

Spurgeon and Major Pond.
Major Pond, who was responsible for introducing to the public some of the greater and lesser lights of the lecture platform had many an experience full of eccentric humor. Sometimes his charges met him with the greatest good humor. Often those whom he approached felt compelled to beat back his persuasions almost at the point of the bayonet, for nobody was so persuasive as Major Pond.

The great preacher, Charles Spurgeon, repulsed him in an ascending scale of denial. The first reply ran: "It will only be a waste of time for you to see me, as I am not at all in your line."

The second said: "Your good natured pertinacity is so admirable that I trust you will not waste it upon an impossible object. The whole United States in bullion would not tempt me to deliver one such lecture."

The third reply was conclusive: "I have in as plain a manner as possible declined to make your acquaintance, and I beg, with all courtesy and decision, to do the same again. I know your business, and I have no wish to enter upon it further."

A Decision From the Dead

By F. A. MITCHEL

What is Truth?
Everybody claims to want the truth. No man is so base or so cowardly as to want anything less. Plato's question, "What is truth?" has never been fully answered. It is not fact, it is not objective intelligence, it is not the evidence of the senses. These are mere phases or incidents of truth. They may all be false. Truth is not from the outside. It is not material. It is not spiritual. It is the kindness of a deed and the nobility of an aspiration. This is the only truth in the world. It makes no difference what the teacher, the preacher, the editor, the lecturer says, the only truth in the world is the act of the loving and beautiful soul. The Bible says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." That is in his spirit, as expressed in his conduct. Every man who builds his life on that idea is a forerunner of the millennium.—Ohio State Journal.

Constantinople's Great Church.
The mosque of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople, stands as the world's greatest monument of Christian architecture. Professor Paparrigopoulos, the Greek historian, whose estimate is regarded as the most careful ever made, reckons the cost of ground, material, labor, ornaments and church utensils at about \$64,000,000. The common estimate of the cost of St. Peter's in Rome was something less than \$48,000,000, says the Geographic Magazine. No other Christian church has at all approached Sancta Sophia in the variety and priceless value of its marbles, in the prodigious employment of gold, silver and precious stones, and in the number and value of its sacred vessels. The expenditure for Sancta Sophia was doubtless greater than for any other sanctuary ever reared by any people to the glory of God.

The Woman's Gift.
It is as natural for the normal woman to talk as for the bird to sing. It is the spontaneous expression and giving of herself. It is this naturalness which gives to her talkativeness its perennial charm as well as its incalculable value in the scheme of things. The woman is the human group is much like the monarch in Pierre Mille's tale of that name. "Why do people call me the monarch? Why am I loved? Why always happy? Because," he explains, "I always have time to talk. Without me the people around here would be bored to death. I go and come, laugh and sing, I cost nothing but a glass of wine and a bit of supper. What do I give? I give myself."

The woman gives herself.—Woman's Home Companion.

Very Careful.
"Did you break anything today, North?" asked the lady of the house.
"No, ma'am," was the reply.
"Are you sure you didn't break a single thing?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Not even one of the commandments, North?"
"Oh, well, ma'am, I wouldn't be wicked enough to call a commandment a thing, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cause and Effect.
"You never catch me going about giving people good advice," said the "Joan shark," with a superior air.
"That's a fact," answered his client.
"Your business owes its existence to the fact that people won't take good advice when it's offered."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Quick Return.
"Yes, sir, I came upon a huge bear track and spent all of three hours trailing the beast to where he was lurking in his den in the rocks."
"And then what?"
"Then I spent five minutes getting home."—Houston Post.

How He Acted.
"How did the robber act?" asked the curious one of the holdup victim.
"Oh, he was calm and collected," reported the victim, mindful of his empty pockets.—Buffalo Express.

One at Home.
Mrs. Happywed—I never saw an educated bear. Did you? Patient Wife—Yes, indeed. We have one. Come over some afternoon when he is at home.

Attar of Roses.
Attar of roses is produced by distilling rose petals in water and then collecting the oil from the surface by means of a feather.

When Donald Erskine was fourteen years of age his father bought a place on one of the principal roads leading from the city. The house stood in a large lot, and in the adjoining lot on one side stood another house of about the same size. There was no other house within half a mile.

Donald had long wished for a gun, but his father would not consent to his having one so long as he lived in the city, but when they moved to the country the boy was given a small rifle. The day after reaching the new residence Donald went to a wood back of the house with his gun. It was in the spring of the year, when shooting was not in order, but he wanted to see how it would feel to be in a wood with a gun.

Donald found something better than a bird in the wood—a girl about his own age gathering wild flowers. Children don't usually require an introduction, and a boy with a gun and a girl gathering wild flowers in a wood were not likely to forego an acquaintance from such a default.

Donald learned that the girl was Amy Stanford and that she lived in the next house to his own home. Since he did not feel at liberty to shoot the birds he leaned his gun against a tree and hunted with the girl for flowers. When they had gathered quite a number they looked about for a seat on which they might arrange them into a bouquet.

"Come with me," said Amy, and she led Donald to a tree from which a branch a few feet from the ground stood out horizontally far enough to make room for the two of them, then turned in a perpendicular direction. There the girl seated herself, spreading the flowers in her lap, and Donald sat down beside her.

Then followed the most delicious hour in Donald's life. Above were the birds, twittering, flying to and from the nests they were building, an occasional song, accompanied by the never ending music of a brook that bent about the tree underneath which the children were sitting, while at their feet trembled shadows of the half grown leaves. Donald passed other hours in the same position with the same girl beside him. But there is that in the first of anything which never comes again. On that branch he took the "first kiss of love." Nevertheless there was not again quite the same sweetness in the songs of the birds, the music of the running water, the flecked shadows of the young leaves.

Just when he took the first kiss of love may not be revealed. It was to him too sacred to be spoken. But we may be sure it was not long delayed. The love that sprang up and blossomed there when it bloomed blossomed forever. He felt that whether they were together or separated in this world or in the next they were one forever.

Three years later—Donald was seventeen—the Erskine family removed to a distant region. Their parting occurred at the trysting place where they had so often met, and neither doubted that they would meet again when they had passed from youth to manhood and womanhood. But they were never to meet again in mortality. Three years later Amy died.

Four years after their parting Donald, who had come to man's estate, one spring morning, sorrowful, with reluctant step passed from the road to the wood where he had been so happy with his lost love. There had been no change. Birds were twittering, the brook gave forth its music, the shadows of the leaves flecked the turf.

As Donald approached the branch sent he suddenly stopped and gazed as though he saw some ugly apparition. A man sat on the branch wearing a countenance of grief. Then Donald with quicker step approached the man and said to him:

"Why are you here?"
"I am mourning a lost love."
"A lost love! Who may that lost love be?"
"My Amy—Amy Stanford!"
"Your Amy?"
"My Amy! Mine in life; mine in death!"

There was a pause, during which the two men regarded each other with a strange emotion. Finally Donald spoke.
"Did Amy Stanford love you?"
"She did."
"You lie."
"I lie? You have strange confidence."

"Confidence, but not strange confidence. If you speak the truth she was not what she was, and that is impossible. But it is sacrilege for me to dispute with you on such a subject."

Advancing to the trunk of the tree where there was a cavity in the wood, Donald thrust in his hand nearly to the shoulder and drew forth a small metal box, took a key from his pocket, unlocked the box and took from it a paper. Without looking at it he handed it to the man who claimed to be his rival for one who had passed to another existence. The latter read it eagerly. Then suddenly it fell from his hands, and, rising, he stalked away.

Donald, before parting with Amy, had given her the box and had exacted a promise that from time to time she would write him on a slip of paper contained in it a message and place it in the cavity. Some day he would come and get it.

What had been written on the paper was known only to two living men and—the dead.

The Literal Jamaican Mind.

During the early period of the work on the Panama canal many persons were injured by jumping on and off trains in motion on the Panama railroad. There were on the zone police force many West Indians who were trained and capable men, but incurably literal. An order was issued to the force to arrest any person found jumping on or off a train in motion, and the next day two West Indian policemen brought into a police station a white man who was struggling fiercely to break away from them.

"What have you arrested him for?" asked the police sergeant who was on duty.

"For jumping on and off the rear of a train, sah," one of the policemen replied.

"The blamed fools!" cried the arrested man. "I'm the brakeman!"

On one occasion a Jamaican boy who was a switch tender in Culobra cut was found asleep with his head resting on the rails of the switch. "Dat's all right, boss," said the boy when waked. "No train can get by here widout me knowin' it!"—Youth's Companion.

Spohr and the Violin.

Louis Spohr, the greatest of all German violinists and a man whose name is otherwise indelibly written on the pages of musical history, was born at Brunswick on April 5, 1784, just fifteen days after his great contemporary and rival, Nicolo Paganini, first saw the light of the world. Two greater contrasts than these two men could not be imagined. Paganini, the brilliant, dazzling, comet-like apparition, overawed the masses, for whose favor he made a high bid, while the German, the serious, dignified, deep artist, appealed to the connoisseurs and cultured musicians. Spohr both by precept and example exerted a tremendous influence on violin playing and violin composition and, in fact, on composition in general. The greatest musicians of his day stood in awe of him, and even Richard Wagner, after Spohr had produced "The Flying Dutchman" at Cassel in 1843, where he was then conductor of the opera, in a letter written to the great violinist displayed a sense of gratitude of which in later years he seemed incapable. Spohr died at Cassel in 1859.

A Great Italian Estate.

The Duke of Sermoneta ranks among the greatest land owners in Italy. Fogliano, his estate near the Pontine marshes, extends to 80,000 acres, mainly under grass, for the duke owns vast herds of cattle. The most productive portion of the estate, however, is a lake several miles long and about a mile in breadth, which, from the time of the Roman empire downward, has supplied fish for the market in Rome. Whenever there is a flood caused by rain on the hills the lake overflows through a narrow channel into the sea. The sea fish find their way through into the lake, remain to fatten in the fresh water and then are captured on their return by an ingenious labyrinth constructed of reeds into which they swim. They are of the best kind—chiefly gray mullet.—London Mail.

Polyglot Britain.

Norman French is still the official language of the Channel islands. It is rather a surprise when one begins to count the different languages spoken within the borders of the United Kingdom. How many people would guess that there are still at least five living tongues used among us? There is English in England, Welsh in Wales, Erse in Ireland, Gaelic in Scotland and French in the Channel isles, while Cornish in Cornwall and Manx in the Isle of Man have scarcely yet faded entirely, and in Whitechapel even the post-office prints its notices in Yiddish.—London Mirror.

The Five Pointed Star.

In astronomical figures stars of the different magnitudes are shown with three, four, five and six points. On many of the ancient armorial bearings the star has six points and is called a "star," while that with five is called a "mullet." This figure of the star with five points was in use as far back as can be traced in history. It was called a pentacle, or pentagram, and came to have a mysterious symbolical meaning.

His Wish.

"It is a woman's fate to suffer in silence," she volunteered.
"If they'd only let us suffer the same way," he rejoined.
Whereupon she remarked that he was a hateful, mean, stupid, contemptible, despicable, beneath contempt man. So there!—Philadelphia Ledger.

Imagination.

"Robert," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what imagination is?"
"Yes," ma'am, replied the little fellow; "imagination is what makes a fellow think a bee's stinger is three feet long after he gets stung."—New York Globe.

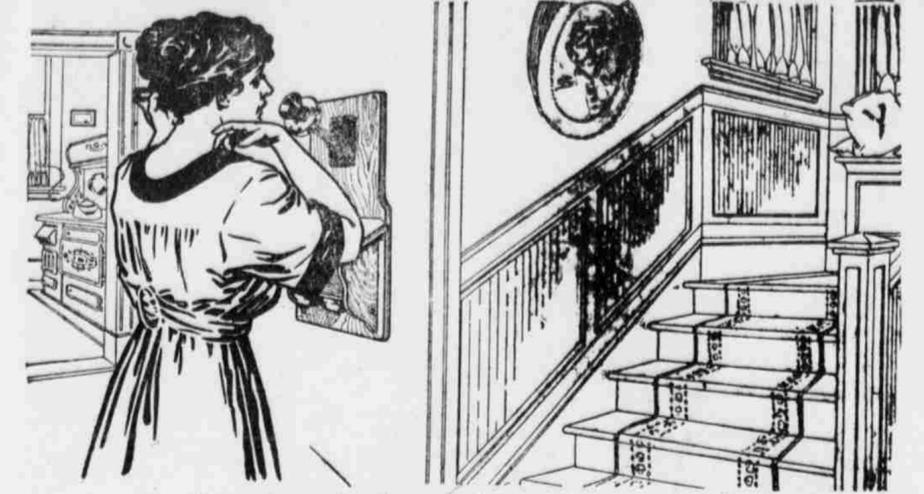
A Mean Critic.

"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water."
"A sunset makes your mouth water?"
"Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fried egg!"

Foolish Question.

"Some one stole every blessed stocking off our line."
"What are blessed stockings?"
"Those which are not darned, of course."—Exchange.

Life is not days and years. Life is love and labor.—Newham.



The Companionship of a Telephone

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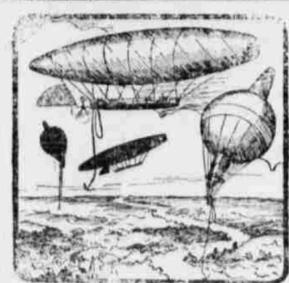
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is no longer an experiment, its practicability has been proven and is coming into use more and more every day. Our cigars have never been an experiment; they have always been good, they have borne the mark of standard for over twenty-five years in North Platte. We make a number of brands ranging in price from 3 for 10 cents to 3 for 25 cents. Try them.

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THE STALLION Grant Morgan

Weight 1,920 pounds, age five years, will stand on the farm of Frank Strolberg, six miles west of town, on Sundays and Mondays at 10 a. m., balance of the week at North Side Barn in North Platte. Fee to insure \$15.00

Julius Mogensen, Owner

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Eight years a Government Veterinarian. Hospital 218 south Locust St., one-half block southwest of the Court House.
North Platte, Neb.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.
April 23, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that Minnie Eliza McQuire, now Seese, of North Platte, Nebraska, who on February 5, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 8551 for 2 1/2 of Sec. 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.

NOTICE TO SELL REAL ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that in an action pending in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, in which E. H. Evans, Administrator of the estate of Patrick Ruddy, deceased, has applied for license to sell lands for the payment of the debts of said estate and which said license has been duly granted by said Court. That on Wednesday, June 2, 1915 at the hour of 2 P. M. said administrator will offer for sale at public sale at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska, to the highest bidder for cash the following described lands situate in the city of North Platte Lincoln County, Nebraska, to-wit: All of Block 1, consisting of lots 1 to 12 inclusive in the Ruddy Addition to said city of North Platte or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the indebtedness against the estate of said Patrick Ruddy deceased. Said sale to remain open for one hour.

LEGAL NOTICE

State of Nebraska, Lincoln County ss. To All persons interested in the Estate of Bridget A. Williamson, deceased: You are hereby notified that on the 5th day of May, 1915 Talmage White, administrator of the estate of Bridget A. Williamson, deceased filed in said Court his final account as said administrator and petition, the objects and prayer of which are that a decree of distribution may be made of the residue of said estate, now in his possession to the parties entitled by law to receive the same, and that said final account and a petition for distribution will be heard upon the 1st day of June, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock at the County Court room in the city of North Platte in said County, and you are hereby cited to appear at the time and place designated and show cause, if such exist why such account be not allowed.

If it is, therefore, ordered that the said Talmage White, administrator give notice to all persons interested in said estate by causing a copy of this order to be printed in the North Platte Tribune a newspaper printed and published in said county for three weeks prior to the date set for such hearing. Dated this 5th day of May, 1915.
GEORGE E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

Order of Hearing on Petition for Appointment of Administrator or Administratrix.

State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. In the County Court.
In the Matter of the Estate of Ann Jane Barracough, Deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Joshua Barracough and Edward Barracough praying that Administration of said Estate may be granted to Frederick Barracough as Administrator.
Ordered, That June 1st 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 Tribune, a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said County, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing.
Dated May 10th, 1915.
GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

NOTICE

To Whom It May Concern:—
Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and City Council will hold a special meeting at the hour of 8:00 o'clock P. M., (Central Time) June 8th, 1915, in the council chamber for the purpose of making assessments and levying taxes for the construction of sidewalks built by the City along the following described property:
Lot 4, Block 175, original town of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 136 ft. long, 544 sq. ft. at 10c \$54.40
3 yards of sand for filling at 75c 2.25
Lot 5, Block 175, original town of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 149 ft. long, 596 sq. ft. at 10c. 59.60
7 yards of sand for filling at 75c 5.25
Block 192 of the original town of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 37 ft. long, 148 sq. ft. at 10c. 14.80
Lot 10, Block 4, Taylor's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 129 1/2 ft. long, 518 sq. ft. at 10c 51.80
Lot 10, Block 3, Taylor's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 143 ft. long, 572 sq. ft. at 10c 57.20
Lot 8, Block 5, Penniston's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 5 ft. long, 20 sq. ft. at 10c 2.00
Lot 8, Block 67, original town of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 7 ft. long, 28 sq. ft. at 10c 2.80
Lot 6, Block 8, Taylor's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 ft. wide, 67 ft. long, 268 sq. ft. at 10c 26.80
Lot 1, Block 2, Taylor's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 feet wide, 139 feet long, 556 square feet at 10c 55.60
Lot 10, Block 1, Taylor's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 feet wide, 9 1/2 feet long, 38 square feet at 10c 3.80
Lot 5, Block 10, Penniston's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 feet wide, 9 1/2 feet long, 38 square feet at 10c 3.80
Lot 4, Block 11, Penniston's Addition to the City of North Platte, walk 4 feet wide, 11 feet long, 44 square feet at 10c 4.40
Lot 1, Block 35 of the Original town of North Platte, walk 4 feet wide, 9 1/2 feet long, 38 square feet at 10c 3.80
Lot 8, Block 35 of the original town of North Platte, walk 4 feet wide, 9 1/2 feet long, 38 square feet at 10c 3.80
All of the above described property being in Lincoln County, Nebraska. In addition to the above amounts, interest and advertising fees will be charged.
All persons interested will file their objections, if any they have, to the assessing of taxes against the above described property for the above stated purpose on or before the 8th day of June, A. D. 1915 as above stated.
C. F. TEMPLE, City Clerk.