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Shattered Nerves.

Many people complain of shattered nerves. Very frequently this malady is caused by the overwork of body and brain. Bad sleep or no sleep at all is one of the prominent symptoms of shattered nerves. A weary and yet restless feeling during waking hours, both day and night, is a similar symptom. Excessive irritability, instead of good temper, is another symptom. A strong tendency to think the worst of everything, rather than the best, is

would cease to be legal tender in the West Indies, including British Guiana. Now the boy who finds a pirate's buried treasure will have to dispose of his Spanish gold at its bullion value. It may console him to know that for some years the doubloon has not been the precious thing it was. In 1730, and for a century after, it was worth eight dollars, "more or less;" but the current doubloon is worth only about five dolllars. It has ceased to be coined in its native country, Spain, and now it will soon become unpopular in the West Indies, where it has figured in a mixed circulation embracing British, United States and Spanish coins. In the interest of romance, however, the name at least must survive. It signifies nothing more than that the coin was double the value of a pistole; but "doubloon" ver such a mouth-filling mock ery as "pleces of eight," which suggests great riches, but means only Spanish silver dollars, pleces equivalent to eight reals. So far as experience goes with the Chicago directory it is a painstaking and truth-telling book. The publishers go to large expense to make it so. If John Smith is living at the corner of Southwest street and Northwest boulevard and rumor hath it that he is still there and intends to remain in that spot for the rest of his life, do they take it for granted that such is the case? Not at all, declares the Chicago Daily News. They send a man out to see. That man reports on a specially prepared blank and his work is verified. That being the case, why the best I can do fer ye. You'd better should we not look on it as a truthful book when it estimates the population need it." of Chicago at 2,425,000? True, the national census will be along in a couple of years and it may call us down, but meanwhile we can have the pleasure of feeling as large as possible. Will the school census please go away back and sit down? Some years ago Canada decided to observe Thanksgiving in October instead of November, as a more cheerful month for the family gathering came. and a more suitable time for a harvest festival. The day of the week, however, was Thursday, as in this country. But now still another shift is to be made, by which Thanksgiving will hereafter come on Monday. This is in order that commercial travelers, students away from home and business men who live remote from their place of birth may have a longer time for the family reunion. The inclusion or Sunday in the holiday may also safeguard the sacred character of the festival, The Monday plan offers so many advantages that the Canadians are to be congratulated upon the change, and Americans ought not to be too conservative to adopt it.



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 strong tendency to think the worst of everything, rather than the best, is another symptom. A wish for death, rather than life, with such a state of body and mind, is not uncommon. A strong idea that we are somehow wrong and cannot get right, is another symptom. Fear and foreboding of evil is another. What we have indicated as the symptoms will indicate that the mind has a great deal to do with all such cases. Frequently, says the New York Weekly, it is the mere idea, strongly fixed, which works all the harm. If the mind could bankh its depression, the same nerves that have been set down as hopelessly shattered may turn out to be quite sound sleep, than by one who forces himself to do less. But even if this were not true, it would still be certain that it is ruinous to life's grander that the next for hamself to do less. But even if this were not true, it would still be certain that it is ruinous to life's grander that the party and imprised of the street of from the same retries that that is and to do less. But even if this were not true, it would still be certain that it is ruinous to life's grander that the party and imprised to be party and imprised to the party and imprised to be party and imprised to the party and imprised to be party and imprised to be party and imprised to the party and imprised to the party and imprised to be party and imprised to the party and imprised to be party and imprised to beard by abots form discust th and buying Omera, the object being to crush Decker, Knapp's hated rival. Dudley discovers that he loves Lucila Knapp Mother Borton tells Giles Dudley that "they've discovered where 'the koy' is."

CHAPTER XXI .--- Continued.

"Send six men to 8 o'clock boat. Come with one in back to courtyard of the Palace Hotel at 7:40.

Mother Borton's face changed not a whit at the reading, but at the end

she nodded. "She knows," she said.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "What is to happen?" "Don't go, dearie-you won't go,

will you?" "Yes," I said. "I must go."

"Oh," she wailed; "you may be killed. You may never come back." "Nonsense," said I. "In broad daylight, at the Palace Hotel? I'm much more likely to be killed before I get home to-night."

Her earnestness impressed me, but my resolution was not shaken. Mother Borton rested her head on the table in despair at my obstinacy "Well, if you will, you will," she said at last; "and an old woman's warnings are nothing to you. But if you will put your head in the traps I'll do my best to make it safe after you git it there. You jist sit still, honey." And she took the candle and went to a corner, where she seated herself at a stand. Mother Borton appeared to have some difficulty in arranging her words to her liking. She seemed to be writing, but the pen did not flow smoothly. At last she was done, and sealing her work in an envelope she brought the flickering light once more to the table. "Take that," she said, thrusting the envelope into my hand. "If you find a one-eyed man when you git into trouble give him that letter I've writ ye, and it may do ye some good. It's go now and git some sleep. You may I thanked Mother Borton and pressed her hand, and she held the candle as I tiptoed down the stairs, joining my waiting guards and went out into the night.

toward the bay, and crossing the street at the next corner followed the main thoroughfare to Broadway.

"I guess we're all right now," he gasped, as we turned again to the west, "but we'd best keep to the middle of the street."

And a little later we were in sight of the house of mystery which fronted. forbidding and gloomy as ever, on Montgomery street, and I was soon in my room and in bed for what sleep I could snatch.

At the earliest light of the morning was once more astir, but half-refreshed by my short and broken rest. and made my dispositions for the day. I ordered Porter, Fitzhugh, Brown, Wilson, Lockhart and Abrams to wait for me at the Oakland ferry. Trent, who was still weak from his wound, I put in charge of the home guard, with Owens, Phillips and Larson as his companions, and gave instructions to look for Barkhouse, in case he did ful detail for which I was grateful not return. Wainwright I took with at the outset of such an expedition. I me, and halling a hack drove to the Palace Hotel.

There was a rattle of wagons and a bustle of departing guests as we drove into the courtyard of the famous hostelry.

I stepped out of the hack and looked about me anxiously. Was I to meet the Unknown? or was I to take orders from some emissary of my hidden employer? No answering eye met mine as I searched the place with eager glance. Neither woman nor man of all the hurrying crowd had a thought speak were without success. The litof me.

I glanced at the clock that ticked five years old, but it was dumbthe seconds in the office of the hotel frightened, as I supposed, by the

he travel with us, ma'am? He's rather | turned the jutting corner of the build young. "He'll go all right," said the elder ticket office.

woman with some agitation. "He knows that he must. But treat him carefully. Now good-by." "Oakland ferry, driver," I cried as

I stepped into the hack and slammed the door. And in a moment we were dashing out into New Montgomery street, and with a turn were on Market street, rolling over the rough cobbles toward the bay.

CHAPTER XXII. Trailed.

"Did you see him?" asked Wainwright, as the hack lurched into Market street and straightened its course for the ferry.

"Who?" "Tom Terrill. He was behind that my retainers. "Has any one seen big pillar near the arch there. I saw him just as the old lady spoke to you, but before I catches your eye, he cuts and runs."

"I didn't see him," I said. "Keep the child between us, and shoot anybody who tries to stop us or to climb into the hack. I must read my orders." "All right, sir," said Wainwright,

making the child comfortable between

I tore open the envelope and drew miliar, firm, yet delicate handwriting. and read the words:

"Take the train with your men for Livermore. Await orders at the hotel. Protect the boy at all hazards."

Inclosed in the sheet were gold notes to the value of \$500-a thought thrust the money into my pocket and in the stock market is casting its pondered upon the letter, wondering shadow before." where Livermore might be. My knowl edge of the geography of California was exceedingly scant, and Livermore was no where to be found in my geographical memory.

I had some thought of questioning flecting that I might be supposed to wrigth's efforts to get the child to tle thing might from its size have been

ing and came under shelter by the "But keep a close watch."

The other four retainers were in the passageway, and I called to the ticket seller for the tickets to Livermore. By the price I decided that But there's no need at all to take Livermore must be somewhere within 50 miles, and marshaling my troop about the boy, marched into the waiting room, past the doorkeeper, through the sheds and on to the ferry boat.

I saw no sign of the enemy, and breathed freer as the last belated passenger leaped aboard, the folding gangplank was raised and the steamer, with a prolonged blast of the whistle, slid out into the yellow-green water of the bay.

"Keep together, boys," I cautioned signs of the other gang?"

There was a general murmur in the negative.

'Well, Abrams, will you slip around and see if any of them got aboard? There's no such thing as being comfortable until we are sure." In the hurry and excitement of prep-

aration and departure the orders I had given and received, and the work that filled every moment. I had been conscious of the uneasy burden of a task forth the scented paper with its fa- forgotten. I had surely neglected something. Yet for my life I could not see that we lacked anything. I had my seven retainers, the boy was safe with us, I had my purse, we were well armed and every man had his ticket to Livermore. But at last the cause of

> my troubles came to my mind. "Great Scott!" I thought. "It's Dodd ridge Knapp. That little engagement

> It seemed likely indeed that the de mands of my warring employers would clash here as well as in the conflict over the boy.

Yet with all the vengeful feeling that filled my heart as I looked on the Wainwright, who was busy trying to child and called up the memory of make friends with the child, but re- my murdered friend, I could but feel a pang of regret at the prospict that know all about it I was silent. Wain- Doddridge Knapp's fortune should be placed in hazard through any unfaithfulness of mine.

> My uncomfortable reflections were broken by the clanging engine bells and the forward movement of the passengers as the steamboat passed into the slip at Long Wharf.

"Stand together, boys," I cautioned my men. "Keep back of the crowd. Wainwright will take the boy, and the rest of you see that nobody gets near him.'

"All right," said Wainwright, lifting the child in his arms. "It will take a good man to get him away from me." "Where's Abrams?" I asked, noting that only six of my men were at hand. "You sent him forward," said Lock hart.

"Not for all day."

"Well, he hasn't been seen since you told him to find out who's aboard."

"It's no use to wait for him," I growled. "But the next man that takes French leave had better look somewhere else for a job, for by the great horn spoon, he's no man of AVOID RISK IN BUYING PAINT.

You take a good deal of risk if you buy white lead without having absolute assurance as to its purity and quality. You know white lead is often adulterated, often misrepresented. any chances. The "Dutch Boy Painter" trade mark of the National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine white lead, on a package of White Lead, is a positive guarantee

of purity and quality. It's as dependable as the Dollar Sign. If you'll write the National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York City, they will send you a simple and certain outfit for testing white lead, and a valuable book on paint, free.

A Doctor's Disadvantage.

"In one way," said a collector, "It is easier to get money from a doctor than anybody else who is slow pay. It is more difficult for him to swear that he hasn't been able to make any collections himself since the first of the year. A doctor's reception room is open to all possible patients. A collector with a grain of ingenuity can find a way to worm out of the men on the waiting list information as to the terms of payment. After an interview with three or four persons who have paid spot cash for treatment and who have told the collector they paid, It takes a mighty nerve on the part of the doctor to insist that he hasn't a dollar to his name."

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Close Quarters.

The following extract from a letter of thanks is cherished by its recipient: "The beautiful clock you sent us

came in perfect condition, and is now in the parlor on top of the bookshelves, where we hope to see you soon, and your husband, also, if he can make it convenient."

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For the acblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.-Garfield.

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People who are true blue never suffer much from the blues.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrap lidea teething, softens the guns, redu tion, allays pain, cures wind colle. 25c s

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit .- Dickens.

It Cures While You Walk Allen's Foot-Ease for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty callous aching feet. 25c all Druggists.

HELPFUL



There are three principal kinds of mosquitoes. One disseminates yellow fever, another makes a specialty of malaria and the third is a stripelegged stinging machine that makes its habitation in New Jersey. Don't stop to distinguish, but kill on sight.

A Consecticut man has married his cook, and will shortly discover he has made a horrible blunder if it was his problem.

"Where are Barkhouse and Phil-"Ips?" I asked, as we turned our faces toward the west.

Porter gave a low whistle, and as this failed to bring an answer, folhour. lowed it with one louder and more prolonged. We listened, but no response

"We'd better get out of here," said Wilson. "There's no telling what may happen when they hear that whistle.' 'Hist! What's that?" said Porter, drawing me back into a doorway.

There were running steps on the block above us, and I thought a shadow darted from one side of the street to the other.

"There seem to be friends waiting for us," said I. "Just get a good grip of your clubs, boys, and keep your revolvers handy in case they think they have a call to stop us.

"Hold on," said Porter. "There's a gang of 'em there. I see a dozen of 'em, and if we're the ones they're after we had better cut for it."

"I believe you are right," said 1, peering into the darkness. I could see a confused mass, but whether of men or boxes I could only guess.

"We'll go up there, and you can cut around the other way," said Porter. "There's no need for you to risk it."

"There's no need for any one to risk it. We'll cut together."

"This way then," said Wilson. "I know this part of town better than you do. Run on your toes." And he darted past Borton's and plunged into an alley that led toward the north. Porter and I followed as quistly as possible through the dark and noisome intention to get rid of the servant cut-off to Pacific street. Wilson turned ing the youngster un'avorably. "Will

TWO WOMEN STOOD REFORE ME LEADING A CHILD.

I saw that I had been early, and that strangeness of the situation, and it was even now but 20 minutes to the would speak no word.

The minute hand had not swept past the figure VIII when the door opened. there was a hurried step and two women stood before me leading a child between them. Both women were closely velled, and the child was muffled and swathed till its features could not be seen.

One of the women was young, the other older-perhaps middle-aged. Both were tall and well-made. I looked eagerly upon them, for one of them must be the Unknown, the hidden employer whose task had carried Henry Wilton to his death, who held my life in her hands and who fought the desperate battle with the power and hatred of Doddridge Knapp. It was to the younger that I turned as the more likely to have the spirit of contest, but

it was the older who spoke. "Here is your charge, Mr. Wilton, "she said in a low, agitated voice. As of the peculiar perfume that had

greeted me from the brief letters of the Unknown. "I am ready for orders," I said with

a bow. "Your orders are in this envelope."

said the Unknown, hurriedly thrusting a paper into my hand. "Drive for the boat and read them on the way. You have no time to lose."

The younger woman placed the child in the back.

"Climb in, Walnwright," said I, eyenut

Why was he put thus in my charge? What was I to do with him? Whither was I to carry him? I reproached my-

self that I had not stopped the Unknown to ask more questions, to get more light on the duties that were expected of me. But the hack on a sudden pulled up, and I saw that we were before the long, low, ugly wooden building that sat square across Market street as the gateway to San Francisco, through which the tide of travel must pass to and from the Goldep City,

"Look out on both sides, Wainwright," I cautioned. "You carry the boy and I'll shoot if there's any trouble. See that you keep him safe."

"There was nearly 10 minutes before the boat left, but the hurry for tickets. the rush to check baggage, the shouts of hackmen and expressmen, the rat-

tle and confusion of the coming and departing street cars that centered at she spoke I felt the faint suggestion the ferry made us inconspicuous among the throng as we stepped out of the hack.

> "Here Fitzbugh, Brown," I said, catching sight of two of my retainers, get close about. Have you seen any thing-any signs of the enemy ?"

"I haven't," said Fitzhugh, "but Abrams thought he saw Dotty Ferguson over by the Fair Wind saloon

there. Said he cut up Clay street before the rest of us caught sight of him-so maybe Abrams was off his

"Quite likely," I admitted as we doubt

mine. no faith in them.

We marched off the boat in the rear of the crowd, I in no pleasant humor, and the men silent in reflection of my displeasure. And with some difficulty we found seats together in a forward coach.

The train was the east-bound overland, and it seemed hours before the baggage was taken aboard and the signal given to start. I grew uneasy, but as my watch assured me that only 10 minutes had passed when the engine gave the first gentle pull at the train, I suspected that I was losing the gift of patience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Use of Adjectives.

Certain adjectives are reserved for men and others for women. A man is never called "beautiful." Along with "pretty" and "lovely" that adjective has become the property of women and children alone. "Handsome" and the weak "good-looking" are the only two adjectives of the kind common to either sex. Even "belle" has no real masculine correlative in English, since "beau" came to signify something other than personal looks. It is singular that "handsome" should have become the word for a strikingly goodlooking person, since its literal meaning is handy, dexterous. But "pretty" likewise comes from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning "sly."

Brigand's New Means of Extortion. Even cremation has been made to subserve the purposes of the brigand in a manner in which those interested ought to take note. At Strasburg there is a crematorium with a depository for urn attached. From this place there disappeared some days ago the urn containing the ashes of two members of a wealthy family named Berle. The police have been quite unable to obtain any clue but the family were called up by telephone the other evening and notified that the restoration of the urn would cost them £5,000 .- London Globe.

House Fly a Common Enemy.

Although the mosquito specializes on yellow fever and malaria and is universally recognized as an enemy to be fought outright, scientists have come to regard the common house fly as the more dangerous. The mosquito will spread only one or two diseases, but the house fly's only specialty is filth. Typhoid germs, tuberculosis germs and a hundred other germs that drops its load of refuse in the butter or milk.

Just a Thought.

We needn't worry about who is going to plant flowers on our graves; lots of people would do it gladly, no



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness - you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast co. respondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help your case. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, es-tablish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am to-day a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

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, dizzizess, or nervous prostration.