



### The Pride of Possession

Any lady, with social ambitions, may be pardonably proud of owning good jewelry. Ever since the days of Eve, jewelry in some form or other has been used to add its charm to feminine loveliness. Pretty jewelry, properly worn, imparts an air of refinement to the wearer that is both attractive and interesting to the observer.

### Unique Designs in new Jewelry

It is with a feeling of pride that we call attention to the Pretty New Jewelry which we are showing this season. All the best products of the Quality lines are featured in the new additions to our stock, which is made up of

- Bracelet Watches
- Gold Bracelets
- Neck Chains
- Watch Fobs
- Watch Pins
- Brooches
- Sautoirs
- Beads
- Pendants
- Novelties
- Vanity Cases
- Signet Rings
- Cuff Links
- Handy Pins
- And many other Novelties
- LaVallieres
- Locketts
- Bar Pins
- Collar Pins
- And many other Novelties

We court inspection of these lines without any feeling of obligation on your part

### DIXON, The Jeweler

### DR. O. H. CRESSLER,

Graduate Dentist.

Office over the McDonald State Bank.

### Town and County News.

J. C. Den returned home yesterday from Guernsey, Wyo., where he attended a gun shoot.

Dell Brownfield, of Hershey, has filed as a candidate for the democratic nomination for sheriff.

James Diener is expected to arrive home this week from Philadelphia where he went on business.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Warnock, of Kimball, are here for a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hogge.

Will Baldock and Everett Fonda returned Sunday morning from Grand Island where they attended the celebration.

For Sale—My residence property, Cor. 2nd & Vine, two blocks from court house. J. F. Clabaugh. 48-4

Will Friend, of this city spent Saturday and Sunday in Grand Island visiting friends and taking in the celebration.

Lost—Cameo pin at Gothenburg Saturday. Reward for return to Miss Irma Huffman.

Eddie Rickenbacker, a former Omaha boy, won the 300 mile automobile race at Sioux City Saturday. His time was three hours, forty-nine minutes and two seconds.

Negotiations are on foot for a big business change in this city soon, according to information received at this office. Nothing definite has been given out as yet but it will probably be made public in the course of a few days.

C. S. Clinton will leave the latter part of this month for California where he will visit for four or five weeks. Mrs. Clinton who has been at Oakland for a couple of months will return with him.

Estrayed from the Beer ranch July 4th, a 600-pound brown mare pony branded 33 on left shoulder. Anyone finding animal please advise Sid Zimmerman, Box 19, Route 3, North Platte.

C. O. Weingand was driving in the east part of the county Sunday and he reports the rain twenty-three miles east of the city. It rained quite a shower a short distance south of the city but most of the storm was east.

Wanted—Competent girl for general housework. Mrs. Clarence Tollefsen, Sutherland, Neb.

The alfalfa mill at Hershey is now under construction, the machinery arrived last week. The building will be 28x80 with an additional engine room 29x28. It is expected that the mill be in operation by August 1st.

The Fourth of July celebration at Bignell attracted a large attendance, and for the amusement of the crowd there were motorcycle races, running races and two ball games. Everything passed off nicely and everybody enjoyed the day.

Mutual Building & Loan Association Assets May 1st, 1914, \$613,998.75. To supply the demand for approved loans this association will issue a limited amount of its paid up stock. This stock pays six per cent interest. Interest paid semi-annually. No better or safer investment can be found for idle money.

### Robbed of \$15.00?

A woman giving her name as Mrs. Lusk and her residence as East Front street caused much excitement in police circles Sunday evening when she reported that she had been robbed by two strange men. The excitement was evidently mostly made up by herself as she had a very hazy idea of the identity of the two men and when two men were brought before her she at once identified them as the two. A search, however, revealed that the two men were not possessed of the sum of fifteen dollars which she claimed had been taken from her.

In the early evening the police received a call to come to Mrs. Lusk's home at once as she had been robbed. Officer Jones at once responded and when he arrived the woman said that she had been talking over the gate with the two men and that they got her so excited that she turned quickly and ran into the house. She said that she had fifteen dollars in her hand and that in her excitement she left it on the gate post and that the men carried it off. Upon examination it was deemed best to let the men go and the woman was not over anxious to have the case pursued.

### Old County Resident Dies.

Henry H. Pell, for many years a resident of this county in the Bignell vicinity, died Friday afternoon at 1:30 at the home of his son, James Pell of the Bignell vicinity. General debility resultant from old age was the cause of his death. He has been poorly for several months. He was seventy-six years, nine months and twenty-four days old at the time of his death.

Mr. Pell was born September 9, 1837 in Pennsylvania. He settled in Nebraska in an early day and later came to this county. He was an old G. A. R. man and many of the old soldiers attended the funeral. He leaves to mourn his death five sons, one daughter seventeen grand children and one great grand child. The sons are James, John, William, Bignell, Harry of Maxwell and George of Iowa City, Ia. The daughter also lives in Iowa City. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the home of the son, James, and interment was in the Bignell cemetery. Rev. Romine of Maxwell delivered the funeral oration.

### NOTICE.

Having purchased the creamery at North Platte we will commence to get the machinery in shape this week. We will be ready to receive cream by Thursday of this week and respectfully solicit your patronage, all we ask is a share of your cream, we will do the rest. Mr. Meyers has had years of experience in the creamery business, we believe that this industry can be made to win in your city. Mr. Farmer or dairy man bring your cream to us, Mr. Merchant and the good people of North Platte boost a little, sell our product, and we will help your city. We know this business and have the means to win if you will patronize us.

Sincerely Yours  
VanHorn & Meyers.

### Notice.

For the accommodation of patients in and out of the city, I have opened a hospital for the treatment of medical, surgical and confinement cases. This hospital will be known as the "Nurse Brown Memorial".  
John S. Twine, M. D.  
Manager Mrs. Margaret Hall,  
Supt. Mrs. Sterling, Graduate Nurse,  
1008 West Fourth Street,  
North Platte, Nebr.

The Club Nevada will meet with Mrs. Fred Payne, south Dewey street tomorrow afternoon.

Residents of the Montague Neighborhood south of town held a Fourth of July celebration. Among the amusements featured was a ball game and a dancing pavilion.

Mr. VanMeter, of the Vienna cafe, left Sunday for Salt Lake City where he will spend a week or more on an outing. He expects to do some trout fishing while he is away.

Clay Young, one of the young men who figured in the automobile accident at Ogalala which cost the life of Bruce Reed, is reported to still be in a serious condition due to internal injuries.

Train No. 10 killed a horse belonging to C. J. Clark at Hershey last week. He was working weeds along the track. The animal fell and before it could regain its feet was struck by the engine.

Dr. L. C. Drost and family will leave this week for points in Wyoming where they will spend a month on a fishing trip and outing. They will make the drive in their car.

Senator J. H. Kemp, of Fullerton, who has filed as a candidate for the republican nomination for governor, spent Sunday in town as the guest of Senator Hoagland. Senator Kemp made the Fourth of July oration at Gothenburg and was warmly commended.

All parties are hereby notified that larding stock in the streets so that they can run across the road is contrary to the city ordinances and that they must discontinue so doing. It is dangerous both for the stock and for the traffic. By order of  
JOHN FRAZIER,  
Chief of Police.

### Wartime Wit.

"Throughout the siege of Paris," says Ernest A. Vizetelly in his book, "My Days of Adventure," "the so called mot pour rire was never lost sight of." Thus:

"When horseflesh became more or less our daily provender many Parisian bourgeois found their health failing. 'What is the matter, my dearest?' Mme. du Bois du Pont inquired of her husband when he had collapsed one evening after dinner. 'Oh, it is nothing, mon amie,' he replied, 'but I used to think myself a better horseman.'"

Then there was the soldier whose age was conveniently elastic:

"When Trochu issued a decree incorporating all national guards under forty-five years of age in the marching battalions for duty outside the city one of these guards on being asked how old he was replied, 'Six and forty.' 'How is that?' he was asked. 'A few weeks ago you told everybody that you were only thirty-six.' 'Quite true,' rejoined the other, 'but what with rampart duty, demonstrating at the Hotel de Ville, short rations and the cold weather, I feel quite ten years older than I formerly did.'"

### Homely and Proud of It.

Frankly, I know I am not a handsome man, and equally frankly, I acknowledge that I don't want to be a handsome man. As a matter of personal confession I may say that I have not a single misgiving about my face, which is one of those "homely"—I use the word in the American sense—straightforward, rugged, brawn out of a rock and then stamped upon by a steam roller sort of countenances which command the admiration of all fortunate enough to have caught sight of it—once. I write "once" because I heard a nervous woman remark as I came out of the stage door of the Gaiety one night that if ever she saw a face like mine again she would never go to the theater—she wouldn't be able to. In raucous tones she said that a second shock like that would be too much for her weak heart and delicate state of health.

But I am not jealous of handsome men—not a bit of it. Beauty forsooth! It should be a drug on the market—Edmund Payne in London Strand Magazine.

### A Great Race.

Two globe trotters met in the smoking room of a hotel. They found that they had each spent a week in China, on the strength of which they proceeded to "weigh up" that country to their mutual admiration and satisfaction.

From that the talk drifted to sporting events witnessed in different parts of the world.

"While I was in Australia," said No. 1, "I saw what I imagined to be the closest race in the world. The winning horse only beat the second by a tongue's length."

No. 2 seemed lost in thought. He gazed abstractedly out of the window. At last he spoke:

"I have seen a closer race than that," he murmured. "I was once in Scotland."—London Answers.

### Rammed by a Shark.

The strangest shark story which ever came to the writer's ears was of a shark that charged a steamer. This was in Queen Charlotte's sound, and an account of the incident appeared in a Vancouver paper. The captain of the steamer, which was a small craft of only fifty tons or so, saw the shark on the surface on the port bow and could not resist the temptation of talking a shot at it with his rifle. He hit his mark, whereupon the monster, said to have been fully twenty feet in length, deliberately charged the steamer. The boat quivered from stem to stern, and the captain said afterward that it was like striking a rock. After this display of temper Master Shark had had enough of it and sank out of sight.—T. C. Bridges in Chambers' Journal.

### The Footpath to Peace.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play, to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, to fear nothing except cowardice, to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out of doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace.—Henry van Dyke.

### Didn't Want to Learn.

"I do not love you," said the young woman, who knew her own mind.

"But," persisted the wrong man, "couldn't you learn to love me?"

"No," she replied. "I have learned a good many difficult things, but they have always been things that I wanted to learn."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Complicated Courtesies.

"I tried to apologize to my wife," said Mr. Meekton, "but it was awfully confusing."

"Why?"

"Every time I tried to say anything she insisted on saluting back, word for word."—Washington Star.

### Decisive Battles.

Some married men will contend that "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" will never be complete until a few domestic scraps are added to the volume.—London Telegraph.

Not to outshine, but to shine upon, his neighbors is the successful man's mission.—Towne.

## A RUSSIAN WAY

By M. QUAD

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A man named Bogoff came to the United States in 1805 and acquired title to some lands in Montana. He returned to Russia, where he died without knowing the value of his property. A syndicate bought up all the surrounding land and wanted that belonging to Bogoff's heirs.

As a member of the syndicate I was sent to Russia to put the matter through. There was just one thing to be kept secret—Bogoff had paid about \$700 for property worth over \$100,000. I was to get hold of the land as cheaply as possible, giving no hint of its real value. Bogoff was a native of the port of Narva, on the gulf of Finland, and one day I landed there in search of information. I had my passport and other credentials and anticipated no trouble, but I was ignorant of the way things work in Russia. After taking up quarters at a hotel I called upon a lawyer to make inquiries and secure assistance. Yes, he had heard of the Bogoffs and thought the family could easily be found. I was to call again on the morrow and meanwhile he would gather such information as he could.

Two hours later the chief of police of Narva entered my room with two of his men. The astute officer questioned me for three long hours and was more suspicious at the finish than at the beginning. It was so queer that Bogoff should have purchased that land, so queer that he hadn't reported it on returning, so queer that I should make such a long journey to see the heirs, so queer that I should seek out a lawyer instead of calling at the police station. I knew exactly what all this meant. Had I said to the lawyer in the first place that there was a "divvy" in the matter for him and for the chief of police and two or three other officials all would have gone well.

When the chief realized that I could not be bled he had all my papers taken to his office. The police were ordered to look upon me as a suspicious person, and a detective was detailed to watch me day and night.

Thinking I might carry on the business from St. Petersburg, I went to that city and again called upon a lawyer first of all. He was sharp enough to realize that the property was of considerable value, and without any beating around the bush he told me that he would find the heir and put the matter through for the sum of \$5,000. I refused to bribe him and as a result soon discovered that no lawyer would have anything to do with the case, and only two days had passed before I was summoned to the office of the chief of police. He closed the interview by saying that I would be shadowed while I remained at the capital and by advising me to take no further steps on my own account to discover the Bogoffs.

I had not been provided with money to bribe any one. I must either defy the police and work up the case single handed or return and report a failure. Being firmly convinced that Mrs. Bogoff was in Narva, I secretly left St. Petersburg for that town. Securing rooms in a boarding house and disguising my personal appearance to a considerable extent I prosecuted my inquiries under one excuse and another until I at length discovered the woman. She was living in her own home and in poor circumstances and was rejoiced at the prospect of selling the land, which she remembered her husband referring to as a poor investment on his part.

I must have the assistance of a notary to make out the papers, and it was while seeking this assistance that the police got track of me again. As soon as they interfered I was balked. They not only warned every notary in Narva against me, but the widow was obliged to take a journey and go into hiding. Things might have stopped there had I been a cool and pliant man. When I found the police hounding me again I lost my temper and gave the chief my opinion of things in general and of his own conduct in particular. I was arrested; on what charge I never knew.

As soon as incarcerated I asked leave to communicate with the American minister. This request was refused. I was not allowed books, writing materials or other food than the regular prison fare and was, in fact, treated in all respects as a criminal. On the third day the chief of police sent for me and asked if I would leave Russia if given my liberty. I replied in the negative and was returned to prison. My threats that the matter would be thoroughly sifted by our representative only made him smile, and he quietly informed me that he would keep me in prison for the rest of my life if need be. On the seventh day he sent for me again. I had now changed my mind. I saw that I could be sent off to Siberia if the officials so desired and that there was no longer the slightest hope of accomplishing my errand. I therefore answered him that I was ready and willing to leave the czar's dominions at a moment's notice, and as a steamer was returned to port that evening four police officers were detailed to escort me on board. Not only that, but I was locked up in a stateroom and not set at liberty until noon next day. I found Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen on the boat, but got no sympathy from any of them. On the contrary, I was called an idiot for my conduct, and every one agreed that I might have been packed off to Siberia without any one but the police being the wiser.

### Thick and Thin.

"It's a funny thing," remarked the observing man, "that particularly stout and particularly thin people can discover insinuations in regard to their size where absolutely none is meant. Now, tonight in the car there were two good examples of this within a few minutes of each other. One was a little thread of a woman who glanced contemptuously at two well meaning persons who moved apart and made a space between them which looked wide enough for her to seat herself with comparative comfort."

"Thank you," she snapped, "but I prefer to stand rather than sit where there is scarcely room for a small child."

"We had not proceeded far when an extremely stout woman entered the car. She was carrying two huge bundles and looked tired. Three men in a row sprang to their feet as she began to lurch about as the car started. She administered a savage glance at them and said, quite audibly:

"Well, I never! I guess if it's got to the point where I take up three seats I'd better stand up awhile!"—Buffalo Express.

### Earned It.

A stranger was hunting quail in the mountains of Georgia, where by reason of the wild peas they are very numerous. One day his dog flushed a flock of wild turkeys to the rage of a native youth who had been creeping toward them. The boy promptly brought his old fashioned six foot rifle to his shoulder, and the bullet cut up the dirt under the dog's feet. The next instant the boy disappeared in the brush. Later in the day the hunter came across a mountain cabin and saw the same boy in the yard with a man whom he took to be his father. He hailed the man and angrily gave an account of the morning's incident.

"He wasn't forty yards away when he shot at my dog. I think he should have a good thrashing," he continued. "Misses a dawg at forty yards?" the mountaineer asked in astonishment. "Yo' needn't worry 'bout that Hekkin', stranger; he sho' will git one all right!"—Argonaut.

### An Elixir of Life.

"An annuity is the best elixir of life I know of," said the examining physician of an insurance company. "It sometimes seems as if annuants never die. We have lots on our books who top eighty, ninety and even ninety-five years. I have passed many a sickly and decrepit old fellow as a good annuity risk—the sicker they are, you know, the better risk they make—and the next year he has turned up to collect his annuity rejuvenated, rosier, spry as a boy. The secret? The secret is that financial worry, fear of the poorhouse, ages and kills off more people than all the deadly diseases combined. Release an old man by means of an annuity from all this worry, and he throws off his years and walks erect and happy and fearlessly young."

### Shakespeare's Birth.

The exact date of Shakespeare's birth is not known, and the accepted date of April 23 is based on circumstantial evidence. There is record evidence that he was baptized on April 26, 1564, but no record evidence of the date of his birth. He died April 23, 1616, and the inscription upon his monument is evidence that he had already begun his fifty-third year, but does not give any birth date. From these data and other such information as they could obtain, antiquaries in the eighteenth century, 100 years after his death, fixed the date of his birth as April 23, 1564, three days before his baptism. Though not proved beyond doubt, that date is universally accepted.—Philadelphia Press.

### Some Words.

"Panic" is named after the ancient god Pan because of the sudden and unreasoning fear which the sight of this heathen divinity was supposed to inspire. Other common words with a similar source in the old mythologies are "vulcanite," from Vulcan, the blacksmith; "martial," for Mars, the warrior; "jovial," from Jove; "saturnine," from Saturn, and "mercurial," from Mercury, the nimble beelid.

### Strange Neglect.

"There's one thing, though," said the stranger, "that I really cannot understand."

"What's that?" asked the old settler.

"Nobody around here has assured me that this is the garden spot of the state."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Had His Say.

Small Elmer (after the slipper exercise)—Well, I'm glad I ain't a girl, anyway. His Mother—Why are you glad? Small Elmer—Cause I'd be ashamed to grow up into a big woman and punish innocent little boys, like me.—Chicago News.

### Chile's Walled Lake.

In the Chilean Andes there is a lake 10,000 feet up in the mountains which is prevented only by a granite wall a few feet thick from devastating the valley below.

### No News to Him.

Creditor—You couldn't go around in your fine automobile if you paid your debts. Debtor—That's so! I'm glad you look at it in the same light that I do.—Boston Transcript.

### Disconcerting.

It is disconcerting when you have paid out \$500 for a violin and \$40 for a bow to find that you can't make a squeak on the blamed thing without a ten cent piece of rosin.