

Ira L. Bare, Editor and Publisher.

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Pages 9 and 10.

An Anecdote of Bach.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat down to the feast Bach was asked to give an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said: "We are very much obliged, master, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like one demoniac, struck a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

His Turn Came.

Ben Davis defeated President Madison for election to the Virginia house of delegates after Madison had left the White House. Old Davis, who seldom wore a coat, was sitting on a rail fence on the roadside in Greene county one morning when a young man dressed in dapper fashion and evidently from the city passed by.

"Good morning," said David, with the proverbial Virginia politeness.

To this the stranger paid no attention. In a few minutes, however, he came to a fork in the roads and was evidently in doubt which way he should go. He retraced his steps to where Davis still sat on the fence and asked him with great politeness if he could tell him which way led to Stanardsville. Davis made no reply.

"Will you please tell me," the young man repeated, "which road I take to get to Stanardsville?"

"You can," said Davis stolidly, "take any d--d road you please."—Popular Magazine.

A Lawyer's Paradise.

Naples, under Spanish rule in the eighteenth century, was overrun with lawyers. Of their profession Joseph Addison had this to say:

"It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said that when Innocent XI. had desired the Marquis of Campio to furnish him with 30,000 head of swine the marquis answered him that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for 30,000 law yers he had them at his service."

It seems to have been a golden age for lawyers, for, as the author says, "there are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending, for when a Neapolitan has nothing else to do he generally shuts himself up in his closet and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a lawsuit and plague his neighbors."—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Technical Gentlemen.

There is only one strictly technical definition of gentleman—a man entitled to bear coat armor. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was used with this significance, and the secondhand bookstall hunter will occasionally find "So-and-so, 'gentleman,'" written on dusty and stained fly leaves. But this definition has dropped out, for now any one may use arms who chooses to pay for an arms license. The inland revenue takes your guinea or two guineas without inquiring as to your right to bear arms. And, though the heralds' college has the right to grant arms to those who can afford to pay the necessary fees, it cannot prevent people from using arms to which they have no right.—London Chronicle.

Made Her Pay Well.

A certain queen of Hanover once upon a time when traveling stopped at an inn called the Golden Goose. She remained two days to rest herself and retinue and receive such entertainment as was needed and for the same was charged 300 thalers. On her departure the landlord besought her with obsequious deference to favor him with her patronage on her return.

"If you desire that, my dear man," replied her majesty, "you must not again take me for your sign."

Very "Respectful."

The villagers used to make love in a solid, stolid fashion. "I'm sure, m'm," said a servant to her mistress, "nobody could have had a respectfuler young man nor what Thomas has been to me. We've been courting two years come Martlemass, and he's never yet offered to kiss me!"—From "Recollections of a Yorkshire Village," by J. S. Fletcher.

It Ended Well

By M. QUAD

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One summer's day the lightning rod man came driving along on the Red Bridge road to halt at the comfortable farmhouse of the Widow Glendening and say to her that as business in his line was a little slack owing to the scarcity of thunder and lightning he would make her a special rate if she wanted her barn protected. The widow was a pleasant faced, good natured woman, and she pleasantly replied that when she felt her barn needed protection she would hoist a clothes pole to the roof.

All in a good natured way, you know, and no one's feelings were hurt. The lightning rod man laughed and drove on. Ten miles away he stopped at the house of Deacon Shaw, widower. He offered the deacon a very low figure on rods, and the deacon intimated that the whole business of stopping thunderbolts was a swindle and a fraud. Nothing personal and nothing to hurt. Just a sort of a joke, you know—a joke to be returned. Two weeks later the lightning man was back at the widow's house. He had nothing to say about rods this time. What he did say was:

"Widow, I'm a man with a heart. I not only have a heart for myself, but for others. I have a heart for you. You are a lonesome, delicate woman. All widows are. Where there's no man around the house there is desolation. I can't marry you, but I can find you a second husband and warrant him true blue."

"Then bring him on," replied the widow, with a laugh.

"He's a deacon and a widower. He has one child. He's worth \$6,000 or \$7,000. There is only one drawback, and that I don't call a drawback at all. It's an advantage. He's deaf and dumb. No dumb husband can scold and find fault. He can't swear at his oxen. He can't yell at his wife from upstairs or down cellar."

"How did a dumb man ever get married?" asked the widow, with a show of interest.

"By sign. I can't tell you the signs, but that must have been the way. That's the way he talks to me."

"But I don't want no deaf and dumb critter around me."

"But let him come along and call."

"Oh, I can't keep him away, but how am I going to talk to him?"

"Same as he will to you—by signs."

"I'm not going to make any windmill of myself, and he needn't come. I do some scolding myself now and then, and if I had a husband I wouldn't want to be swinging my arms around to let him know that I was mad. You go and marry him to some old maid."

"That same day the lightning rod man drove up to the deacon's again. The deacon was ready for him, but he didn't mention rods. Instead he said:

"Deacon, you are a suffering and lonesome man. All widowers are. The world would look different to you if you were married again. I am a man with a heart, and I'm going to tell you of a widow who weeps for you—that is, she waits for you, which is about the same thing. She's fairly handsome, not over forty and has as good a farm as yours. And to crown it all, deacon, she's deaf and dumb."

"Who'd want to marry a deaf and dumb woman?" demanded the deacon.

"Best wives in the world—best natured, hardest working and the most economical. Don't make no mistake, deacon. Marrying this woman means another good farm for you. Only one child and that a girl big enough to help do the housework. Make a call at the house anyway."

Three days later he decided to call. He had been told that if he ever did call he must talk to the widow in the sign language or her feelings would be hurt.

"Now, then, who in the lands is that?" asked the widow of herself.

"Two minutes later there was a rap on the front door. As she opened it the man stood there with an anxious look on his face and pointed into the room. He wanted to enter. She nodded. He must be the deaf and dumb widower. She took a chair and he took one. Then they looked at each other. She smiled and he smiled.

They were doing famously well, and it was with a bland smile on his phiz that the deacon asked her in the sign language how her corn and potatoes were coming on. The sign was too much for her. She thought he asked if she ever had earache, and she shook her head. The deacon tried again. This time she thought he was asking if she had any children, and she nodded her head and held up one finger.

"What in Josh does the woman mean?" exclaimed the caller to himself, without knowing that he was going to speak.

"Sir, who are you, to come here and make a fool of me!" shouted the woman as she sprang up with angry eyes.

"And you've made a fool of me," was the reply.

It was some little time before matters were made clear and the blame placed where it belonged. Then they begged each other's pardon and fell into sensible conversation. Yes, it resulted in matrimony after a year or so, and when the lightning rod man heard of it he heaved a long sigh and said to himself:

"Yes, I'm a man with a heart for others, but I'm no humorist. My jokes turn out the other way."

The Irishman's Resource.

In his volume of essays, "Dreams Dead Earnest and Half Jest," Mr. Cousin Kernahan compares his compatriots, the natives of the Green Isle, with the English:

"That your Englishman never knows when he is beaten is the veriest platitude. In all the world there is no nationality which can play a losing game with such desperate doggedness. I venture to think, however, that the Irishman—and therein is perhaps a reason why he excels in the art of war—is more resourceful, is quicker to think and quicker to act.

"An Englishman, finding himself in a corner so tight that any one else would decide at once that there was nothing for it but surrender or retreat, says, 'Here I am, and here I'll stick to be shot at till I'm killed or till relief comes.' An Irishman in the same place would say: 'It's the mischief's own hole I'm in! But wait now! What way 'll I be getting out?' And get out the Irishman generally does, for he is so resourceful that his resourcefulness might sometimes be better described as slipperiness."

The Making of a Business Man.

So many panes of glass in old Mr. Viner's greenhouse had been broken that he had at last offered a reward of 10 shillings to any one who should give information as to the identity of the latest offender. The bait soon drew. A youngster called on Mr. Viner and informed him that a lad named Archie Thompson was a guilty party. He received his reward, went away rejoicing, and the old gentleman forthwith wrote to the local schoolmaster demanding the production of the said Archie Thompson to make good the damage he had done to his windows.

Next day the informer called again.

"The schoolmaster sent me," he said briskly. "I've seen a glazier, and he'll put your glass right for 3 shillings. Here it is, and—"

"Not so fast, my lad," said Mr. Viner. "Have you come on behalf of Archie Thompson?"

"Well, yes, sir, in a way," said the boy. "Fact is," he continued confidentially, "I'm him!"—London Answers.

Wesley and Tea.

In his younger days John Wesley found it difficult to stop drinking tea. He wrote in 1746: "We agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money. If the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea, we resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expect some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing, and accordingly the first three days my head ached and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day my memory failed almost entirely. On Thursday my headache was gone, my memory as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects from that day to this."

Later in life Wesley returned to the use of tea, as his big teapot preserved in his house in London shows.—Chicago News.

Once a Sailor Always a Sailor.

Charitable institutions often find it hard to learn the occupations of those admitted. A man who has followed several trades when asked his occupation names the one he regards as most dignified, even if he has not followed it for years. The Survey tells of a case that happened in the Cook County infirmary. The man "at the age of thirteen was a sailor for one year. His career as a sailor ended with an accident on the ship by which he lost a leg. For the next thirty-six years he took various jobs as caretaker and the like, such as a crippled person can obtain. Yet when after thirty-six years of independence he was finally forced to take refuge in a poorhouse he puts himself down on the entrance card as a sailor, and one feels in that word the pride of a Norse son of the sea."

A Nickname For Everett.

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, was subject to dyspepsia, and when he was suffering from that disorder he was called and distant, roared his name as the irrepressible fellow always roared, however, to be suppressed. He was once asked: "Just look at Everett. He looks so solemn and children as if he had swallowed the weight of business. Let's call him the 'Booby.'" And so Barrett heard he was out of his hearing for the rest of that season.

Costly Dressing.

Mrs. Washington Terrence consented to be interviewed.

"What? Dress on \$200 a year?"

She made a wry grimace with her face and hands.

"Why, I couldn't dress my salads on \$200 a year," she said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Striped One.

"Now, children, what is this?" asked the teacher, holding up a picture of a zebra.

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered a little boy.—Our Dumb Animals.

Two Views.

Guy—He that courts and runs away may live to court another day.

Gertie—But he who courts and does not wed may find himself in court instead.

High Notes.

A reporter once said to Caruso: "What is your price per night?"

"Per night?" Caruso chuckled. "You mean per note."

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and his defeats as well as its victories.—Platt.

SAVED FROM A TRAP

By EMMA D. TOWNE

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The border line between Italy and Switzerland in several places crosses those beautiful lakes of northern Italy which are the resort of people from all over the world. The Italian customs officers are constantly on the alert to intercept smugglers.

One evening a postman was climbing one of the steep mountain roads that lead up toward the border line when he was accosted by a man with a stubble beard and small, cunning eyes.

"Anything for Antoine Cavalleri?" he asked of the postman.

The postman took a package of letters from his bag and looked over their superscriptions.

"Nothing for Cavalleri," he said and was about to return the letters to the bag when the man made a grab for one of them, seized it and ran away with it. The postman was at a disadvantage. His letter bag was so heavy that he could not hope to catch the letter thief while it was strapped to his back, and he dare not lay it down. He would not risk a large number of letters to recover one. He buried a stone after the thief to vent his ire and kept on his way. He had not gone far before he met a young girl coming down to meet him.

"A letter for me today, Luigi?"

"Yes; there is one, I believe."

He looked over the letters, but found none for the girl. "I was sure there was one," he said. Then he stopped and thought, saying half to himself and half to her, "I wonder if that was the letter the rascal robbed me of?" He was looking at his companion and saw that she smiled.

"Have you been robbed of a letter?" she asked quickly.

"Yes."

"By a thickset man with a short beard and eyes like a snake's?"

"The same. He asked for a letter for Antoine Cavalleri, and while I was looking over the lot made a grab for one and ran away with it. But what is it, Marie?"

"Oh, Luigi, Giovanni and his friends will be taken! The man who stole the letter was a customs official. It contains the hour and the place where they are tonight to run some goods over the border. This letter was addressed to me to deceive the revenue officers. This man has been told that I am the medium between the Swiss and Italian bands who are acting together—Giovanni and his friend collecting the goods in Switzerland and turning them over to the Italians, who run them across the lake. Giovanni sent it to me to deliver to Toni."

"But is there not time to warn them?"

"I don't know where either party is or the trying place. That is given in the letter. Which way did he go?"

"He took the valley road up the mountain."

"I will go and seek him myself. He knows that a girl named Marie Poffni is the go-between for these letters, but he has never seen me."

An hour later the letter thief was sitting under an arbor outside an Italian inn drinking a glass of wine and smoking a cigarette. Marie, who was ascending the road, saw him, and, taking a byroad—all roads in that country run between high stone walls—she entered the inn unseen by a back door. She knew well the people who lived there; they were friendly to her and the smugglers—indeed, friendly to any one who is interested in getting a living out of the two sources of income open to impoverished Italians, the government and Americans, though the flow of coin is usually to the government, while it is always from the Americans. She told them the story and her purpose. Going out to the official, she said, with a smile:

"Did the senore call for more wine?"

"I did not, but if so pretty a maid will drink it with me I will have a liter."

The girl brought the wine and modestly stood till the man asked her to be seated; then, showing her white teeth in a smile and darting her Italian black eyes at him, she took the glass of wine he poured for her and sipped it. The customs officer drained his own glass and refilled it.

A knowledge of drugs that will kill or stupefy has been handed down among the Italians since the days of the Borgias. Before bringing the wine Marie had slipped a powder into it, and the man had scarcely drunk when his eyes grew heavy. They closed, and the pretty face of Marie, which now wore a smile of triumph, faded before him. As soon as he became unconscious she unbuttoned his coat, took the letter he had stolen from the postman, looked at the superscription and, seeing that it was for her, opened and read it.

Taking up the bottle containing the balance of the wine, she poured it on the ground, then, leaving the officer to sleep off the effect of the drug she had given him started up the mountain. It was growing dark when she came upon a man leaning on a stone wall, looking or pretending to look down upon a water course far below. As soon as he saw the girl his face brightened.

"Marie," he exclaimed, "what has delayed you?"

"That has delayed me which would have led to your capture tonight." And she told him what had happened.

"Ah, Marie," he exclaimed, embracing her, "how could we get on without you?"

NOTICE OF TAX SALE.

Notice is hereby given that so much of each tract of land or town lot described in this list as may be necessary for that purpose, all located in Lincoln County, Nebraska, will be offered for sale at the county treasurer's office in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, at public auction, for the taxes, interest and costs thereon, on the first Monday of November, A. D., 1910, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. and continued from day to day as the law directs. The amounts in the subjoined list represent all the taxes due on each tract of land or town lot together with advertising and interest to date of sale.

Dated this 1st day of October, 1910.

RAY C. LANGFORD, Co. Treasurer.

North Platte.

Lot. Bk. Am.

1 to 8 16 12 35

8 19 1 65

5 20 14 65

1 22 14 65

6 24 15 45

8 24 15 45

3 and 4 25 18 45

1 and 2 26 16 95

vacated 27

vacated 28 23 10

1 34 10 85

5 and 6 38 20 00

3 and 4 39 20 00

5 and 6 39 35 35

3 40 13 90

5 and 6 40 10 85

7 and 8 40 15 40

7 41 1 65

7 44 3 27

1 and 2 45 3 27

5 and 6 45 3 27

3 and 4 48 3 27

n hf 1 and 2 51

n hf 1 and 3 51 16 20

6 53 13 10

2 and 3 56 16 95

1 57 18 48

1 and 6 57 10 85

8 57 4 57

8 58 13 9 7

1 to 4 65 4 80

8 65 23 10

3 and 4 66 16 95

N hf 5 66 10 85

3 and 4 67 18 45

w hf 6 67 1 65

2 69 15 40

3 and 4 73 19 25

8 73 12 35

1 74 15 40

8 77 27 65

4 79 24 60

5 79 9 30

8 81 13 90

8 83 18 50

n 44 ft 1-2-3 83 23 48

5-6-8 83 23 48

7 83 23 48

1 and 2 84 3 17 54

9 84 18 48

3 85 13 10

4 85 13 10

7 and 8 86 33 80

2 87 20 80

1-2-3 88 18 50

4 88 1 65

5 and 6 88 9 30

7 and 8 95 30 75

3 and 4 98 46 05

1 100 15 42

5 101 34 25

12 and 13 102 30 75

15 102 16 95

n 22 ft of s hf 5 103 92 00

w 40 ft except 2x30 103 107 30

in nw qr cor 6 104 23 10

e 44 ft 3 105 15 40

8 106 20 00

1 to 4 107 13 12

6 107 15 42

e hf 1 112 15 45

w 22 ft 1 and 2 113 38 40

5 and 6 113 23 10

7 and 8 114 183 35

12 115 46 05

6 116 76 70

7 and 8 116 53 75

6 116 107 30

w 33 ft 6