royalties in turn and read him a lesson with a cutting whip.—London Sketch.

The Long Journey.

In a certain township not many miles from Cleveland the good man of a local household was laid away in the little churchyard on the hill. After the funeral the relatives, both near and distant, returned to the family home, and the officiating pastor came with them. There they enjoyed a good dinner and afterward gathered in the best room for social converse.

Naturally their talk turned upon the serious event of the day, and presently the good pastor, drawing a deep sigh, solemnly remarked:

"Well, our departed brother has gone a long journey."

There was a brief silence, and then a cousin of the deceased, a fussy little woman with an intense desire to bear a share in the conversation, suddenly remarked in a tone of profound wisdom:

"Well, you know, brother, thet they all say thet travel is such an eddicator!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Stroke of Diplomacy.

Applicant—I have called to ask you, madam, to use your influence on my behalf. I am an applicant for a position in your husband's private office, but I have one dangerous rival. He seems to prefer—

Madam (interrupting)—I'm sorry, sir, but I never interfere with my husband's business.

Applicant—If I were as pretty as she is, I might—

Madam—She?

Applicant—Yes, madam. My competitor is a most bewitching girl.

Madam—Just call tomorrow, sir, and I will have the position for you.—Strand Magazine.

Kentucky Fisherman.

"I am a tender hearted man," said Colonel Stilwell, "and as a rule I don't care much foh spoht, but there is one exception to my rule—I enjoy fishing."

"Doesn't it seem rather cruel to you?"

"No, suh. When I think of saving those creatures from having to pass a lifetime in all that watah, I regard myself as a benefactor, suh, and a humanitarian."—Washington Star.

Interested.

Social Student—I presume, with your abundant leisure, that you are interested in the most important question of the day?

Perry Patettic—You bet your life I am. An wit' me, same as anybody else, the most important questions of the day, when all is sifted down, is eats and sleeps.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Spanish and French women of the higher class are usually expert swordswomen. They are taught to fence as carefully and accurately as their brothers, and there are numerous schools in the two countries where young women are taught not only to fence, but to handle the broadsword.

Damaged By Earthquake.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—Owing to damage done by las night's earthquake work has been shut down at the Mare Island navy yard temporarily, and the 1,700 employes are idle. Only two of the buildings escaped damage.

Ohio River Is Subsiding.

CINCINNATI, March 31.—All fear of another rise in the Ohio is averted today by the cool, clear weather and the river falling. The river is falling at Pittsburg and at all points as far down as Louisville.

TWO LOVES.

The woman he loved while he dreamed of her
Danced on till the stars grew dim,
But alone with her heart, from the world apart,
Sat the woman who loved him.

The woman he worshiped only smiled
When he poured out his passionate love,
While the other somewhere kissed her treasure most rare,
A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved betrayed his trust,
And he wore the scars through life,
And he cared not nor knew that the other was true.
But no man called her wife.

The woman he loved trod fested halls
While they sang his funeral hymn,
But the sad bells tolled ere the year was old
O'er the woman who loved him.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A MUTINY AT SEA.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

The Norwich was a bark of about 700 tons, plying between Liverpool and the South American coast, and she carried from 5 to 15 passengers on her outward trip. Of the ten passengers two were servant girls going out to English families, five were men who were in search of health or adventure, and the other three consisted of a man, his wife and a daughter 10 years old. The crew was made up of Englishmen, Americans, Swedes and lascars and was neither better nor worse than the average. That trouble came, followed by a tragedy, was not their fault as a crew, though some of them had to suffer for it.

It was my second voyage as an apprentice, and though I was not taken into the confidence of the men I came to know all. From the hour of taking command Captain Shaw showed himself to be one of the most cruel and hard hearted masters afloat. He had been allowed to select new mates to please himself, and they were men after his own heart. We were not yet off soundings when the officers began knocking the men about, and inside of three days the crew were a unit in declaring that the bark was a floating hell.

The crew of the Norwich were a willing lot, and they had no fault to find about being weak handed or with the provisions. So far as I could observe and so far as testimony went later on, they gave the officers no cause for knocking them about as was done. When we were four days out, one man was laid up with a broken arm, a second was in his bunk with a broken head, and no man had escaped being knocked down. I had been rope's ended and kicked and cuffed by the chief mate, in whose watch I was, until some of the passengers went to Captain Shaw to complain, and yet no boy was willing to work harder or run faster at the word of command.

The protests of the passengers caused a row aft and a change in the usage of the crew. As to the change, the mates were instructed not to exhibit temper while the passengers were about, but at night, when they could do it unobserved, they knocked the men about with more heartiness than before. The sailor with the broken arm would have had no care at all except for the passengers, and the fact that he was an incumbrance seemed to harden the hearts of the officers against all the rest of us. Unless there is treasure on board to be seized and divided a mutiny is a matter to grow by slow degrees. It is rare that mutiny comes about through ill usage. The average sailor will submit to thirst, hunger and cruelty a hundred times over before he is ready to rise in defiance and take the ship out of the hands of her lawful officers. But there is a limit to even what sailors can stand. But for the sympathy clearly shown by the single men among the passengers there might have been no mutiny, although I am sure that after the first week afloat some of the men were plotting to make an example of the mate by striking him down during his watch and throwing his body overboard. It was not that the passengers came among us and expressed their sympathy in so many words, though a word was dropped now and then, but their looks and actions plainly told us with whom they took sides. While that sympathy was merited and justly placed, it was a dangerous thing for all concerned and led to lamentable results. Had the men not been sure of it they would have turned for revenge in some other direction. One life might have been taken, but things would have stopped there.

As I said, the men did not take me into their confidence, as I was only a boy, and they feared me, but I saw and heard enough to satisfy me of the general feeling and to make sure, after we had got down to the south of the Azores, that a climax was at hand. We were a short handed crew when we left Liverpool, and one able seaman was laid up almost at once, and from that time on more or less of the men were partly disabled. This made it hard work to sail the bark, and on several occasions both mates had to go aloft to help out. What brought the climax to a head was the action of the mate one night soon after coming on watch at midnight. We had a following wind and plenty of it, and though one of the best men in the ship was at the wheel the nicest steering could not prevent her from swinging off her course now and then. Had there been two men at the wheel the result would have been the same, and it was something not to be found fault with under the circumstances. The mate, however, used it as an excuse to attack the sailor and do him grievous damage, and as the poor fellow lay on the deck unconscious he was kicked in the face again and again. When the watch on deck saw this, they rushed aft in a body and attacked the mate. He made a hot fight of it, but was thrown overboard without being much hurt. The men then brought the bark to the wind, and just as the maneuver was completed the captain and watch below and three of the passengers appeared. Had the captain been the right sort of man the mutiny would have ended there, but he rushed upon the sailors with awful oaths and began knocking them right and left, when one of the men beat in his skull with an iron belaying pin. There was no stopping them after that. The second mate was brought from his berth and flung overboard, and then the men had full possession. That was the end of the mutiny as a mutiny, however. I mean that, having got rid of their officers, the men did not let their passions carry them further.

Under the directions of the oldest seamen aboard the craft was stripped of her canvas and left to lie in that situation until morning, and not even a shout of rejoicing was indulged in. If there was liquor aboard, the men did not hunt for it. Now that the mutiny had come to pass they talked freely in my presence, and one and all seemed much cast down that they had been forced to make such a move. There was much talk as to what should be done, but it amounted to nothing until after breakfast next morning. Then everybody aboard the bark except the woman and her daughter gathered aft for a talk. Two or three of the passengers were outspoken in their sympathy for the men, and all others were at least neutral. At the instance of the seaman who had charge of the craft a paper was drawn up setting forth all the facts in the case, and this was signed by both passengers and sailors.

No one aboard knew anything about navigation, and it was at first proposed that we remain where we were and fly a signal of distress. In the course of two or three days we were sure to be sighted and relieved. This plan was agreeable to all for a few hours, but after awhile the mutineers began to grow nervous and afraid. No matter what cause they had for mutiny, they had taken three lives, and no matter what testimony the passengers might give a British court would surely inflict severe punishment. There was really no ringleader. One was as guilty as the other, and all might expect the same punishment. As this came to be talked over the men decided not to wait to be taken prisoners and carried home for trial. If they would escape, even temporarily, they must get rid of their passengers. How this should be done was not settled without a further talk. The passengers did not wish to go knocking about the ocean in a craft without officers or navigator, and when it was suggested that they take to the longboat and make for the Azores, 300 miles away, there was not much opposition. Two of the single men knew something about handling a boat, and the craft they were to take was big enough to hold twice their number. Nearly the whole day had passed before this decision was reached, and then it was agreed that no move should be made before the next morning. No fault could be found with the behavior of the men. They did no work, as a matter of course, but were quiet and kept to their end of the ship. Had we been overhauled on that first day no resistance would have been made, but as the hours slipped away the men became more anxious to avoid being taken.

During the night the longboat was got over and fitted out. She was provided with sailors, water, food, lanterns, bedding and whatever could be thought of for the comfort and safety of her occupants. The weather was pleasant, the season pacific, and there was every chance that the boat would land at the Azores all right. She left us about 9 o'clock next morning, all the passengers going willingly and seemingly to be in good spirits, and all the men shook hands with each and every one of the crew. When she was a mile away, sail was made on the bark, and we headed for the African coast. It had been settled among the men to run into the Moorish coast and wreck the bark and take their chances. I was ordered to get ready and go with the boat, but protested so vigorously that I was finally permitted to remain, but the man with the broken arm, who was still a great sufferer and useless as a sailor, was sent off with the passengers.

For five days and nights after losing sight of the boat we worked our way to the east, but being short handed and without officers the bark was kept under easy sail and her pace was slow. No crew could have been more orderly or agreed better. There was not even a dispute, nor did any one suggest that the cabins be looted of their stores and valuables. The only idea advanced was to reach the coast and get clear of any pursuit. On the morning of the sixth day, when the coast was almost in sight, a British man-of-war which was coming up from Cape Town sighted us and began signaling. No one aboard could make out what she meant or answer her, and as a result her suspicions were aroused and she made pursuit. We packed on sail and stood for the coast until her shot began to come aboard, and then there was nothing to do but surrender. Ten minutes after the stranger was alongside our story was known, and within half an hour all our crew except me were in irons. As to the longboat, she was picked up next day after she put off, and her people carried back to England. We were taken to London without a stop. On the voyage a mutineer named Hawkins committed suicide, but all others were safely landed in court. The trial lasted for days and days. The passengers, or a part of them, were on hand to give evidence in favor of the crew, and there was much public sympathy expressed, but I was the only one who escaped punishment. Two men got imprisoned for life and all the others received sentences of from 5 to 15 years. As I was only a boy it was argued that I could have known nothing, and indeed all the men testified that such was the case, though some of the jurors thought that my sticking to the ship was an act calling for some sort of punishment. Hard as was the punishment of the men, had we reached the Moorish coast and got ashore their fate would probably have been worse, as each and every one would have been sold into slavery for life.

The Chinese Painter.

A story, which if not true is not badly told, runs to the effect that while the bark Cape City was at Hongkong a Chinaman was engaged to paint the necessary name on each bow. He produced on one bow the legend "Capecity," without a space between the two words. Then he noted that the "Y" was nearest to the ship's stern, and, remembering this fact, he afforded an excellent example of how severely logical his race can be, for in a little while he had painted on the other bow the striking permutation "Yticepac," to his own delight and the crew's amazement.—Chambers' Journal.

The Prime Consideration.

De Palmer—What did Mrs. Lakeside say when Jumbleton proposed to her?

Van Pullman—She said she wanted time to consider.

De Palmer—Time to consider what?

Van Pullman—How much alimony he could stand, I suppose.—New York World.

A Scotch Term.

In Scotland the last day of the year, or New Year's eve, is called Hogmanay.—Atlanta Constitution.

One Can Always Give Himself.

One of the pleasantest of day dreams is to imagine how charitable you would be if you had plenty of money. The role of a bountiful master or mistress is a delightful one, and it is easy to imagine how, if you had a command of a fortune, you would make people happy and with what grace you would receive their gratitude. Of course few persons can venture to indulge the hope that they will be rich, but while we are dreaming these dreams it is well enough to think whether we are showing ourselves charitable in the use of what is really within our command. Take, for instance, one's thoughts. It is natural enough to put a hard and bitter construction upon the actions of others. Possibly, from a superficial point of view, their conduct warrants it. But a thoroughly charitable person—one who would use money beneficently if he had it—will certainly make allowances for others and only reluctantly come to the severe judgment. It is a mistake also to suppose that money can do everything. There are a good many persons who would not if you were as rich as a Barnato take a penny from you. They do not want your money, even though they are not rich themselves, but they would prize considerateness, sympathy and fellowship. If we withhold these things that are surely within our power, probably we should not be so very generous if we had plenty of money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Joke on the Joker.

A good story, of which Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the humorist, is the hero, has leaked out. Some time ago Mr. Bangs received the following letter from a city in one of the Pacific states:

Mr. John K. Bangs:

DEAR SIR—I have been asked to respond to a toast at our board of trade's annual dinner next month, and I write to inquire what would be your lowest terms for preparing a good, rattling, funny speech for me to deliver on that occasion. A prompt reply will oblige. Yours very truly, ——— ———.

To which Mr. Bangs immediately sat down and penned the following reply:

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the ——— inst., and in reply would say that my regular rate for after dinner speeches is $500 per speech. I have not as yet, however, opened up this line of goods in the west, and as I am anxious to secure custom in that part of the country I will offer you special terms—namely, $250 for such an address as you describe, the amount to be paid as soon as shipment is made. If the terms proposed are satisfactory, kindly let me know at once, but in that case I would request you not to mention the matter to Chauncey Depew or General Horace Porter, as I should not like them to know that I am cutting rates. Truly yours,

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

This letter was duly sent, and on the day when it reached its destination Mr. Bangs received the following telegram:

Your letter just received. If Chauncey Depew's speeches are written by you, then I don't want one.

—New York Post.

"To Cut Stick."

This expression had its birth in the days when people relied more on their legs as a means of locomotion than they do nowadays.

When a man started to foot it from one town to another, he usually cut a stick or a sapling to help him along on his journey.

This habit was particularly common in Ireland, and it is more than probable that the expression found birth in that country. About the year 1820 a song relating the adventures of an Irishman was very popular in Glasgow. It began:

"Oh, I creished my brogues and I cut my stick."

The phrase took hold of the American mind in the days of slavery.

A runaway black would generally cut a stick to help him on his travel to possible liberty, and the advertisements concerning runaway slaves were nearly always headed with a crude woodcut of a negro with a stick and a bundle over his shoulder.—New York World.

French Detectives.

The ability of French detectives in the matter of disguising their identity is marvelous. Some years ago one of them made a bet that he would, in the course of the next few days, address a gentleman with whom he was acquainted four times, for at least ten minutes each time, and that he should not know him on any occasion until the detective had made himself known. As a matter of course, the gentleman was on his guard and mistrusted every one who came near him. But the man won his bet. It is needless to enter into the particulars. Suffice it to say that in the course of the next four days he presented himself in the character of a bootmaker's assistant, a hack driver, a venerable old gentleman with a great interest in the Bourse, and finally as a waiter in the hotel where the gentleman was staying.—New York Ledger.

One Verdict.

The Atlanta Constitution tells of a curious verdict rendered by a Georgia jury in a case where the guilt of the prisoner was clearly established. It was not thought the jury would be ten minutes in recommending him for the penitentiary, but three hours elapsed before the 12 men filed into court again, when a verdict of "Not guilty" was read, to the astonishment of all.

"How could you bring in such a verdict after the evidence?" asked the judge.

"Well, jedge," replied the foreman, "he's a man of large family and lost one leg and two sons in the war."

At the Station.

Mrs. Hayrick—I say, is that clock right?

Porter—That ain't no clock; it's a weighing machine.

Mrs. Hayrick—What do you want with a weighing machine here?

Porter—So folks wot wants to leave town kin git a weigh.—London Fun.

His Beginning.

The wild young man decides to settle down and become serious. To begin his reform he has counted up his debts and found the total 145,017 francs 35 centimes.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked his friend.

"Pay the 17 francs and 35 centimes at once and make arrangements for the rest."—Gaulois.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has the rich seal brown of Mocha and Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ½ the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Don't Invite Sickness

Which is better, to thoroughly cleanse and purify the blood just now, or make yourself liable to the many dangerous ailments which are so prevalent during summer? Impurities have been accumulating in the blood all winter, and right now is the time to get rid of them. A thorough course of Swift's Specific is needed to cleanse the blood and purify the system, toning up and strengthening it all over. Those who take this precaution now are comparatively safe all summer; but to neglect it is to invite some form of sickness which is so common during the trying hot season. It is now that a course of Swift's Specific

S.S.S. For The Blood

will accomplish so much toward rendering the system capable of resisting the evil influences which are so liable to attack it during the summer when sickness is so abundant. It is the best tonic and system-builder on the market, because it is a real blood remedy and is made solely to search out and remove all impurities, and supply an abundance of pure, rich and red blood. S. S. S. is made exclusively of roots and herbs, and is Nature's own remedy. It is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no potash, mercury or other mineral. Be sure to get S. S. S. There is nothing half as good.

Purify the Blood

Legal Notices.

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., March 25, 1898.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Oscar H. Bradley against Lewis E. Grandstaff for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 17061, dated April 8, 1893, upon the north half of the northeast quarter, the east half of the northwest quarter section 32, township 10, north, range 27 west, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 11th day of May, 1898, at ten o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

25-6.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., March 26th, 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 May 5th, 1898, viz:

JULIUS C. H. C. PULLS,

who made Homestead Entry No. 15709 for the north half of the southeast quarter and the north half of southwest quarter of section 22, in township 11, north, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Samuel Ensle, Henry C. Welch, Dora Gaedke and Fred Gaedke all of Somerset, Neb.

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

26-6

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., March 21st, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on April 28th, 1898, viz:

WILHELM MULLER.

Who made Home Stead Entry No. 16194, for the ne ¼ sec. 20, tp 14 n, r 29 w,

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: William Schutt, John Saltow, George W. Long, and Richard Pittman all of North Platte, Nebraska,

JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

m-23-6,

D. M. HOGSETT

Contractor and Builder,

AND AGENT FOR

ECLIPSE and FAIRBANKS WINDMILLS.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

J. F. FILLION,

Plumber, Tinworker

General Repairer.

Special attention given to

BICYCLE REPAIRING.

WHEELS TO RENT

The best 5C CIGAR IN TOWN

Can be found at.....

J. F. SCHMALZRIED'S.

Our Ten-Cent Cigars are the equal of any.

Your attention is invited to our fine line of Chewing and Smoking Tobaccos and Smokers articles.

No. 3496

First National Bank,

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

CAPITAL, - - $50,000.

H. S. White, - - - President.
P. A. White, - - - Vice-Pres't.
Arthur McNamara, - Cashier.

A general banking business transacted.

F. J. BROEKER,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Ready for the Spring trade with fine line of choice suitings.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A. F. STREITZ,

Druggist.

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

PAINTS + OILS.

Painters' Supplies,

Window Glass, Machine Oils.

Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke.

DAVIS, THE HARDWARE MAN,

Exclusive agent for the

Genuine Round Oak Heater

(SEE THE NAME ON THE LEG.)

And the Celebrated

ACORN STEEL RANGES.

The only big stove house in Lincoln County. Call and get prices.

Foley Block. A. L. DAVIS.

(Who no one owes.)

C. F. IDDINGS,

LUMBER, COAL AND GRAIN

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

N. McCABE, Proprietor. J. E. BUSH, Manager.

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.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway is respectfully solicited.

First door north of First National Bank.