

An Injustice Righted

By OSCAR COX

There is a region in Mississippi that is occupied almost exclusively by colored people. In the interior of this region the only way to dispense justice has at times been for the negroes themselves to organize a court and try some case of such importance as seemed to demand attention. As for small breaches of the law, such as stealing chickens, watermelons and the like, the individuals dispossessed were expected to attend to the matter themselves.

One day a gentleman from Vicksburg, who was traveling through this region, had occasion to speak with a certain colored man and was told that he was sitting in a woodshed conducting a murder trial. Going to the humble courtroom, the visitor looked in and saw the court in session. Taking a back seat, he observed the proceedings.

Caesar Henderson, black as coal, was on trial for the murder of Tecumseh Rodman, a rival for the affections of Dinah Ochliffree. The rivals had visited Dinah during the evening before the murder and had left together. They were heard quarreling on the road. The next morning Tecumseh was missing. Since he did not turn up for some days Caesar was accused of his murder, and, there being no regular court within many miles, he was tried by his peers in the woodshed. Dinah, the object of contention, was being questioned by the judge, who also acted as counsel for the state and the defense. He was also the twelve jurymen.

"Dinah," he said severely, "wha' fo' yo' hab two lubbers hangin' rou' yo', persuadin' 'em to fight fo' yo'? Don' yo' know dat wose'n murder?"

"I couldn't help dey fightin' fo' me," replied Dinah, with a toss of her head. "Wha' time did dey leab yo' dat night when Caesar killed Tecumseh?"

"I didn't kill Tecumseh," protested Caesar.

"Shet up," cried the judge, glaring at the prisoner from under a pair of heavy gray eyebrows, "or I fine yo' fo' contempt ob cou'l'."

The question having been repeated, the witness said that she reckoned the two men left her between "leben o'clock and some time in de mawnin'." She reckoned it was near the latter.

"How do yo' know dat?" asked the judge.

"Kase I heard Zeb Parker, dat lib nex' deo' to me, comin' home from chicken huntin'."

"How yo' know Zeb been chicken huntin'?"

"Kase I hearn de squawkin' of de chickens he was bringin' home."

"Did yo' see Zeb?"

"No, sah; I didn't see Zeb. De dark and Zeb war of de same blackness."

"I thought yo' said it war mawnin'?"

"So I did. Zeb nebber goes chicken huntin' 'cept just befo' daybreak."

The witness was excused, and Lem Barker was called to the stand.

"Lem," said the judge, looking at the rafters, "tell de cou't how yo' know Caesar killed Tecumseh?"

"Kase I hearn 'em fightin'."

"Which war lokin' de udder?"

"How I know dat? I couldn't see 'em fightin' in de dark."

"Don' yo' know no' mo' 'bout de fight?"

"Co'se I don't know nothin' at all 'bout de fight."

Another witness testified that he lived next door to Tecumseh and that he latter had been missing since "de dark ob de moon" and that Tecumseh's dog "was a-whinin' all de time kase he marster didn't come home no mo'."

Then Dinah was recalled and testified that the call on her by the rivals was made during "de dark ob de moon." This completed the evidence. The judge called upon the prisoner to stand up and, being obeyed, proceeded to convict and sentence him at the same time. He was to be taken out to "de ole tree wid de low branch convenient fo' hangin' pussons" and hanged by the neck until he was "datid."

The sentence foused Dinah's ire. "Wha' fo' yo' gwine hang Caesar, judge?" she shouted. "Dah ain't no sinse in dat. At de dark ob de moon I hab two lubbers to choose from. One killed de udder, and now yo' gwine to hang de one lef'. Wha' do I come in?"

At the statement of this obvious injustice the judge scratched his wool. "I's might' sorry bout dat, Dinah. But it's too late now. I done sentence de prisoner."

There was a babel of tongues, some insisting that a sentence having been pronounced, there was no going back on it. Others claimed that it was mighty hard on Dinah. The hubbub was quieted by the gentleman observer, who stepped to the front and said:

"Your honor, I am an attorney in Vicksburg, and if you will listen to me I think I can tell you how the prisoner can be legally saved from the gallows."

Movie Instead of Movv.
It is a significant development of English spelling in the circles of the uneducated that the word used to represent in short form moving picture has taken the form movie. The plural moving pictures was reduced to the childish form movies in deference perhaps to the growing intelligence of the patrons of those works of art. And then when occasion arose to use the singular it was not spelled as the spelling book rules would make it, movv, but movie. And we read of the movie show. The ending "ie" has always been popular in pet names, as in Abbie, Annie, Carrie, Fannie, Jennie, Josie, Katie, Lottie, Mattie, Billie, Johnnie, Willie, etc. The spelling with "y" is later and in some names less common. Carrie is seldom Carry, and Annie is never Anny. The ending "ie" was formerly pronounced in these names as it is in field, but shorter and with a secondary stress—"Jen-nee," "Will-lee," etc., so "little Billiee." It is the popular spelling in bonnie, collie, laddie, lassie, birdie, doggie, monsie and other words of Scottish and nursery associations.—Simplified Spelling Bulletin.

The Hurt Flower.
Somebody, a scientist, has assured us that plants are not insensible to injury—that a flower may feel the hurt of rough treatment. Whether this is true or not, there comes the notion that it would be a blessing if everybody had the imagination to fancy a violet sensitive to rough hands and the weight of a careless heel. 'Twould mean more gentleness in a world none too tender toward many of the beautiful things of life.

More than a century and a quarter ago Robert Burns, on turning down a mountain daisy with the plowshare, broke into a song typical of his sympathetic nature:

Was, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour.

These two lines are suggestive of the whole poem—a simple, sweet melody whose dominant chord was contrition. This century old song is in harmony with the views of the modern scientist.

The hurt flower idea is good enough to have a place in our thoughts. We lose nothing when we snuggle a little closer to nature.—Toledo Blade.

De Quincey's Vice Explained.
De Quincey's style was variegated enough, but his diet was monotonous to a degree, his dinner for the last thirty years of his life invariably comprising some loin of mutton, boiled rice and coffee. Every day he interviewed the cook and told her to prepare these dishes, adding, "If you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form consequences incalculably distressing to my system will arise and will prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance." No wonder the bewildered Scotsman when thus drenched with polysyllables for the first time was heard to remark, "The body has an awful sight of words!"—London Strand Magazine.

The Sex of Ships.
The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian. Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called them by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea. But the English speaking sailor assigns no such reasons.

The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-of-war. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.—Collier's Weekly.

Business Jokes.
The clerk who thinks the house can't do without him.

The salesman who has his trade personally anchored.

The buyer who cannot be fooled.

The stenographer who knows best what the old man ought to say.

The credit man who can always trust his intuition.

The head of the firm who always sticks to the way he always did it.

The customer who doesn't know what he wants.

The house that won't advertise, because its goods are "different."—Printer's Ink.

Good in Either Case.
Mabel—What are you going to do with all these flowers after the carnival is over? It's a shame to waste them. Maud—They won't be wasted. If Jack sees me before papa does there'll be a wedding, and if papa sees Jack before I do there'll be a funeral.—Puck.

Black Howlers.
Regarded as weather prophets by the natives, the "black howlers," largest of the Panamanian monkeys, set up a roaring howl suggestive of the lion for volume of sound. They howl oftenest before or during a storm, hence the native belief.—Argonaut.

Tough Luck.
"I've been wearing the same suit of clothes for five years. That's pretty tough."

"Of course it is, my friend. But I'm worse off than you. I've had the same automobile for five years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Pa's Definition.
L'enfant—Father, what is a "sepulchral tone of voice?" Le Pere—That means to speak gravely.—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

If you are content you have enough to live comfortably.—Plautus.

SANDY BEND JUSTICE

By M. QUAD

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"This yere court bein' open," said Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend as he felt behind him to see if his guns were handy—"this yere court bein' open and the goddess of justice bein' ready for bizness, I will call the case of Lee Hung, who is charged with stealin' a pickax from the camp of Jim Robinson. Thar ain't no need of lawyers or witnesses, fur I saw the critter myself as he cum to town with the tool on his shoulder. We are not goin' to ax why he stole it, kase that ain't our bizness. Jim Robinson saw him when he picked it up and fired three shots arter him and never teched a ha'r. In one way this court feels that she orter let that benthen go his way to pay off Jim fur bein' such a poor shot. It's jest possible that the critter mistook that pickax fur a mewl or a bag of flour, but that can't count in his favor. Why he didn't hide the tool is nuthin' to this court nor the statoots of this state. What we hev got to look at ar' the fact that he stole it and that Jim Robinson had the gall to cum to me when I was busy in my Red Dog saloon and holler for a warrant."

"I wanted to go accordin' to law," explained the plaintiff as he stood up.

"Waal, ye went that way, Jim, and I'll give yet plenty of it. Lee Hung, durn yer hide, I'm goin' to fine ye \$20. That would be purty steep fur a white man, but it's my dooty to crush the heathen whenever I gits a show. Jim, you not orty had three shots at the Chinyman, but missed him every time and then bothered me fur an hour. You'll hev to cum down with the costs."

"We now hev afore us the case of Joe Parker versus Hank Scott, and the lawyers needn't crowd to the front to do any talkin'. Joe had a minin' claim on Paradise hill, and as he was lyin' in his shanty the other night mighty nigh dead with colic in walks Hank and sez the claim jest suits him and he's goin' to jump it. He picks up the sufferin' Joe and carries him out and dumps him down on the rocks and then takes hull possession and begins to sing religious hymns. Joe is tied up with colic, but he has two guns to use. Does he use 'em? Does he ax Providence to relieve him of that colic fur ten seconds while he kin fill Hank Scott full of lead. Not a bit of it. He jests shuts his eyes and cries like a baby as Hank lugs him out. An hour later his colic is gone. But does he shoot? Does he make an effort to recover his own? He don't. He walks three miles on a mighty dark night to rout me out and demand justice. He shall hev it. He ar' fined \$30 and costs. Hank Scott, stand up. Nobody but a duffer would take advantage of a man bent double with miner's colic, and I shall fine ye \$10. What was ye achin' to say, Pete Holden?"

"I wanted to say, your honor," began the lawyer—"I wanted to say that my client—"

"Ye hain't got no client." Interrupted the judge.

"The next case on the docket presents peccolier circumstances. This yere court, who is a court when he is out of court and all the time, was a-ridin' out to Big Bar the other day on his cayuse when he meets up with a Chinyman who had found a twenty ounce nugget. When this court had hefted that nugget and was sure all was solid stuff he suggested to the heathen his willingness to exchange his cayuse fur it. I don't go fur to say that the boss was hardly wuth it, but he was a legal boss, so to speak, and that heathen could hev dung on a heap of style in the saddle. Did it strike him that way? Not any. He jest drew his head down between his shoulders and suddenly lost speech. As this yere court feels that he knows what's good fur Chinymen, he got off his cayuse and laid hands on that heathen to git the nugget away. Will it be believed yere in this nineteenth century that the wall eyed son of a gun kicked this court on the nose and kicked him on the shin? Such was the case, and while this court was temporarily disabled the heathen got away. It's a case of contempt of court and a mighty bad one. It has taken us four days to find the Chinyman, and what's worse, he's hid the nugget. If a court can't maintain its dignity then it's no court at all. The vardict is guilty, and the Chinyman must pay a fine of \$50 and \$25 costs. The constable will tie him to the stovepipe and keep him thar till he squar's up."

"The last case shows that what they calls civilization is knockin' the spots off this kentry. Tom Wharton, he goes over to Dead Men's valley and steals a boss. He gits halfway back when he is overtaken by a crowd and hung to a limb. After the crowd has gone the rope breaks and Tom cums to life and crawls away. Two days later he cums to me and whines fur justice. He wants the leader of the gang arrested. What fur? Fur not providin' a stouter rope? Tom was reglarly hung. Bill Choate, who led the gang and furnished the rope, is yere, but this court feels that he did the best he could under the circumstances. The rope 'peared to be a stout one, and Tom bad got through kickin' when he left. Tom Wharton has suffered and wants justice, but I can't see wha' he is to git it. It's a case of whar nobody in particular is to blame. The costs in this case ar' \$7, which will be divided between the plaintiff and defendant, and if the pa'r hev got good boss sense they'll shake hands and follor the pурсession across the creek and treat the crowd. That's all—adjourn the court."



"Why, hello, there; it certainly is good to talk to you."

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J. F. Schmalzried.

Order of Hearing on Original Probate of Will

State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the Court of

In the Matter of the Estate of J. Delavan Jackson, Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Anna E. Jackson, praying that the Instrument, filed on the 17th day of April, 1915, and purporting to be the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, may be proved, approved, probated, allowed and recorded as the last Will and Testament of the said J. Delavan Jackson, deceased, and that the execution of said instrument may be committed and the administration of said estate may be granted to Anna E. Jackson and Charles D. Jackson as administrators with Will annexed.

Ordered, That May 8, 1915, at 9 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at County Court to be held in and for said County, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., March 27, 1915

Notice is hereby given that John M. Crandell, of North Platte, Neb., who, on January 19, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 6537, for the E 1/2 and N 1/2 of Section 14, Township 12 N., Range 31 W., 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make a three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at North Platte, Neb., on the 21st day of May, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. C. Masters, Hugh Songer, Carl Broeder, John W. Fowler, all of North Platte, Neb.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., April 22, 1915

Notice is hereby given that Minnie Eliza McQuire, now Seese, of North Platte, Nebraska, who on February 5, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 6571, for E 1/2 of Section 2, Township 11 N., Range 30 W., 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 21st day of June, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Scott Shamer, Maxwell, Nebr., Jesse Lightberger, of North Platte, Nebr., Andrew Howard, of Wellfleet, Nebr., Mary Richards, of North Platte, Nebr.

J. E. EVANS, Register.

ORDER OF HEARING.

The State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, IN THE COUNTY COURT.

In the Matter of the Estate of James M. Rennie, Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of James A. Rennie and George M. Rennie, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to Anna Rennie as administratrix.

ORDERED, That May 25th, A. D. 1915 at 9 o'clock A. M. is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioners 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 Semi-Weekly Tribune, a semi-weekly newspaper published in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said hearing.

Dated April 30, 1915.

GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

Application for Liquor License.

Matter of Application of A. T. Yarter, for Liquor License.

LEGAL NOTICE

To Mary E. Law, non-resident defendant:

You are hereby notified that William I. Law did on the 25th day of January, 1915, file a petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to be divorced from you upon the grounds of desertion and for such other and further relief as justice and equity may require; and that the Judge of said Court did on April 26th, 1915, make an order directing that service be had upon you by publication as in other cases provided.

You will make answer to said petition on or before the 7th day of June, 1915, or your default will be taken and judgment had against you as in said petition prayed.

WILLIAM I. LAW, Plaintiff.
By E. H. EVANS,
His Attorney.

CITATION

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, In the Matter of the Estate of Jacob C. Federhoof, Deceased.

Do Clara J. Robbins, Agnes Amada Hoffmann and Martin Federhoof, heirs at law of Jacob C. Federhoof, deceased, and all persons interested in said estate:

You and each of you are hereby notified that Sophia Federhoof has filed her petition in this Court, the object and prayer of which are for a decree specifying who are the heirs of said Jacob C. Federhoof, deceased, and their interest or share in the Lot 2 in Block A of North Platte Townlot Company's Addition to North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, and the right of succession thereto. All persons interested in such matter are herein cited to appear before this Court at the Court House in the City of North Platte, Nebraska, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 29th day of May, 1915, and show cause if any why the prayer of said petitioner shall not be granted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 24th day of April, 1915.

(SEAL) GEO. E. FRENCH, County Judge.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said Court wherein Carl Christensen is plaintiff, and Charles Shill, Mary E. Shill and Edie Shill are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 22nd day of May, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs the following described property, to-wit:

Southeast quarter (SE 1/4) of Section eighteen (18), Township nine (9), Range thirty (30) West 6th E. M., Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Neb., April 16, 1915.

A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

Notice of Sale.

Notice is hereby given that whereas default has occurred in the conditions of a certain chattel mortgage executed by M. J. O'Connell and Floy E. O'Connell, mortgagors, to William Lyman, mortgagee, bearing date on the 25th day of February, 1914, by reason of the failure of said mortgagors to pay the debt secured thereby and whereas there is now due and unpaid on said indebtedness to the undersigned the sum of Four Hundred Thirty and 56/100 (\$430.56).

Now therefore, the property described in said mortgage, to-wit, Two brass bed, complete, one birds' eye maple dresser, one birds' eye maple chiffonier, two 2x10 rugs, one oak dresser, one oak table, one oak rocker, one oak leather rocker, six dining room chairs, two 2x12 rugs, oneavenport, one electric iron, one dining room table, one sewing machine, one jewel gasoline stove, one kitchen cabinet, one buffet, six kitchen chairs, two rugs 2'x2 1/2, one roll top desk, one fat top desk, two desk chairs, four large office chairs, one insurance case, one paper file, one stand table, one letter press and book, one large electric fan; or so much thereof as may be necessary, will be sold pursuant to the power of the sale in said mortgage contained, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the 22nd day of May, 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the storage room of T. M. Cochran in the city of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, to satisfy the debt secured by said mortgage and costs and expenses of these foreclosure proceedings.

Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, this 29th day of April, 1915.

WILLIAM LYMAN, Mortgagee.
By Muldoon & Gibbs, His Attorneys.