

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

IRA L. BARE, Publisher
TERMS \$1.25 IN ADVANCE
NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA

The Staff of Life.

Bread continues to be the staff of life, and American wheat furnishes the flour that makes the best bread. This is to be borne in mind as an important economic fact. It is brought to public attention by a report of Special Agent Davis of the department of commerce and labor, who has been looking up the matter in England, where he finds that high-grade American flour is much finer than the English article, and he attributes this to the superior quality of our wheat. After giving some interesting information as to the various ways in which the English people utilize flour, he notes the wide extent of the practice of getting supplies from the bakeries instead of making the bread at home. Agent Davis adds "It is to this baking trade that our American hard-wheat flours naturally appeal. Probably more than one-half England's population are users of baker's bread regularly, and bread is used as food to an extent greater by one-third than in the United States." From all indications the old world will have a moderate wheat crop this year. With the "bumper" yield promised here it is evident that the United States will be again in position to furnish British and other consumers with first-class foodstuffs.

Service in the medical department of the army has been made more attractive by two measures passed at the recent session of congress. The number of medical officers in the lower ranks has been raised to 300, making a total of 444 in the department. The officer is promoted to the rank of captain within three years of enlistment, instead of five, will become a major in a comparatively short time, and will reach the rank of lieutenant colonel, if not that of colonel, before retirement. This increased rapidity of promotion, with correspondingly greater jurisdiction over the health of the soldiers, must appeal to physicians who desire to serve their country. Then, too, the increase in pay makes it possible for a physician to enlist without doing injustice to his family. The young doctor will receive a salary of \$2,000 a year at the beginning, rising at each rank till he receives \$4,000 as colonel. An increase of ten per cent. in salary is made every five years for 20 years, but the maximum pay of colonels is \$5,000 and of majors \$4,000. In addition, the government provides a house, with necessary heat and light, and furnishes horses when they are needed.

Emperor William of Germany came into possession in 1899 of the ruins of the ancient feudal castle of Hohkoningburg, near Schlettstadt, in Lower Alsace. He commissioned an antiquary to restore it to its condition before it was destroyed in the eighteenth century. The completion of the work was celebrated the other day by medieval ceremonies in the presence of the emperor and empress. The town, with its 10,000 inhabitants, was gaily decorated in honor of the occasion, and the 300 people who took part in the feudal pageant were highly commended by the emperor. The restoration of such castles is worth while, because they remind one of how far the world has progressed toward the ideal conditions. The highways of Europe are no longer infested with robbers, and the feudal lords have long ceased making forays upon their neighbors.

At a famous ball given at the Luxembourg, Mme. Tallieu wore a Greek costume, caught up at the side. Sandals on her feet showed magnificent diamond rings on the toes of each foot. How dreadfully uncomfortable it must be to walk in rings, even diamond rings! But if this "fancy dress ball" rig must be adopted by our fashion-plated women, why not have Indian toe rings brought into vogue at once? I have seen some lovely ones, explains a writer in the Boston Globe, but they were kept in a collector's cabinet, although one of the most artistic has been made over to fit the finger of an ardent admirer of Oriental art.

Dr. Wiley, government chemist, made a speech at the National Bakers' association in Atlantic City the other day, in which he gave that body some excellent advice as to the making of bread, but when he asserted that "anything that isn't fit to eat when raw isn't fit to eat when cooked," wasn't he overdrawing it a little? What about potatoes? And green corn? And shelled beans? Is the doctor in the habit of eating them raw?

One of the effects of the German old-age pension scheme is rather peculiar. The pension is forfeited if the workman does not work 48 or 49 weeks out of the 52 on an average, and this provision has been a deterrent to strikes.

Japan is making an attempt at locomotive construction. As an experiment, five engines are being built at the Hyogo Railway works. One is completed and in use, giving satisfaction.



BLINDFOLDED

BY EADLE ASHLEY WALCOTT
COPYRIGHT, 1908
BOBBS-TERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return. Heady has been sent to see the boy, and he is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morning and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Giles Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was "egery." He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Pithugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richard." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Borton in company with Policeman Corson. Giles Dudley again visits the Knapp home. He is fascinated by Luella and lured by Mrs. Bowser, planning tour through Chinatown is planned.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"I'd trust ye," she said. "Well, there was a gang across the street to-night — across from my place, I mean — and that sneaking Tom Terrill and Darby Meeker, and I reckon all the rest of 'em, was there. And they was runnin' back and forth to my place, and a-drinkin' a good deal, and the more they drinks the louder they talks. And I hears Darby Meeker say to one feller, 'We'll git him, sure!' and I listen' with all my ears, though pretendin' to see nothin'. 'We'll fit it this time,' he said; 'the Old Un's got his thinkin' cap on.' And I takes in every word, and by one thing and another I picks up that there's new schemes afoot to trap ye. They was a-sayin' as it might be an idea to take ye as ye come out of Knapp's to-night."

"How did they know I was at Knapp's?" I asked, somewhat surprised, though I had little reason to be when I remembered the number of spies who might have watched me.

"Why, Dicky Nahl told 'em," said Mother Borton. "He was with the gang and sings it out as pretty as you please."

"This gave me something new to think about, but I said nothing. 'Well,' she continued, 'they says at last that won't do, fer it'll git 'em into trouble, and I reckon they're argy-fying over their schemes yet. But one thing I finds out.' Mother Borton stopped and looked at me anxiously.

"Well," I said impatiently, "what was it?"

And do take keer of yourself, dearie." And, so saying, Mother Borton muffled herself up till it was hard to tell whether she was man or woman, and trudged away.

Whatever designs were brewing in the night-meeting of the conspirators, they did not appear to concern my immediate peace of body. The two following days were spent in quiet. In spite of warnings, I began to believe that no new plan of action had been determined on, and I bent my steps to the office that had been furnished by Doddridge Knapp. I hardly expected to meet the King of the Street. He had, I supposed, returned to the city, but he had set Wednesday as the day for resuming operations in the market, and I did not think that he would be found here on Monday.

The room was cold and cheerless, and the dingy books in law-calf appeared to gaze at me in mute protest as I looked about me.

The doors that separated me from Doddridge Knapp's room were shut and locked. What was behind them? I wondered. Was there anything in Doddridge Knapp's room that bore on the mystery of the hidden boy, or would give the clue to the murder of Henry Wilton? If vengeance was to be mine; if Doddridge Knapp was to pay the penalty of the gallows for the



"DOES THE CAMPAIGN REOPEN?" I ASKED.

death of Henry Wilton, it must be by the evidence that I should wrest from him and his tools. I had just secured the key that would fit the first door I had taken the impression of the lock and had it made without definite purpose, but now I was ready to act.

With a sinking heart but a clear head I put the key cautiously to the lock and gently turned it. The key fitted perfectly, and the bolt flew back as it made the circle. I opened the door into the middle room. The second door, as I expected, was closed.

Would the same key fit the second lock, or must I wait to have another made? I advanced to the second door and was about to try the key when a sound from behind it turned my blood to water.

Beyond that door, from the room I had supposed to be empty, I heard a groan.

were two men. And then there was a noise of a man moving about, and a long smothered groan, as of one in agony of spirit. Fearful that the door might be flung open in my face, I tipped back to my room, and silently turned the key, as thoroughly mystified as ever I had been in the strange events that had crowded my life since I had entered the city.

CHAPTER XVII. In a Foreign Land.

The groans and prayers, if they continued, could be heard no longer through the double doors, and I seated myself by the desk and took account of the events that had brought me to my present position.

Where did I stand? What had I accomplished? What had I learned? How was I to reach the end for which I struggled and bring justice to the slayer of my murdered friend? As I passed in review the occurrences that had crowded the few weeks since my arrival, I was compelled to confess that I knew little more of the mysteries that surrounded me than on the night I arrived. I knew that I was tossed between two opposing forces. I knew that a mysterious boy was supposed to be under my protection, and that to gain and keep possession of him my life was sought and defended. I knew that Doddridge Knapp had caused the murder of Henry Wilton, and yet for some unfathomable reason gave me his confidence and employment under the belief that I was Henry Wilton. But I had been able to get no hint of who the boy might be, or where he was concealed, or who was the hidden woman who employed me to protect him, or why he was sought by Doddridge Knapp.

How long I sat by the desk waiting, thinking, planning, I know not. One scheme of action after another I had considered and rejected, when a sound broke on my listening ears. I started up in feverish anxiety. It was from the room beyond, and I stole toward

you want to know is that I won't need you before Wednesday, if then."

"Does the campaign reopen?" I asked.

"If you don't mind, Wilton," said the Wolf with another growl, "I'll keep my plans till I'm ready to use them."

"Certainly," I retorted. "But maybe you would feel a little interest to know that Rosenheim and Bashford have gathered in about a thousand shares of Omega in the last four or five days."

Doddridge Knapp gave me a keen glance.

"There were no sales of above a hundred shares," he said.

"No—most of them ran from ten to fifty shares."

"Well," he continued, looking fixedly at me, "you know something about Rosenheim?"

"If it won't interfere with your plans," I suggested apologetically.

"The Wolf drew back his lips over his fangs, and then turned the snarl into a smile."

"Go on," he said, waving amends for the snarl he had administered.

"Well, I don't know much about Rosenheim, but I caught him talking with Decker."

"Were the stocks transferred to Decker?"

"No; they stand to Rosenheim, trustee."

"Well, Wilton, they've stolen a march on us, but I reckon we'll give 'em a surprise before they're quite awake."

"And," I continued coolly, "Decker's working up a deal in Crown Diamond and toying a little with Confidence—you gave me a week to find out, you may remember."

"Very good, Wilton," said the King of the Street with grudging approval. "We'll sell old Decker quite a piece of Crown Diamond before he gets through. And now is there anything more in your pocket?"

"It's empty," I confessed.

"Well, you may go then."

Doddridge Knapp followed me to the door, and stood on the threshold as I walked down the hall. There was no chance for spying or listening at key-holes, if I were so inclined, and it was not until I had reached the bottom stair that I thought I heard the sound of a closing door behind me.

As I stood at the entrance, almost oblivious of the throng that was hurrying up and down Clay street, Porter joined me.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Him? Who?"

"Why, Tom Terrill sneaked down those stairs a little bit ago, and I thought you might have found him up there."

"Could it be possible that this man had been with Doddridge Knapp, and that it was his voice I had heard? This in turn seemed improbable, hardly possible.

"There he is now," whispered Porter.

I turned my eyes in the direction he indicated, and a shock ran through me; for my eye had met the eye of a serpent. Yes, there again was the cruel, keen face, and the glittering, repulsive eye, filled with malice and hatred, that I had beheld with loathing and dread whenever it had come in my path. With an evil glance Terrill turned and made off in the crowd.

"Follow that man, Wainwright," said I to the second guard, who was close at hand. "Watch him to-night and report to me to-morrow."

I wondered what could be the meaning of Terrill's visit to the building. Was it to see Doddridge Knapp and get his orders? Or was it to follow up some new plan to wrest from me the secret I was supposed to hold? But there was no answer to these questions, and I turned toward my room to prepare for the evening that had been set for the evening.

It was with hope and fear that I took my way to the Pine Street palace. It was my fear that was realized. Mrs. Bowser fell to my lot, while Luella joined Mr. Carter, and Mrs. Carter with Mr. Horton followed.

Corson was waiting for us at the City Hall. I had arranged with the policeman that he should act as our guide, and had given him Porter and Barkhouse as assistants in case any should be needed.

"A fine night for it, sor," said Corson in greeting. "There's a little celebration goin' on among the haythens to-night, so you'll see 'em at their best."

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

WHY HE WAS ANXIOUS.

Albert's Particular Reason for Inquiry That Worried Nurse.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child. "Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?" "No, dear," said his nurse, "this is not Sunday. It is Thursday." "I'm so sorry," he said, sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook, "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice, said, "Yes, Lambie. This is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.—Success.

THE TIME TEST.

That Is What Proves True Merit.

Doan's Kidney Pills bring the quick relief from backache and kidney troubles. Is that relief lasting? Let Mrs. James M. Long, of 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., tell you. On January 31st, 1903, Mrs. Long wrote: "Doan's Kidney Pills have cured me" (of pain in the back, urinary troubles, bearing down sensations, etc.). On June 20th, 1907, four and one-half years later, she said: "I haven't had kidney trouble since. I repeat my testimony."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Divisions of Creeds. It is estimated that there are 180,000,000 Protestants in the world, as compared with 250,000,000 Catholics and 110,000,000 adherents of the Greek and Oriental churches.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Don't waste other people's time while you are wasting your own.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

It's sometimes easier to catch on than it is to let go.



This woman says that after months of suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her as well as ever.

Maude E. Forgie, of Leesburg, Va., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I want other suffering women to know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For months I suffered from feminine ills so that I thought I could not live. I wrote you, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and using the treatment you prescribed I felt like a new woman. I am now strong, and well as ever, and thank you for the good you have done me."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.