

# THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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## American Horses.

The development of types of light horses has been notable in the United States, but, according to a bulletin recently issued by the department of agriculture, with a single exception the draft-horses have been foreign strains transplanted. Of the light horses, the Narragansett pacer was a famous type in colonial days. Later came the Morgan, the standard-bred and the saddle-horse. The specialization of these types has been a national business and, in spite of importations from abroad, the native stock has developed and held its own. Of draft-horses, on the other hand, the only native type was the Conestoga, a breed that has now become completely extinct, and has left no discernible traces on the native stock. For heavy work, therefore, Americans must depend entirely upon the imported Percherons, Clydesdales and Shires. The national traits which have resulted in these conditions are evidently somewhat different from what has been supposed; for the speed mania is what has caused the light types of horse to be developed and the heavy ones to be neglected. American breeders have sacrificed other qualities, which, in the opinion of the department of agriculture, are more important, in order to lower track records by a second or two. In the minds of most persons, Virginia, Kentucky and other parts of the south are most commonly associated with the pedigrees and development of the finest types of horses. To all who hold that opinion it will be instructive to trace, through the pages of the bulletin, the number of great strains of racing, carriage and saddle blood which, although commonly associated with the south, in reality go directly back to New England.

## Nothing from Nothing Leaves Nothing.

Recently a man wrote to the New York Times saying that he was a little over 50 years of age, and having worked all of his life to acquire enough money to make him independent, and having succeeded, he had retired, and was now trying to make himself happy with nothing to do. He passed five hours a day in reading, three hours in exercise and eating, which left him eight hours, which he found it hard to dispose of. His letter was in the nature of a lament. His bubble had burst. What he had dreamed of being able to do all his life had come true, and was an empty vanity. Foolish man! exclaims Life. The independence that money brings with it is the least of all our independencies. And where it enables a man to improve himself, it almost invariably leads to his deterioration. To criticize one's creator is surely in bad taste; perhaps it should rather be said in his praise therefore, that he has provided nothing better for us in the way of permanent satisfaction than being compelled to work for a living.

Several improvements are likely in the post office if the plans of experts are adopted. The postal committee of congress, appointed two years ago, will recommend that a permanent director of posts, with seven assistants, be provided for, and that the four offices of assistant postmaster general be abolished. Postmaster General Meyer is urging postal savings banks and rural parcels post, and his probable successor, Mr. Hitchcock, favors these improvements. The parcels post will probably be profitable to the department, besides conferring benefit on the public. The deficit this year is the largest ever reported—nearly \$17,000,000—and although the post office is not intended to make money, any effort to put it on a paying basis should meet with favor in congress.

Talk as they will about fashion, the men are as subservient to its decrees as women. There was a time when most men wore beards; indeed, at one time it was regarded as wicked to shave. Yet of 24 governors elected last November, Gov. Hughes of New York is the only one who does not shave some part of his face, and nine of the new governors are clean-shaven. A few years ago, says the Youth's Companion, every mother's son in any photograph of a group of college students had his hair parted in the middle and plastered flat above the ears. Nowadays it is the fashion to part the hair way down on one side. Twenty-five years ago college seniors wore beards or whiskers. Theodore Roosevelt wore "burnsides" when he was in Harvard.

In France archaeologists have discovered the bones of men who, they think, died 173,000 years ago, and workmen tunneling at Toronto have found human footprints in interglacial clay deposited from 50,000 to 100,000 years ago. And yet a woman will sometimes tell her husband that the hat he gave her the money to buy only two short years ago is old.

If we could see ourselves as others see us, it would just about put the looking-glass people out of business.

# The VANISHING FLEETS

BY ROY NORTON  
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Sunday Magazine)

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
A. WEIL

## SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened," opens in Washington with the United States and Japan on the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. At the most important moment Japan declares war. Japan takes the Philippines. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's indifference. Guy Hillier starts for England with secret message and is compelled to leave Norma Roberts, who with military officers also leaves Washington on mysterious expedition for an isolated point on the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Jap fleet is fast approaching western coast of America. Siego, Japanese spy, discovers secret preparations for war. He follows auto carrying presidential cabinet. He uncovers source of great mystery and flees, murmuring: "The gods save Nippon." Fleeing to Pacific coast, Siego is shot down just as journey to get awful news to Japan seems successful. Japan announces intention to attack America. Tokio learns of missing Japanese fleet and whole world becomes convinced that United States has some powerful war agency. England decides to send a fleet to American waters as a Canadian protection against what the British suppose is a terrible submarine flotilla. Hillier is also sent to Canada to attempt to force his way through American lines with a message to the president in order that protection for the fleet may be assured.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The people of England were much divided in opinion as to the advisability of the government's move when it became public. A strong conservative element feared the danger of Great Britain being involved in the war through this action, while the liberal partisans and jingo asserted that it was the only method of upholding the country's dignity, demonstrating to America that England would do her best, and at the same time assuring Canada that the mother country intended to support her in case of attack along her border line. That Britannia still ruled the waves was generally doubted; for if the Americans had in their possession means of so easily overcoming a fleet as important as that which Japan had lost, there was almost a certainty that she could conquer any adversary sent against her on the water. It was no longer a question of warfare on land; for all the transports in the world would be powerless against such submarines as the nations now conceded the United States must possess.

Before sailing, the fleet commanders had been called into a council and given positive instructions that they were not to permit themselves to be drawn into action in any event before reaching Canada. On their arrival they were at once to co-operate with the dominion government in whatever way seemed advisable at that time, and follow such orders as might be given from London.

The clearance, however, unlike the sailing of that fleet from Japan, was not accompanied by any gala demonstration. It was rather with dire misgivings that the public witnessed this departure, which were to a certain extent shared in by those aboard the vessels; and it was fully realized that the flower of England's navy might never return from its voyage into an unknown danger.

The conservative press lent a funeral attitude to the occasion in its treatment of the situation, one journal declaring that "England is sending to magnificent martyrdom men who had better have been retained at home for their country's good." Another paper characterized it as a "useless sacrifice." This became the general public opinion within a few days, as reports from Canada continued gloomy and showed no prospect of a rift within the clouds.

The music halls, always an index to the popular view, found their greatest hits in topical songs which were generally of the tenor that the great grand, glorious and gorgeous British had sailed away to do or die—with the accent on the "die." A general air of melancholy prevailed over all England, and as the days went on and the fleet itself got beyond reach of the wireless telegraph stations and far out on a deserted ocean, the sentiment was one of acute expectancy.

The admiralty was advised of the arrival without incident of Hillier, and apprised of the fact that he had decided to make his attempt to cross into the forbidden land unaided. There was a certain sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that a good and efficient man was on the ground with at least a chance for success in his endeavors.

This beatific state of mind was dispelled one bright afternoon, and England thrown into a furore that scarcely could have been greater had one of the mysterious submarines appeared off its shores and begun bombarding the nearest city. It was like an intimation of disaster delivered in advance of more terrible news.

The black hull of a South American tramp steamer hove into sight beyond Fastnet, and instituted a rapid inter-



The Man on the Lookout Had Sighted an Object.

change of signals. The men on shore, as these advanced, looked at each other with blank dismay, and then, fearing that there had been a misunderstanding, and falling to grasp suddenly a significance so terrible in its import, requested that the signals be repeated. There could be no doubt of their correct interpretation. In one hour all England knew beyond cavil that her fleet had met the same fate as that which had overtaken Japan's. The message in brief was that the Esperanta had picked up in mid ocean, floating on a life raft torn from its moorings, a sailor wearing the uniform of the Dreadnought. The man was almost dead from exposure, and had not yet recovered sufficiently to give a coherent account of what had taken place.

No ship ever sailed into Southampton that attracted the attention given to the Esperanta. Trainload after trainload of excursionists, farmers within a day's drive, and pedestrians from near by swarmed to Southampton, forming an excited and almost uncontrollable gathering. Tugboats hastened out to meet the incoming steamer, which carried the only living link between reality and the terrible unknown, and long lines of constables strove to hold back the excited crowd, the noise of whose mutterings filled the air with an ominous drone.

Between these ranks of blue-clad men there came four surgeons, carrying on a stretcher a wreck of humanity who laughed insanely and rolled his head from side to side.

The crowd fell into an awed hush as the litter passed to the special train which was to convey this most important witness to a hospital. Next in public interest were the officers and men of the Esperanta, who, feeling themselves in the limelight, became each the center of great crowds, to whom they recounted as best they could the story of how the man was found.

The exact details of this as given by the captain of the Esperanta to the ministers of the cabinet who were summoned threw meager light upon the case. The Esperanta had gone out of her usual course, following the Gulf stream to the northward, until warned by an American cruiser to take a more easterly tack. She had done so, thus bringing her into a less frequented path of travel.

At ten o'clock in the morning, five days previous to her reporting at Fastnet, the men on the lookout had sighted an object which drew his attention, which at first he believed to be a mere piece of untenant wreck or wreckage tossed on the swell. He had notified the captain, who altered the ship's course and bore down upon it, only to learn that it was a life raft on which was a man. A boat was lowered, and it was found that the inanimate form was that of a British sailor, on whose hip, which had been thrust

beneath a cleat of the raft, were the words "H. M. S. Dreadnought." The man evidently had lashed himself securely before his strength had failed, knowing how small were his chances for rescue, and how certain his coming weakness. When picked up by the Esperanta he was thought to be dead; but being taken aboard he showed some signs of life, and after hours of work recovered sufficiently to give some slight hope of survival.

So terrible had been his sufferings from privation that his mind seemed unbridled, and they had been unable to gather any information from him save that of some overwhelming disaster. He was now in the throes of brain fever, and talked only the speech of the delirious. His fragmentary mutterings were beyond all understanding; his mind seemed to be a confused jumble of hallucinations, in which he cried for water and made absurd comments on what was passing in his dreams. There were strangely interwoven babblings of submarine boats, sea serpents and unheard of monsters which harried the ship and sent her to her doom. Piteful exclamations of helplessness and fear, interjections of overwhelming dread, and brief snatches of prayer came from his lips throughout all the days in which they had attended him. The strangest part in all the incident of picking up the castaway was that the captain of the Esperanta, seeking other survivors, had cruised for hours in the vicinity; but had found no other sign of wreckage or of humanity. He had coursed to the northward, thinking it possible that the trend of the wind had driven this lone mariner away from the scene of catastrophe; but the ocean itself was a blank. The crest of no wave carried even a piece of flotsam, nor was there anywhere a clew to the mystery.

The rocking of the foundations of the world could have created no more suspense or terror than did the fear of this unknown agent of destruction which threatened the downfall of governments and the eradication of boundary lines. England suffered the woes of the bereaved in the certainty that thousands of men who were fathers, brothers, husbands or friends had been annihilated by this terrible republic across the sea. From every throat came a despairing cry for retaliation; but England, rich, mighty and powerful, felt herself without means of appeasing it. It was well enough to talk of revenge when the means were at hand; but the country in the face of this dread enemy was helpless, and so it was that the bitterness of defeat gave way to the hopelessness of terror when a calmer and more judicial spirit prevailed. It was beginning to be comprehended to the full that not only Great Britain in all her strength, but the combined forces of the world, would stand no chance of conducting even a defensive war against the United States—now

become a swordfish ravaging and depopulating the seas.

In the meantime, while all this consternation prevailed and the heads of nations, fearful and trembling, speculated as to the outcome, the sailor from the Dreadnought was being watched and cared for by the most distinguished savants and specialists of the old world. There hovered over his bedside through every minute of the day men dispatched by every European power, who were doing all that science might suggest to bring this lone and stricken mariner back to sanity and let him give tongue to what he knew of this scourge of the waters. Hourly bulletins of his condition were posted on street corners, and round these stood men and women in suspense. His least word was recorded as of monumental importance, in the hope that from some cranny of his wrecked mind might come some elucidating phrase, however slight. The most important thing that apparently could be relied upon was that whatever the form of attack had been, it was observed before the blow was struck. This was shown by his repeatedly exclaiming: "It's coming! it's coming! It'll get us, sure, and we can't fight back!"

And so the nations watched by the bedside of a common sailor. From Japan came long messages of condolence to her ally, which were received in a spirit of fellow suffering.

The peculiarities of the situation were in nowise lessened by reports from Canada, where the troops still massed along the border maintained a friendly spirit, committed no acts of encroachment, showed no apprehension of war, and seemed as ignorant of their own government's plans or what it had done as were the Canadians themselves. Indeed, their mystification over the disappearance of the Japanese and British fleets was as complete as that of the most humble farmer on the Canadian frontier. Their officers, shocked by the terrific news, hastened to give statements to the effect that their instructions were to avoid giving offense, as the United States had no intention of engaging in war with Great Britain. Coupled with the loss of the fleet, these interviews seemed singularly inconsistent, it being impossible to reconcile annihilation on the sea and a cry for peace on land.

It was generally admitted in England that Canada was now in a helpless position and completely at the mercy of a well-drilled and well-equipped army along her borders, which was undoubtedly within constant reach of supplies and re-enforcements. The utility of any attempt either to relieve or to aid her by sending more men across the Atlantic, now absolutely under the control of the Americans, was obvious. It began to appear to the British government that the United States was deliberately planning to take the dominion of Canada whenever she deemed the time opportune. That she could now do so at her own convenience was unquestioned.

An exasperating condition was the attitude of the Canadians themselves, who, as far as appearances went, were in a state of the utmost placidity. Indeed, the farmers along the border were prosperous and thriving through the increased demand for their supplies, which the American quartermasters purchased liberally, and for which they invariably paid American gold. It actually seemed as if an era of good feeling was being established across the boundary. The loss of the fleet threatened a rupture for a brief time; but the province, now convinced of the hopelessness of taking an active side either way, showed an inclination to stand aloof and remain absolutely neutral. It was agreed between the officials of the dominion and those of Great Britain that Canada could do nothing but endeavor as best she might to remain passive pending further developments.

This lack of partisanship proved anything but an assistance to Hillier in his attempt to break through the cordon, and it was this as much as anything else that hampered him in his mission.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Enough Said.  
"Tea and coffee," said the doctor, "are both bad for you. Your life will be shortened many years if you continue to drink such stuff."  
"Oh, but doctor," she replied, "I couldn't think of getting along without a cup of coffee in the morning and a cup of tea at luncheon."  
"Very well. I've told you as plainly as I can what the effect will be. And, furthermore, both tea and coffee are bad for your complexion."  
"I shall never drink another drop of either."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## PE-RU-NA TONIC FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH.



JOSEPH H. CHASE

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Don't accept anything else.

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