CONGRESS' DUTY DONE

HOUSE PASSES THE SENATE CUBAN RESOLUTIONS.

River and Harbor Bill Passed Under Suspension of the Rules by an Overwhelming Majority—Gorman and Allen Criticise the Administration.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The house Monday accepted the conference report on the Cuban resolutions by a vote of yeas, 244; nays, 27; and passed the river and harbor appropriations bill under suspension of the rules after a lively debate of 40 minutes by a vote of yeas, 216; nays, 40. The report on the Cuban resolutions had been debated Friday and Saturday, and the vote was taken immediately after the reading of the journal. Eighteen Republicans and nine Democrats voted against the report. After the most determined opposition of those opposed to the recognition of the insurgents in the senate and house there were but 10 more votes against the report than against the original resolutions. The former vote was: Yeas, 262; nays, 17. By its action the house agreed to the senate resolutions and disposed of the Cuban question for the present. Those resolutions were as follows:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of congress, a condition of public war exists between the government of Spain and the government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba; and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.

Resolved, further, That the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the president to the Spanish government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba.

The river and harbor bill as passed carries in actual appropriations $10,330,560, and authorizes contracts for 32 new projects, with a limit of cost of $51,721,210.

Criticisms by Gorman and Allen.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The senate spent the entire day Monday on the postoffice appropriation bill, but did not complete it. The bill served to bring out some sharp criticisms by Senator Gorman on the administration of the postoffice department and by Senator Allen on alleged irregularities resulting from the civil service system. Mr. Allen repeated sensational charges as to large money contributions said to have been made in the interest of Cleveland and Harrison. The charge that Mr. Wanamaker contributed $400,000 toward Mr. Harrison's election led to an emphatic denial from Mr. Hawley. Mr. Allen alluded to the president as "his majesty," and as the chief mug wump of the country. The vote on the postoffice bill will be taken today.

Postoffice Appropriation Passed.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—The postoffice appropriation bill, which has engrossed the attention of the senate for almost a week, was passed by that body just previous to adjournment Tuesday. The entire day with the exception of a few minutes at the beginning of the session was devoted to debate and voting upon the amendments proposed to the bill, the Wolcott amendment for the consolidation of smaller offices with larger ones receiving the greater share of attention. The discussion on this proposition again took the form of a debate upon the merits of civil service reform and was participated in by Messrs. Vilas, Wolcott, Allen, Hill, Gear, Gorman, Stewart and others. There were some rather spirited dialogues between Messrs. Vilas and Allen and between Messrs. Wolcott and Hill. Mr. Wolcott criticized Secretary Smith for his participation in the Georgia campaign and was replied to by Mr. Hill. The amendment was defeated by a decisive vote.

Vote on the Metric System.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—The house spent Tuesday debating a bill to fix the standard of weights and measures by the adoption of the metric system on and after July 1, 1898, and a proposition that the government shares with the District of Columbia the expense of creating and maintaining a public library in the city of Washington. The latter was defeated. Yeas, 113; nays, 127. The fate of the metric system bill still hangs in the balance. On a rising vote it was defeated, yeas, 65; nays, 80, but Mr. C. W. Stone (Pa.), chairman of the committee on coinage, weights and measures, who has given the subject much attention and who warmly supported it, secured the ayes and nays, and pending the roll call the house adjourned.

Senatorial Sarcasm and Ridicule.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—Senator Turpie's speech on Cuba was the event of the day in the senate Wednesday and in many respects it was the most picturesque and vehement utterance heard on the subject. The senator has an inexhaustible vocabulary and a bitterly satirical style. While arguing for radical action on Cuba, even to the extent of sending a fleet to Cuban waters, much of Mr. Turpie's speech was given to sarcasm and ridicule of the course of Mr. Sherman and Mr. Lodge in managing the Cuban resolutions. The senator created amusement by his portrayal of Senator Lodge as a warrior about to fight a duel with Minister Dupuy de Lome of Spain. Most of the day was given to the Indian appropriation bill, which was not completed. Unanimous consent was secured for taking up the resolution for a senate inquiry into recent bond issues next Tuesday.

Weights and Measures.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The bill to adopt the metric system of weights and measures was sent back to the committee on coinage weights and measures for further consideration. On the first vote it had a majority of 2, but the opposition was aggressive, and after a series of votes it was recommitted, yeas, 130; nays, 59.

Life Sentence For McGinn.

OMAHA, April 5.—Barney McGinn was sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary at Lincoln at hard labor, with solitary confinement on each anniversary of the day on which he murdered Edward McKenna, July 26, 1893.

Fort Robinson Canteen Open Again.

CRAWFORD, Neb., April 8.—The differences between the Fort Robinson canteen and the complainants against it were, with the aid of business men of Crawford, amicably settled and the prosecution withdrawn. Beer is on draught again at the post.

The Plunderers.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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CHAPTER IV.

BIMETALLISM.

It was late in the evening when Patrick Cambel again found himself on tete-a-tete with his host. There had been people in to dinner at the house in Park lane, but these had gone, and Mrs. Shelf and Amy Rivers followed them to parties elsewhere. Mrs. Shelf had wished to carry Cambel also in her train, but that person staid behind by a request which he could not very well refuse. "You will favor me very much by remaining here for the rest of the evening, Mr. Cambel," Shelf had said in his pompous way. "I have matters of the greatest moment I wish to discuss with you."

"I hardly know how to begin," Shelf confessed uneasily when they were alone.

"Then let me make a suggestion," said Cambel, with a laugh. "Come to the point at once. Let's have the plot without any introductory chapters. You've told me you've got a scheme on hand for turning my discovery into currency, and you've rather hinted it's a dirty scheme. The only question is how dirty. Thanks to pressure of circumstances, I'm not an overparticular person. But on points I'm very squeamish, or, in other words, I draw the line somewhere. Unless I'm very vastly mistaken, your plan will involve one in downright knavery, which is a thing all sensible men avoid if possible. Now, in my ignorance I fancied the find might be turned to account without climbing down to that."

"Oh," said Shelf eagerly, "then you had a scheme in your head before you came to me?"

The other shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigar.

"Just a dim outline—nothing more. You see the interior of the Everglades is absolutely untouched by the white man's weapons. It was vaguely supposed to be one vast lake, with oases of slime and mangroves. The lake was reported as too shallow for boats and abounding with fevers, agues and mosquitoes. Consequently it remained unexplored, and on the end of the Florida peninsula today no white man, barring myself and one or two others, has ever got farther than five or eight miles in from the coast.

"Now, as I've told you, I was lucky enough to hit upon a fine deep ship channel going in as far as the center line, and I don't know how far behind inside. There is good, fertile country, a healthy climate and the best game preserve on this earth. For the first comers that interior will be just a sportsman's paradise.

"My idea is twowise. First sell the cream off the sport. Some men will give anything for shooting, and in this case there will also be the glamour of being pioneers. Each one will start determined to write a book of his opinions and doings when he gets back. By chartering a steamer and treating them well on board they would have sporting de luxe. One ought to get quite five and twenty chaps at 500 guineas apiece.

"That gives the first crop. For the second buy up an enormous tract of the land, which can be got for half nothing—say, 10 or 15 cents an acre—boom it and resell it in lots to Jugginses. They'll fancy they'll grow oranges, as all Englishmen do who try Florida. Perhaps they may grow 'em, who knows, if they keep off whisky and put in work? But that won't be the promoter's concern. They don't advertise that the land will produce oranges. They only guarantee that it would if it was given a chance, and that's all correct.

"Perhaps this is rough on the Jugginses, but as they crowd the British islands in droves, and are always on the lookout for some one to shear them, I don't see why an Everglades company shouldn't have their fleeces as well as anybody else. They're mostly wasters and wouldn't do any good anywhere, and it's a patriotic deed to cart them over our boundary ditch away from local mischief. Besides, even if the worst comes to the worst and the orange industry of Florida still refuses to make headway, the would be growers needn't starve. Nor need they even do what they'll probably hate more, and that's work. There's always sweet potatoes and mullet and tobacco to be got, and, if that diet doesn't cloy, a man can have it there for mighty little exertion.

"Come, now. That's the pemmican of the plan. What do you think of it?"

"Much capital would be needed."

Cambel shrugged his shoulders. "Some, naturally, or I shouldn't have come to you. If I'd seem any way to pouching all the plunder single handed, you may bet your little life, Mr. Theodore Shelf, I shouldn't have invited you into partnership."

"Returns, too, would be very slow."

"Not necessarily. Float the company and then turn it over to another company for cash down."

"Moreover, when the—er—the young men you spoke about found that the orange groves did not produce at once in paying quantities, they would write home, and their parents would denounce me in the papers as a swindler."

"No, not you, the other company—the one you sold it to. But then apologists would arise to show that the Jugginses—don't shy at the word, sir—were lazy and ignorant, and also that they absorbed the corn whisky of the country in excessive quantities. And then that company could smile smugly and pose as a misunderstood benefactor. So its profits wouldn't be smirched in the least. Grasp that?"

"Yes, yes, I dare say you have worked it all out to yourself and thought out the details so many times that the whole scheme seems entirely plausible. But, looking at it from the view of a business man, I cannot say that it appears to be an enterprise I should care to embark in. You see, it is so very much beyond the scope of my general operations that I—er—hesitate—er—you understand I hesitate"—

"Yes," said Patrick Cambel quietly, "you hesitate because you've got something ten times more profitable up your sleeve."

Shelf started and shivered slightly.

"You may as well be candid and open with me," Cambel continued, "and tell me what you are driving at. If it suits me, I'll say so, and if it doesn't I'll let you know with surprising promptness. And, again, if we don't trade, you may rely on me not to gossip about what you suggest. I'm not the stone throwing variety of animal. You see, I live in a sort of semigreenhouse myself."

There was a minute's pause, during which Theodore Shelf shifted about as though his chair was uneven rock beneath him. Then he jerked out his tale sentence by sentence, squinting sideways at his companion between each period.

"You know, I'm a shipowner in a large way of business?"

Cambel nodded.

"Ships are occasionally lost at sea—steamers, even new steamers, straight off the builders' slip and well found in every particular."

"So I've read in the newspapers."

"And every shipowner insures his vessels to the full of their value."

"Except when he has a foreboding that they will come to grief on a voyage. Then, so rumor says, he usually has the forethought to overinsure."

Mr. Theodore Shelf passed a handkerchief over his forehead and started what was apparently a new topic: "There is a silver crisis on just now in the United States, and by this morning's paper the dollar is down at 60 cents. American gold is not to be had. English gold is always worth its face value. What more natural financial operation could there be than to ship out sovereigns and profit by the discrepancy?"

"The new and valuable steamer which, though overinsured, is likely to be reported lost is evidently to have a consignment of specie on board. Five hundred thousand pounds I fancy you mentioned as the figure in the billiard room this morning. Well, if one is going in for robbery—or piracy, I suppose it would turn out to be in this instance—there's nothing like a large coup. It's your niggler who usually fails and gets laid by the heels. Drive on, and be a little more explicit."

"Couldn't the steamer be lost somehow in the gulf of Mexico and a boat containing the boxes of specie find its way through this channel of yours into the interior of Florida?"

"How lost?"

Mr. Shelf mopped his forehead again. "Don't steamers," he asked, "don't they sometimes have sad accidents which—which cause them to blow up?"

"Such things have been known. But it's rather rough on the crew, don't you think?"

"Oh, poor fellows, yes. But a sailor's life is always hazardous. Indeed, what can he expect with wages at their present ruinous rate? Shipowners must live."

"Oh, you beauty!" said Patrick Cambel.

"I must ask you to refrain from these comments, sir. But, tell me, before I go any further in this confidence, am I to count upon your assistance?"

"That depends upon many things. To begin with, there'll have to be modifications before I dabble. I'm not obtrusively squeamish about human life—my own or other people's. On occasion I bagged my man because he had twice shot at me. Still piracy, complicated with what practically amounts to murder, is an art which I haven't trafficked in as yet, and, curious to relate, I don't intend to begin. Your scheme is delicious in its cold bloodedness, but it would look better if it were toned down a trifle. By the way, better help yourself to a drink. Your nerves are in such a joggle that I fancy you'll faint if you don't. I notice there's no blue ribbon on your evening dress. Humph! That's a second mate's nip—four fingers if it's a drop. Apparently you're used to this. By the way, what honorarium do you propose I should take for engineering this piece of rascality in your favor?"

"I will give you £500."

"Now, would you really? Not even guineas?"

"Mr. Cambel, I'll make it a thousand. There!"

"Mr. Theodore Shelf, when a monkey wants a cat to pull chestnuts for him out of the fire, he first has to be stronger than the cat. You don't occupy that enviable position. In fact, I have the whiphand of you in every way. We need not particularize, but you can sum the items for yourself. Now, I'll make you an offer—half of all the plunder and entire control of everything."

"My God, do you want to ruin me?"

"I don't care in the least if I do. Your welfare doesn't interest me. My services are on the market with a prix fixe. You can take 'em or leave 'em. That's final."

Shelf burst into a torrent of expostulations, exciting himself more and more as he went on, till at last he stood before the other, with gripped fists and the veins ridged down his neck, inarticulate with fury.

Cambel heard him out with a contemptous smile, but when the man had stormed himself into silence then he spoke.

"When one trades in life and death, the brokerage is heavy. You have heard my offer. If you don't like it, say so without further palaver, and I'll leave you now—with your conscience, if you have a rag of such a commodity left."

"You may sit where you are," replied Shelf sullenly.

"Well and good. That means to say my terms are accepted. I'll pin you to them later. But for the present let me observe to you something else, so that there may be no misunderstanding between us. I've been rambling up and down the world half my life, and I've met blackguards of most descriptions in every iniquitous place from Callao to Port Said—forgers, thieves, murderers of nearly every grade of proficiency—but they say that the prime of everything gets to London, and I verily believe now that it does, for, by Jove, you are the most pernicious scoundrel of all the collection."

"Sir," thundered Shelf, "am I to listen to these foul insults in my own house?"

"Oh, I quite understand the obligations of bread and salt, but you are beyond the pale of that. You are a noxious beast who ought to be stamped out. But you can be useful to me, so I shall hire myself out to be useful to you. But I have brought these unpleasant facts under your notice to let you thoroughly understand that I have summed you up from horns to hoofs, and to point out to you that I wouldn't give a plastre for your most sacred word of honor. We shall be bound to one another in this precious scheme by community of interests alone, and if you can swindle me you may. Only look out for the consequences if you do try it on. I never yet left a score unpaid."

"We're Arcades ambo, rascals both, only we're different varieties of rascal. I know you pretty thoroughly, and if you don't know me as well possibly you will before we've done with one another.

"And now, if it please you, we'll go into the minuter details of this piece of villainy and sketch out definitely how we are to steal this half a million in specie and this valuable steamer without committing more murder than is absolutely essential to success."

CHAPTER V.

THE TEMPTING OF CAPTAIN OWEN KETTLE.

"If one might judge from the lacquered majesty of your office appointments," said Patrick Cambel, taking one of the big chairs in Shelf's inner sanctum, "your firm is doing a roaring fine business."

Mr. Theodore Shelf seated himself before his desk and began sorting out some papers. "The turnover," he said evasively, "is enormous. Our operations are most extensive."

"Extensive and peculiar," commented Cambel.

"But I regret to say that during the last 18 months the firm's profits have seriously decreased and the scope of its operations been much hampered. I take credit to myself that this diminution could have been prevented by no action on my part It is entirely the outcome of the times—the lazy greed of the working classes, fomented by the frothings of paid agitators. The series of strikes which we have had to contend against is unprecedented."

"Is it? Well, I don't know. There have been labor bothers all down through history, and I fancy they'll continue to the end of time. If you'll recollect, there was a certain Egyptian king who once had troubles with his bricklayers, and I fancy there have been similar difficulties trotting through the centuries in pretty quick succession ever since. Of course each man thinks his own employees the most unreasonable and grasping that have ever uttered opinion since the record began. That's only natural, but I might point out to you that in definite results you aren't in the worst box yet. Your chariot hasn't been upset in the Red sea so far, and it may be that a certain operation in the Mexican gulf will piece up the wheels and set it running on triumphantly. Grumble if you like, Mr. Shelf, but don's make yourself out to be the worst used man in history. Pharaoh hadn't half your opportunities."

"Yes, yes," said Shelf, who didn't relish this kind of conversation, "but we will come to business, if you please."

"Right you are. Let's finish floating the swindle."

"Mr. Cambel," exclaimed the other passionately, "will you never learn to moderate your language? There are a hundred clerks within a hundred feet of you through that door, and sometimes even walls can listen and repeat. Besides I object altogether to your phraseology. We engage in no such things as swindles in the city. Our operations are all commercial enterprise."

"Very well," said Cambel, shrugging his shoulders, "don't let's squabble over it. You call your spade what you like, only I reserve a right to slap on a plainer brand. We're built differently, Mr. Shelf. I prefer to be honest in my dishonesty. And now, as I've said, let's get to business. You say the charter of this steamer of yours, the Port Edes, has expired and she's back on your hands. She's 2,000 tons, built under Lloyds' survey and classed 100 A1. She's well engined and has just been drydocked. She'll insure for every sixpence of her value without comment, and there's nothing more natural than to send out your specie in such a sound bottom. Remains to pick a suitable complement."

"I've got a master waiting here now by appointment. His name's Kettle. I have him to a certain extent under my thumb, and I fancy he'll prove a reliable man. He was once in our firm's employment"

"Owen Kettle, by any chance?"

Mr. Shelf referred to a paper on his writing table.

"Captain Owen Kettle—yes. He was the man who lost the Doge of Venice, and since then he's never had another ship."

"Poor wretch—yes, I know. That Doge of Venice case was an awful scandal. Owners filled up the board of trade surveyor to the teeth with champagne, or she'd never have been passed to sea. As it was, she'd such an unholy reputation that two crews ran from her before they could get her manned. She was as rotten as rust and tumbled rivets could make her, and she was sent to sea as a coffin ship to earn her dividends out of Lloyds. Kettle had been out of a job for some time. He was a desperate man, with a family depending on him, and he went as skipper fully conscious of what was expected of him. He did it like a man. He let the Doge of Venice founder in a North sea gale, and by a marvelous chance managed to save his ship's company. At the inquiry, of course, he was made scapegoat, and he didn't contrive to save his ticket. They suspended his master's certificate for a year. On the strength of that he applied to owners for maintenance, putting it on the reasonable claims of services rendered. Owners, being upright merchants and sensible men, naturally repudiated all knowledge or liability; said he was a blackmailing scoundrel as well as an unskillful seaman and threatened him with an action for libel. Kettle, not having a solitary proof to show, did the only thing left for him to do, and that was eat dirt or subside. But the incident and the subsequent starvation haven't tended to sweeten his temper. Latterly he's been serving as mate on a Pacific ship, and he was just a holy terror with his men. He simply kept alive by carrying his fist on a revolver butt. There wasn't a man who's served with Red Kettle three weeks that wouldn't have cheerfully swung for the enjoyment of murdering him."

"You appear to know a good deal about this man."

"When it suits my purpose," returned Cambel dryly, "I mostly contrive to know something about anybody. However, it's no use discussing the poor beggar any longer. What's amiss with having him in here?"

Shelf touched one of the electric buttons which studded the edge of his table, and a clerk appeared, who went away again and shortly returned. With him was a shriveled up little man of about 40, with a red head and a peaked red beard, who made a stiff, nervous salaam to Mr. Theodore Shelf and then turned to stare at Cambel with puckered amazement.

Cambel nodded and laughed. "Been carrying any more pilgrims from Port Said to the Morocco coast on iron decks?" he said.

"I never did that," snapped Captain Kettle.

"Ah, one's memory fails at times. I dare say also you forget a water famine when the condenser broke down, and a trifling affray with knuckle dusters and other toys, and a dash of cholera, and nine dead bodies of Hadjis which went overboard? Perhaps, too, you don't remember fudging a clean bill of health and blacksheeshing certain officials of his Shereefian majesty?"

"No," said Captain Kettle sourly, "I don't remember."

"I'm going to forget it also, if you'll prove yourself a sensible man and deal amicably with Mr. Shelf and myself. I'm also going to forget that when you were shipping rice for Calcutta in 1882 you rented mats you called your own to the consignor and made a tidy penny out of that, and I shall similarly let slip from my memory a trifling squeeze of $800 which you made out of a stevedore in New Orleans before you let him touch your ship in the fall of 1887."

"You can't make anything out of those," said Kettle. "They're the ordinary customs of the trade."

"Ship masters' perquisites for which owners pay. Exactly. I know skippers consider these trifles to be their lawful right, but a court of law might be ignorant enough to set them down as robbery."

"I should like to know where've you got all these things from," Captain Kettle demanded, facing Cambel with his lean, scraggy neck thrust forth nearly a foot from its stepping. "I should like to know, too, how you're here? I'd a fancy you were dead."

"Other people have labored under that impression. But I've an awkward knack of keeping alive. You've the same. The faculty may prove useful to us both in the course of the next month if you're not ass enough to refuse £500."

"Ho! That's the game we've got about. is it? What old wind jammer do you want me to lose now?"

"Sir!" thundered Shelf, lifting his voice for the first time. "This is pretty language. I would have you remember that but a short time ago you were in my employ."

"And a fat lot of good it did me," retorted the sailor. "E.:," he added, with the sudden recollection that it is never wise of a master mariner to irritate any shipowner, "but, sir, I wasn't talking to you. I fancied it was Mr. Cambel here who was wanting to deal with me."

"Then your fancy carried you astray, captain," said Shelf. "Come, come, don't let us get angry with one another. As I repeatedly impress on all who come in contact with me, there is never any good born out of words voiced in anger. Mr. Cambel has seen fit to mention a few of your—shall I say—eccentricities, just to show—er—that we understand one another."

"To show he's got his knife in me, Mr. Shelf, and can wraggle it if he chooses."

"What a fractious pepper box it is," said Cambel, with a laugh. "Man, dear, if I've got to be shipmates with you for a solid month, d'ye think I'd put your back more up than's necessary? If you remember me at all, you must know I'm the

"Ho! That's the game, is it?"

deuce of a stickler for my own personal comfort and convenience. You can bet I haven't been talking at you through gratuitous cruelty. But Mr. Shelf and I have got a yarn to bring out directly, which is a bit of a coarse, tough fibered yarn, and we didn't want you to give it a top dressing of varnish. So, by way of safeguard, I pointed out to you that if we show ourselves to be sinners you needn't sing out that you find yourself in evil company for the first time."

Mr. Theodore Shelf had been shuffling his feet uneasily for some time. Cambel's method of speech jarred him to the verge of profanity. His own saintliness was a garb which he never threw entirely away at any moment. His voice had always the oily drone of the conventicle. His smug hypocrisy was a perennial source of pride and comfort to him, without which he would have felt very lonely and abandoned.

At this point he drew the conversation into his own hands. It had been said of him that he always addressed the house of commons as though it were the congregation of his own tin tabernacle, and he preached out his scheme of plunder, violence and other moral uncleanness with similar fervent unction. Cambel was openly amused and once broke out into a mocking laugh. He was never at any pains to conceal his contempt for Mr. Theodore Shelf, which was more honest than judicious on his part. Kettle, on the other hand, wore the puckered face of a puzzled man. The combination of cant and criminality was not altogether new to him. Men of his own profession are very apt to behave like devils unbooted at sea and then grovel in clamorous piety among the pews of some obscure dissenting chapel the moment they get ashore. It is a peculiar trait, but the average sea captain believes that he can lay up a stock of fire insurance of this sort which will comfortably see him through future efforts. But in Kettle's mind shipowners were a vastly different class of beings, and so it never occurred to him that the same might apply to them.

In this attitude Captain Kettle listened to the sermon which was reeled out to him and rather gathered that the project he was exhorted to take part in was in some obscure manner a missionary enterprise promoted solely in the honor and glory of Mr. Theodore Shelf's own particular narrow little deity, and had Mr. Shelf made any appreciable pause between his sonorous periods Kettle would have felt it his respectful duty to slip in a humble "amen." But the dictator of the great shipping firm was too fearful of interruptions from his partner to give any opening for a syllable of comment.

But if Captain Owen Kettle was unversed in the finer nicetes of the art of hypocrisy he was a man of angular common sense, and by degrees it dawned upon him that Mr. Shelf's project, when removed of its top dressing of religion, was in its naked self something very different from what he had at first been drawn to believe. As this idea grew upon him the devotional droop faded from the corners of his lips, and his mouth drew to a hard, straight line scarcely to be distinguished among the curving bristles of hair which surrounded it. But he made no interruption and drank in every word till the speaker had delivered the whole of his say. Then he uttered his decision.

"So, gentlemen, you are standing in partners over this precious business? And because you know me to be a poor, broke man, with a wife and family, you naturally think you can buy me to work for you off the straight. Well, perhaps that's possible, but there are two ways of doing it, and of the two I like Mr. Cambel's best. When a man's a blackguard, it don't make him swallow any the sweeter for setting up to be a little tin saint. And I don't mind who I say that to."

"My good man," snarled Shelf, "do you mean to threaten me?"

"No, I don't. I just gave you my own opinion, as from man to man, just because I respect myself. But I'm not going round to your chapel to shout it out to them that sit under you Sundays. They wouldn't believe me if I did, not now at any rate. Besides it wouldn't do me any good, and I couldn't afford it. I'm a needy man, Mr. Shelf, as you have guessed, and that's why I'm going to accept your offer. But don't let us have any misunderstanding between ourselves as to what it foots up to.

"What I'm going to sign on for directly, when you hand me the papers, is a spell of piracy on the high seas, neither more nor less. And I'm going to have money all paid down in advance before I ring an engine bell on your blasted tramp of a steamer. I guess that's fair enough. My family'll want something to go on with if I'm caught, and if one's found out at this game it's just a common ordinary hanging matter—yes, sir, swing by the neck till I'm dead as an ax, and may the Lord have mercy on your miserable tag of a soul. That's what this tea party means, and for your dirty £500 you're buying a live human man."

(Continued in next issue.)

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

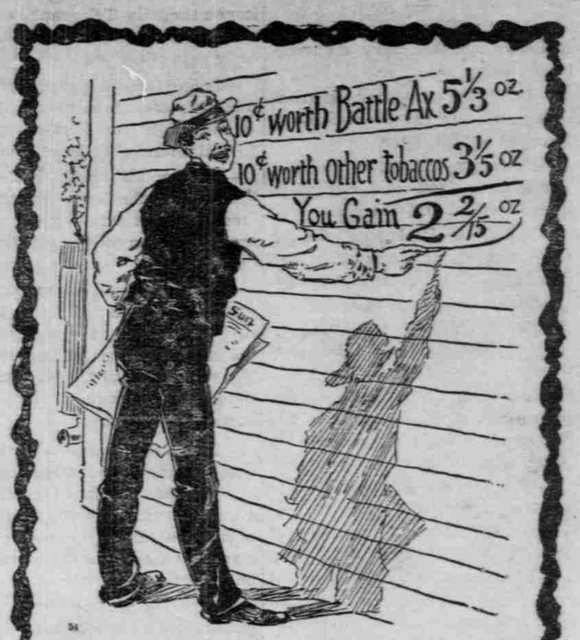
SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 c.



BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

5⅓ ounces for 10 cents. You may have "money to burn," but even so, you needn't throw away 2 ounces of good tobacco. For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grades for 10 cents.

U. P. TIME CARD.

Taking effect January 5th, 1895.

EAST BOUND—Eastern Time.

No. 2, Fast Mail	Departs	9:00 a m
No. 4, Atlantic Express	"	11:00 p m
No. 28, Freight	"	7:00 a m

WEST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1, Limited	Departs	3:05 p m
No. 3, Fast Mail	"	11:25 p m
No. 17, Freight	"	1:50 p m
No. 23, Freight	"	7:50 a m

N. B. OLDS, Agent.

FRENCH & BALDWIN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA
Office over N. P. Ntl. Bank.

T. C. PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office First National Bank Bldg.,
NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

WILCOX & HALLIGAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over North Platte National Bank.

E. E. NORTHRUP,
DENTIST.
Room No. 6, Ottenstein Building,
NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON,
Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over Streitz's Drug Store.

Legal Notices.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of Anna Baskins, deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, March 28th, 1896.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Administrator of said estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 31st day of July, 1896, on the 31st day of August, 1896, and on the 1st day of October, 1896, at 1 o'clock p. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the administrator to settle said Estate, from the 31st day of March, 1896. This notice will be published in THE TRIBUNE, a newspaper printed in said County, for four weeks successively, on and after March 31st, 1896.

M-31-4 JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

ORDER OF HEARING.

THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, } ss
LINCOLN COUNTY.

At a county court, held at the county court room, in and for said county, March 24th, 1896.

Present James M. Ray, County Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Martin Van Brocklin deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Elizabeth Van Brocklin praying that administration of said estate may be granted to James H. Van Brocklin as administrator.

Ordered, That April 13, 1896, at 1 o'clock, p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in THE TRIBUNE, a legal newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

m27 JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., March 24, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on April 18th, 1896, viz: Elizabeth Cragle, widow of Alexander Cragle, who made Homestead Entry No. 15,358 for the east half of the northwest quarter and the west half of the northeast quarter Section 26, Township 12 north, Range 31 west. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: David E. Baker, Joseph H. Baker, James Montague and George E. Johnston, of North Platte, Neb.

m20 JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., March 9th, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on April 15th, 1896, viz:

WILLIAM M. PORTER,

who made Homestead Entry No. 15,115, for the east half of the northeast quarter, lots 1 and 2, section 6, township 10, range 34. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Luke Connelly, William L. Brownfield, Joshua C. Hollingsworth and Henderson Hollingsworth, all of Wallace, Neb.

20-6 JOHN F. HINMAN, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., April 2d, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on May 9th 1896, viz:

ERNEST J. BAKER,

who made Homestead Entry No. 15746 for the lots 4, 5, 6 and 7, Section 6, Township 10 N., Range 32 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Wiley Mathews, Oscar M. Mathews, Billings P. Baker and Jasen R. Casselman, all of Dickens, Neb.

276 JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at North Platte, Neb., March 9th, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that William M. Porter has filed notice of intention to make final proof before Register and Receiver at his office in North Platte Neb., on Wednesday, the 15th day of April, 1896, on timber culture application No. 11,858, for the south-east quarter of section No. 6, in township No. 10 north, range No. 34 west. He names as witnesses: Luke Connelly, William L. Brownfield, Joshua C. Hollingsworth and Henderson Hollingsworth, all of Wallace, Neb.

20-6 JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Bank of Sutherland,

At Sutherland, in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business March 28th, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$5751 70
Due from national banks	729 11
Due from state banks and bankers	1039 23
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	1296 75
Current expenses and taxes paid	143 36
Checks and other cash items	45 14
Bills of other banks	100 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	2 61
Specie	427 00
Legal-tender notes	130 00
Other real estate	39 00
Personal property	15 00
Total	$10592 90

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$5000 00
Surplus fund	10 00
Undivided profits	245 15
Individual deposits subject to check	4376 03
Time certificates of deposit	961 74
Total	$10592 90

State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, s. s.

I, C. B. McKinstry, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. B. McKINSTRY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of April, 1896. HENRY COHEN, Notary Public.

CLAUDE WEINGAND,
DEALER IN
Coal Oil, Gasoline,
Crude Petroleum and
Coal Gas Tar.
Leave orders at Newton's Store

Jos. Hershey,
DEALER IN
Agricultural : Implements
OF ALL KINDS,
Farm and Spring Wagons,
Buggies, Road Carts,
Wind Mills, Pumps, Barb Wire, Etc.
Locust Street, between Fifth and Sixth

NORTH PLATTE
MARBLE : WORKS,
W. C. RITNER,
Man'f'r of and Dealer in
MONUMENTS, : HEADSTONES,
Curbing, Building Stone,
And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery work.