

The Vanishing Road.

We are all treading the vanishing road of a song in the air, the vanishing road of the spring flowers and the winter snows, the vanishing roads of the winds and the streams, the vanishing road of beloved faces. But in this great company of vanishing things we feel that there is a reassuring comradeship. We feel that we are the units in a vast ever moving army, the vanguard of which is in eternity. The road still stretches ahead of us. For a little while yet we shall experience all the zest and bustle of marching feet. The swift running seasons, like couriers bound for the front, shall still find us on the road, and shower on us in passing their blossoms and their snows. For a while the murmur of the running stream of time shall be our fellow wayfarer—till, at last, up there against the sky line, we, too, turn and wave our hands, and know for ourselves where the road winds as it goes to meet the stars. And others will stand as we today and watch us as we disappear, and wonder how it seemed to us to turn that radiant corner and vanish with the rest along the vanishing road.—From "Vanishing Roads," by Richard Le Gallienne.

Siberian Signal Men.

It is probable that nowhere save in Siberia are convicts employed in any service pertaining to the operation of railways. In that place of exile there are many "good conduct" men, who spend their lives in little huts along the line of railway, always a verst apart, whose duty it is to signal with green flags that the road is clear. At night they signal with a green lamp. If the traveler stands between the railway cars at midnight he may tick off the green lights as the train spins along. Away down the black avenue will appear a tiny green speck. As the cars proceed this speck will become larger and larger, and finally the figure of a man holding up the lamp is distinguishable in the darkness. And there are thousands of these men along the line. A signal started today in Moscow runs for eleven days, until it is broken on the banks of Lake Balkal, beyond Irkutsk.—Minneapolis Journal.

Hard Water.

Do you realize how hard water is when a boat sails through it at full speed? Water passing at fifty miles an hour is not the limpid liquid we are accustomed to bathe in. If you put your arm overboard from a hydroplane running fifty miles an hour and strike a wave crest the probability is that you will break your arm or wrist, because at that speed the water has not time to give or even to change shape, and striking it is like striking so much metal.

If a swordsman should enter one of the great hydraulic quarries, where a stream of water under enormous head is used to wash down hillsides, and attempt to cut into one of those streams his sword would fly in pieces without being able to penetrate the water. The stream is like a bar of iron.

Queer Postage Rates.

The city of Christobal, in the canal zone, is separated from the city of Colon, in the republic of Panama, by a street only. One side of the street is in one city, the other side in the other city. A boy or girl living in Christobal can for 2 cents send a letter all the way to New York, or farther yet, to San Francisco. Or if he wants to send it a long, long way a two cent stamp will carry a letter from Christobal to Alaska or Hawaii or Guam or even halfway around the world to the Philippine Islands. But suppose that boy or girl wants to send a letter across the street to some friend in Colon. How much postage must he use? Why, 5 cents, of course! It doesn't seem quite right, does it?—St. Nicholas.

It Certainly Was.

"And you are afraid of the dark Tommie?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"But there's nothing in the dark to hurt you."
"Well, what's pop limping around for?"
"Oh, he fell over a chair when he came home late last night."
"Well, that was in the dark, wasn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Grocer's Euphemism.

"Why is it that the berries at the bottom of your boxes are always so much smaller than those at the top?" asked Mrs. Newlywed.
"Ah, madam," said the grocer, "you don't put it quite correctly. You should ask why the berries at the top of the box are so much larger than those at the bottom."—Judge.

Patching Battleships.

After a battle Jack tars have several methods of stopping the incoming water when a battleship has been hit below the water line. For instance, if a small hole has been made in the vessel's side an apparatus like an umbrella is used. This is thrust through the hole point first and then drawn back so that it will open like an umbrella, leaving the canvas outside.

Of course the pressure of the water effectually forces the canvas against the ship's side, thus stopping the leak. But to make it more secure the handle of the umbrella, which is formed like a screw, is fastened by a nut inside.

In the case of a bigger leak—when the ship has been stove in below the water line—a large mat made of canvas and oakum is used. This has to be fixed into position by means of ropes. But the fixing is not a very easy matter, as one rope has to be got right under the keel to the other side of the ship in order to drag the mat down to the hole. Two or three other ropes are also required at different angles to guide the mat to its right position.—Pearson's.

A Worse Place Than Up In the Air

By JOHN Y. LARNED

One evening at a social gathering I was introduced to a young woman—a widow—whose expression on meeting me was, to say the least, surprising. There were recognition, astonishment, pleasure, all mingled with something like wonder. It occurred to me at once that I must have met one with whom I had been connected in the past. My assurance is by no means of a low order, and I determined not to assume the defensive.

"Can it be," I hazarded, "that I have met a friend of my youth?"

"No."

"I have it. We were in Switzerland together last summer."

"We were not."

"Strange," I said, assuming a thoughtful tone and expression, "that I should remember a person distinctly and yet cannot call up the circumstances—"

"I don't believe you remember having met me at all."

I smiled and confessed that I did not.

"Never mind where we met," she said, putting.

"It wasn't up in the clouds sailing in aeroplanes, was it?"

"Worse."

"Upon my word, you speak in riddles! Please explain."

The lady changed the subject, speaking on ordinary topics. Curiosity led me to retain the acquaintance I had formed, and I asked permission to call. But my affairs were in bad shape at the time, and, being much worried, I failed to avail myself of the permission granted. Matters went from bad to worse with me. The fact got whispered about that I was in financial difficulty, and I was pressed on every side for payment of accounts for which there were no funds ready. One morning the mail brought me a letter from John Simpson & Co., a firm doing the same kind of business that I did, stating that they had been made aware that I needed funds to tide me over difficulties and that they would be happy to advance what I required.

It is needless to say that such generosity surprised me. I had known and done business with the concern, but had no idea that it took any interest in me. I called on Mr. Simpson, the head of the firm, and offered to make a showing of my affairs with a view to proving that a loan of \$20,000 for a year would pull me through. But I could furnish no security. I was informed that I would hear from him within twenty-four hours, and the next morning's mail brought me a check for the amount I needed. No receipt to be signed was inclosed; nothing was said about a showing up of my accounts; no time was specified for payment. Twenty thousand dollars were handed to me just as if they belonged to me. I called on Mr. Simpson at once for an explanation, but got no satisfaction.

"You go on doing business," he said. "You have the good will of your competitors and business men generally. Don't bother your head about the money advanced. Are you sure it is a plenty?"

I assured him that it was.

Being set up on my feet, my mind was more at ease, and I resumed my social connections. One morning I was passing a shop where women's goods are sold just as a lady alighted from an auto. I recognized Mrs. Carmody, the lady who remembered me, but whom I had failed to remember. Conscious of my neglect of her permission to call upon her, I felt embarrassed; but, pulling myself together, I spoke to her, told her that a pressure of affairs had prevented my availing myself of the honor she had done me, etc.

I left her, thinking of the mystery concerning her. One thing especially puzzled me. When I had facetiously suggested that we might have met up in the air she had replied, "Worse than that." What did this mean? I resolved to get it out of her and to call upon her at once for the purpose.

"Now," I said to her when we were seated tele-a-tete in her drawing room, "I confess that I cannot remember you at all, and I wish you to relieve my curiosity by explaining what you meant by saying that we had met in a worse place than up in the air."

"Can't you think of a worse place than that?"

"No."

"Down under the water."

The expression on my face caused a burst of laughter that was both tantalizing and becoming.

"You and I," she continued, "were on board the Titanic together on her last trip. We both went down or were smacked down with the vessel. I clutched some one under water. It was you. When we came up I was bereft of my senses. You unstrapped your life preserver and gave it to me. I clung to it till I was picked up."

In time I married the widow, who was wealthy, and she turned over to me the management of her affairs. One day while looking over some old papers of hers I came upon her check for \$20,000 payable to John Simpson. Then I knew who had advanced the money that had saved me from financial failure. I went to my wife, embraced her and covered her face with kisses. She wished me to explain my sudden demonstration of affection, but I paid her for keeping me in ignorance of where we had met by withholding my knowledge of the check.

The Degradation of Matter.

If we examine the life history of any substance with sufficient knowledge and sufficient care, says the Engineer, we shall find that nature provides means and forces that little by little are turning that substance into dust. The manipulations of man greatly assist in the process. But nature itself is always active in it and even without man's aid is quite competent to achieve the task. At times we strive to hinder the process, as, for example, when we apply paint to iron-work in order to prevent it from rusting. But we can hinder it only for a time, and even then we merely check the degradation of one substance by degrading another. Thus we have constantly to renew the paint on our iron-work. The former costs disappear wholly or in part, and the material of which they were composed has "died" to dust. We may accept of a look forward to a time when matter will be uniformly distributed as dust throughout space, a condition that, according to the nebular hypothesis, actually did prevail at one time, before the universe, as we know it, was formed.

Uncle Sam's Big Checks.

When the government pays a claim or debt it is done by a treasury warrant, signed by the secretary of the treasury. In May, 1904, the secretary signed a warrant for \$40,000,000, which was delivered to J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York as disbursing agents of this government on account of the Panama canal purchase. This was the largest warrant ever issued. The largest sum previously covered by a single government warrant was for \$7,200,000, paid to Russia in 1898 on account of the Alaskan purchase. The next largest sum was \$5,500,000, paid in 1870 to the British government on account of the Halifax award under the treaty of Washington for infringement of fishing rights in Nova Scotian waters. In 1890 this government paid Spain, through the French ambassador, \$20,000,000 for the Philippine Islands, but this sum was represented by four warrants of \$5,000,000 each.—Philadelphia Press.

Broadway Noon Idyl.

Every weekday at noon the chiming of Grace church, in New York, send down into the clatter of Broadway the strains of old familiar hymns. The other day the chiming had just finished Pleyel's hymn. They began a new melody, which in the midst of the city's roar was not at first distinguishable. Then the tangle of notes unwound itself and through the noises of the street sounded the sweet notes of "Just as I Am, Without One Plea."

Car wheels clanked, car brakes shrieked, iron shod horse hoofs smote the stones of the street, motor horns blew raucously; there was the sound of a myriad human feet and of many human voices, and through it all—"Just as I Am, Without One Plea."

Pedestrians took up the theme and hummed it absently. Old censes were brought back, old faiths strengthened, old blessings remembered.—Christian Herald.

First English Book on Sport.

The first book on sport ever printed in the English language was a rimed treatise called the "Boke of St. Albans." Its author being a woman, Dame Juliana Berners. Its second edition was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. A descendant of her family, Lord Berners, was the translator of Froissart's "Chronicles." It is true that old manuscripts existed, such as the "Venetie de Twyce" of the time of Edward II., but it was Dame Juliana who was the real ancestress of sporting literature in England, for she also composed an essay on hawking and another on "Fishing With an Angle," the last being of such excellence that Isaac Walton himself did take a hint from its pages.

Parasol Monoplanes.

The "parasol plane" is really a bi-plane with the lower pair of wings removed, the engine, pilot and observer all sitting under the upper plane and thus giving rise to the nickname of "parasol." This type of monoplane is chiefly used for directing the fire of the guns. In an ordinary monoplane it is difficult for the observer to see below him.—Pearson's Weekly.

Fighting Fishes of Siam.

The Siamese devote great care to the cultivation of their famous fighting fishes, known as plakut. The interest in the fights, on which the spectators stake large sums of money, is so great that the license to hold them brings a large annual revenue to the king of Siam.—Westminster Gazette.

Excusable.

"Miss Short says she's only thirty, and I'd swear she's five and thirty if she's a day."

"Well, you see, I've heard she was a rather backward child, dear, and didn't learn to count till she was five."—Exchange.

Expanding.

The Old Friend-I understand that your practice is getting bigger. The Young Doctor-That's true. My patient has gained nearly two pounds in the last month.

Contempt of Court.

Defendant (in a loud voice)-Justice! Justice! I demand justice! Judge-Silence! The defendant will please remember that he is in a courtroom.—Penn State Froth.

Remedy your deficiencies and your merits will take care of themselves.—Bulwer.

Strong Even in Death.

A yew tree almost destitute of branches or bark grows abundantly in the Caucasus to a height of from fifty to sixty feet and a diameter of a little over two feet. It grows slowly, but its timber is almost indestructible except by fire. It is considered superior in durability, appearance and toughness to mahogany, which it otherwise somewhat resembles. In some large forests of this tree it is very difficult to distinguish the live trees from the dead ones, the latter being very numerous and said to stand for 100 years after death without exhibiting decay.

Base Deception.

Family Physician-I am afraid, Mrs. Gaybird, your husband cannot last much longer. The trouble with your husband, madam, is that he has overdrawn his account at the bank of vitality. Mrs. Gaybird-I felt sure he was deceiving me about something. Doctor, I give you my word, I never knew he had any account there.—Topeka Journal.

John Hay on Stanton.

In "The Life and Letters of John Hay" is this plaintive note to Nicolay: "My dear Nicolay-Don't, in a sudden spasm of good nature, send any more people with letters to me requesting favors from Stanton. I would rather make the tour of a sanitarium hospital."

The Obliging Proprietor.

"Would you please give me an order?" pleaded the persistent drummer. "Certainly," replied the crusty proprietor. "Get out."

Was Willing.

Smith-You and Jones don't seem to be as friendly as you were. Does he owe you money? Brown-No, not exactly, but he wanted to.

The Gooseberry.

Gooseberry bushes were originally called gooseberry bushes, from the plants having prickles similar to those of the goose skin.

To My Customers.

The burning of my barn places me in a condition where I badly need all money due me, and I trust that those indebted to me will fully realize my unfortunate position and promptly pay the amount due. In the past I have favored you by giving you credit; will you not now favor me by paying me promptly the money you owe me. JULIUS MOGENSEN.

Beautiful Fish.

Japanese gardens are almost like a part of the house. The people live in gardens far more than most Americans do. In almost every garden is found a pond with goldfish in it. The golden carp is a kind of goldfish which was brought from China to Japan, and the species named ranchu is greatly admired. It has a tall made of three or four fanlike fins that open and close. When floating about in the water and looked at from above it appears like one of the old Japanese gold coins called the koban. It is supposed to look like a lion, when one gazes straight into its face. The Japan Magazine tells us of these fish and says that the Japanese are fond of giving fancy names to their favorites, such as "dancing butterfly" and "double cherry blossom." Sometimes the fish take their names from appearance and sometimes from habits.

Austria's Historic Crown.

The crown donned by the monarch of Austria, which was made originally for Stephen of Hungary some eight centuries ago, has been stolen, lost or pawned.

One one occasion it was pilfered by a queen who fled across the frozen Danube with it, and there, being in need of ready cash, she pawned it for 2,800 ducats. When it was finally traced and recovered it was placed in a fortress in Hungary and guarded night and day.

At the time of the revolution it was buried in a forest to prevent its being annexed by the Austrians, and it remained under the soil for nearly a hundred years. The crown is adorned with fifty-three fine sapphires, fifty good sized rubies, one emerald and 338 pearls. The gems are set in a mass of pure gold, and the crown weighs altogether about fourteen pounds.—Exchange.

To the Public.

Having made settlement with the insurance company, I will start to remove the old barn. I will do business in the front part of the old barn until I get the new one erected. Will have all kinds of feed, flour, potatoes, wheat oats corn—anything in the feed line at prices that will make you sit up and notice. Call or phone me, as I need your business. JULIUS MOGENSEN.

Furs Wanted.

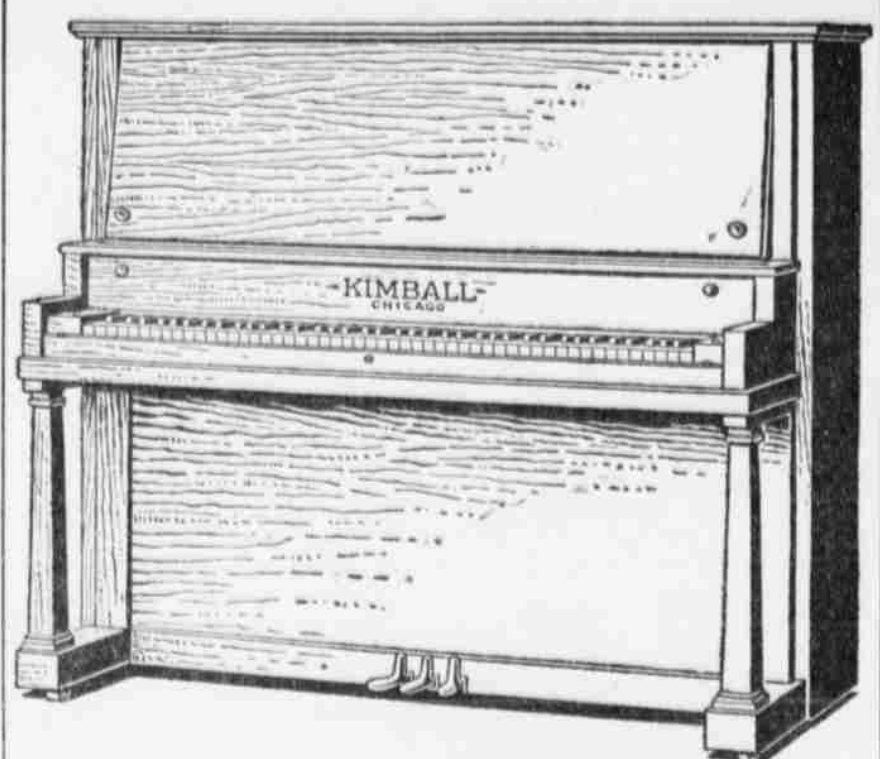
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