

### Commencement Exercises.

The commencement exercises of the North Platte high school were held at the opera house Wednesday evening in the presence of an audience of several hundred people. The class consisted of fifteen, as follows: Mary Guillaume, Helen Patterson, Isabel Doran, Maude Sudman, Mayme McMichael, Oletha Burgner, Ethel Hill, Evelyn Freeman, Olive Watts, Bert Barber, Charles Lierk, James Martin, Harry Smith, Everett Fonda and Hugh Smith. These young people formed a class which was characterized by faithful and conscientious work, and their diplomas had been well earned.

The graduates, the faculty, the speaker of the evening and President Bullard of the board of education, occupied seats on the stage. The program opened with a trio by Miss Welch, Prof. Garlich and Hershey Welch with Miss Bernice Selby as accompanist on the piano, followed with a mandolin solo by Ernest Savin, both numbers being nicely rendered and well received. Supt. Goss then introduced the speaker of the evening, H. H. Wilson, who took for his subject "The Building of a Nation," in which he recited in a most pleasing way the wonderful advancement of the United States, touching upon the principal epochs from the year 1750 to the present date. Mr. Wilson is a very ready talker, and though his address was lengthy, his auditors did not evince any weariness.

Following the address Chas. Hay rendered a vocal solo and Prof. Tout a trombone solo, both of which were well received, and then President Bullard, of the board of education, presented the diplomas, prefacing the presentation with brief but appropriate remarks. Certificates of admission to the state university were presented to the class by Supt. Goss, and in doing so he highly complimented the class for their good work, and thanked the faculty and patrons of the schools for hearty cooperation. He took occasion to say that more than one-half of the members of the classes of 1906 and 1907 had, after graduation, entered higher institutions of learning than the one from which they had graduated. This, he thought, was a fine showing. The program closed with a well rendered violin solo by Prof. Garlich.

### New U. P. Cut-off.

The Denver Times says: The Union Pacific is buying the right-of-way and completing the preliminary arrangements for building a cut-off from Denver to the main line in Wyoming at an estimated cost of about \$8,000,000. The route will be over the present Cheyenne line to Platteville, from which point it will diverge northwest through Ft. Collins and then to a point on the main line about seventy-five miles west of Cheyenne.

The information comes from different sources which leave no doubt about the authenticity of the news. Chief Engineer R. L. Huntley and General Manager A. L. Mohler have been personally in charge of the plans and the right of way agents for the Harriman system have been quietly engaged in purchasing the right of way north and south of Ft. Collins for several months. Information from one source shows that the company is paying large sums for these right.

### Shops Close for a Week.

A Chicago dispatch dated May 26th said: All of the repair shops on the Northwestern system are closed and will remain closed for at least one week. This action was taken by the management to prevent a worse thing happening to the men. Owing to the lack of business the shops are full of repaired engines for which there is no use and all the idle freight cars have been repaired. There was nothing else, therefore, to do but close the shops for seven days or to reduce the forces materially. There are ten shops on the roads in which are employed 3,500 or 4,000 men. Similar means have been adopted by other roads to prevent a further reduction in shop forces and give all of the men now employed some work.

### Omaha Bee Buzzings.

In Corea a man is not allowed to wear trousers until he is married. In some countries he is not allowed to wear them after he is married.

A magazine writer says that every married woman should have an income of \$5,000 a year. Every married man would be tickled immensely if his wife had an income of that size.

Cashier Montgomery of the Pittsburg bank who got away with a little more than \$2,000,000 can not account for a cent of it. He can at least prove that he did not hoard it.

"Hughes will be nominated at Chicago on the fourth or fifth ballot," says a New York paper. But in the language of the little boy with the apple, "There won't be no fourth or fifth ballot."

A railroad president has bought a farm near Chicago on which he proposes to make a specialty of raising turtles, gold fish, guinea pigs and mushrooms. It is refreshing to find a railroad president anxious to raise something besides rates.

Morning Glory. A trio of Flour sold Lexington Patent flour equalled and Minnesota never excelled. At Harrington & Tobin's.

## In Her Moment of Weakness.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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She had always been distressingly capable and competent.

"I don't believe Beatrice ever had a headache or a nervous spell like you girls have," Henry Dalton had remarked one day to his two sisters, absorbed by bor-bons and new novels and wrapped in indifference and silk negligees.

And the tone in which he spoke was not entirely complimentary. In fact, a distinct note of personal injury rang through it, for how can a man assume an attitude of protective chivalry toward a girl entirely capable of doing for herself?

Beatrice never dropped her fan or her handkerchief, nor came into the drawing room with her glove unbuttoned, nor gave opportunity for the little services which other women seemed to have demanded of Henry Dalton since he had risen to the dignity of knickerbockers.

Yet withal Beatrice Craig was nothing if not feminine. She wore the softest and most clinging of fabrics. She played golf, but did not court bare arms and tan. She wore tailored suits, but she softened them with delicious froufrou bows of lace at her throat. She was ruffy and fluffy, but she never tore her ruffles and then asked for a pin to make repairs.

And if all these things she was before her father's failure and death she was doubly inaccessible and impregnable after reverses overtook her. Before that she had simply fenced with Dalton. Now she donned an armor that seemed well nigh invulnerable.

Directly the estate was settled up and the smallness of their inheritance was made known to her Beatrice Craig had turned breadwinner, investing the pitiful little heritage in a smart shop where layettes of the most superlative fineness and beauty were sold.

In the front room, with its exquisite fittings and scented presses, she exhibited wares selected to suit the matrons among whom she had grown from girlhood to womanhood. In the rear room she gathered the most expert needlewomen her purse could command, and all work was done under her direct supervision.

Her delighted clientele said that her success was founded on this personal oversight. Her doctor said that nervous prostration would inevitably result from her persistent close confinement to business. Her mother wept in sheer loneliness at first and later drifted from their tiny apartment back into the old bridge playing, novel reading circle of gray haired friends. And what Henry Dalton said is not for repetition here, for, having no nieces or nephews, how could he offer a decent excuse for haunting a layette shop? And only at her shop was Beatrice to be found—save the cruelly few hours when outraged nature demanded rest and refreshment.

And now today, with Henry Dalton thrust into the dim background of the life when her mother made all things lovely for her well shod feet to walk upon, she was standing before her cheval mirror preparing for a return—just a brief return glimpse—to the old life.

Her mother had wept to some purpose. The doctor had said certain sharp things that were more effective than maternal tears, and so Beatrice had accepted the De Haven Smith's warm invitation to spend the week end and perhaps a few days more at their lodge in the Catskills.

Beatrice surveyed with critical eye her smartly tailored traveling suit and then cast a smiling glance at the suit case where rested a delightful matinee, product of her own workroom. It would be good to lie abed mornings and drink her chocolate in a love of a matinee like that. And she should read a couple of new books and wear the white crepe de chine, newly made over for the trip, to dinner. Old times—yes, she was strong enough now to stand an occasional dip back into old times.

"Beatrice, here's a C. O. D. parcel from Mason's. I picked up a love of a waist for \$13.75. Have you any money?"

Beatrice readjusted her veil to a more fetching angle and murmured as well as the pins in her mouth would permit:

"Yes, mother, there's a roll of bills in my bag, the large pocket. Take what you think will last you until I come back."

An hour later Beatrice leaned back luxuriously in the parlor car, her unseeing eyes fixed on the Hudson panorama. It was good—just to do nothing. And when the call for luncheon came she felt hungry—and smiled. The doctor had said a change was all she needed, and here she was hungry already for the first time in weeks.

The obsequious dandy in charge of her table gave her the perfection of service, with one eye perhaps on the beautiful pigskin hand bag that rested against the window. That bag had been one of Dalton's gifts, and at that very moment the giver himself was sitting at a table behind Beatrice, watching her every move with hungry eyes. He knew that she was going to the De Haven Smith lodge. Mrs. Smith had boldly held this out as a bait in his invitation, but somehow he felt that the psychological moment for making his presence known had not yet arrived. He noted sometimes a new droop in her shoulders. Occasionally, too, she leaned her head on her hand between courses. This was the reac-

tion which the doctor had predicted, but Henry Dalton did not know this. He thought only that she was slowly but surely killing herself by reason of her pride, and he must stand idly, dumbly by simply because he was so disgustingly rich that she would not listen.

And upon these bitter thoughts rushed the psychological moment.

Miss Beatrice Craig, the independent and competent, opened her hand bag, the darky keenly observant, and slipped her hand into the large pocket. Her finger tips touched naught but polished leather. She tried the small pocket and drew forth some cards. She sat up very straight and dipped into her change purse to find a dime, a quarter and an old German coin, souvenir of Henry Dalton's student days in Berlin.

Her face turned scarlet, then white. A horrible nervous tremor swept over her. Frantically she turned everything out of the bag to find almost anything a businesslike yet distinctly feminine person might own except money.

Like a flash she remembered her mother's request. She had kept it all, every penny of the dully folded bills.

"Take what you think will last you until I come back."

Fateful words! Beatrice sent for the dining car conductor and explained the situation. He was polite, but behind the mask of courtesy she read amusement, or was it distrust?

She became haughty. "My host will meet me at the depot. Until then—well, here are my rings or my watch!"

The darkies had gathered at the table opposite Henry Dalton with heads together, lips parted in ironical smiles. He summoned his waiter sharply.

"Anything happened to the lady?"

"Seems like she ain't got the price of her lunch."

Just at the instant Henry Dalton rose precipitately. Beatrice came down the aisle, her head high, but her face ghastly. It was not the attitude of the conductor nor the grinning darkies, but a sudden faintness, a realization that for once her business ability, her supreme tact, her resourcefulness, had failed her. She did not read this as physical exhaustion. Her one grim thought was that she had lost her grip on herself.

And then came Henry Dalton with a hand outstretched and the love of her shining in his eyes.

"Beatrice, I am the most fortunate of men."

"Oh, Henry," she said, with a queer break in her clear voice, "will you please?"

Henry Dalton carried her back to the stateroom in the parlor car. Henry Dalton took firm possession of her luggage and firm control of the situation. Henry Dalton all but lifted her into the De Haven Smith wagonette when they left the train. And Henry Dalton read the telegram, for which he paid, though it was sent C. O. D. to Beatrice Craig.

"Forgot to put money back in purse. What shall I do with it?"

"Buy flowers for yourself—everybody," wired Henry Dalton to the first amazed and then understanding mother of Beatrice. "I'm taking care of Beatrice and always shall."

And that was why the smartest layette shop in all New York passed to a new owner and love came into its own.

### Ants and the Weather.

"When you go out on a cloudy morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure that, no matter how cloudy it is, there will be no rain that day, and the probabilities are for several days of good weather," says a gardener.

"On the other hand, if you see the ants about the middle of a spring or summer afternoon hurrying back to the nest and a sentinel out trotting round in every direction looking up stragglers and urging them to go home as soon as they can get there you may figure on a rain that afternoon or night. When the last of the wanderers is found the picket hurries in, and the nest is securely sealed from the inside to keep out the water. It is very seldom that ants are taken by surprise by the approach of a shower, but once in awhile when belated or too far away to get home in time they mount a shrub and ensconce themselves under the thickest, broadest leaf they can find, and there they stay and hold on until the rain is over. When an ants' nest is washed out and the ants down an examination will always show that the disaster was due not so much to lack of preparation as to accident, a stream from an unexpected direction flowing down between two bricks or a downpour that caused a fall or the washing away of the bank in which the nest was placed."

### Dangerous Ground.

"Bless me, Murthy!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine, says the Youth's Companion. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any of them European navies." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just listen to this. Some fellow has been making estimates. Any half dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry! The engines of one of our big battleships are strong enough—if they could be fastened somewhere—to pull the hull United States cavalry into the sea and!"

"Mercy snakes," cried Aunt Martha, with arrested spoon, for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics. "I hope to goodness our cavalry 'll keep away from the shore!"

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# THE LEADER,

Julius Pizer, Proprietor.

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- 1 new 70-Bushel Light Running National Manure Spreader.
- 1 Double Set Second-Hand Buggy Harness.
- 1 Second-Hand Cook Stove
- 5 New Emerson Harrow Carts.
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