1RA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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second-class matter.

preme court last Tuesday declaring the Akers' irrigation law to be constitutional, insures the rapid advance of irrigation interests in his fastidious mind it seemed shockthere has been some doubt as to the validity of the law has retarded the formation of districts for the construction of ditches, but as the way is now clear a number of new ditches are likely to be built under the provisions of the law. There are some, however, who believe that a tavorable decision from the United States supreme court upon the validity of the measure would tend to increase the marketable value of the irrigation district bonds. We believe that these bonds will find a reasonably good market without a decis-

tion from that high tribunal.

NEBRASKA'S only populist congressman, Omer Kem, writes to a Chicago newspaper in response to a circular of inquiry that he has in mind legislation of vast importance to all the people and would old times." certainly present it to the coming session of congress did he not belong to the hopeless minority. Inasmuch as both branches of congress, the executive and the court, are against him, he hardly thinks he legislative bills. Does this mean a great deal of time together." that Nebraska is to secure no benfit from one of its six representatives in congress? Does it mean that its populist congressman is to keep locked up in his mind all those great ideas of such vast importance to the American people? Is he going to deprive his constituents of the advantage which his projected enactments would bring? In the name of Nebraska we insist that Congressman Kem introduce his bills and let their merit win their passage.-Bee.

SENATOR THURSTON AND THE U. P. Senator Thurston has prepared a bill dealing with the vexed Pacific railroads question which he will introduce at the coming session of congress. The gist of this bill is: Take a statement of the government's claim against the main line of the Union Pacific as it will stand July 1, 1896, between the Missouri river and San Jose and offer it to the highest bidder who will give cism did not serve to increase his love forty or fitty per cent of the principal or interest and make that the minimum, and thereby the government will get half of its claim. This claim to be sold to one purchaser who will have complete control of the system and all its properties. One court should have complete jurisdiction over a foreclosure suit that provides for the sale of can persuade her that it is not perfect. the property to a purchaser committee to be created as a corpora-

tion. This plan meets with the approbation of the stockholders and receivers. JUDGE NEVILLE AND HIS KNIFE. The Lincoln Journal of last Tuesday contained the following bit of

political gossip: Gloom in large chunks is gathering slowly but surely around Gov-Holcomb's congressional boom. The situation grows more interesting every time the Governor shows his hand. He showed it in the recent election and the voice of Judge Neville, a dyed-in-thewool pop is heard in every breeze that sweeps from the west. The judge is credited with having good, him that if such a mania could be sound political seuse and it is not necessary to tell him why Governor | grounds for breaking his engagement to Holcomb made three trips to Bill Daisy. The law was not meant to en-Green's district and did nothing in force marriage with one who had so the neighboring judicial district. questionable an inheritance for the comwould not be in his way in the pop congressional convention, but he confessed Stella, "although she is a feared that Neville would. The cousin, but I have reason to believe it Green's district and failing to turn | told me so." his hand for Neville is now common "Can you give me the name of any of talk among the populist friends or them?" big knife ready for use at the proper time. He is so angry that when he talks about it his voice

THE THREAT OF THE SUGAR TRUST. The sugar trust is said to have warned the Nebraska jobbers that it they buy the product of the beet sugar factories in Nebraska, the trust will hereafter refuse to sell them cheaper grades of sugar. The expectation is that the output of the Norfolk and Grand Island factories will be of a value of \$800,000 and about one-third of the consumption in the state.

can be heard in the next block.

We shall soon find out whether the sugar trust owns this state. It it does it is about time to give it a quietus. If Nebraska sugar manufacturers are not to be allowed to market their product in this state. we must endeavor to ascertain the reason why. In the meantime what has been done about enforcing the anti-trust laws on the statute murmured: "Oh, my unfortunate books by the democratic administ tongue! I'm dying to laugh, auntie. I tration? It has been just as prompt to carry out the promise in this direction made in the platform of It was decided that evening that Dai-

### The Semi - Weekly Tribune. THE TAX ON BACHELORS

By EFFIE W. MERRINAN.

[Copyright, 1895, by the Author.] [Continued from Tuesday's issue.]

CHAPTER III.

The conversation was interrupted by that young lady, who came forward to meet them, with both hands extended THE decision of the state su- and her gown trailing behind her in a way that disgusted Tom beyond measure. He had read of women who wore trailing gowns, but it had never been his misfortune to see one until now. To western Nebraska. The fact that ingly untidy, and an untidy woman was, in his opinion, the most pitiable

"I thought you were never coming, Tom, dear," said Daisy, taking his hands in hers and smiling up into his face. "And now that you are here I have a great mind to keep you all to

"I want to get acquainted with him," she added, speaking to Mr. Parkhurst. "I presume you know that we are engaged to be married?"

"Tom has told me. I'll offer congratulations when we are alone." "I believe he means to kiss me," re-

plied Daisy, looking at Tom. "Shall you allow that?" "I will answer when I am sure of his intentions," replied poor Tom.

"He thinks you could not make up your mind to do it," said Daisy, turning to Mr. Parkhurst. "He doesn't know how we behaved when you were It has a train three yards long, and in Wheatlands, does he? It seems ever so nice to see you again, dear Mr. Parkhurst. Let us sit together on that couch in the corner, where we can talk over every movement, and I have some beau-"I thought you were going to give

your exclusive attention to Tom?" "I have changed my mind. Tom has a squint that makes my eyes ache, and his ears are ever so much too large. I think I shall like him better if I see very little of him. It is quite necessary, you know, that we should avoid becomwill present anything in the way of | ing too antagonistic, for we must spend

Daisy's voice was soft and sweet, but very clear. .Tom was quite sure that several of the callers who had happened in had heard her allusion to his squint-



ing eyes and his large ears-the only defects by which nature had sought to mar an otherwise perfect exterior. Tom was very sensitive concerning these defects, and his friends had humored his sensitiveness for so long a time that he had begun to believe that no one noticed them but himself. Miss Daisy's criti-

Tom tried to make himself entertaining to Stella Manning, another of Mrs. Ridgway's nieces, but he could not keep his attention from wandering to the little figure in the gay gown of black and yellow satin sitting beside Parkhurst. "You don't like her dress, I see,"

said Stella, following his glance of cold disapproval. "Daisy always did have the oddest taste in dress, and no one Gray hair, smoked glasses, bare arms and shoulders, painted face, corsets and

bustle. Did ever any one see such combination?"

"It is not modern certainly," replied Tom, trying not to sneer. "I believe there was a time when all society ladies dressed in that way. In these days of common sense obedience to the laws of beauty it hardly seems possible."

"Daisy has a perfect mania for collecting old things. They say it is characteristic handed down from s grandmother, who would give as much as would make a poor family comfortable for a year to possess a rickety chair or a soiled head rest or any equally useless thing that had been owned by a person of distinction."

"Do you know that to be a fact?" asked Tom eagerly. It had occurred to proved he would have sufficiently good

action of the governor in stumping is a fact. A great many persons have

Neville, and that gentleman has a "You seem to doubt me," replied Stella coldly. "I ought to have remembered that you would naturally require proof of anything said against the young lady to whom you are betrothed."

There was a peculiar emphasis on the word "young" that Tom did not fail to notice, but what troubled him most was the very evident fact that Stella was displeased. He felt that she had information which might be of great use to him, and that he must exert himself to propitiate her.

"I asked," he said quickly, "not because I doubted you—please believe I could not do that—but for an entirely different reason which I should prefer

not to mention just at present."
"I beg that you will not mention it at all," interrupted Stella, with an as-perity that caused Tom to wonder whether there might not be more than one of Sander's cousins who had a bad temper. "Excuse me, please," she added, with frigid politeness. "I wish to speak with auntie."

Stella crossed the room and pretended to button her aunt's glove while she

'92 as it has to keep its other promises, perhaps, but the fact should the following week. It was to be given at the elegant home of the De Quinceys, who were considered the wealth-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

# ABSOLUTELY PURE

virago!"

lest, most refined and most benevolent family in the state.

"Will this dress do to wear?" asked Daisy of Tom when the reception had been planned by Mrs. De Quincey and indorsed by Mrs. Ridgway. "I want to please you," she added, "since it will be the first time we shall appear in society together."

"If you will pardon me for saying so," replied Tom coldly, "I do not like this dress at all." "Do you not like colors? I see so

many ladies here in white." "I do not like colors, and I detest stripes and spots and checks and everything which tends to make a woman look like a peacock."

"I am so glad I have a white dress," replied Daisy as sweetly as if Tom had not been in the least ungentlemanly in his manner of speech. "It is of white silk," she added, "so stiff as almost to stand alone, and it rustles when I walk like wind blowing through the corn. there are no sleeves at all-just a little strap over the shoulder. It is trimmed with passementeries which sparkle with tiful jewels which were left me by my grandmother. Do not fear that I shall not make a sensation. Even you, who, I am told, have broken the hearts of so many girls, cannot fail to be satisfied with my appearance. It will be simply

Think what that was to hear from the lips of a girl to whom one was betrothed in a land where the perfection of style was expressed in the words "beauty unadorned adorned the most;" where jewelry and beads and passementeries were looked upon as relics of barbarism; where only savages dressed themselves in colors; where the natural | ciety. Tom began to think that he might form and complexion were considered at least endure what De Quincey and most beautiful; where trailing skirts | Humphrey deliberately sought. He bewere looked upon as an almost unpardonable evidence of untidiness! Think how it must have sounded in the ears of a man who was the acknowledged leader in the art of beautiful dressing. The fastidious Tom could not find words to express his disapprobation of the gown she described. It seemed to him that, in the face of such utter lack of appreciation of the beautiful, nothing he could say would have the slightest effect. He was reduced to a state of helpless speechlessness quite foreign to him, but his companion chatted as in cessantly as if she believed him to be he had been annoyed when his friends infatuated with her conversational pow-

Tom could not but admit that her voice was exquisitely sweet and well modulated. It vibrated most pleasantly upon his sensitive ear, and its charm was not diminished by the use of poor diction and a faulty pronunciation. It would have been a delight to him to listen to her could he have sat with closed eyes, even though she talked only of trivial things. She reminded him of the characters portrayed in some of the novels which were supposed to represent society as it was between the years 1870 and 1886. In his fine condemnation of that age, as represented by Daisy, he failed to see that he himself showed a share of the inheritance handed down by the parents of those days in that love of luxurious ease which had been sufficiently strong to tempt him to place

himself in his present unhappy position. "I think, Mr. Wainwright," said Daisy quite suddenly, "that already you repent your proposal. Am I not good enough in your opinion to help you evade a tax which every honorable man should be willing to pay? Or do you think yourself worthy of the best, no matter what use you wish to make of her? Does your exquisite taste rob you

of the instincts of true manhood?" There was a touch of sarcasm in the soft voice that cut Tom like a knife. He tried to give her to understand that he would not tolerate such insinuations, even from a woman, but he could not speak. She had shown him a picture of himself which he despised, yet which

he could not deny. "I intend," continued Daisy, rising and confronting him, "I intend to hold you to your proposal, because it suits my convenience to do so, but I wish you to understand that you have not inspired my respect and that I do not care to see you except when you must appear as my escort. I am disappointed in you. I had thought, judging by what my cousin wrote, that you were a gentleman."

"May I ask how I have displeased

you?" asked Tom coldly. "You have shown that you are disap pointed because I am less beautiful than Sander pictured me. Do not try to deny it. I have seen it in your eyes from the first, but I should like to ask who and what you are that you give yourself the right to criticise my personal appearance. A man who, to continue his selfish indulgence, will resort to such methods as I am helping you to carry out, and who, instead of showing proper appreciation of my good intentions, sulks in a manner most conspicuous and insulting because I am not beautiful as a picture! You shall carry out your part of our contract, Mr. Wainwright, or suffer the consequences I shall expect you to be here in good season to escort me to

Mrs. De Quincey's, but I do not care to

see you again in the meantime. 'You

need not fear that I shall exact much

attention from you when once we are

there. I am not quite so unattractive as that would imply." She swept him a mocking bow, and, walking away with the air of an empress, joined the party of young people who had gathered around the piano in the music room. The next moment Tom heard her singing with young De Quincey, and, angry as he was, he could not help paying a silent tribute to her bean-

"If she were only half civilized," he mused, "and not quite so ugly-but, no, even her voice does not make her endurable!"

Tom quietly left the house, without a word of parting to any one, and made his way to his own room. He had never been more thoroughly wretched. He felt that, in one respect, Sander's descrip-tion of his cousin had not been at fault

-she did have a temper! "Heavens," he thought, "what punishment it would be to a man to be obliged to go through life with such a

CHAPTER IV.

During the days which followed, Tom grew thin. His appetite fled, and lines of worry were deeply drawn in his face. His lawyer assured him that he was a fool for showing his annoyance so plainly and by that means giving his friends so good an opportunity to discuss his af-

"They will mistrust that you are hard up," he said, "and then you will lose prestige. I am ashamed of you, Tom. Why don't you brace up and be a man about it?"

"I wish you were in my boots, Park-

hurst"- began Tom. "I should like it of all things, my boy! Handsome, refined, popular, wealthy-what more can a man ask? As for Miss Daisy, you are blinder than you need to be about her. She has a certain power of attraction that more than one of your acquaintances seems to ap-

Walton Humphrey.' "You didn't!" exclaimed Tom in

preciate. I saw her out riding yesterday

with young De Quincey and today with

"I certainly did. You might have seen her also had you not been moping here in your room. There have not been so many callers at the Ridgways in years as there have been since Miss Daisy came to the city."

Tom brightened up under the influence of the lawver's information. It is wonderful how much easier it is to endure a person when one discovers that he is sought for among the idlers of sogan at once to make preparations to attend the reception at the De Quinceys. Half an hour ago he had decided to send word that he was too ill to go, trusting that she might accept the excuse. He decided to dress himself with even more than his usual care and to appear so brilliant that his unhappy manner during that last evening at the Ridgways would be credited to the premonitory symptoms of the indisposition which had followed. He was grateful now to Parkhurst for having spread the report that he was not feeling well, although first began dropping in to make inquiries concerning his health.

Tom never looked better than ne did when standing before the grate in Mrs. Ridgway's sitting room, waiting for the appearance of Daisy. He heard her voice in the hall, and, summoning a polite smile to his face, turned to greet her. The heavy draperies before the door were pushed aside. Tom advanced a step or two and stood face to face with a vision of loveliness which fairly took his breath away. The smile became more genial as he softly explained that he was expecting to see Miss Blake. "I am Miss Blake," replied the girl

It was Daisy's voice surely, but what had become of the gray hair and the smoked glasses? Where were the heavy eyebrows which had met so sternly over the glasses? Where was the unsightly black patch which had adorned one cheek? Where was the ugly wart which he had seen on the side of her nose?

"You are disappointed once more, I perce:ve," said Daisy, breaking the uncomfortable silence which had fallen be-

"I presume I might as well explain, Mr. Wainwright, that I have been acting a part. I wished to convince myself that you were as perfect as my cousin Sander reprezented you to be. Shall we go now? It is growing late."

"You were fortunate in having such able assistants to make your little comedy so enjoyable," said Tom coldly. "Oh, you need not blame your friends No one wanted to do it at first, but I persuaded them to change their minds.

Sander may not have told you that I usually have my own way.' Once more Tom was speechless. It was not difficult for him to believe that so charming a girl always had her own way. He would have turned against any friend he had for the sake of pleasing

her, but to have his friends turn against him was different. "I suppose Parkhurst knew," he said after he had belped Daisy into the car-

riage and taken a seat beside her. "Oh, yes," replied Daisy, changing to the seat opposite, "Mr. Parkhurst knew. He was difficult to persuade, however!" Tom thought how Parkhurst had tried to persuade him to appear perfectly sat-



You are disappointed once more, I per-Daisy, and he could see that if he had

followed his lawyer's advice he would now be in a position to laugh at his tormenters. Tom realized that he had blundered, and he did not know how to retrieve himself. He cursed himself and all his friends, but that did not help matters in the least. In a few moments the carriage would stop before the door of the De Quinceys, and the silence be-tween himself and that vision of loveliness opposite was rapidly becoming more uncomfortable. Tom would have liked to establish a friendly relation before he met his friends, thinking that by so doing he could make his own position less "I presume," he began, "that there

"I think I shall find it easier to forget if you say nothing," interrupted

Tom ventured no further remark, and the two entered the house in silence. "Why did you do it?" asked Tom of Parkhurst, when a little later he had the pleasure of seeing Daisy surrounded by the most eligible young men in the room and making herself delightfully

agreeable to every one but himself.
"Because, Tom," replied the old law-yer gravely, "I thought it would do you good. So did Mrs. Ridgway, who, as you know, has always taken a motherly interest in you. You will pardon me for saying that you were becoming too firmly impressed with the belief that the best of everything belonged by right to yourself. Do not get angry with me for saying so. Remember that I was an old friend of your father."

Tom was angry. He was angry, and the more he thought of it the angrier he became. It was quite natural that he should be, and his friends appreciated that fact, and bore with him as patiently as possible, believing that before

many days he would be himself again.
"Tom," said Parkhurst, "take my advice and appear to enjoy yourself. You look like a thundercloud. Keep your eyes away from Miss Daisy. Leave her as severely alone as she could possibly desire and give your attention to the other young ladies, as you used to do.' This time Tom saw that the lawyer's

advice was good, and he tried to act upon it from that moment. He never spoke to Daisy unless it was absolutely necessary, and no one guessed how much of self denial he practiced in co He was soon on as good terms, as ever with his friends and was the idel of society, as he had always been. The young ladies raved over him, but he could not win one smile from Daisy, except when she thought it was demanded by the rules of politeness. She was the personification of iciness whenever they happened to be alone together.

At first Tom had laughed lightly when his friends mentioned her evident avoidance of him, but there came a time when he could not bear it and when his flashing eyes warned them that it was a subject which he would not hear discussed. There came a time when Tom realized that Daisy held, his happiness in her keeping, and that it was a matter of indifference to her. There were days when he was filled with a fierce exultation at the thought that she was bound to him for a period of more than two years yet, and that no one could claim superior rights. There were other fimes when he felt that to see her and to wait upon her and know that he had no part in her life was a torture which was fast becoming greater than he could bear. There were bright mornings when he resolved to win her love or die in the attempt. There were dark nights when he thought of the easiest and surest means of committing suicide. He had played at love a great many times and enjoyed it. He was deeply in love now and was miserable.

How was it with Daisy? It is a question which that young lady would have found difficult had she tried to answer it, but she did not try. She had come to the city fully determined to give the best of herself to her music. She had resolved never to marry, at least not until she had won fame in the musical world. She had entered into the engagement with Tom principally because she believed that by so doing she would be free from importunities of other men which she might otherwise have found distracting. She was a very earnest young lady, who had brought the whole force of her strong nature to bow before the altar of her ambition. Even her pleasures were enjoyed with the thought that such recreation, if not too often indulged in, would enable her to work more profitably. It had amused her for two reasons to play a part to deceive Tom-she wished to know if she possessed the qualities necessary to a successful actor, and she fancied that it would be more enjoyable than it had proved to be to try the man whom her cousin praised so extravagantly. Daisy was inclined to be cynical in her opinions of men. When she had first seen Tom's face, she had liked it. She told herself afterward that she might have liked its owner better than she should, considering her ambition, had he not proved himself so little of a gentleman. Therefore she was glad that he had behaved just as he did. She believed she had forever dismissed that subject with her disapproval of his conduct, and that now her heart was impregnable so far as

he was concerned. At first Tom's opinions and preferences were really a matter of indifference to Daisy, but no young lady likes to have the most attractive gentleman of her acquaintance attentive to every one but herself. Daisy was not pleased with Tom's behavior. Had she shown her displeasure in the ordinary way she might soon have been the recipient of more attention from him than she would have liked at that time, but she did nothing in the ordinary way, and she deceived even herself as to her opin-

She realized that he made her uncomfortable, but she said it was because he was so very ungentlemanly. She was sure that she should always despise man who judged people entirely by their personal appearance. There was no dependence to be placed in one whose regard for another was regulated by that other's wealth of natural attractions. She never listened when her friends spoke of the great improvement noticeable in Tom Wainwright during the past year. She preferred to believe that it was impossible for him to overcome the only fault which she had been able to find in him. She assured herself and others that a man with such a fault false at heart, and the heart did not

CHAPTER V. Tom and Daisy had been betrothed more than a year when the hop at Calhonn's was proposed, and the proposal heartily indorsed by the young people of their acquaintance: Silas Calhoun was the proprietor of a large hotel built on the shores of a little lake miles away from nowhere-at least that is the way it was described by the enthusiastic gnests who congregated there every summer for rest. It was so secluded that society, with its unceasing demands, never found it, and the favored few who kept its location a secret enjoyed themselves as unconventionally as possible. The mearest railway station was five

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

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