

# News of the Town and County.

Miss Moore, who had been visiting her sister Miss Ethel Bartley, returned to her home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of the Racket Store, left Sunday for a visit with friends at Clarks, Neb.

The Ideal shirts for men and boys at The Hub.

The Oshkosh Herald says: M. Montague, of North Platte, was in town this week, and will probably locate a cigar stand here.

Deputy Sheriff Lowell and Dr. Ames took Chas. Johnson, who was adjudged insane, to the Hastings asylum Sunday morning.

We remount and repair all kinds of full diamond jewelry in our workshop. DIXON, The Jeweler.

Another Kilpatrick grading outfit will arrive this week and will be sent out on the branch. There will be twenty-two teams in the outfit.

Mr. and Mrs. August Carlson came up from Maxwell Saturday night and left the following day for Los Angeles, where they will spend a couple of months.

James Doyle, of Wallace precinct, has been transacting business in town for several days. Mr. Doyle owns a large tract of land in the south part of the county, but has practically retired from active farming.

For Sale—The E. D. Owens property in south part of town. A desirable home at a right price. See O. E. ELDER.

Arthur B. Yates passed through yesterday enroute to Sutherland, after having spent a number of weeks in an Omaha hospital following an operation for a serious case of appendicitis. He is still weak and nervous, but is gaining steadily and hopes to be himself again in a few weeks.

Special sale on Union flour, in towel sack, \$1.25 from July 18th to 26th. The best flour sold in North Platte. WILCOX DEPARTMENT STORE.

Mr. Hanna, representing the Frick Mfg. Co., was in town yesterday conferring with a local party relative to an artificial ice plant. It is pretty certain that such a plant will be erected in North Platte the coming fall, and that a cold storage plant will be built in connection.

The beauty of cut glass depends upon its brilliancy; that depends upon the design, depth of cuttings and the quality of the glass. The glass we sell is the best made, clear cut, sparkling, exquisite in design and moderate in price. CLINTON, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Ensign Hankin, of the Salvation Army, was in town yesterday soliciting funds for the rescue home for girls at Omaha. This home which is in charge of the Salvation army, has been considerably enlarged and subscriptions to pay for the improvements are being taken. The donations made by North Platte people were rather small.

Ten-cent Lawn for five cents at The Hub.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Baldwin, former North Platte residents, has been made the legatee of an estate valued at fifty thousand dollars by the death of a Colorado mine owner to whom young Baldwin had shown attention and kindness during a sojourn of illness. This is another illustration that acts of kindness do not always go unrewarded.

For Sale Cheap—One hard coal stove, small soft coal stove, gasoline stove, single iron bed, a walnut bedroom suit, refrigerator, four chest, 1900 Washer, galvanized iron water tank and other things. Inquire of A. J. Senter, 909 West 5th St.

The addition to the Pass greenhouse has been completed and is well filled with chrysanthemums and asters for late blooming. Growing in the open are over 2,000 carnation plants which later will be transferred to the house, and probably as many more will be added to the stock. As each plant produces an average of twenty-five flowers it would seem that Mr. Pass will have an abundant supply of carnations this winter.

Not all eye troubles demand the wearing of glasses. Your eyes tested free here by an expert optician who will find out your trouble and tell you honestly whether you ought to have glasses or not. CLINTON, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Another deed has been filed in the county clerk's office conveying from one Pierce to General Manager Holdrege, of the Burlington, section 21-15-29, this county, for a consideration of \$5,000. The fact that General Manager Holdrege is purchasing land in Lincoln county looks as though the Burlington is getting ready to do something, although the land is eight or ten miles distant from the company's right-of-way.

## Don't Spend \$3.50 When Fifty Cents Will do the Work

Prof. W. M. Hayes, Asst. Secty. of Agriculture of the United States says about Stock Food: "These balanced rations are often found by analysis to consist of the tailings of mills, elevators and breweries, mixed with molasses and salt, to make the compound palatable to the cattle, and one of the largest Stock Food Companies is said to use fine sawdust, finely ground, to cheaply bring up the weight of his product, instead of buying a superior and expensive balanced ration containing high fattening qualities and acting as a tonic, he has paid a high price for a feed containing, along with ordinary grain, finely ground alfalfa hay and other common food stuffs, \$5.00 to \$25.00 per ton, a high percentage of refuse, and non-nutritious matter, some of which may be positively dangerous to the health of his stock."

Make your own stock foods and remedies by using Skidoo Horse and Cattle Tablets for horses, cattle, sheep, swine and fowls; proper dose in tablets. Mix in feed or water. They contain no sawdust, ashes, chopped feed or bran. Ask for and try once Skidoo Condition Tablets or Skidoo Worm, Kidney, Chicken Cholera, Cathartic, Heave, Fever, Hog Cholera, Distemper, Pink Eye, Colic, White Plague Preventive, or Blister Tablets, or Louisa Killer, Spavin Remedy, or Barb Wire Liniment. Distributed by THE BLUE BELL MEDICINE CO., Capital Stock \$300,000.00, Watertown, S. D., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY JOHNSON'S CASH RACKET STORE:

Civil Engineer Moore went to Oshkosh last week and located the site of the depot and the sidetracks.

Readers will find in this issue two installments of the serial story "Blind Folded," which had been omitted for two issues.

Bennett's show pitched its tent opposite the Baptist church Sunday and gave a performance last night. The show will be repeated tonight.

THE TRIBUNE declines with thanks a communication giving in detail the somewhat sensational episode transpiring Sunday. The less said about such events, the better.

New line of Boys' Overalls just received. Regular 50-cent grade on sale at 39 cents. BURKE & CO.

Trout fishing in Wyoming is said to be exceptionally good this season, but not a word has been heard of the catches made by our friend Whitlock at Cherokee Park. This is probably due to his modesty rather than to lack of trout caught.

Special sale on Union flour, in towel sack, \$1.25 from July 18th to 26th. The best flour sold in North Platte. WILCOX DEPARTMENT STORE.

Street Commissioner Salisbury seems to be determined to put the streets in good condition, even though the expenditure is somewhat heavy. One good feature of street work is that practically every cent expended goes into the pockets of local laborers and is kept in circulation in the city.

### Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received up to Saturday, July 25th, for the construction of a two-story cement building, size 44x60. Will reserve the right to reject any or all bids. Plans and specifications can be seen at my store. R. N. LAMB.

### TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS.

Paul Goss left Saturday for Nelson where he will spend some time looking after two farms owned by himself and wife.

R. D. Fronk has sold his pool hall at Brady to H. T. Lafferty and has purchased the meat market formerly conducted by Johnson Bros.

In our last issue it was stated that Milo Decker had been arrested. This was an error, as he made his voluntary appearance, and is now making arrangements to settle the matter.

Charley Weir returned the latter part of last week from Decatur, Ill., where he was called by the illness of his wife. The latter is recovering rapidly from the operation to which she submitted on July 6th and will be home in a week or so.

The Brady Vindicator is speaking of the small grain harvest, says: Some report that their wheat will go twenty-five bushels while others say twenty, with a few as low as fifteen. Rye is a good quality and appears much heavier than was anticipated, while every indication points to a bumper crop of oats, of which there is a great acreage. The quality is excellent and the head well filled.

By the death of Lew W. Hill, of Omaha, Shirley H. Wilson, who married Miss Nellie Ziebert formerly of this city, becomes an heir to one-fourth of an estate valued at one million dollars. Nor is this all. Another of the heirs, a brother of the deceased millionaire, has made his home with Shirley Wilson, and as this heir is now well up in years his fortune will no doubt go to Shirley. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are now living at Sidney where they are associated with E. W. Ziebert in the restaurant business.

### ALL WRONG.

#### The Mistake is Made by North Platte Citizens.

Don't mistake the cause of backache. To be cured you must know the cause. It is wrong to imagine relief is cure. Backache is kidney ache. You must cure the kidneys. A North Platte resident tells you how. August Aekerman, living in the southern part of North Platte, Neb., says: "For the past four or five years I suffered from dull aching pains through the small of my back directly above the kidneys. The lameness in my back was so severe that I could not rest well at night and tossed about from one position to another. The kidneys were disordered, the secretions being irregular and far too frequent in action, forcing me to get up several times during the night. I was subject to headaches and dizzy spells and about a year ago was in a terribly nervous and run down condition on account of this trouble. When I heard Doan's Kidney Pills so highly recommended, I procured a box at A. F. Streitz's Drug Store, and noticed an improvement in my condition almost from the first. Thus encouraged, I continued using them and my health was restored."

For Sale by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## Sanderson's Strategy.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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"Well, of all the unpropitious and inconsiderate times to ask such a question!" cried Judith Brainard. "No one but you, Dick Sanderson, would have chosen it."

Her tones were almost wrathful, and Sanderson shifted his gaze from her mobile face to the top of his stick, which he twirled idly.

"The idea of asking me for the seventh time to marry you just as I was trying to decide whether to borrow a lemonade bowl and glasses from Mrs. Drake or from the Bennington girls!"

Judith pursued her troubled way, with romance pushed far into the background.

"I guess it had better be from Mrs. Drake, because she's right next door, though the Bennington bowl is much handsomer."

Dick Sanderson rose abruptly and towered above the girl of his heart. "I think that it is all nonsense, and I wish that you'd let your career go to pot. As my wife you can sing for charity, you can run a church choir, you can teach the little daughters of the poor, you can—"

"And all on your money! If you really loved me all these years as you say you did why did you wait to tell me until—until—all our money was gone and I was poor as a church mouse?" demanded Judith, forgetting her more present vexations in the old grievance.

Dick turned suddenly grave.

"I wanted you to have your fling. I think every girl should. It's wrong to marry the first man who keeps you supplied in violets and things. You may find out that American Beauties and another man are preferable after you've been out a year or two. And I wanted my wife for keeps, not for a brief honeymoon. I wanted—"

Judith rose abruptly. "I know it all by heart, and so I'm going over to see Mrs. Drake about the bowl and glasses."

"Really, from what I've heard of critics and writers and other bohemians, I should certainly advise a strong dash of rum in the bowl."

His tone was light, but behind it lay conviction, and Judith flushed vividly. "I might have expected you'd say something nasty. Of course all the big people in music and art are not branded 'drawing room,' but they do things. And, oh, Dick, I want to do something. I want to show the world that my education was not all veneer—that it is practical."

Dick's eyes softened as they always did at an appeal from Judith.

"May I come? I've never seen the lions of the musical menagerie, and I promise solemnly that I will not propose to you until it is all over."

"That sounds like my old Dick. You may come and see the menagerie and—well, I won't scold if you propose after it is all over."

Judith's world had gasped when she had fled the prosperous New England city after her father's death and established herself in New York as a teacher of music. It was all entirely unnecessary. There were relatives—and Dick Sanderson.

The relatives on the whole were relieved. Dick Sanderson spent most of his time in New York for the purpose, as he expressed it to himself, of counteracting the influences of studio life.

Judith and her mother had a cunning little apartment in an eminently respectable neighborhood, and Judith had a few very prompt pupils. And now she was giving the first of a series of evenings at home. She had met many clever men and women at other "at homes" the season before and had scattered her invitations broadcast.

"You'd better not come too early, Dick," she called after the persistent one as he went down the narrow hall. "I do love some 'homey' people to talk it over with on the finish."

"All right. I'll hold back as long as I can."

But when Mrs. Drake came in with the bowl and glasses the rooms were a mass of ferns and flowers—from Dick.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "Flowers do give a room such an air. It makes me feel worse than ever that we cannot come tonight. But every other Tuesday, have you not?"

Judith nodded her head absently. She was trying to decide between a plain or lace centerpiece under the bowl. And not for worlds would she admit that she was disappointed. Mr. Drake was the critic on a prominent paper, and she wanted to cultivate critics.

"So sorry," she murmured perfunctorily. "I hope Mr. Drake is not ill."

"No, but some out of town relatives are coming, and they are not the sort to understand our slipping away. But we'll surely come next time. I understand that Miss Morton, the new English violinist, is to receive with you?"

"Yes; we studied together in Paris."

At 8:30 they were all in line, Mrs. Brainard in pearly silk and real lace, Miss Morton oddly English as to costume, delightfully alive as to the pleasure of the evening, and Judith a dream in black net and violets, her eyes gleam with anticipation. Everything was typical of New England and most unbohemian, even the little white capped maid engaged for the occasion. Nine o'clock, and the trio found it

impossible to keep up conversation. Not once had the doorbell rung. Ninethirty, and the odor of cut flowers was positively oppressive.

"Do you suppose that any one is coming?" said Judith in a very faint voice, "at 9:45?"

And just then the electric bell buzzed joyfully. Enter upon the scene Dick Sanderson and at his heels Hal Darton, the critic of the Social Whirl.

"Thought I'd give the crush a chance to subside," exclaimed Dick as Judith came forward, and then at sight of her face his tongue failed him, and he reached forth his hand impulsively. She gave it a trembling clasp, then went on to greet Darton.

No one could tell afterward just how it did happen, but Hal Darton certainly laughed first and at something Dick said.

"Oh, my dear Miss Brainard," he exclaimed, between gales of laughter, "you don't know your New York yet! Nothing starts so early in the season. You are about a month too early—and, well, you've got to show 'em."

And no one knew just why, but Judith told him all her little successes and failures, and he proved such a sympathetic person that she finally wailed: "I would not mind at all, only that caustic Mr. Drake lives next door, and of course he'll know. It is so deathly quiet here!"

Hal Darton did not laugh this time. How often had he watched the struggle of other Judiths! But Dick Sanderson sprang to his feet and remarked with decision: "This is where we make a noise like success. Judith, I'm going out into the hall and give that bell another ring. Mrs. Drake will hear that, and then we will rattle glasses, and Miss Morton will fiddle, and you will play the piano, and we will applaud—and—well, I know that Darton here will like your brand of lemonade."

The audacity of the plan swept all objections aside. Sometimes Sanderson rang the bell and sometimes Darton. The little maid ran up and down the hall, and the glasses clicked, and Miss Morton played, and Darton sang rollicking German student songs that none had ever dreamed he knew, and Mrs. Brainard laughed until the tears threatened to fall on her old lace.

And when it was all over and not another soul had put in appearance Darton carried Miss Morton off in a cab and Mrs. Brainard retired to lay away the dear old pearl silk gown. The little maid went downstairs to where her young man was waiting to take her home, and Judith and Dick stood alone in the flower banked room. Then upon the sudden quiet fell a sound of muffled tapping. Judith ran to the door. There was a whispered conversation, and very soon Dick saw her hand out something on a tray. She came back with eyes shining.

"It was Mrs. Drake. She said she heard us having such a good time, and though she and Mr. Drake did not dare leave their guests now that every one had gone she just simply had to beg some of the lemonade. She had heard those glasses clicking and the music through the wall."

Dick's eyes were dancing, but Judith's were dewy with a new and tender light.

"Oh, Dick, you are simply wonderful. She thinks it was a huge success—and—and—well, you know what I promised this afternoon. You can—"

Dick gripped her hands.

"Will you, Judith—will you, dear?"

"Yes, Dick, and we'll announce it at my next evening 'at home.'"

### Plated Tin Spoons.

Here is one way of making spoons, the process described being used in the manufacture of one variety of tin plated spoons.

In its original form the material from which these spoons are made comes in long thin strips of steel rolled to a uniform thickness. The strips are twelve or fifteen feet in length and of a width sufficient for the length of the spoon to be made. These strips are fed into a cutting machine, which cuts off pieces, each of sufficient size for making a spoon, these being simply so many small, flat pieces of sheet steel.

Then these blanks are put through a grader, a machine with powerful rolls, which so works the metal as to make it thinner in those parts of the blank that are to form the bowl and the handle of the spoon and thicker in the middle of the length of the blank from which the shank of the spoon will be made, so that it will be the better able to bear the bending strain that will be put upon the spoon in use.

From the grader the blank goes into a drop press, which cuts it into the outline form of a spoon, though from this press it comes out still flat.

Then in another press the bowl of the spoon is formed, and then in still another the handle, and so at last you have the spoon in its complete spoon shape in steel, ready now to be plated by dipping it in molten tin.—New York Sun.

### It Can't be Beat.

The best of all teachers is experience, C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame back, and all run down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at Stone's Drug Store. 50 cents.

DR. F. W. MILLER, GRADUATE DENTIST. Office over Dixon's Store.

# KODAKS

## AT CUT PRICES TO CLOSE OUT.

TO CLOSE MY STOCK OF EASTMAN CAMERAS AND KODAKS WILL REDUCE THE PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Brownie No. 1, \$1.00,	85
My price.....	
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My price.....	
Brownie No. 2 A, \$3.00,	2.50
My price.....	
Brownie No. 2 F. P., \$5.00,	4.25
My price.....	
Brownie No. 3 Folding, \$9.00,	7.75
My price.....	
Folding Pocket Kodaks No. 1, \$10.00,	8.75
My price.....	
Folding Pocket Kodak No. 1 A, \$12.00	10.75
My price.....	
Folding Pocket Kodak No. 2, \$15.00	13.75
My price.....	
Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3, \$17.50,	16.25
My price.....	
Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3 A, \$20.00	17.75
My price.....	
Bulls Eye Kodak, \$8.00	6.50
My price.....	
Premo Camera 5x7, \$21.00 (2 extra plate holder with Premo 5x7) My price.....	18.50
Kodak Box with No. 2 Brownie, \$4.00	3.50
My price.....	

Above prices are lower than any dealer in the United States can sell for and continue to handle Eastman goods. I shall continue to handle Amateur supplies of other makes, will let you know about this latter. Get one of these kodaks now, as you cannot buy at the prices after my supply is exhausted.

C. M. NEWTON.



## "Pittsburg Perfect" ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCES

are enjoying phenomenal success, and are conceded to be far superior to any other fences on the market. Thousands of pleased fence users will testify that "Pittsburg Perfect" Electrically Welded Fences will stand ordinary as well as hard usage. Will not sag in summer's heat nor break in the cold of winter. Are made of the best material for fencing purposes. Have stays that will not slip nor can they be moved out of place. Will conform to the most uneven ground and can be erected over hills and through valleys as well as on level ground. Have no slack wires to spoil the appearance as well as the efficiency. Do not require an expert to erect. Are now made with stay wires as large as the line wires.

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High-grade results produce that never fail your want to fill:

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Like magic they put up the Wood, Stone, Brick or Concrete,

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Keeps employed for each department of the job a true expert:

Endeavoring to get for yourself a home, store, hotel or flat,

You'll profit by calling on the builders, WHITE & LESKEY,

of North Platte.