

To the High School Boys and Girls

How do you like the 1911 Class Pins?
Neat, arn't they.
That's the way we do our work.
Try us next time for repairs.

CLINTON, Jeweler and Optician

DR. H. C. BROCK,
DENTIST.

Over First National Phone 148

DR. O. H. CRESSLER,
Graduate Dentist.

Office over the McDonald State Bank.

E. S. Davis transacted business at Wallace yesterday.

A girl baby was born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Verne Smith.

Mrs. William Rector returned last night from a month's visit at Davenport, Iowa.

Farm for Rent—Inquire at North Side Meat Market.

The Lutheran aid society will hold a ten cent social at the parish house Thursday afternoon.

For Rent—Two furnished rooms steam heated with bath. Will rent single or together.
MRS. V. LUCAS.

The Lutheran aid society will hold an exchange at Howe & Maloney's on Saturday, January 28th.

Dr. Marie Ames left this morning for Oshkosh where she will visit friends over Sunday.

Miss Lundeen, stenographer in the U. P. civil engineer's office, was called to Kearney yesterday by the illness of a relative.

Wanted—A girl to do general house work, permanent employment. Mrs. W. P. Snyder, Experimental Sub-Station.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Payne, who were recently married at Keokuk, Iowa, arrived in town the early part of the week.

Will Lane and J. W. Abbott, of Myrtle, were in town Wednesday and made this office a business call. Mr. Lane marketed hogs for which he received \$7.15 per hundred.

For Sale—Rhode Island Red Cockerels. Inquire of C. F. Tracy.

During the next month The Tribune carrier boys will present bills to delinquent city subscribers. It is hoped that these bills will be promptly paid. None are so large but they can be promptly met.

Wanted to sell—One three year old black Percheron Stallion. Registered No. 62422. L. E. Ebright, two miles west of Experimental farm.

The Federhoof cigar store has been improved in appearance by a new steel ceiling, repapering of the walls and the woodwork repainted, adding a freshness that adds to the attractiveness of that place.

Wanted—A good girl for general housework, good wages, no washing. Mrs. Alex Meston, 704 West First street.

The Nebraska Swine Breeders' Association in Lincoln this week unanimously favored the bill which had been introduced in the legislature providing for an appropriation of \$45,000 for the establishment and operation of the serum plant. The serum is to be furnished to the farmers at a cost of 1 cent per cubic centimeter, and the bill provides for a fund to defray the traveling expenses of the state veterinarian and his deputies, who are to inject the serum.

For rent—Four room house on east Fourth street. Electric light and bath Phone 140.

I. T. Dillon and S. W. Hodges, who live in McPherson county about sixty miles northwest, were in town yesterday with twenty-seven dozen brooms for which they received ready cash. These men raised the corn and made the brooms, and say that corn made into brooms corn yielded about forty dollars to the acre. They have sufficient corn on hand to make about 300 dozen brooms or about \$1,000 worth. This makes ready cash for them during the winter months, and provides employment when otherwise they would be idle. Both men are on Kinkaid homesteads, and they say they are getting along nicely. Their field corn averaged about twenty-five bushels to the acre.

To my Customers and the Public Generally.

After January 1st, 1911, I will sell hardware for cash only.
I will sell Stoves and Farm Implements for cash or approved notes as in the past.

Thanking you for your past patronage I will endeavor to merit more of it in the future.
Wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year I am,
Yours truly,
JOS. HERSHEY.

Gets Money on Bogus Check.

There came to light this week the transactions of a stranger which, through endorsing a check, cost Louis Peterson, of this city, three hundred and seventy-five dollars. On January 5th, a man claiming to be Harry Wilson and representing himself as an agent for the Kimball Piano Co., of West Lincoln, landed in town and took a room at Mr. Peterson's lodging house. Among his possessions was a certified check for \$175 drawn by Ex-Governor Shallenberger, which he exhibited to Mr. Peterson and later had cashed. After being in town for a day or two he told Mr. Peterson that he wanted to buy property here, and calling on John Grant, found that Mr. Grant was agent for just such a house as he wanted—a two story dwelling opposite the ice houses on Front street. He was to make a partial payment on the house, and later exhibited to Mr. Peterson a check for \$375 drawn on the Central Bank of Lincoln, by J. A. Johnson and made payable to Harry Wilson. He must get this check cashed to make the payment on the house and asked Mr. Peterson if he would endorse it, as a matter of identification. To this request Mr. Peterson acceded, the check was cashed at one of the local banks and a short time thereafter Wilson left town. The check was forwarded to the Lincoln bank and returned here with the information that J. A. Johnson had no account at that bank. It then developed that Wilson was a swindler and that Mr. Peterson had been a victim to the amount of the check.

Local officers are doing everything possible to locate Wilson.

Still Another.

5 room modern house, heat, bath and lights; connected with sewer. Basement under whole house; 7 blocks from Post Office; \$2500.00.
Temple Real Estate & Ins. Agency,
1 & McDonald Block

"The Rosary."

Patrons of the Keith Theatre have a rare treat in store for them next Thursday when Rowland & Clifford's new production "The Rosary" will be produced in this city.

Many believe that a play dealing with the tremendous power of our human thoughts was really needed upon the stage. Men and women arise in the morning and go about their work heedless of the fact that it is their own attitude of mind that brings them failure.

That is what is shown in "The Rosary."

"The Rosary" proved the sensation of the season in Chicago, where it has just completed a three months run; it is now the talk of Boston where it is running at the Globe Theatre.

Mr. Connor Will Manager Store.

The new five and ten cent store to be opened in the Elks building will be managed by W. J. O'Connor, who will be one of the firm. Mr. O'Connor has been an employe of the Wolback store at Grand Island and is an up-to-the-minute man. He will arrive here about the first of February.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our appreciation of the kindness shown us by members of the I. O. O. F. and the Ladies of the Maccabees and to friends and neighbors during the sickness and funeral of our darling boy and for the beautiful flowers.

MR. AND MRS. J. L. SHUCK.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They're simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25 cents at Stone Drug Co.

Last Chance To Get A Good Homestead

Fort Berthold Indian Reservation Information Bureau, Ryder, N. D., will furnish you information regarding the opening of same.

DR. W. F. CROOK,
DENTIST.

Graduate Northwestern University.
Office over McDonald State Bank

Thalke-Brogan.

The marriage of Godfred Henry Thalke and Margaret Mary Brogan was solemnized at the Catholic church in Paxton, Wednesday morning. Mr. Thalke lives in East Ogalalla precinct on a farm of his own and which he has improved and stocked, and is well fixed with this world's goods. He is a young man of moral worth and stability and will make an admirable husband. The bride is a daughter of Hugh Brogan of Paxton, this county. She is accomplished and highly spoken of by a large circle of friends. The News extends its hearty good wishes and congratulates them on the step they have taken. May they live long and prosper during their married life.—Ogalalla News.

Ranch for Rent

Bids will be received for cash rent of the ranch now occupied by W. C. Peterson by me up to noon March 10th, 1911. The plowed land must be cultivated, fences and improvements kept in repair. Lease will be for one year with a privilege of five years.
J. E. EVANS

U. P. Will Grow Alfalfa

According to railroad men who claim to be posted alfalfa is to be planted all along the Union Pacific right-of-way through Nebraska, Wyoming and as far west as Odgen during the coming summer. The plan of using alfalfa to fight weeds and dust along the right-of-way was announced by this road a year ago, but the details are just now being worked out. The scheme is to give farmers the use of two hundred feet of right-of-way on each side of the tracks on condition that the space is kept free of weeds and planted to alfalfa. This will bind the soil together and return a rich revenue to the farmer as well as enabling him to increase the forage supply of the west. There are approximately 1,000 miles of road between Omaha & Ogden and practically all of this soil is susceptible to the growth of alfalfa. J. R. Rodman of Topeka, Kas., the gardener for the system, has charge of the project.—Grand Island Independent.

A Good Place For Dairy Farm.

We have a section of land situate four and one-half miles from town. About 200 acres of good farm land, the balance good grazing land. Would make ideal place for dairy farm. For a short time only at \$10.00 per acre. See us quick.

Temple Real Estate & Ins. Agency,
1 & 2 McDonald Block.

"Joshua Simpkins" Tomorrow Night.

The "Joshua Simpkins" company with a fine brass band and splendid orchestra will be seen at the Keith tomorrow evening. The play is made of fun and realism combining the pleasing features of realistic mel-drama and the ever popular rural play. The character sketches are said to be very clever while there is an abundance of good music, singing and dancing in it. Those lovable old country characters are introduced and their sayings and doings create much amusement. The company comes to us recommended as a good one throughout. The saw-mill scene in the third act is said to be wonderfully realistic, a genuine circular saw being seen in motion, with Uncle Joshua's son lashed to a log by the villains and started toward the glittering teeth of the rapidly revolving saw.

Another Bargain in Property.

5 room house with bath room, pantry, closets and good cellar under house, situate on West Third street, right across from West End school house, Full 66 ft. corner lot with nice shade trees. Barn 16x20 feet. Good chicken house and yard. Cement walk in front and around house. Call at office for prices and terms or phone Red 46.

Temple Real Estate & Ins. Agency,
1 & 2 McDonald Block

WILLIS J. RFDFIELD, M. D.

Surgeon, Physician, Consultant.

Office Physicians and Surgeons Hospital
Phones: Office 642, Residence 644.

ORDER OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR OR ADMINISTRATRIX.

In the county court of the State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the county court.
In the matter of the estate Rachel Brittingham, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Carrie Brittingham praying that the administration of said estate may be granted to Clyde Trotter as administrator.
Ordered, That Feb. 8th, 1911, at 2 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; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the North Platte Tribune, a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county, for six successive issues prior to said day of hearing.
Dated January 10th, 1911.
By Katherine F. Clark, Clerk County Court.

A Doctor's Luck

By FRED L. YOUNG

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My friend and family physician, Dr. Parmeter, was trying to jolly me out of an attack of liver trouble or something of that nature the other day, and we got to talking of the difficulty of young professional men getting their start.

"There was a time," said the doctor, "when experience was considered the great desideratum and no doctor that hadn't a bald crown and white whiskers had much of a chance. But of late years such discoveries in the medical world have been made that what a doctor needs is to be kept up in his profession. I started in the day when old age was essential, and since I was very young and looked like a boy I had no show at all. Did I ever tell you how I got my start?"

"No."
"I set myself up to practice in a suburban town where a very rich man—a Mr. Billington—had his residence. I met him once on the train going out of the city, and with a view to impressing him with my medical erudition, I talked a blue streak about toxins and antitoxins, transfusions and germ colonization. He seemed very much interested, but that was when Pasteur was just beginning his investigations, and Pasteur was the father of the whole business, I was foolish enough to hope that Mr. Billington would be so impressed with the interest I took in the new field I saw looming up that if any of his family became ill he might call me in. Whether he didn't understand what I was talking about or was wedded to the experience theory of a doctor's value I don't know, but the same old coat continued to be his family physician.

One day my heart leaped in my throat when Mr. Billington's butler came to my office and asked if I could find it convenient to call. The fact is I was finding it very inconvenient because I didn't make calls. I went at once, but what was my chagrin to be taken to the stable. There were Mr. Billington, a veterinary surgeon, a groom and a coachman standing over a \$1,500 horse, who was lying on his side, evidently ready to give his last kick.

"I hope you won't feel insulted, doctor," said Mr. Billington, "at my calling on you to save a horse, but he's a valuable animal, and my veterinarian here has given him up. Don't you think you can help us out?"

"I wanted to say, 'Why don't you call on your old baldhead, who is doubtless making a thousand or two a year out of you?' but I didn't. I have a natural bent for making people feel easy about their sick and a special aptitude for bolstering up the sick themselves. I put on the wisest look I could and felt the animal's heart-beat. I didn't need to tell him to put out his tongue, for it was hanging out already, and meanwhile I was thinking of some experiment to make. As for knowing what was the matter with the horse, who couldn't tell me a single symptom, I hadn't the remotest idea. Presently an idea occurred to me.

"I must run over to the drug store," I said.

"Tom will go for you," said Mr. Billington.

"I must go myself. I don't know what they've got that I want, and I must find out."

"Off I started for the drug store, and when I got there I said to the druggist: 'Give me something that's rather bulky and harmless. I don't care what it is. I must have it right off.'

"He looked about him, and his eye catching some coarse bags, he said, 'I don't know of anything unless you take one of those bags of bathing salt.'

"The very thing," I said. 'Give me one at once.'

"Fortunately there was nothing printed on the bags to give me away, so I seized one of them and hurried back to Mr. Billington's stable. When I got there I found that the veterinarian had pronounced the horse dead and had gone away in high dudgeon because a real doctor had been called in, which he considered a professional insult. I looked at the horse and had no more doubt myself that he was dead than that I was alive. Nevertheless, taking a handful of the salt from the bag, I sprinkled it on his tongue.

"It wasn't a minute before that tongue began slowly to move. It was drawn into the animal's mouth, the salt was swallowed, and the tongue was put out again. I dropped another handful on it, and after a while it was withdrawn and the salt swallowed.

"Well, sir, I kept on feeding the horse salt, which happened to be exactly what he needed, till he got up and stood on his feet.

"Everybody was astonished, including myself, but you can bet my astonishment didn't appear on the surface. Billington wrote me a check for \$1,000, and I was then and there appointed his family physician.

"Those were the days when the doctors worked everything at haphazard. It's different now; there are things they know as exactly as two and two make four. Then there are other things they know pretty nearly. But I'm sorry to say that the bulk of their treatment is still guesswork, but that part grows less every day."

Parmeter's income is now some \$30,000 from his profession alone.

Trial by Jury

By MARTHA V. MONROE

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"Jim Turnlee," said the colored judge, "yo' is chaged wid de killin' ob Mose Harkins. De persecutin' at-to'ney mus' do eberything he kin to confict yo', an' yo' lawyer what de co't gib yo' has got to do eberything he kin to get yo' off. Mr. Persecutin' Atto'ney, open de case."

The prosecuting attorney rose and said:

"Jim Turnlee, wha' fo' yo' kill Mose Harkins?"

"I didn't kill Mose Harkins," replied the accused, much excited.

"Yes, yo' did; yo' know yo' did." Turning to the court: "We shall prove, yo' honah, dat de prisoner done de deed wid malice afterthought, on de impulse ob de moment. In de early mawnin' he heered a rooster crowin', an' he dreamed ob fried chicken fo' breakfast. Wid blood in he eye, he got up an' went to de fam' ob Mose Harkins, opened de henhouse do', went in an' grab a chicken by de leg. De squawkin' roused Mose Harkins. He got out ob bed, frowned up de windet an' looked out. De dawn was breakin', an' Jim Turnlee, he bein' inside de henhouse, didn't see Mose lookin' out ob de windet; but, hearin' de windet go up, he staid in de henhouse to hide. Mose go way from de windet an' gif he shotgun an' shoot into de henhouse. Den Jim he shot, too, an' Mose drop back daid. Dat am de circumstantial ob de case. Jim Turnlee he done de murder, an' if he copesal prove to de contrary de jury won't believe 'em."

The state attorney sat down, and the counsel for the defense arose.

"Jim Turnlee!" he said savagely.

The prisoner started.

"Wha' yo' lookin' wid out ob dem eyes ob yours fo'? Yo' hain't gwine to fight a regiment ob wildcats; yo' gwine to prove dat yo' didn't kill Mose Harkins."

If this was intended to restore the prisoner's equanimity it failed. Jim looked more than ever as if he must defend himself by killing the judge, jury and spectators. His counsel proceeded:

"Jim Turnlee, tell de co't wha' yo' were on de mawnin' dat Mose Harkins was killed."

"I was in ma bed."

"What was yo' doin' in bed?"

"Sleepin'."

"Hold on dah," interposed the prosecutor. "If yo' was asleep how do yo' know wha' yo' were? Might 'a' been stealin' chickens."

The prisoner looked ready to break and run.

"Yo' honah," said counsel for de defense, "de gen'lemen said in de openin' argyfyer dat ma client was dreamin' ob fried chicken fo' breakfast. How he know wha' ma client was dreamin' 'bout, I like to know? An' de persecutor said dat Jim was in de henhouse. If Jim was in de henhouse, how did Mose know it was Jim what shot him?"

"I didn't say Mose said Jim shot him. Mose was daid ennyhow."

"How yo' gwine to prove dat de nigger in de henhouse was Jim?"

"How I gwine to prove dat?"

"Yes. How yo' gwine to prove dat?"

"Yo' honah, hab I got to prove 'twas Jim in de henhouse when Mose was killed?"

The judge looked puzzled and finally said:

"Mose was killed, wasn't he?"

"Sartin, sure!"

"An' a nigger in de henhouse shot him?"

"Yes, judge."

"Den since Jim hearn de rooster crow an' dreamed ob fried chicken fo' breakfast de pinion ob de co't is dat Jim got up an' went to de henhouse fo' to git a chicken. Dat's wha' ebery nigger would 'a' done. An' if Jim was in de henhouse when Mose shot in dar berry likely Jim shot back Ennyhow, I would if I'd 'a' been dar, yo' bet."

"Much 'bliged, yo' honah, fo' gibin' me ma line of argyfyin'. De groun' on which ma client stands is self defense."

"How yo' make dat out?" asked the prosecutor.

"Ef a nigger was shootin' at yo' wouldn't yo' shoot back?"

"Yes—no."

"I leabe it to de gen'lemen ob de jury if dey was in a henhouse stealin' chickens an' de owner ob de chickens was shootin' at 'em wouldn't dey shoot back?"

The jury consulted, and finally the foreman gave their reply.

"De jury tinks dat if dey was in de henhouse an' Mose Harkins was shootin' at 'em dey wouldn't need to shoot back, 'cose Mose couldn't hit a ba'n."

This decision was quite a bucket for the defense, but the prisoner's counsel was equal to the occasion.

"Yo' honah," he said, "ef Mose couldn't hit a ba'n how cum de use ob Jim's shootin' back?"

At this juncture the widow of the murdered man came into court with some very special evidence, as was indicated by the expression on her face. It was this:

"Ma husband, hearin' some one in de chicken house, got up an' got de gun fo' to shoot. But it was so da'k, Jedge, in de room dat he got de wrong end ob de gun agin de stomach, an' when he put de gun out ob de windet de trigger knock agin de sill, and dat's wha' killed him."

"De prisoner is discharged."

Scientific Love

By WILLIS BEACH POTTER

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A recent interview of a newspaper man with Mr. Edison, the wizard of Menlo Park, brought out Mr. Edison's statement that the living body is a mere machine, or, rather, that it is composed of millions of minute cells, each having its own individuality. He compares a man to a city containing an enormous number of people like London, New York or Berlin. The brain, according to this doctrine, is a complex camera or storehouse of innumerable photographic plates, each one of which has received an impression during the man's life to be used on occasion; that these plates are what we call memory. This is a purely scientific view and does not pertain to the soul.

Lord Teuterton, an English nobleman, had a daughter who had been engaged to be married to a son of a merchant prince. This young man, Sidney Hough, died and left the girl disconsolate. Sir Percy Scarborough, a friend of Lord Teuterton, had a son who had gone through a similar experience. He had loved Rose MacAllister, the daughter of a Scotch laird, and lost her by quick consumption.

Now, Lord Teuterton was poor, and he desired to ally his family with the wealthier blood of England. Moreover, his lordship was a scientist with original ideas. He considered only the scientific part of love and, looking upon the brain on the Edisonian principle of innumerable photographic plates, conceived the idea of a gradual substitution of images on his daughter's brain to change her memory of her dead lover to a live one.

If this could be done with her it might be done with young Scarborough. Teuterton called on Sir Percy and proposed a scheme. Sir Percy was much disappointed at his son's failure to marry that the family might be perpetuated and was ready for any plan that would induce him to do so. But Hugh Scarborough, like Edith Teuterton, refused to be comforted and would not consent to take another mate. What Lord Teuterton proposed was accepted for trial, and the needful was supplied by the engagement of a portrait painter.

One day Lord Teuterton returned to his home from London with a portrait. His daughter, entering his study, saw it hanging on the wall. She was struck with its resemblance to her dead lover. She said nothing to her father, who pretended to be busy writing at his desk, though he was really watching her. He saw her gaze upon it for a long while; and then she went out to conceal her emotion. The portrait was that of the man she mourned, yet slightly different. She believed it to be the likeness of some one who very much resembled him. Not long after this she came into her father's study again under pretense of asking a question, but really to look at the picture. It seemed to her that it had undergone a slight change; but, being in the same place and in the same frame as the one she had seen before, she thought she was mistaken. From time to time she visited the study to gaze upon the portrait, and every time she found some slight change.

The portrait had been painted by the artist employed to carry out the scheme, and he was gradually altering it from a picture very like her dead lover to a likeness of Hugh Scarborough. And while he was doing this he was changing a portrait of Rose MacAllister to one of Edith Teuterton. Sir Percy was imposing on his son these pictures, substituting one for another, just as Lord Teuterton was imposing on his daughter the dissolving picture of Sidney Hough. Finally after a long interval both portraits had been altered from the dead to the living.

The Teutertons and the Scarboroughs lived in different shires. When the transformation of the portraits had been completed Lord Teuterton invited Sir Percy to visit him and to bring with him his son. Scarborough insisted upon Hugh's going with him, and when on the evening of their arrival Hugh and Edith met at dinner there was a scene of much interest to the two fathers. Hugh stood with wide open eyes gazing upon Edith, while Edith cast one glance at Hugh, blushed and lowered her eyes to the floor.

"Be seated," said Lord Teuterton, pretending not to notice this mutual impression, though while the young people were intent upon each other he winked at Sir Percy. Hugh and Edith had been assigned seats side by side and were soon engaged in a conversation more animated than either had taken part in since they had lost their loves. After dinner they were left alone by their elders, who went off together. During the evening Hugh made this remark to Edith: "Did I not know you to be a living person I should believe you—so far as appearance is concerned—to be one who is dead."

"I have a similar experience in you," she replied. "Your likeness to one who is no more is something remarkable."

A month later the two fathers were congratulating themselves that the son of the one and the daughter of the other were to be married.

"I tell you, Scarborough," said Teuterton, "these Americans are a great people. They will before long analyze love and tell us how to bring about affinities in people the same as in chemistry."

"You bet!" replied Sir Percy.