NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA

DISLIKED EAGLE AS SYMBOL Bird's Adoption as the National Em-

blem Was Decidedly Unpopular at First.

Gaillard Hunt, chief of the division of manuscripts, has just completed a historical sketch of the great seal of the United States, the sketch telling of the various stages of development through which the seal went before the one now in use was first adopted.

When the continental congress made the obverse of the great seal the national arms it intended that the device should pass into common use among the people, as the flag had done, and like the flag, the arms at first met with general approval, which soon gave place to an acceptance of it as an emblem of the power and sovereignty of the United States, which placed it above criticism.

Not all the fathers of the republic, however, were pleased with the selection of the eagle as the na tional emblam. When the badge of the order of the society of Cincin nati was made in France, in 1874, it was objected to by some because the displayed eagle resembled a turkey

"For my part," wrote Benjamia Franklin, January 26, 1784, to his daughter, "I wish the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. You may have seen him perched on some dead tree, where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk, and then when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for the support of his mate and her young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes it from him.

"With all this injustice he is never in good case, but, like those among men who live by sharping and robbing, he is generally poor, and very lousy. Besides, he is a rank coward. The little king bird, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district."

Green Old Age.

One of the inmates of an old women's home near Vienna is Frau Katharina, who is now in her one hundred and eleventh year. She was married at 20, lived happily with her husband for 70 years and reared her ten children, according to her own words, "in the fear of the Lord." Her husband was a tailor, who received 60 kreutzers-about 24 cents-a day. In speaking of a visit to this remarkable woman a writer in a Vienna paper says: "Tears came into the venerable woman's eyes when she spoke of her hushand, who died 20 years ago, but the away and was re pisced by smiles. Her cap, the ruche about her neck, her whole tollet was so tidy that one could see that . .. desire to look her best was still strong in the old woman. She does not read. but delights in walking in the garden, and selects as associates only women who can play cards, which is her chief delight."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Bad Style for Pickpockets.

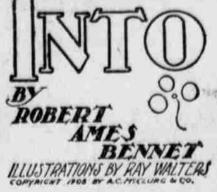
The difficulty in reaching the Parisian feminine pocket has been recognized judicially. A thief was charged with picking a lady's pocket in the crowd which watched the Chauchard funeral. His attorney pleaded extenuating circumstances, contrasting the vast wealth of the dead merchant and the poverty of the accused, and also the fact that there had been found on the latter only a pair of glasses, a few coppers and three handkerchiefs. If he had been an experienced criminal, asked the lawyer, wouldn't he have had much more spoil in his posses-sion, considering the unusually large

A policeman, more familiar with the fashions of the day, explained that Puris ladies wear pockets in their pet ticoats, rendering the operation of pickpockets decidedly difficult. The judge being a married man, recognized the point and immediately found the accused guilty.

Walking.

He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks. A network of sun and shadow, or a maze of muddy pools, lies before his feet. His cheek feels the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The bend in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant comrade at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hazlitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best gained by solltude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hazlitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Angle-Saxon blood to sing the open road.

Pride in One's House. House pride is a thing of recent growth; at any rate, it is a thing of recent and widespread revival. The rich burghers of the past who employed great artists to paint the interiors of their rooms, to perpetuate their glowing carpets, their shining glass, their tablecloths, their china and their chairs, were, doubtless, house proud. But the cult of the house was confined to a small number, while nowadays it is becoming universal. We all worship at the same shrine.-London Spectator.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Migs Genevieve (lessie, an American heiress, Lord Winterope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not frowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, shunned on the boat, occause of his roughness, became a hero is preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Laslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dend fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst atlacked them. Blake was compelled to rarry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in softes.cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation.

CHAPTER VIII .- Continued.

They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrope, you might fetch some of those stones-size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But these stones-

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go in a bunch, after all, in case I need stones."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle-not for Winthrope-Blake set so slow a pace that the halfmile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smouldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. guessed right Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

he pushed in among the trees. They saw no running water, for the tiny rill that trickled down the ledges was around the point!" matted over with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and overshadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrope; "see the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "These nin't sheep tracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water.

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to

get at our poultry yard!" "Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges be neath the overarching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know." "Too low for deer, though-and

their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was bare of all vegetation. Blake laid his about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw, outlined in dried mud. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him, and crept back down the trail. His stealthy movements and furtive backward glanc's filled his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of the trees-into the open!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club

raised in readiness to strike. Once clear of the trees, Winthrope caught Miss Leslie by the hand and broke into a run. In their terror they sald no need to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of 100 yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrope roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see! gasped Miss Leslie. "Footprint," mumbled Blake, ashamed

of his fright. "A Bon's?" cried Winthrope. "Not so large-bout the size of



Crept Back Down the Trall.

about time to clear out." "By Jove, we'd better withdraw

open ground this time of day. The people of the stone age. They had

rat holes." sticks to make fire," suggested Miss on hand as they had." Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to at all. The sun's hot enough to fry eggs. We'll go back to a shady place and pick up sticks on the way."

Though there was shade under the chiff within some 600 feet, they had have water. Think how we suffered to go some distance to the nearest dry wood-a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, the fire; and if it would do that, it penknife in hand. Having selected the dryest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was lacking all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrope insisted upon trying in turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd club on the top of the ledge, and was stand more chance cracking stones together.

"But what shall we do now" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very tired of cocoanuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along the shore this morning we might have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart-Quilimane, Mozambique-that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hen's teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrope. "Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to

go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with fellows down on the Rand.

"But what shall we do?" repeated Miss Leslie, with a little frightened catch in her voice. She was at last beginning to realize what this rude break in her sheltered, pampered life might mean. "What shall we do? It's -it's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks comes for us!'

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "s"ppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's puma's. Must be a leona-d's den up daughter, you've got brains some-

The others followed him eagerly as there. I heard a growl, and thought it | where down under the boarding-school stuff."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's "Withdraw your aunty! There's no a question of think, not of putting on leopard going to tackle us out here in airs. Here we are, worse off than the sneaking tomcat! If only I had a fire and flint axes; we've got nothing match, I'd show him how we smoke but our think tanks, and as to lions and leopards and that sort of thing, "Mr. Winthrope spoke of rubbing it strikes me we've got about as many

> "Then you and Mr. Winthrope should immediately arm yourselves. "How?-But we'll leave that till

> later. What else?" The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must yesterday! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and-"

> "All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand?"

> "I understand about the water, You would frighten the leopard away with would also keep away the other ani mals at night. But as for food, unless we return for cocoanu's-

"Don't give it up! Keep your think er going on the side, while Pat tells us our next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head-"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrope. "You're off, there," rejoined Blake.

But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next.

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They-er-they called me Win at Harrow.

"That so? My English chum went to Harrow-Jimmy Scarbridge." "Lord James!-your chum?"

"He started in like you, sort of toplofty. But he chummed all right-after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping." "Oh, really now, Blake, you can't

expect any one with brains to believe that, you know!" "No: I don't know, you know,-and don't know if you've got any brains,

you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move?" "Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing-don't interrupt, please! It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. If we should return to your

tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms. "That's one side. Here's the other. Bar to wade across-sharks and alligators; then swampy ground-malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still

sore enough, by their look." 'If only I had a pot of cold cream! sighed Miss Leslie. "If only I had a hank of jerked

beef!" echoed Blake. "I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night around on the seaward or perhaps months-unless some ship face of the cliff?" asked Winthrope. I noticed a place where the ledges overhang-almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast

would venture so close to the sea?" "Can't say. Didn't see any tracks: so we'll chance it for to night. Next?"

for the string of cocoaunts which we dropped on the beach." T'll go myself, to-day, else we'll

"By morning I believe my ankle will

be in such shape that I could go back

have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts have not been washed away by the tide we're fixed for to-night; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea-birds good to eat?" inquired Miss Leslie. 'Some.'

Then, if only we could climb the cliff-might there not be another

"No; I've looked at both sides What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just con centrated malaria.'

"Then we must find water else where," responded Miss Leslie 'Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket. You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny! It's too late to start now. But first thing to-mor row I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fish line out of coconnut fiber. By braid ing your hair, Miss Jenny, you car spare us your hair-pins for hooks." "But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid-I'd

rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near-" "Well, I don't know. Let's see your

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her "Um-m-stocking torn; but those

slippers are tougher than I thought Most of the way will be good walking along the beach. We'll leave the fish ing to Pat-er-beg pardon-Win! With his ankle-"

By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrope musigo with us!" "Fraid to go alone, eh?" demanded

Blake, frowning. His tone startled and offended her, yet all he saw was a politely quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why should I be afraid, Blake?" she asked. Blake stared at her moodily. But

when she met his gaze with a confiding smile, he flushed and looked away "All right," he muttered: "we'll move camp together. But don't ex pect me to pack his ludship, if we draw a blank and have to trek back without food or water."

CHAPTER IX.

The Leopards' Den.



to soften the hard beds. Soothed by the monotonous wash or the sea among the rocks, even Miss Leslie slept well. Blake, who had in sisted that she should retain his coat was wakened by the chilliness preceding the dawn. Five minutes later

they started on their journey. The starlight glimmered on the waves and shed a faint radiance over the rocks. This and their knowledge of the way enabled them to pick a path along the foot of the cliff without difficulty. Once on the beach, they swung along at a smart gait, invigor

ated by the cool air. Dawn found them half way to their goal. Blake called a halt when the first red streaks shot up the eastern sky. All stood waiting until the quickly following sun sprang forth from the sea. Blake's first act was to glance from one headland to the other, estimating their relative distances. His grunt of satisfaction was lost in Win thrope's exclamation: "By Jove, look at the cattle!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Public Eye. In a little more we came to an open space, very thronged. "The Public Eye!" shouted the

megaphone man of our party. There were some curious people within the space, but even more curi ous were those just outside.

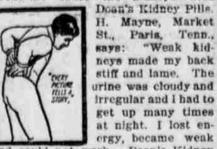
Of these latter we thought certain women especially interesting; they were busily neglecting their families in order to get into the Public Eye. A pathos attached to another group of women who had been in the Public Eye and could never be happy out of it, though they couldn't in the least tell why.

Positively funny were a few mer who kept trying, by a variety of droll devices, to break into the Public Eye "Vice-presidential candidates!" our megaphone man explained -Puck.

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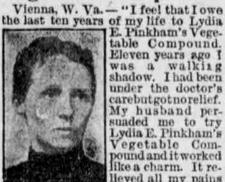
. Unkind.

Author-Don't you think my latest

article-exhaustive? Editor-I certainly hope it has oxhausted you sufficiently to prevent your writing anything more for some

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