

Ira L. Bare, Editor and Publisher.

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Pages Nine and Ten.

Count the Times a Horse Rolls.

To see a horse when out at pasture rolling on the ground and endeavoring to turn over on his back is a common sight, but how many people have noticed that in doing this he observes an invariable rule? The rule is that he always rolls over either at the first or third attempt—never at the second—and more than three attempts are never made.

Diseases of Fear.

If you are afflicted with an unreasonable fear of anything do not waste time being ashamed of yourself; hurry at once to a doctor, advises a writer in Success Magazine. A writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette has compiled a list of fear diseases from which it appears that everything, from screaming at mice to being afraid to go home in the dark, is a well recognized mental ailment.

A Useful Pest.

Despite the fact that the spider, next to the mouse, is most violently stimulating to feminine sensitiveness, it is an insect of a very good character. It feeds exclusively upon other freshly killed insects, and they are the kinds denounced by sanitary authorities, the housefly being its favorite quarry.

Buttered Side Up.

One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clockmaker of Concord, N. H., delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

Comets of the Past Century.

During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered as against sixty-two in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century also beheld a greater number of large and brilliant comets than did its predecessor.

Alabama's Capital.

When Alabama was a territory its capital was at St. Stephens, in Washington county. The convention that framed the constitution under which it was admitted into the Union was held in Huntsville, where the first legislative session met in October, 1810, and the first governor was inaugurated.

HER PROPOSAL.

By MARION GOLDBERG. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Marion Hathaway, though she was not interested in the rights of women, was deeply interested in the rights of a woman, and that woman was herself. Miss Hathaway was twenty-six years old and unmarried when it suddenly occurred to her that there was one right belonging to her that she had been denied, not by any law, but by the most imperious of all rulers, custom.

"A man," she said, "may say with impunity, 'I'm looking for a wife,' but let a woman say the same thing about a husband and she would be considered immodest in the extreme. Indeed, her statement would be held up to ridicule and would defeat her purpose to marry. Furthermore, a man may ask a dozen women one after another to marry him, while a woman is forbidden to ask even one man. Now, I'm not going to submit to such injustice any longer. I wish a husband, home and children. I know the man I should like to marry. I decline to angle for him. I'm going to assume with regard to him the same privilege he has assumed toward me. I shall propose marriage."

Mr. Archibald Howe was the man to whom Miss Hathaway decided to propose. He was thirty-two years old, doing a good business and of good standing both socially and as a citizen. Miss Hathaway had an income of \$1,000 a year. In a business point of view the elements for a partnership existed. The question in the lady's mind was this: First, had the man ever thought of her as one he would like to marry; second, if not, could she lead him to so think of her? He was permitted to discover her feelings for him. Why should she not be permitted to learn his for her?

All this reasoning was well enough, but to put it into practice was another matter. Miss Hathaway winced at the first fine. A brave way to act in the case was to send for Mr. Howe and make her proposal by word. Her feelings constrained her to do it by letter; but, after writing and tearing up some twenty epistles, she concluded that she must either "take the bull by the horns"—that is, make her proposal in person or not at all. Summoning all her resolution, she wrote him to call on her.

When Mr. Howe's card was handed her the next evening she caught sight of her face in a mirror. Dismay was written on every feature. She was a strong character, though with a tendency to enter upon innovations that only the concurrent opinion of large communities can effect. At any rate, she was determined and, having once put her hand to the plow, would not turn back. But it required ten minutes before her heart beat would subside to a normal rate, at the end of which time she descended the staircase and entered the drawing room. Her heart had recommenced its kettle-drum performance and her knees threatened to let her down on the floor. That woman's nature had something to do with the custom of proposals for the first time rushed upon her with great force. Mr. Howe rose, she mechanically extended her hand, he resumed his seat, and she sank on one end of a sofa.

"What can I do for you?" asked the visitor. Miss Hathaway's reply was a shiver. "A matter of charity?" asked the gentleman after a pause to help her out.

"Well—yes—in a way." "For whom or what do you ask aid?" "Myself."

Mr. Howe looked surprised. "I have sent for you, Mr. Howe," she continued, with every show of resolution, "in order that I may do something—something very disagreeable, and I wish you to help me."

"Something disagreeable?" "Very." "Is it something we can do together?" "No; or the other must do it."

"I shall be very happy to do it for you if I can." "That's impossible." Mr. Howe thought a bit before saying:

"If one or the other must do it, and I can't do it, I don't see but that you must do it yourself." Miss Hathaway didn't look as if she could.

"Tell me," added the caller, "what it is and I'll see what I can do for you." He rose from his seat and sat down beside her.

"No; I have resolved to do it myself, and I will." "Proceed."

Miss Hathaway gathered her faculties for a beginning. "Did you ever think of me—that is, in the friendship that has existed between us—has it ever occurred to you?"

She stopped. Mr. Howe was looking at her intently. Her bosom was heaving; her eyes were like those of a hunted fawn. It occurred to him that he would like to put his arms about her, take her head on his shoulder and comfort her. "I have freely resolved," she went on, with a gasp, "always to remain single."

"Indeed!" "Yes. And I have thought that we might devote ourselves to some world's work together." He gazed upon her, still intently, for some moments, then said: "Yes, and that work will be to build up a home for ourselves."

A SINGLE HAIR.

By PERCY G. HALL. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

The editor of the Excelsior Magazine sat at his desk opening envelopes containing contributions. Running over the sheets of one to discover if it came within the prescribed length, he found between two of them a hair. It was too long for a man's hair and too short for a woman's. But it must be one or the other, and since the manuscript was sent in by a woman he concluded that it had belonged to the latter. It was not black or brown or red; it was golden. And the name of the girl on whose head it had doubtless grown was Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. But perhaps this was fictitious.

The Excelsior Magazine was published in the far west, where women, being comparatively scarce, are appreciated. Possibly it was this that led the editor to dream over the golden hair and Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. He was a young man of ideal tastes. He was not the owner of the periodical, but an employee whose business it was to select such contributions as would fit in between certain other staple matters. He possessed literary discrimination, but was aware that this delicate faculty was not considered in fixing his salary. What was expected of him was to read the manuscripts that came in to see that there was nothing in them calculated to offend any of the magazine's patrons, selecting those that would fit the empty spaces.

That a good name for Miss Arrowsmith would be "the fair one with the golden locks" gradually insinuated itself into the young editor's mind. He estimated the length of her production and, finding it within limits, laid it aside for acceptance in case it contained nothing objectionable. Meanwhile his operative mentality was on his work, but his ideal faculties—those akin to soul—were on "the fair one with the golden locks." By the time he had read her manuscript he had conceived a poetic, aesthetic condition that enabled him to see in it the highest degree of literary merit. The language was "plains" or gulch language, and the author had succeeded in giving it as correctly as if she had kept a cowboy's boarding house. There were Rattlesnake Bill and Mexican Pete, as "bad men as ever fanned a 45 or twisted a bowie." Then there was Cactus Kate, not overparticular in her loves, but "a heart as big as Table Mountain."

The story was available, but when the editor contemplated offering the management's limit of compensation for such productions—\$2.50—his whole ideal nature sickened. Yet what could he do? Any suggestion to pay an additional sum for a literary gem would only meet with a snarl from his chief and the remark that "we ain't in this yere business to educate authors, but for dust." He concluded to soften the blow for the fair one with the golden locks by writing her a letter of apology for offering her so pitiful a sum for her production.

If he had stopped at this there need have been no harm done. All editors kindly insert feather beds under struggling authors before knocking them down. It's a feature of the business. But the gold strand had stuck in his head, and he added some "soft stuff." He inclosed the proprietor's check for the price to be paid and sent the whole away with a fluttering heart.

A few days later the young editor heard a stentorian voice in the manager's private room debating some question with all the intensity of language of Rattlesnake Bill or Mexican Pete in the story. Then the manager called the editor into his office. There stood a strapping cowboy whose yellow hair hung down under his eyebrows. There were pistols and cartridges in his belt and spurs big enough for buzz saws on his heels. He was flushed with anger; but, on seeing the editor, who was a delicate fellow of five feet two inches and a hundred pounds weight, he stood astounded for a moment then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Be you the kid as writ that?" he asked, holding forth the editor's apologetic message. The editor stood stupefied. "Waal, waal, I ain't on the blow about seemin' big wonders, but this is the blardestest observation I ever made. So y' took me for a gal. And the hair ez got in between the sheets. A golden strand. And y' daubed in some soft soap on me. I sure never see nothin' like this before."

"Did you write the stuff?" asked the proprietor of Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. "Sartin. I read it to the boys, and they 'lowed it was fine."

"What made you choose that name?" "Why, pard, I was called sudden on a roundup and left the stuff with a young feller ez jist come out to the Peters ranch from the east to send to your magazine. He put on the name. He said he'd give it a nom der plum."

"It is a plum," remarked the proprietor contemptuously. "Waal, little one, I come up yere to see what kind of a galoot took me for a gal. I thort as if there was any insult intended, though I ain't much on gun suddenness, I'd jist bore a hole in the man as did it. But you ain't big enough target for my guns. Good-by, Mr. Proprietor; roodby, little one."

He and walked out to the music of his spurs. Then the manager turned to his editor. "I reckon," he said, "this ain't no pasture for a moon calf like you? Y' better go east to some o' them college magazines. Here's your salary to date."

FOLLOWING THE BAND.

Pagantry Appeals to the Negro's Tropical Imagination.

Once upon a time a Philadelphia lawyer came south. He had a pair of big spectacles, an inquisitive mind, and he wanted to know, says Harris Dickson in Success Magazine. With his southern friend he was hurrying to the courthouse. A negro parade blocked the street—negroes in carriages, on horseback, on foot; negroes with swords and axes, stumpy negroes with Masonic banners, lean negroes with Pythian devices, fat negroes with Odd Fellows' insignia, miscellaneous negroes with miscellaneous emblems.

The Philadelphian pushed through the crowd and ran back in great excitement. "What's it all about? What are they doing?" The southerner couldn't explain, but beckoned to a very intelligent young negro—who, by the way, was a prominent politician—and asked, "Tom, what's the occasion for all this parade?" The young negro laughed. "Now, jedge, you ought to know dat a nigger don't need no 'casion for a parade."

DANCING ROLAND.

A Scotch Shepherd's Remedy For All Kinds of Maladies.

A highland shepherd, one Donald McAlpin, a famous dancer, was reputed to have cured his mistress of a mysterious malady by means of dancing a reel with her, and this story being noised abroad gained him the reputation of being a successful physician. His humble cottage in Stockmuck, overlooking Strathspey, was besieged with crowds of patients who hoped to get rid of their ailments by a dance with Donald. The shepherd did not hesitate to take advantage of this stroke of good luck and soon had a large and thriving practice.

The treatment adopted was very simple, the main features being as follows: In cases of indigestion moderate doses of medicated "agua" were taken, followed by the ceum shall, or promenade step. For catarrh Donald prescribed in order to produce perspiration a large dose of gruel mixed with honey and butter, followed by ceum crask, or highland fling. All the different processes terminated in the patient being well wrapped up in warm blankets, and the doses of medicine and dancing were repeated, according to the patient's constitution and the nature of his disease.—British Medical Journal.

The Telephone and Julius Caesar.

Julius Caesar missed a great deal in not knowing the telephone or at least in not using it if he knew it. One can see the telephone engineer attached to the Roman postoffice endeavoring, but without avail, to get an instrument installed at the capitol and at the palace. "I am instructed by the emperor to say that he does not desire these barbarian novelties, and so Thomas Alva Edison need not call again with his magician's apparatus." A signal blunder! We can imagine what would have happened. "Hello, 2187 Tiber! Is it thou, Artemidorus? I understand thou rang me up this morning. What? Details of a plot? Go not to the senate today? Beware of Brutus? Go not near Casca? Right, and I thank thee, Artemidorus. I will have an extra guard put on instantly and the conspirators arrested." And so, though Artemidorus was unable to give his warning in the street, he gave it over the telephone, and Caesar's valuable life and with it the fortune of Rome were saved.—St. James' Gazette.

A Gloomy African Pool.

There is a large, deep and mysterious pool in the valley of the upper Kafue river, northwestern Rhodesia. This wonderful pool lies in flat country, and one comes to it quite suddenly, its banks being concealed by dense forest. There is a small native village near the pool, and the inhabitants have a superstitious dread of it. They refuse to drink the water or use it for any purpose whatever. To sit beside this still, pellucid pool of unknown depth, surrounded by precipitous walls in the heart of the tropical forest, would induce a feeling of awe in the breast of even the most civilized man.—London Mail.

Sport and Athletics in America.

Sport and athletics in America are vastly different terms. Sport should be play, not work. Athletics as practiced in general are too strenuous, too spectacular and too exclusive. We are not an athletic nation. Far from it. We talk athletics, but there is too much grand stand and too little actual participation in games.—Malcolm Kenneth Gordon in Century.

Poetic Justice.

"Fa, did you ever hear of a real case of poetic justice?" "Yes. A man who once swindled me out of \$600 in an irrigation scheme died of water on the brain."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not a Bit Conceited.

Husband—How conceited you are, Edie! You're always looking at yourself in the glass. Wife—I'm sure I am not. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am.—Illustrated Bits.

The kingdom of Prussia gets out of its cultivated forests over \$24,000,000 a year.



THE 1910 DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR.

In keeping with the established De Laval custom of making the De Laval Cream Separators as much better each year as possible, the De Laval machines for 1910 show even greater perfection than they have in the past. The dairy farmer who buys a 1910 De Laval can feel assured that he has by far the best Cream Separator ever made anywhere at any time. The dairy farmer who lets the year or even the month pass by without at least seeing and examining the 1910 De Laval will be doing himself an injustice. The opportunity of examining and trying a 1910 De Laval right at his own home is open, free of all cost or trouble, to every dairyman who will simply say the word.

Next to a De Laval machine is the De Laval catalogue, free for the asking and containing a separator education in itself. J. W. LeMasters, Agent. 215 EAST FIFTH STREET. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

T. F. WATTS, AUCTIONEER

I have conducted more successful sales than all other auctioneers combined in the same territory. Don't employ an auctioneer because he is cheap, or because he is a good fellow, for the chances are you will be compelled to sell at a sacrifice and that means a loss to you. My terms may seem a little high, but there is no one but will tell you the prices I get will return the extra charge many times. See me before claiming your dates. Write or wire at my expense.

Phone E504 T. F. WATTS, North Platte.

Articles of Incorporation.

ARTICLE I. The name and style of this corporation shall be the Ginn, White & Schatz Co.

ARTICLE II. The principal place of business of this corporation shall be at North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska.

ARTICLE III. This corporation is organized for the purpose of operating a wholesale and retail store or stores in the city of North Platte, Nebraska.

ARTICLE IV. The authorized capital stock of this corporation shall be the sum of thirty thousand dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. No stock to be issued until fully paid for; provided that this corporation may commence business when twenty-one thousand dollars of the capital stock has been subscribed and fully paid for.

ARTICLE V. This corporation shall commence business on the 6th day of January, 1910, and shall continue twenty years, unless sooner dissolved according to law.

ARTICLE VI. This corporation shall have a corporate seal which shall show the name of the corporation and its principal place of business.

ARTICLE VII. The president and secretary of this corporation shall be empowered to lease or acquire by purchase any buildings or real estate, to sign and release mortgages necessary to conduct the business of this corporation.

ARTICLE VIII. The corporate powers of this corporation shall be vested in a board of directors, three in number, who shall be elected at the annual meeting from among the stockholders of this corporation; provided, that the first board of directors shall hold office until the annual meeting in January, 1911. A majority shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The board shall have power to fill any vacancy that may occur in said board until the following annual meeting.

ARTICLE IX. The officers of this corporation shall consist of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and general manager, elected annually by the board of directors whose duties shall be defined by the by-laws of the corporation, provided, that the office of secretary, treasurer and general manager may be held by one person.

ARTICLE X. The annual meeting of this corporation shall be held on the first Monday of each year beginning in January, 1911, at which meeting the officers of the corporation shall present a written report, giving a full, clear and accurate statement of the affairs of this corporation.

ARTICLE XI. The indebtedness of this corporation shall not at any time exceed in amount two-thirds of the actual paid up capital stock.

ARTICLE XII. The Board of Directors shall have power to establish and amend from time to time all necessary by-laws, providing for the management and conduct of the business of the corporation in accordance with the law and the purposes for which the corporation is organized.

ARTICLE XIII. These Articles may be amended at any annual or duly called special meet-

ing of the stockholders by a majority vote of the stock holders present.

In witness whereof, the undersigned have hereunto set their hands this 5th day of January, A. D., 1910.

FRED E. GINN, ARTHUR P. WHITE, ALBERT A. SCHATZ.

The State of Nebraska, County of Lincoln, ss:

On this 5th day of January, A. D., 1910, before me, a notary public, in and for said County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, personally appeared, Fred R. Ginn, Arthur P. White, and Albert A. Schatz, to me personally known to be the identical persons whose names are attached to the foregoing instrument and severally acknowledged the same to be their voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein set forth.

Witness my hand and Notarial seal the date last above written.

ARTHUR MCNAMARA, Notary Public. My commission expires June 24th, 1913.

REFEEREE'S SALE. By virtue of an order of sale issued in the District Court in and for Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the 20th day of January, 1910, in an action of partition wherein Catherine M. Miller was plaintiff and Henry B. Welby, Charles E. Selover, Phillip H. Welby, an incompetent, Bettie B. Welby, guardian of the person and estate of said Phillip H. Welby, an incompetent, Harriet L. Welby, wife of said Henry B. Welby, Susan J. Selover, wife of said Charles E. Selover, and Bettie B. Welby, wife of said Phillip H. Welby, were defendants, I will sell at public auction at the east front door of the courthouse in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the fifth day of March, 1910, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., the following described real estate situated in Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: West half of Northeast quarter and Southeast quarter of Northeast quarter, all in Section 28, Township 14, North of Range 31, West of the 6th P. M.; and the following described real estate situated in Perkins County, Nebraska, to-wit: Southeast quarter of Section 4, Township 11, North of Range 55, West of the 6th P. M., and the Northwest quarter of Section 28, Township 12, North of Range 57, West of the 6th P. M.

The terms of said sale will be cash in hand. Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 29th day of January, 1910.

O. E. ELDER, Referee.

Order of Hearing on Petition. State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss:

In the County Court, February 1st, 1910. In the matter of the estate of Lucy J. Laubenheimer, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Marion Carrier, praying that the probate court shall make an order fixing the time and place for the hearing of this petition, and that notice shall be given to all persons interested by the publication for not less than six successive issues prior to the day of hearing in the North Platte Tribune a legal newspaper published semi-weekly in said county. And that upon the day of hearing the court determine who the heirs of Lucy J. Laubenheimer were at the time of her death, and who became the owner by decedent of the real estate in plaintiff's petition described. That all the debts and charges against said estate has been paid.

Ordered, that February 23d, 1910, at 9 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted.

W. C. ELDER, County Judge.

Wanted—Position as housekeeper by middle aged lady for wages. Address 600 No. Elm street, North Platte, Neb.