

## STOP-THINK-LISTEN!

Where are you buying your Groceries? Are you getting Quality and Price? Look over some of our prices below, as we can save you money.

9 oz. jar prepared mustard	15c
22 oz. Preserves	25c
16 oz bottle Supreme Catsup	30c
16 oz bottle Webfoot Catsup	25c
No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes	19c
No. 3 can pumpkin	15c
No. 3 can pork and beans	18c
Large package fancy oats	33c
Tall can medium red salmon	30c

The above are well known brands and you won't be deceived on quality and price. We are headquarters for the famous Butternut and Kream Krust Bread.

We deliver fresh meat with grocery orders if desired. Call and get prices on other goods. We are not in all parts of the city but you can get us by calling 212.

**Dick Stegeman.**

545 North Locust Street.

## Dolls or Toys

We don't have all the Dolls and Toys and Xmas goods in North Platte, but we have a fair stock and will sell them at right prices. No hold-up here on account of coal shortage. Come in and be shown.

**Geo. Frater.**

## Gamble with Springer

THE CHAIN SYSTEM

- No. 1, 220 North Locust, Phone 203.
- No. 2, 116 East B Street, Phone 496.
- No. 3, 621 East Fourth, Phone 791.
- No. 4, 824 West Third.

### NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that the corporation has been duly formed under the laws of the State of Nebraska, the name of which is "Watchmakers' Document, Incorporated."

The principal place of transacting business is in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The general nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the manufacture and sale of a certain patent article consisting of a combined microscope and objects holder for the use of watchmakers and retail jewelers and for the manufacture and sale of merchandise generally, and especially as used in connection with the watchmaker's trade; the sale of such merchandise to be conducted at wholesale or retail and for the rental or erection of such buildings and structures as may be deemed necessary for the proper conduct of said business, and to purchase necessary real estate as a site therefor.

The authorized capital stock of said corporation is \$25,000.00, \$15,000.00 of which shall be fully paid up, the balance of said stock to be sold and made payable subject to the order of the board of directors of said corporation.

The time of commencement of business of said corporation shall be the 1st day of November, 1919, and shall extend for a period of twenty years.

The highest amount of indebtedness or liability the corporation shall at any time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of the capital stock fully paid.

The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by the board of directors, consisting of three in number, to be elected by the stockholders, and the officers of said corporation shall be president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and chosen by the board of directors.

Dated November 4, 1919.

HERMAN HAEFLIGER,  
JOSEPH J. SCHATZ,  
LLOYD GUMMERE,  
EDWARD M. SCHATZ.

### Estray Notice.

Taken up on or about July 15, 1919, by the undersigned, who lives nine miles southwest of North Platte, a brown mare, seven or eight years old, weight about 1,000 pounds. No brands. Owner call, prove property, pay charges and take animal away.  
FRANK ENGLAND.  
97-6

### Legal Notice.

Eber H. Smith, Claud C. Smith, Exa Hazel Smith, Lots One and Two in Block 7 of Peniston's Addition to the City of North Platte, Nebraska, and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said real estate or any part thereof, defendants, will take notice that on the 6th day of September, 1919, Alice O. Cole, plaintiff, filed her petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a decree of said Court quieting and confirming said plaintiff's title to the above described real estate and to enjoin each and all of said defendants and all persons claiming any interest of any kind in said premises from asserting any interest therein adverse to said plaintiff.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 26th day of January, 1920.

ALICE O. COLE, Plaintiff.  
By HOAGLAND & HOAGLAND and B. E. Carr, Her Attorneys. d16,9

## AMATEUR SLEUTH

By MARGUERITE I. BLUE.

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
Alice Cain stood on the front steps and waved a laughing farewell to her father and mother and little brother, Bobby. They were going on an all-day trip to the harvest fair in the next county.

When they had turned the last corner which hid them from sight, she turned back into the house with a sigh. She stood for a moment with arms akimbo.

"Now, what shall I have for dinner?" I have just had breakfast, but I might just as well get dinner ready now and then I will not have to bother about it later, and I can read or do something interesting," she said to herself.

Alice went into the winter cellar, where the potatoes, preserves and dry vegetables were kept. She had been bending over the potato barrel for moments before she straightened up to rest her back. She was half-way up when she caught her breath. "What was that?" From behind her; no, it was over her head, came a distinct sound as of a sigh. She waited. Perhaps it would come again. There could not possibly be anyone in the cellar. And if there was, what would she do? She did not move for several moments. Then just as distinctly, as if someone was beside her, the noise came again. It was a sigh. Someone was in that cellar.

She picked up the dish of potatoes, and after waiting again for several more moments, she stepped out into the main cellar. Nothing was here, surely. She went on—her heart stood still. What was that under the stairs? She peered into the darkness. Something was lying prone upon the floor. Something long and black. Fear seemed to have fled, but courage had not come. She went nearer. In the dusk nothing was distinct. She knelt and put her hand out. Why, it was Jerry.

"Jerry! Jerry!" she called; but he did not move. She touched his nose. It was icy. Surely he wasn't dead! She called again, but he did not answer.

"Who had done this?" It was all that she asked. There should be some signs, no criminal can completely cover his tracks. She went slowly back, looking on the floor quite closely so that nothing could escape her. In front of the furnace lay a white square of cloth. It was a handkerchief. She picked it up and, looking carefully, saw that in one corner were two hand-embroidered initials, a double "R." How did Ralph Rider's handkerchief come to be in the cellar? Surely he could not have done the deed, but here was proof that he had been in the cellar.

Ralph Rider lived next door to the Cains. His family had moved there about a year before America had entered the war. He had served his time in the army and had returned a few months previous.

Alice went on further. On a shelf at one side was a stack of old newspapers which dated back three or four years. She bent over and felt around. Suddenly her hand struck something. She picked it up and looked at it. It was a gold cuff link and looked as if it might have been there for some time.

Her eyes were on a level with a nail upon which hung a long metal chain. Her vexation was forgotten in the surprise of finding the chain. She took it down to examine it, but only too well she knew that it was Ralph's leash for his dog.

She waited no longer but ran swiftly across the lawn through the hedge and to the back door of Ralph's house. Ralph answered the door himself to her imperative rap. His bright sunny smile changed to good natured perplexity and then slowly, very slowly to wrath. Finally he lifted his hand for her to stop and then very quietly said: "I know nothing about what you are talking about."

Finally, after ages and ages, when the shadows had commenced to flicker across the parlor carpet, the automobile drove into the yard. Alice placed the supper on the table for now that her family was here, she could wait a little longer before telling them.

They had been seated about the table for a short time when her father looked up and saw a heart-breaking look on Alice's face.

"Why, what's up?" he inquired. And then she told them the whole story sparing nothing, even to what she had said to Ralph. They listened quietly and then Bobby snickered: "Well," said his father, "out with it."

"Well," said Bobby, "I was out walking with Ralph the other day and I had left my handkerchief at home and Ralph let me take his. I must have lost it when I was in the cellar this morning. And don't you remember, pa, when you were looking for those old clippings last month and suddenly Ralph missed his cuff link, well, he must have lost it down there. As for the leash, Alice hung it there herself the last time the kitten ran away."

"But," exclaimed his mother, "what about Jerry?"

"Why, you see," continued Bobby, "we've been playing war lately and Jerry has to be the dead soldiers so I taught him—"

"The poor dog," exclaimed his mother, "locked in the cellar all day for just playing."

She turned to look at Alice reproachfully but just the last flash of her skirt was seen disappearing through the hedge.

## DRUGS FEARFUL AND AWFUL

Amazing Concoctions That Our Ancestors Swallowed, Believing That They Had Medicinal Virtues.

The medicines used down to even recent days sound most extraordinary to our ears. As late as the eighteenth century dried toad was seriously considered a specific against the plague. In an article in the New York Medical Journal Dr. William Renwick Riddell of Toronto, Canada, mentioned a few of the remedies in vogue.

A plaster made of arsenic was applied to cancers. Bleeding was practiced on all occasions, even in the time of our grandparents. But the sovereign remedy of all was known as mithridatium or theriac. This was the great antidote of Roman pharmacy. It originally had 40 or 50 ingredients, all vegetables, but Nero's physician, Andromachus, added the flesh of vipers. Every physician had his own variation of the formula, and Matteo in the sixteenth century put no less than 120 ingredients into it.

The name theriac or theriac, under which it was commonly known, was derived from the Greek "therion," a wild beast, as the stuff was considered a specific against the poisonous bites of beasts and serpents. The French word "heriaque" was corrupted into the English "treacle," and the medicine was known in England as "Venice treacle." It was the famous Sydenham who first opposed the use of drugs. In fact when Sir Richard Blackmore asked him for a good guide in practice, he replied: "Don Quixote," and declared that the arrival of a good clown would do more for the health of a city than that of 20 asses laden with drugs.

## OAK MARKS VENERATED SPOT

Tree Planted Where Abraham Erected Altar to the Lord Has Been Carefully Preserved.

It is recorded that when Abraham was "promised the possession of the land of Canaan and was commanded to "walk through the land," he "removed his tent, and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar to the Lord." This spot is still marked by a great oak, venerated alike by Christian, Jew and Mohammedan. It is to this protection that one must attribute its preservation in a region cleared of almost all trees by the improvident Turk. The species is not uncommon in Palestine and Major Portal, while stationed at general headquarters of the British army there, sent to Kew gardens a small box of acorns which were recognized as the fruit of Abraham's tree. Sir Joseph Hooker visited the spot in 1860 and wanted to secure a specimen of the wood for Kew, but no one would cut off a bough. It was only when the snow, which visited Jerusalem in 1856 and which did not spare Hebron, had broken down one of the oak's branches he was able to secure a portion of it which is to be seen to this day in one of the Kew museums. But a more practical fame awaits the tree, for it is with it that the Syrian forests will probably be rehabilitated in the bright era which is dawning now that the Turk no longer rules the land.

### Armenia's Homer.

Armenia, as well as Greece, had a Homer. Like Homer, Moses of Khorene, who wrote in the seventh century, was held to be dealing altogether with tradition until archaeological discoveries revealed the fact that some of his personages were historic, according to the Christian Science Monitor. Semiramis, the queen who built the city of Van, much as Homer describes Dido building the city of Carthage, has been found in the records of the past; but the civilization of her day was overthrown by Cyrus and his successors, and the land became Armenia, and entered upon a period of about a thousand years when general illiteracy obtained among the population. Concerning this period practically no record survives. Not until the fourth century did the land, now influenced by Christianity, begin to find self-expression; so it is hardly strange that what Moses of Khorene wrote was long held to be wholly of his imagination.

### Pearl's Transformation.

For two or three years in the seas of Japan, the Antilles or the Indies, at a depth of not more than ten or twelve meters, the marvel known as a pearl has its birth, takes form and grows in its sheltered infancy. Then there comes a day when suddenly, brutally, something tragic and wonderful happens. After the great excitement of a rude unroofing, the pearl awakens to daylight like the princess of the fairy tales. Passionate, mad eyes gaze upon her. Perhaps, already, the divers are killing each other over her. But a master comes and assures her protection, places her among companions, and with them surrounds her with a thousand attentions by dint of which she loses that look of extreme youth and greenness which has lingered from the sojourn in the ocean.

### Rocking Stones.

Rocking stones belong to a class of freak stones, familiar to geologists. Some of these rocking stones are made so by the force of the wind which cuts the dirt or sand out from under them. They are of harder material than the dirt and stones which surround them. So the harder remains after the softer or shifting material has been worn away. Other rocking stones are left by the melting of glaciers.

## TRIFLING WITH FATE

By GRACE WEATHERBY.

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
As the last sweet note died away there was a dead silence in the room. Molly Phipps sat very still at the piano, her hands lying idly on the keys. The room was darkening fast, and it was that peaceful hour between day and night. On the wide, deep lounge Harry Curtis lay, sprawled among the cushions, lost in thought. It was a common thing for him to drop in and spend an hour or two with Molly. She was, and always had been, even from infancy, Harry's best pal, but his feeling for her was purely brotherly affection. Who, besides herself, knew that Molly adored him—loved every hair on his curly brown head?

The young fellow stretched lazily and broke the silence. "I guess that's about right, Moll. Love does not come but once, and if I don't hurry up it will be too late for me."

Molly laughed amusedly. "You? Why, child, you're barely thirty! You've got loads of time."

"No, I haven't. No man wants to wait until he's an old man before getting married. Why, if I had a nice girl, I'd get married right away."

Molly's loyal heart contracted with fear. She had adored him from childhood. He had always been her hero, and now he cared nothing for her.

Harry went on, blissfully unconscious of the havoc he was making. "Of course, I've known lots of girls, but I've never met the girl, you know."

Molly's pride came to her rescue. "Harry, I'll help you find her if you like. I know lots of lovely girls, and I am sure I could find one for you."

When he had gone Molly buried her head in the cushions he had just vacated, and cried to her heart's content. When she was calmer she planned for a long time. "He'll get all that is coming to him—and more!"

A week later Harry found a small scented envelope in his mail. It was Molly's invitation to spend two weeks at her camp in the Maine woods.

When at first he was introduced to the gay group of young folks who formed the party he was a trifle disappointed at Molly's selection. What did she want a lot of silly, frilly girls at a camp for, anyway? Camp was the place for jolly, strong girls, who weren't afraid of freckles. Then he remembered. Molly had promised to "get him a girl."

As the lovely autumn days wore on, Molly's heartache grew worse. Harry was having the time of his young life. He had found a "live" girl to hike with—a girl who could play tennis to perfection—a dainty, frilly girl to take canoeing, a girl who could sing divinely. From morning till night he was on the go, with always a pretty girl at his side. But one night—there came a change. It was the middle of the second week, a lovely, balmy night. Harry, who was rather tired of listening to the frilly girl's silly chatter, was seeking a quiet place to rest a while.

We wondered idly where Molly was. He hadn't been seeing much of her lately. The more he thought of it, the more convinced he became of the fact that Molly, his Molly, was deliberately neglecting him. It never occurred to him that he might be neglecting her. Suddenly he stopped short and listened. It was a man's voice, pleading: "Molly, dearest, I do love you, you know it. Won't you—dear?" Harry held his breath. Silence. Could it be possible that Molly was accepting him? The impudent fool! He'd teach him! Oh, why didn't Molly say something? Then came the unmistakable sound of a kiss. That was the last straw. That was too much. His anger at white heat, he ran forward, throwing discretion to the winds. He simply wouldn't allow it. Now the bench was in plain sight, and sure enough, there sat a couple locked in each other's arms. In a twinkling Harry had torn the man from the girl, and stood facing him, his eyes blazing. "You will—will you?" he snarled, and struck him full in the face. But his adversary was no weakening, and Harry had his hands full protecting himself from the volley of blows showered on him. At length he administered a sound punch which sent the man to the ground in a heap. The girl, who heretofore had remained motionless with surprise and fear, now sprang forward. "Ralph—oh, Ralph, please look at me." The sound of her voice was like a dash of cold water to Harry. He looked at her. It was not Molly! That is—not his Molly! It was that tennis player—Molly Denton.

Mortified and ashamed, he helped the man to his feet, mumbling his apologies, with poor grace. Relief was uppermost in his heart. He had another chance—it wasn't his Molly! He ran back to the house and found Molly curled up in the hammock on the porch. At the sight of his torn and very dirty clothes Molly sprang to her feet. "Why, Harry Curtis, where have you been? What has happened?" But that young man was too glad to have found her alone to waste time in explanations. He gathered the slim figure in his arms and proceeded to make up for all lost opportunities. When at last speech was possible, he said: "Molly, you sure did teach me a lesson. I'll never be so foolish again. Each of those girls was all right in her way, but there wasn't one who could hold a candle to my old pal, Molly!" True, Molly didn't quite understand it all, but she was perfectly willing to wait until later to hear the details, and just buried her head deeper into the torn and very dirty shoulder.



Very Special  
WE OFFER  
An Extra  
Pair of  
**PANTS**  
With Every Two Piece  
**SUIT**  
Made To Order at  
**\$37.75**

Full Suit and Extra Pants \$40.75.

We guarantee you cannot duplicate the suit alone from the same quality of material at any other tailors under \$45 to \$50.

This is the biggest offer made by any tailor and we advise you to take advantage of it before the sale ends.

The extra pants that we include will double the life of your suit. We guarantee everything to be first class—woolens, linings, trimmings—style and fit. Come in now—order the best suit of clothes you ever had on your back and get our extra pair of pants for



\$37.75 or \$40.75

**BURKE'S**  
**TAILOR SHOP.**



## HAY

We Buy and Sell  
Obtain our Prices.

**THE HARRINGTON MER. CO.**

INCORPORATED 1887.

**Mutual Building and Loan Association,**

Of North Platte, Nebraska.

RESOURCES OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

The Association has unlimited funds at its command to assist in the building or purchase of homes for the people of North Platte. If you are interested, the officers of this Association will render every assistance and show you how easy it is to acquire your own home.

**T. C. PATTERSON, BESSIE F. SALISBURY,**  
President. Secretary.

## FARM LOANS

I have plenty of SIX PER CENT MONEY to loan on improved farms and ranches, with interest payable annually and with option of paying all or part of loan at any time.

Tax free mortgages bought and sold.

**T. C. PATTERSON, Loan Broker.**  
B. & L. Building, North Platte, Nebr.