

Ira L. Bare, Editor and Publisher.

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TUESDAY JUNE 21, 1910.

Pages 9 and 10.

Wrecked His Auto.

Sunday night Dr. E. C. Stevenson was called to Mr. Youngs, who lives in Jeffreys canyon. He was accompanied in his auto by Mrs. T. C. Northley. At Jeffreys canyon the bridge across the creek had been moved and no warning put up to keep one off the old road, and as the new road to the bridge had been traveled but little, the doctor kept the main traveled road and run into the creek with his auto. He noticed the bridge was gone just before he came to it and reversed the machine but too late and so it plunged down about ten feet into the creek, throwing the doctor and Mrs. Northley out. They were not hurt and walked the balance of the way, a distance of about two miles. The doctor has put in a claim for the damage to his auto to the board of county commissioners in Lincoln county.—Gothenburg Independent.

Lemon Precinct News.

Mrs. E. Canright is at home once more, after an absence of about three months. She has recovered from her burns enough so she can do a little house work. We are all glad to see her in our midst again.

B. C. Brewer is building a new frame house for Mr. Carlisle. Sod houses will soon be a thing of the past even in the sand hills.

George Messelhisier is moving his house to his claim about one-fourth of a mile west of his old place.

Mr. Harmon's little child is sick with the croup.

Mabel Peters, of North Platte, is staying with her sister Mrs. Livingston this week. Mrs. Livingston's school is progressing very nicely. Attendance is good for this time of the year.

Fred Bremer took home two fine cows from North Platte Saturday.

Rattlesnakes are about the best crop the sandhills have this spring so far, although the prospects for hay is fine.

The Lemon school will close Friday, July 1st, with a box supper. Everybody is invited. Ladies bring your boxes and men your pocket books. A good time is assured for all.

Several of our people are attending church and Sunday school in the new block school house in Dist 86.

Mr. and Mrs. Greeley returned from their visit to the east part of the state Saturday. They report a fine time.

Miss Minnie Carlisle is home once more after visiting her sister Mrs. Weeks of McPherson county for several weeks.

Mrs. Livingston is preparing a programme for the last day of her school.

Walker Precinct.

Mrs. J. Bauman and son, who had been visiting relatives in this vicinity and other parts of the county, left Friday for their home at Raymond, Minn.

Wm. Peterson and Oscar and Fred Gewecke were fishing on the Platte near Brady last week. The fish they got well paid them for their trip.

Grandma Griffith is visiting with her son Frank for a few days.

Ester Stoner is home from Gothenburg for a short time.

A Children's Day exercise will be given by the Shaw Sunday school, to which all are cordially invited.

Emphord, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Peterson, was accidentally drowned in a tank in the forenoon of June 13th. Dr. Charton, of Moorfield was summoned at once but found the child past medical aid. The funeral was held the following day from the Shaw school house, Rev. Sinnette officiating, interment at the Farnam cemetery.

Rafe Wallingford is back from Haxton, Colo., for a short time.

Frank Devine, who has been sojourning at Wallace for the past four months, came down to visit his parents.

Mrs. J. Peterson, of Gothenburg, came out last Friday. Mrs. Peterson expects to leave for Pueblo, Colo., in the near future, to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Phares.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to North Platte Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back. Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys.

I would save much needless woe. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, North Platte people endorse this.

Mrs. J. F. Fillion, Sixth St., West, North Platte, Neb., says: Doan's Kidney Pills are a remedy of marvelous curative powers and I believe them to be worthy of my highest endorsement. I suffered for three years from a dull, grinding ache through the small of my back and a terrible bearing-down sensation through my loins. The passage of the kidney secretions were also too frequent, causing me considerable annoyance. About a year ago I was advised to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial and procured a box at McDonald & Graves' Drug Store. This remedy helped me from the first, strengthening my back, toning my system and restoring me to good health.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co. Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no others.

HIS STUPID LITTLE WIFE

By ESTELLE MARSH

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They were walking together on the riverside. Both were young, and one was beautiful.

The crown of her hat was big enough to fit the head of the colossal statue of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens. They were talking of love and marriage. Most young couples while dawdling talk either of love and marriage or platonic friendship, the man taking the ground that it is impossible, the girl that it is the most desirable form of affection between the sexes.

"As for me," he said, "when I marry I prefer a girl whom I can love with my whole heart and soul."

"Then you must get one with a strong personality, good judgment and an excellent mind."

"I wish nothing of the kind. Give me a girl with a pink and white complexion, a pretty pair of rose lips and not too much brain."

"Well, I declare!"

"She must not only be stupid, but must prove herself stupid. No; I will not even trust her to do that. I will prove her stupid myself."

"You don't mean what you say. How could you love such a girl?"

"I love her already."

She cast a quick glance at him, then bent her eyes to the ground. She had been under the impression that he had been falling in love with her. She was at a loss to know what this meant. Had she a rival?

"A man doesn't wish the counterpart of himself in a woman. Her intellectual gifts repel him; her feminine stupidity delights him. If she is strong he looks upon her as he would a man, if she is weak he longs to protect and comfort her."

"This dunce that you love, is she?"

"She is not a dunce judged by a proper standard. There must be one standard for men and another for women. A man—a real man—wouldn't know how to take care of a baby—at least he wouldn't do it the right way. When I was a boy my mother left me one afternoon to mind my little sister, eight months old. I wished to go and play. If I could put the baby to sleep I would be free. I blew in the little thing's eyes, forcing her to shut them. I kept up this process till she went to sleep. You see, I didn't know anything about babies."

She thought awhile before saying: "It seems to me that was rather clever—for a boy."

"But you couldn't lay it down as a recipe for putting babies to sleep."

"No. I suppose it wouldn't do always."

"Will you kindly tell me," he asked, breaking away from the topic of conversation, "how you women make those big crowned hats stay on the tops of your heads? I don't understand why they don't slip down over your eyes. If I wore one of them I'd have to cut holes to see through."

"Well, you see, we women have a lot of hair and all that to fill them up."

"Oh, I supposed there was some patent contrivance for the purpose."

"We have hatpins, you know."

"You mean those rapiers with coachman's buttons for hilts?"

"They must be long to go through the large crowns."

"I see. Would you mind unseathing yours and letting me see the inside of your hat?"

She removed the hatpins and, taking off her hat, showed him the inner crown.

"Why, the diameter is two or three inches less within than it is without!"

"I don't understand you."

"This part inside is smaller than any man's hat. There is a false inner crown."

"There is a difference, isn't there?"

"I should say so."

"I didn't know that."

"Better put it on again and the swords through. It might fall down over your eyes."

"I dare say," pouting, "you consider me very stupid."

"I have not left it to you to prove yourself so. I have done it myself. You know I said I would."

"In the case of the creature you wished to marry."

"There is a method in my madness."

"Will you kindly explain wherein the method lies?"

"I told you I wished a stupid girl for a wife. Could there be anything more stupid than a girl wearing one of these hats on her head and not knowing how it is kept on the top of her head?"

There was a slap with one hand, a caress with the other. She may have been stupid about the hat, but she was bright enough to catch his "method" and, catching it, held her tongue. Indeed, from this point she let him do all the talking. He took her hand and whispered a number of lovely things in her ear.

They had been married long enough for the problems of life to loom up, such as winter coal bills, gas bills, doctor's fees and other items that will always be coming up without being expected. Notwithstanding her stupidity she proved a good manager. But at the end of the first year one day her husband received a bill for a new hat the amount of which astonished him. He remonstrated.

"I thought it very cheap," she said. "Cheap! Are you so stupid as to buy a thing merely because it is cheap?"

"I thought you loved me for my stupidity," she replied, hanging her head.

Too Cold For the Candle.

It is a cold climate in which a flame cannot keep itself warm. One of the scientists attached to the Peary expedition has personally told of the effect of intense cold on a wax candle that he tried to burn. The temperature was 35 degrees below zero, and its effects were felt not only by the members of the expedition, but even by the candle in question. It gave forth no cheery light such as might have been expected from it in other circumstances, and when it came to be examined it was found that the flame had all it could do to keep itself warm. The air was so cold that the flame was not powerful enough to melt all the wax of the candle, but was compelled to eat its way down, leaving a skeleton structure of wax in the form of a hollow cylinder. Inside this cylinder the wick burned with a tongue of yellow fire, and here and there the heat was sufficient to perforate the outer covering and leave holes of odd shapes which turned the cylinder into a tube of lacelike wax, through the holes in which the light shone with a strange, weird beauty.—St. Louis Republic.

Directions in London.

In London and throughout the tight little island the words "up" and "down" have a peculiar significance. In going to London from any part of England you go "up." In traveling in any direction from the capital you go "down." So in London itself everything goes "up" if it goes in the direction of the bank—that is, the Bank of England—and going from that center toward any of the points of the compass is to go "down."

The word bank, which is not only always spelled with a capital "B," but is always uttered with an impressiveness that suggests an initial letter of the largest type, may be said to be in a sense interchangeable with city, a term of equal dignity and value in the eyes of Englishmen and likewise invariably adorned with a capital "C."

The city does not mean London by any means. It means a certain limited section of London, the part where business is mainly carried on and where the great financial institutions stand.

A Poor Fit.

George Graham Vest once won a case for his client by a neat retort. To testify against Vest's client there was brought into court a certain witness whose ill favored countenance matched his unsavory reputation in the community. The man's testimony was most unfavorable to the defendant, and so, of course, Vest proceeded to discredit his story. As the witness was unkempt and poorly clad, his clothes hanging about him in innumerable folds and wrinkles, the counsel for the opposing side endeavored in their turn to make it appear that Vest was making capital of the poor appearance of the man. Mr. Vest, of course, denied this allegation in the course of his closing remarks, adding:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if that man's face fit him as well as his coat he would be a good looking man."

The jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

Close Range Duels.

During the first fifty years of the old American navy, 1798-1848, the mortality of naval officers resulting from duels was two-thirds that resulting from naval wars. In the eighty-two duels listed by a recent writer thirty-six men were killed, all naval officers except three civilians. The per cent of mortality was 22, or five times the mortality of the federal army in the civil war. One-half of those not killed in these duels were wounded. The large number of casualties was undoubtedly due to the short distance between the combatants, which customarily was only ten paces, or thirty feet. In a few duels the distance was even less. In the Barron-Decatur duel it was twenty-four feet and only twelve in the Bainbridge-Cochran duel.

Led by the Nose.

An analytical chemist was retained as a skilled witness some years ago where there were questions of analytical chemistry. There was one case where a farmer had bought some artificial manure, and he was being sued for the price of it. He resented payment on the ground that the material had none of the qualities of manure at all. The expert chemist was one of the witnesses and had stated that, although the substance had the smell, it had none of the chemical qualities of manure. Under cross examination he was asked, if that was so, how did he account for hundreds of the best farmers having taken the manure for many years. "They must have been led by the nose," returned the witness.—Dundee Advertiser.

Advantages of Matrimony.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustall bank?

Depositor—Not a cent.

"Well, well! If you knew the thing was going up, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank checks. She went shopping."

Accustomed to Luxuries.

Mr. Courtin (exhibiting penknife)—This handle is pure silver. What do you think of that? Little Girl—Hub! That's nothing. Sister's teeth is on a plate of pure gold.

Undaunted.

Nervous Employer—Thomas, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work. Office Boy—I ain't working, sir; I'm only just whistling.

Habit tends to make us permanently what we are for the moment.

WHICH WAS MASTER?

By MARY A. BOWERS

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It was a month after their marriage. Not a word had been spoken to interrupt that current of romance down which they had been sailing ever since they became conscious that they loved. But there is always a beginning.

"My dear," he said pettishly, "I suppose I must go through another day with a safety pin for a suspender button."

"Another day, dear! What do you mean?"

"If I remember aright this is the third time I have asked you to replace the button that came off a week ago."

She made no reply, but went to her workbasket, got out what was needed and sewed on the button.

Romance had given place to reality. From that moment she began the duties of a wife. Her day was all for her husband. When she arose in the morning her first duty was to see that he had what pleased him for breakfast. She poured his coffee with her own hand. Then when he had gone for the day she superintended the household affairs, planning that everything might be in order against his return. In the evening she consulted his pleasure. If he wished to go out she went out with him. If he preferred to stay at home she stayed home with him. It seemed to her that there was scarcely an hour in the day that she was not working for him.

And he? He went down to business in the morning and worked hard all day—for her. When his competitors got ahead of him, when wrangling over disputed business transactions fretted him, when he failed to make money or when he met with success it was all for her. She needed expensive clothing, and he bought them for her. Every spring she must have new apparel, and the next spring, though it was not worn or faded, it was no longer in fashion. One season she must have a hat like an umbrella, and the next it must be replaced by one no larger than a dinner plate. Her winter coat must be short, and the next year it must be long. Since the hat could not be shrunken nor the coat lengthened, they must be cast off and new ones purchased. He wondered why garments never grew smaller, so that those purchased the year before might be reduced.

One day she reproached him.

"The day is not long enough," she said, "for me to do all I have to do for my master. I did not know when I married you that I was bringing upon myself slavery. As a girl I could devote all my time to myself. Then I was light hearted because I was free. I had no one's clothes to mend except my own. I had no household duties. I spent my leisure time going to theaters, balls and such other amusements as I preferred. Oh, woe is me that I should have married and become a slave!"

And he replied:

"From morning till night I am downtown making money for you to spend for gowns and hats that won't stay in fashion long enough to get the 'new' off them. I must provide house rent and sustenance for you and the thousand other things that you require. I never go fishing or shooting, as I did before I was married, for now, having your necessities to supply, I have nothing left for indulging in those sports of which I used to be so fond. My fowling piece went into a fur coat for you, and you are wearing my fishing tackle on your head. Oh, woe is me, that I married and became a slave!"

One day a baby came.

The duties of the wife were changed. The husband returned to the use of safety pins in lieu of buttons. She had no longer time to mend his linen. His clothing remained torn.

The baby needed all her attention, requiring more changes of clothing in a day than her husband needed in a week. She spent much time preparing the child's food, and then after that he had got it down him he would throw it up. He had cholice most of the time, during which she must dandle him, walk him and give him medicines. Every day he must have the sun and air in his carriage, and his mother, unwilling to trust him to a nurse, trundled him herself. When she was not trundling him she was making or buying clothes for him, and when she was not doing these she was receiving instructions from the doctor as to what she should put into his stomach and what she should put over it.

And the husband. He was now glad to get downtown in the morning to escape the baby's squalls. He passed most of the night walking his son back and forth when the boy had colic and was tired out with loss of sleep. But in his office there was quiet. Besides, in his office he was master, which he was not at home.

One morning the husband, who had taken care of the baby during the night that his wife might get "a little sleep," began the old plaint, "I am your slave." This awakened her own former words. "It is I who am your slave."

This started the wrangle again. Words were getting high when there was a diversion.

There came a sudden yell from the crib. Both rushed to the baby.

"Here is our master," said the father. "We are both his slaves."

THE First National Bank.

of North Platte, Nebraska.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

Capital and Surplus \$135,000.

ARTHUR McNAMARA, President.

E. F. SEEBERGER, Vice-President.

M. KEITH NEVILLE, Vice-President.

F. L. MOONEY, Cashier.

Stands Like a Stone Wall

Turns Cattle, Horses, Hogs—is Practically Indestructible



AMERICAN FENCE

Buy your new fence for years to come. Get the big, heavy wires, the hinge joint, the good galvanizing, the exactly proportioned quality of steel that is not too hard nor too soft. We can show you this fence in our stock and explain its merits and superiority, not only in the roll but in the field. Come and see us and get our prices.

FOR SALE BY GINN, WHITE & SCHATZ.



A Pretty Center Table

adds much to the appearance of your parlor. Some of the late styles are exceptionally good. Our tables will surely please you. Tables from \$1.25 to \$10.00.

Howe & Maloney.



A HORSE THAT HAD A FIT

in harness from our fine stock will be comfortable and easy while he wears it. A good fit is guaranteed, as we carry all sizes of the best hand made oak leather harness in stock at all times for light and heavy use. We have many new and handsome styles to show you just now.

A. F. FINK.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

FOR PILES, ONE APPLICATION BRINGS RELIEF. SAMPLE MAILED FREE.

At Druggists, 25 cents, or mailed. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork and other causes. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. \$1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, \$5. Dated North Platte, Neb., June 17th, A. D., 1910. F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.

Marvelous Discoveries

mark wonderful progress of the age. Air flights on heavy machines, telegrams without wires, terrible war inventions to kill men, and that wonder of wonders Dr. King's New Discovery --- to save life when threatened by coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, hemorrhages, hay fever and whooping cough or lung trouble. For all bronchial affections it has no equal. It relieves instantly. Its the surest cure. James M. Black of Asheville, N. C. R. R. No. 4, writes it cured him of an obstinate cough after all other remedies failed. 50c. and \$1.00. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Stone Drug Co.

Hay Men Wanting to put up hay on 400 acres, see Bratt & Goodman.



The above is the character quality we maintain at all times in the manufacture of our Bakery Goods.

"Real Excellence" is only secured by using the finest ingredients and expert skill in bread making. We use such ingredients and a trial of our products will convince the most skeptical of our superior skill in bread making. As evidence buy a loaf of our 10 CENT HOME MADE BREAD. The flavor is different from what you have been using.

DICKEY BROS.

Primary Election Notice 1910.

I, F. R. Elliott, County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, do hereby direct that a Primary Election be held at the regular polling places in each precinct throughout the county, as by law provided, on the Third Tuesday in August, A. D., 1910.

At said primary election candidates for the following offices shall be nominated, to be voted on at the regular November A. D., 1910 election.

- STATE OFFICERS: One Governor; One Lieutenant Governor; One Secretary of State; One Auditor of Public Accounts; One Treasurer; One Superintendent of Public Instruction; One Attorney General; One Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings; One Railway Commissioner; One Congressman Sixth Congressional District; One State Senator for the 30th Senatorial District; One member of the legislature for the 54th representative district; COUNTY OFFICERS: One County Attorney; One Commissioner, Second District; Precinct officers to fill vacancy; An expression of preference for United States Senator.

Also for or against a proposed amendment to section 1 of Article 7, of the constitution of the State of Nebraska, defining the qualification of electors. Which election will be opened at 12 o'clock M. and remain open until 9 o'clock in the evening. Dated North Platte, Neb., June 17th, A. D., 1910. F. R. ELLIOTT, County Clerk.