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orders from the country and along the line of the Union spot only three little months ago that I most fiercely: Pacific Railway Solicited.

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THE CASINO BILLIARD HALL, den her mother's sickroom, I supposed, for I had heard also that the rich man's DALY & GRACE, Proprietors.

SUPERIOR BILLIARD and POOL TABLES. never seen such a being, her dark hair hanging loose, her dark hazel eyes and complexion so fair; and then that plain

Bar Stocked with the Finest of Liquors. queenly, so majestic—she was just my ideal. And then when she saw me she

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THE CASINO,

Where gentlemen will receive courteous treatment at all fimes and where they will always be welcome. Our billiard and pool hall is not surpassed in the city and lovers of these games can be accommodated at all times.

NEVILLE BLOCK

whether one of my own scholars would have known me. I had been reading quite diligently, as I thought, for a half hour, when, suddenly possessed of a rational thought, I gave a rational glance at my book and found it upside down.

But I discovered I could comprehend and appreciate the pageso as well as any way, for my mind was not there; it was off yonder among the trees and pretty decidedly intoxicated. As often in a storm at sea there sud-

denly comes a still, dead calm for a moment, and then the wind and waves contended again, so frequently a calm thought displaces the contention of the mind and then is gone. For a moment I looked upon myself with a rational, mortal eye and had not an ever beneficent Providence made it a plication. mortal eye and had not an ever beneficent Providence made it a physical impossibility, I should have been sorely tempted to kick myself. I had ever considered myself, and been so considered by others, a pious hater of that wildcat nature which induces young ladies to marry their father's coachman, and young men to shoot themselves, or immerse their precious bodies deep in some unfathomable abyss.

And now that I should change my nature for this unnamable nature flashed upon me as so strangely maniacal or

upon me as so strangely maniacal or idiotic that I shut my book a little sewas old a score of years ago. This verely and hastily turned away. But I hand is fleshless and wrinkled, and as I had not taken three steps when by some write it moves tremulously over the mysterious fatality I saw that same paper. True, it was not so twenty years white dress, jockey cap and blue rib-bons stealing along this side the stream. Strange! "Whom the gods wish to deago, nor were my eyes dimmed and despoiled of their youthful luster; my step was firm, my head erect, my hair as glossy as when my mother bade me her last, dying farewell. All these I had—yet I was old. My life was gone; I only existed. Twenty years-long, dreary me back to the rock, and I began to

Ha, they say I am growing old. Old!

years! And as I look back upon the thorny, uneven path, naught but mocking shadows, stretching their huge black bodies across the way, appear to my view. Did I say naught? No. One star—one bright, refulgent star at length star—one bright, refulgent star at length ambition, how I stood for hours like a penetrated the gloom of my pathway lovesick Egyptian mummy and gazed and and drove away the shadows that gazed at her tall, queenly figure—to record all this, I say, would but cause on There yonder by the window she your part a contemptuous smile at an stands. Oh, how like another! She is old man's weakness, and on mine a no longer a child that I may dandle on twinge of a too retentive memory. Let my knee. She is a woman now, and 1 it suffice, then, to know that before a smoothed with careful hand her path- week was gone we spoke; before a month way and watched with fluttering heart we loved and were plighted, and now her progress. She stands there by the window gazing out upon the bleak, snow giving increase to our love, came the filled street, and ever and anon as some evening when we must part.

half frozen, famishing wretch staggers I suppose all loves, especially printed by, a suppressed sigh, a whispered prayer ones, must endure partings, and any one possessed of sufficient patience to read a It is fast growing dark, and the street | thousandth part of the love stories lamps shed their flickering rays through the storm; still she stands there. The ingredient in each. It would be therewind rages and howls through the fore a thrice told tale, and to you, perstreet, as if in mad joy at the misery haps stoical or platonic, a nausea, were and woe it was sending to many a poor abode; and she knows not how very like remember. Besides, the memory of it is that night it is, that night when first to me a sacred memory. But we were she breathed the air of heaven. As that not boy and girl; our attachment was fearful night rolls back upon my memory I can with difficulty keep back a struggling tear. And that night was just twenty years ago.

Little did I think when in the first bright flush of manhood I should ever witness such a scene; little did I know what was much degrain was in store for what woe, what despair was in store for me and for her, long dead, as in our youthful love we sat by that purling doubt and suspicion.

brook, and revelled in our "castles in And at the parting interview, as I Spain." Ah, those were happy hours, alas, I fear too happy. The events of yesterday have fled from my rememery eyes fixed on the ground, and ever and brance; but that evening, that last Indian summer evening, so full of joy and down her cheek; as, standing by her side and looking down upon her, I could How beautiful I thought she looked as hardly believe that she was really mor-I gazed upon her that memorable even- tal, and more than all, that she was ing-that evening which must see us mine, all mine. Then, as if at that mopart, she to return to the wild whirl of ment a dark angel had swept by us, I city life, I to resume my studies at college. Dame Fortune had not fondled me as she had most of my classmates; fled away, and I was startled to see myvacations were not for me opportunities self-me, a starving, threadbare stuto throw aside the mental cares of student, a vagabond; no home, no family, dent life and ramble unrestrained no friends-I was alarmed to see such a through the country or revel in the daz-zling delights of Newport and Saratoga. Spencer, and claim her as his bride. With vacation came new cares, new But then the cloud passed, my threadduties. I must spend it in some obscure district school house eking out a few bare coat, my well worn shoes, my unprepossessing, not to say uncouth appeardollars to bear my expenses at college ance, all were forgotten, and I was for the rest of the year. But I did all pressing this child of rank and wealth

this with a willing, cheerful heart. Amto my poverty begotten bosom. bition had whispered a sweet tale in my How all this came about, how "a city ear and heaped up before my eager eyes belle," already arrived at womanhood, invaluable rewards for all this toil.

It was in the autumn of 18—, and the vacation fast coming to a close, I began had been the pet of an indulgent father to see the end of my intercourse with thirty or forty dirty, saucy ragamuffins with no small joy. I received my forty dollars for three months' hard labor, and Spencer, came to forget or conquer her on the morrow was to return to college. pride, to descend from her exalted posi-As the evening came I took my last walk | tion to give her heart, nay, her hand to to the babbling trout brook, and seating me, I never questioned, nor shall I now myself on the broad, smooth rock close attempt to find a cause. Enough for me down by the water's edge, I waited to that it was so. And how could I doubt bid a farewell to the mistress of yon- her sincerity? At the bare intimation of der summer villa. As I sat there on forgetfulness or change of mind, when that rock and gazed half sadly in the surrounded by flatterers in her father's calm water, what a tide of sweet mem- brilliant parlors, she stretched upward ories swept o'er me! It was on this very her tall form, and her eyes flashed al-

"Change! Do you know me so slight-On that well remembered evening 1 sat there on that same rock reading the closing chapters of the "Life of Thomas Jefferson," and my meditations were in perfect unison with their spirit. They were thoughts of greatness, of honors; No. Paul, I want a mind to worship as thoughts of good to be done, of hopes to well as a heart to love." Then the be realized, of a name to bequeath. Both reading and meditation were broken off, grew so tender, so childlike. Oh, I was however, by the approach of a footstep. a happy man. And so we parted. I looked up and saw on the opposite

bank some rods above me a person I had

heard much concerning from the vil-

lagers, but never before seen. They all

spoke much of a certain rich man, who in the summer months came from the

great city with his family and occupied

the little cottage yonder among the trees.

And I had heard, too, of this rich

man's daughter, so beautiful, so kind, so

stately. This was she then. But I was

unnoticed, and she continued arranging a little bouquet of wild flowers to glad-

wife was an invalid. She walked on

slowly down the stream till she was nearly opposite me. I thought I had

white, low necked dress, and that jockey hat and blue ribbons; and she was so

blushed so prettily, and ceasing her low

warbling turned away into the grove

beyond so proudly, so defiantly, that I

dropped my book in the water in my

eager gaze after her.

The following evening found me on

the same spot, but my coat was brushed, my boots polished, my hair oiled, my

Farewelli a word that has been and must be; A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell CHAPTER IL I was back to my books again. My experiences in the country had not in the least engendered a distaste for them, as might be expected. "Love in a cottage"

had never been one of my beliefs. I never could fully comprehend the bliss therein contained. Life was to me a battlefield, and as such I loved it, and noble bridegroom. Counts were not so back on her pillow. But that voice! In nearsighted men and undiscriminating my interesting relations with a certain pleaty then as now, and for a foreign an instant all the labor of years was women. The coin would pass with the

would fling my lexicon in a distant corner, and in the language of the old dramatist Otway howl most pitcously:

for soon the belt in the steepe where eight, and then came a rush at the door, and she, with unsteady step, a cheek like marble, was led slowly down the wide

Tell me why, med Heaven.
Then mad'st me what I am, with all thespirit.
Aspiring thoughts and elegant decires
That fill the happing man? Ah, rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Buse minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why bave I cannot be know the curse that's
on me? on me? Is this just dealing, Nature?

Now this was gone, and I no more re-peated Otway, unless it was that passage a little after that: Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man. We had been brutes without

Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaver
Amazing brightness, pucity and truth,
Eternal joy and overlasting love!

Time did not hang heavily on my hands, for I was full of hope, and that brought its joyful train. It was now my last year in college; but a few months and I would be fairly out on the sea of life. Commencement was over; I was an A. B. I pocketed my "sheepskin and started for the great city. where lived-well, you know.

It was now a year since I had first seen her, We had made no arrangement on parting for any interchange of letters, as that would hardly be tolerated by the "hard, cruel parent" (vide daily newspapers), so I had neither heard from nor seen her for a long twelvemonth. But no thought of the inconstancy which which she so fascinatingly sconted, entered my brain; all was a sweet tran-

And now I was in the great city-for what? I could hardly give an answer.
The tailor was first to receive a call rem me, the barber next and somebody

Night comes on apace. walked briskly along a street with tall, proud mansions on either side till I came to "Number forty-three." I had no time to consider how I felt, for the door was quickly opened by a spruce negre boy, who, taking my card, led me in the parlor. Here I had some owner. into the parlor. Here I had some oppor-tuality to know how I felt, and found I did not feel altogether too easy. Some great preparations seemed going on; the parlors were lighted more brilliantly I thought, than ordinary occasions needed; there seemed to be a great commotion-servants hurrying up stairs and down stairs; I heard dishes rattling, occasionally a suppressed laugh, and then a harsh oath from authoritative lips. Presently, however, the door opened, and—not she entered. Instead it was a tall, gaunt man, with a little round Jew eye, a very

Calcius visage; one of those who "salif they mocked themselves." I rose as he entered. "Mr. Shipley? I bowed. "You will pardon my daugh ter, sir, for not seeing you. I recog-nized in your name that frequently dropped by my daughter in her mo-ments of mental abstraction, and allow me to say to you, sir, that it proves you

"Mr. Spencer"—
"I say gentleman would permit him torm a clandestine attachment with a lady of birth and wealth, and still less seek to lower her to his own grade."

This was too much for my keen sensibilities, "What do you mean, sir?" I

with you, sir. I have only to inform you scandal and thought little of it.

Perhaps the reader thinks that here was a fine opportunity for a scene. I ing of hair or rending of clothes. "Does your daughter know, sir, that I



close by leaving the house! Good even- was a very, very beautiful woman. Her ly earnest, "Haven't you written

what different feelings! I walked down | wildly about her shoulders, and her that lighted street with heart how eyes, oh, how bright, how glaring they changed from that it was an hour ago! were! It might have been a minute On the opposide side, some blocks that we stood thus gazing at each other. below "Number forty-three," was a At last I took a step toward her and

cause I was told of the marriage of a her white bare arm that repulsive nobleman—a count. I entered with others, and patiently waited the arrival of the bride and her

Used in Millions of Homes 40 Years the Standard

and she, with unsteady step, a cheek like marble, was led slowly down the wide aisle. Oh, how like leading a lamb to the sacrificial altar it seemed to me! The ceremony was hastily concluded and the crowd began to disperse.

stood at the door to take one "last,

lingering look" as she passed out. She saw me! For a moment she struggled with her strength, and I sprang forward just in time to catch her, lifeless, in my arms, but it was not without hearing the low murmur, "Oh, Paul!" The father snatched the sweet burden from me, and I passed out the door. Then it occurred to me how great was

No matter,
I'll take my way alone, and burn away—
Evil or good, I care not, so I spread
Tremendous desolation on my read:
I'll be remembered as huge meteors are,
By the dismay they scatter.

CHAPTER III.



I sprang forward to the bedside. I might say with Dryden: The remnant of my tale is of a length

To tire your patience, for the years that followed were not en tirely without their events, but I pass Instead of drowning myself, I had

amassed wealth. I had chased the shining dollars with the same spirit a despairing wretch takes a dose of poison. I was a rich man and a great man, but oh, how I hated the "wealth" and the

I could never forget that year of my youth; it hung like a ghost on my every Well, I went to Europe, for what object I hardly know, unless it was to for-

sights and scenes. I was in my room in Europe! France! She had come to Europe after her marriage; her husband was a Frenchman; and I-perhaps I was in the same country with her. I had heard but very little concerning her fate, and that was only some inti-

had turned out badly, and that Spencer never received letters from "I have no inclination to bandy words daughter. But I took this as mer that my daughter, whom by some foul In France I found my old love to visit means you attempted to entrap, but and dream over ancient things reviving, who now is thoroughly ashamed of her the contemplation of that dead, yet ever sad cause. conduct and is equally disgusted with living greatness that fills us "with

mation that the Count de Vauvinea

haunts of the town. hope he is not disappointed to know arch, and not far from this, wandering there was no scene, no raving, no pull-among the proud relics of a long abanwinding street. Many parts of it were to "William Spencer, Esq.," etc. so filthy and loathsome that I almost | But I knew none of this when I stood feared the contagion of some disease, beside her there, and my feelings were and surely in this dark spot the dagger a strange mixture—pity, remorse, joy, were often personal. She would look at

of the assassin might naturally be love, wonderment. Surely I do not know how many | would be a father to her child. flights of stairs we climbed up before we came to a little green door without gazing out upon the storm. She has latch or panel, but we came to such a drawn close the curtain and now sits by

The whole apartment could be comprehended in all its parts in one glance, writing. for certainly it was not more than ten addressed her kindly in English, when

me for my ingratitude! Away! away!" young lady in the great city yonder gave a point, a purpose to the fight.

Like most students I had before this oftentimes been sorely concerned about my future station in life, and concerned about my future stati down, suddenly burst thair bonds and sprang into a new life. For years mind had been the pilot of my craft—it had work, his tragic and fatigued air, fill the limited. In England, so I am informed been a wise and faithful pilot—but it never smiled, never told me of hope, of love, of heaven—only gold, gold, gold.

work, his tragic and latigued air, hil the good specimens of holy citrons bring as them his conception of life is strange, and that he must have learned those whole companies which make their im-

at me. I could not move nor speak—
only stand and gaze in turn. And now a terrible storm suddenly burst forth, as if to heighten the awful solemnity of bitterly add.—Westminster Review.

Iars and cans, which were found an English exaggeration; his bolt uprightness and his habit of speaking without gesticular and his habit of speaking



Then it occurred to me how great was my loss, and, too, that not Lina Spencer, but the mercenary heart of her father had been the robber. Oh, what terrible, burning, bitter thoughts I had then—vengeance, murder, suicide! Then they softened into a strange desperation, and had they been written I might have repeated these fine lines of Proctor:

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE,

New Process Reliable Gasoline Stoves, warranted for three years, Steel Ranges, Acorn Stoves and Ranges, Hoes, Rakes, Etc.

GARDENSEEDINBULK

Bring in your repair work.

McGee's old stand. A. L. DAVIS.

The only store in North Platte that no one owes.

JUDGE AUSTIN. J. A. McMichael.

J. C. RAYNOR.

Austin, McMichael & Raynor, CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS. ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

All Job Work Promptly, Neatly and Satisfactorily Executed. Shop on Front Street two doors west of McDonald's Bank.

describe it. The thunder section to shake the house from its foundations; the wind and rain, as if in fiendish mockery, beat against the single window, and anon a flash of vivid lightning lit up the dingy apartment. Still neither of its occupants moved. At length the wild, unearthly glare of her eye seemed to die away. I drew nearer-I saw a tear.

"Paul!" She was in my arms.

It is ten minutes since I wrote the last line. I could not hold my pen-pardon get myself in the multitude of new my weakness-it is many, many years the Hotel Beauvais, in the "proud old city" of Marseilles, "full of wealth and rich with works of art."

keep back my struggling tears. But I wept then, and she—oh, heaven, spare me from ever hearing such sobs again! I cannot lengthen this scene; I cannot write how many times she besought my forgiveness; how tearfully she told me that she became the Countess de Vauvineaux not from her own free will, and much less can I write how joyfully forgot all, yet how full of sadness and amazement at finding her in this wretched garret. But she bade me to ask no questions, only pointing with a thin, wan hand to a blotted, tear stained paper on a little wooden table near the bed. From this I afterward learned the

you please keep your seat, sir—this evening, at eight o'clock, will be led to souls," and I sallied out to saunter well that the Frenchman loves his misthe altar by his honor the Count de Vau- through the older and more time worn tress, not his wife. Sickened with her often fly into a great rage, and her hus doned Roman church, when my returning steps led me through a narrow, woman to mail for America, addressed again.

It was in this place, and engaged in her eyes were growing dim, her lips sist apologizing for one's appearance reflections natural to it, that I was turned to ashen, and I rested her head when she spoke like that, and that threw startled, almost alarmed, by the shrill softly on my breast. Suddenly she her into a new rage."—Mahogany Tree. cry of a female voice—she herself, a started up and pointed to a distant corragged, dirty, gypsy looking woman, ner of the room. I looked. "Twas a running out into the street from a door a child-a babe in the old gypsy's arms. quite near me. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! "Tis his, Paul-mine, Paul! Will you Elle est folle!" she exclaimed, bastening up to me; and then perceiving that I was child; sweet child!" It was laid upon a foreigner she continued, "Anglais! her bosom. She smiled, closed her eyes, Anglais!" and half drew me in the door. and thus she died. Lina was dead!

She no longer stands by the window one, and the gypsy woman cautiously the cheerful grate yonder and ever and She wonders what I should be so long | which is southern, or "Here's my pions. And that is Lina's child. She little

feet square, and much less that in knows that I have been recording her height. But the most noticable appur- mother's sad fate; she little knows of tenance of the apartment was a low rag covered bed in one corner, and as the door creaked behind us, a form started home. And now she has stolen up to "She does not, nor shall she. You up wildly from it, and looked at me me, and placing her fair white arms will please bring this interview to a with a terrible, unearthly stare. She about my neck, whispers to me so sweet-

The Canadian Ten Cent Piece. The Canadian silver ten cent piece, before the door, and on inquiring its she raised herself yet higher, and giving wary at all ferry offices, railway stations and like places in New York, seems which used to be worked upon the untions and like places in New York, seems certain rich man's daugher to a foreign swing she exclaimed, "Away! away! almost entirely to have disappeared. Thou art some fiend come here to taunt | Even the street car conductors no longer keep a choice selection of these coins priests Then, as if overcome, she slowly sank in a special pocket for the benefit of

> But its rule was at an end. I sprang ways in morose latitudes where the sun portation a "side line."
>
> The use of this unique. never shines." When I was in Athens ly musmured, "The Countess de Vau- some years ago, the most serious charges to be derived from the injunction conagainst the prime minister I was able to tained in the twenty-third chapter of the "That name? Who spoke that name?" seize were the extensiveness of his col- book of Leviticus.—Exchange. She started up and glared almost fiercely lars and cuffs, which were found an Eng-

PROVIDENCE.

Somewhere underneath the sky, While the summer winds pass by, Fed by sunshine, soil and rain, Springs and grows the ripening grain That with wheaten bread shall feed Thee and thine in time of need, While thou toilest heavy hearted. As if hope and thou were parted.

Some stout hand the furrows made And the seed within them laid, And some watchful eye took care Lest from out the earth or air Weed or winged or creeping creaturs
To the toil should bring defeature.
God and man the wheat have tended.
And from drought and deluge 'fended.

By some river, never still, Stands the dusty, hurrying mill That shall grind thy grain to flour, Waiting now the day and hour.
Somewhere ship and train are keeping
Room for it. While thou art sleeping
They may bring their freight a-nigh thee,
But thy own will not pass by thee.

Is it well to sigh and fret When God's work men all are set Each at his own task for thee And his messengers will be
All so fleet and free, transmitting
Treasure for thy benefiting?
Naught can hinder or evade him—
Sun, earth, seas, he has to aid him.
—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Jenny Lind's Temper.

A Boston woman, whose name is not printed, is reported to have taken singing lessons of Jenny Lind a good many Alas! poor girl, she found herself the years ago and to have found the Swedish wife of a libertine; she had learned too nightingale a great scold. Her temper life she left his roof scarce a year be- band would have to entice her out of the I had been visiting the moldering re-mains of a once celebrated triumphal return to her father, she had sought to would come back with affability drawn arch, and not far from this, wandering support life with her own frail hands, over her wrath so oppressive in her among the proud relics of a long aban- and that attempt had brought her to courtesy that the student hardly dared

> The American confessed that she spent more of her lesson hours crying than singing, and added: "Her reprimends ove, wonderment.
>
> I saw her strength was fast failing; when you sing! It was impossible to re-

Drinking one's health is the custom the world over, and the toasts of all nations are practically the same. The "a votre sante" of the Frenchman is the same to all intents and purposes as the "alla sa-lute" of the Italian and the "Your good health" of the American. But in the United States we have innumerable expressions of good will over the cups-such, for instance, as "My regards," which is eastern; "Here's how," which anon casts a wondering glance at me. is western; "I look to des you, sir," meaning "my pious regards." Other Americanisms are "Good luck," "I'm looking at you," "Here's your eye," "Till we meet again," "Happy days,"
"May your shadow never grow less." etc. -New York Tribune.

A Sacred Fruit.

One of the most curious species of ing, sir!"

face was as cold and colorless as a block
I was in the street again, but, oh, with

face was as cold and colorless as a block
of marble; her jet hair hung loosely and
over and kisses this old, wrinkled foreto the skies, and it is celebrated in legend, romance, poetry and song, and yet it appears that it is never eaten. It is known in most all oriental countries, but appears to be most highly esteemed by the Moorish Jews of Tunis and Morocco. On the streets of the last named city it is sold at about 8 cents per fruit. These fruits are generally purchased by bands of roving pilgrims, the members of religious processions and Jewish

When one of these sacred citrons falls into the hands of a priest, he takes it to the synagogue, where it is kept to be used in some emblematic rite during the time of the great feast of the tabernacles. Not only in oriental countries are these holy fruits known and esteemed, but in Charges Against a Minister.

"The bitterness of M. Tricoupis," M. Deschamps remarks, "his fatal ardor for Deschamps remarks, "his fatal ardor for tent, but such use would be necessarily

The use of this unique fruit is supposed