

IRA L BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1897.

The mercantile agencies say that the failures for July were less than during any month since 1892. If this is not a sign of returning prosperity, what is it?

In many of the farming states the tillers of the soil are paying their loans so rapidly that the loan agents are getting more money on hand than they care to have, and are making new loans at a much lower rate of interest than formerly. It is said that in Minnesota farm loans are being made at five per cent per annum.

A POPULIST friend tells us that Wm. Neville, who wants the populist nomination for supreme judge and wants it awfully bad, will experience some trouble in securing a delegation from this county. It is generally understood that if T. Fulton Gantt wants the Lincoln county delegation he can get it for the asking, and Mr. Neville will be in the lurch so far as his own county is concerned.

HOLDERS of 1896 claims against the city of North Platte are beginning to anxiously inquire when and how they are to get the money due them. We have no doubt but the "reform" city administration can enlighten them on this subject. The present administration did not contract the 1896 indebtedness but it is its duty to see that some provision is made for the payment of the claims, all of which have been audited and approved.

FARMERS of the west are now having as much difficulty in getting freight cars to remove their crops as they were a couple of years ago in getting crops to put into the freight cars. Thousands upon thousands of freight cars which have been standing idle since the summer of 1893 are now rushing day and night to carry the abundant crops of the west, for which advanced prices are being obtained, despite the fact that silver has steadily fallen meantime.

SOME of the local populists don't like the idea of the reorganization of the democratic party in Lincoln county. This is, however, not strange, as in the past the populists have received almost the solid democratic vote of the county. But as the democrats have never received anything in return for this support, the populists certainly can find no grounds for a just complaint. It is the democrats who have been ignored by the populists in the distribution of offices.

If silver still goes on declining during the next three years at the rate which it has declined during the last twelve months, Mr. Bryan in 1900 will have to argue for about a ten-cent dollar. The value of the metal in a silver dollar is about 44 cents now, while a year ago it was 53 cents. Yet the inconsistency of proposing to permit people to pass 53 cents worth of silver for a dollar is not so much less than a similar proposition with reference to 10 cents worth of metal when the principle of the thing is taken into consideration.

The number of cattle assessed for taxation in Wyoming has increased from less than 300,000 in 1896 to 500,000 in 1897, and the average market price of cattle per head from \$12.50 to \$17. Last year there were assessed in that state about 1,000,000 sheep, valued \$1.77 per head, and it is said that they will number about 2,000,000 this year and command an average of 25 cents more per head. What business, says an exchange, have cattle and sheep to increase in number and value, with the silver in a silver dollar worth only about 45 cents, the lowest figure on record.

THERE is no country in the world so productive of all the things needful for the enjoyment of life as that in which lie what the famous British statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, describes as "the prairie states of America." They are Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and the two Dakotas. Taking the grain crops of these states in aggregate, they of late have averaged 118 bushels for each man, woman and child. In all the prairie states 3,060,000 hands are employed in agriculture, and the average product of three years has been 49,700,000 tons of grain and 2,190,000 tons of meat, or 650 bushels of grain and 1,610 pounds of meat to each hand employed. Mr. Mul-

hall, in an article published in the North American Review, states that the grain crop of these states is ten times the usual European average. During the last forty years there has been an increase of acres under cultivation amounting to 157,000,000; which is to say that 13,000 acres daily have been added to the area in tillage.—Inter Ocean.

JOHN CUDAHY, of Chicago, a well known board of trade plunger, is organizing a company to develop Alaska gold mines, the concern to have \$25,000,000 capital. He has had a prospector there for five years and says he has secured claims which are the cream of the gold district and worth \$50,000,000, perhaps five times that amount. John Cudahy will be the Barney Barnato of the Klondyke if what he says is true, and being a plunger perhaps he will have the same tragic end as the late demoted Barney.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY seems to have taken the St. Louis convention and the seven millions of voters who supported its platform at their word. That convention declared that the civil service law was placed on the statute books by the republican party and that the party renewed its repeated declarations that it should be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable. That is what the President did by his recent civil service order prohibiting the removal of men and women from positions except upon written charges and permitting them to have an opportunity to reply to these charges wherever made. While the order has displeased many who have hoped to see faithful officials removed in order to make places for them, it has strengthened the one weak spot in the civil service and is thus commended by those whose only interest is the welfare of the nation and the party.

FEET AND CHARACTER.

What the Pedal Extremities Reveal to One Who Knows.

The person who has his character read by the palmist must now go to the first cousin of the chiropodist in order to learn whether the markings on the foot agree with the prognostications of the hand.

According to the adepts, a small instep denotes religious temperament, while if it is high it indicates a love of luxury, while if it is thin in addition it not only demonstrates the desire for approbation and applause, but the possession of honor and lofty ideals. A thick, heavy instep, which the boot-maker would describe as rather high, is the mark of the individual who is capable of great exertion continued over a long time, the instep, in fact, of the worker.

The heel is another of the great diagnostic points. If it is smooth and round and without any prominent outlines, it declares the individual to belong to that commonplace order which never achieves distinction and who, though pleasant enough in his or her way to live with, is yet devoid of any special talent. If it is small, it shows that the owner is capable of giving heart and soul into any work that he undertakes.

Long toes suggest artistic capacity, just as do the long fingers of a certain shape, while short toes indicate selfishness. If they are crooked as well as long, they demonstrate the possession of good common sense and no little business capacity, while toes separated by a distinct interval, in spite of the compression in which fashionable boots compel them, are indicative of emotion. If they curve downward, they indicate an amiable turn of mind, and different portions of them denote different characteristics as do the so-called "mountain" and "valley" on the palm.

In addition to all these characteristics the markings on the sole must be carefully considered for they may modify certain other peculiarities. It is impossible, however, to lay down any laws of self guidance in these minutiae, but the broad facts will no doubt furnish a sufficient stimulus for further investigation at the hands of the wise women of the world, for they must be indeed wise who can read, as in an open book, character which may be formed by the constrictions of a fashionable boot.

Whatever else may be done, however, it is safe to say that great toes which are pressed out of the straight line, and which are therefore in hideous contrast with the beautiful feet of Trilby, bespeak an exuberant vanity in their possessor and proclaim a belief in the proverb which states that "to be beautiful one must suffer." This, however, was the old fashioned idea, which it is hoped the vogue of Mr. du Maurier's heroine will have done a great deal to counteract.—Philadelphia Times.

His Sacrifice. "Darling," he said, looking down tenderly into the eyes of his bride, "I have often heard you say that there is no true love without self sacrifice. You have taught me this great truth, and now I am going to prove my love by giving up something that has been very dear to me for years. You know how fond I am of smoking. Well, dearest, I am going to abandon the practice, even though it be like tearing out my eye."

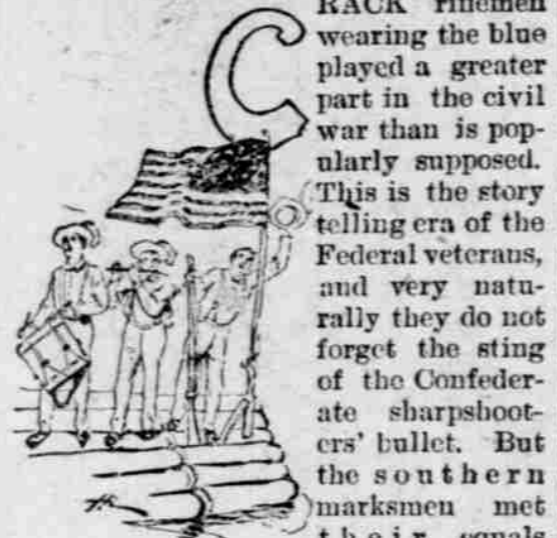
At this point his emotion apparently overcame him, and he looked down at the sweet face, expecting to see there appreciation of his noble resolve, but he saw only a look of blank disappointment. "What is the matter? Are you not glad that I am following your teaching?" he asked. "It's not that," she answered, almost sobbing. "Never mind what it is." And she rushed from the room. The self sacrificing hero smiled. He had learned from his wife's dearest friend that she had set her heart on buying him half a dozen boxes of cigars covering a large silver paper wrapper, with pictures in the middle. And that is what gave birth to his noble resolution.—Pearson's Weekly.

"BUCKTAIL" RIFLES.

THE THIRTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA RESERVE, CRACK RIFLEMEN.

Organized by Thomas L. Kane in the Mountains of Pennsylvania—the "Bucktails" Shot to Kill—Thrilling Episodes on the Battlefield—Gallant Leaders.

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RACK riflemen wearing the blue played a greater part in the civil war than is popularly supposed. This is the story of the Federal veterans, and very naturally they do not forget the sting of the Confederate sharpshooters' bullet. But the southern marksmen their equals when they ran afoul of the Sharpe and Spencer rifles in the hands of hardy mountain hunters from some of the northern states. The "Bucktails" of the Keystone never once gave ground to Texas or Mississippi, notoriously quick and deadly as these were "on the spot." The Bucktails formed a unique corps, and their name and fame didn't die until the last gray coat hung up its rifle and cried quits. The idea of enlisting mountaineers for warfare originated with Thomas L. Kane, brother of the actor explorer. Kane had been schooled in rough life by extensive mountain travel, and so far anticipated the needs of the service that on the 13th of April, 1861, the day Major Anderson was vainly trying to hold the fort at Sumter, he applied to the government for authority to raise a company of mounted riflemen among the mountains of the counties of Forest, McKean and Elk, a region in western Pennsylvania popularly known as the "wildcat district." Men responded promptly, and when the news came that Sumter had fallen it was decided to form an infantry battalion. Recruits flocked to the rendezvous clad in homespun and red flannel shirts, carrying their hunting rifles and wearing bucktails in their hats.

While north, recovering from his wound, General Stone was authorized to recruit a "Bucktail" brigade in Pennsylvania, but failing to get four regiments together he took the field with a demibrigade consisting of the One Hundred and Forty-third, One Hundred and Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Fiftieth, which were to make history in the terrific combat of the Chambersburg pike. No command fought more desperately or suffered greater losses. Stone was fearfully wounded in the hip and lay upon the field two days. His successor was also terribly wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Walton Dwight of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth was wounded, and his successor, Captain Scofield, killed. Colonel Wister of the One Hundred and Fiftieth was wounded while commanding the brigade, and his lieutenant colonel and major were both wounded. The last commander of the regiment that day, Captain Widals, was also wounded. Part of the time the "Bucktails" fought the Confederates across a fence and again used the bayonets in deadly quest. Colonel Stone recovered and fought in the Wilderness, where his Gettysburg wound was reopened, and he was compelled to leave the field.

The second colonel of the original "Bucktails" was Colonel Hugh Stanton McNeil. He was elected to succeed Colonel Biddle in the fall of 1861. He first led the united regiment in battle at Antietam. When the "Bucktails" attempted to advance, they were greeted by a storm of shots and bullets, and Colonel McNeil, stepping to the front of the line, started to run, exclaiming, "Forward, bucktails, forward!" After carrying the first line the colonel started toward the second, and was shot dead. McNeil's successor was Colonel Charles Frederick Taylor, brother of Bayard Taylor. Taylor's company was with Kane in the valley, and being taken prisoner there he did not get into battle with the full regiment until Fredericksburg. He was wounded at the stone wall, but recovered in time to lead his regiment at Gettysburg. In the wheat-field in front of Round Top he was shot through the heart by a Confederate marksman.

Telling this story of the hardy sons of the Keystone State I do not pay a tribute to rank because it is rank, but because the accident of position gave value a chance. It was no accident either that made Stone and McNeil and Taylor leaders among the "Bucktails." They were selected by the men themselves. And it is worth while to note that all three were college men—McNeil from Yale, Stone from Union college and Taylor from the University of Michigan. The mountaineers of western Pennsylvania had keen wits as well as sharp eyes and steady nerves. Kane's old regiment lost 604 men killed and wounded out of 1,165 on the roll. In front of the stone wall at Fredericksburg its casualties were 411. Roy Stone's "Bucktail" brigade lost 1,600 out of a total enrollment of 4,000 men.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

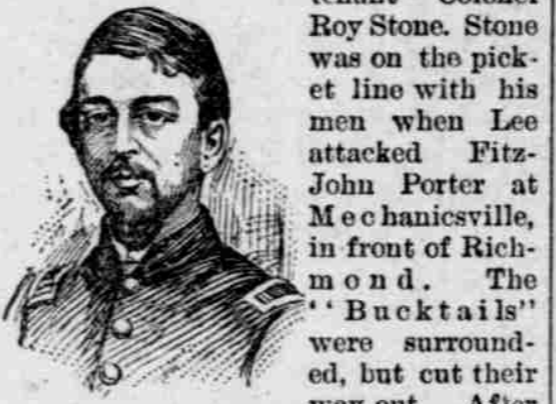
Verses on a Dictionary Maker. The following verses were addressed to Professor Skeat by Dr. Murray in the London News as a congratulatory effusion on the first seven letters of the alphabet and beginning with "H" for the new English dictionary. I've placed the verses in the order I bear you say— With words that begin with D And have left A B to the glad and gay With the glory that waits on G And you laugh but had better take care, As you tackle the terrible aspirate, The H that appalls the cookery crew, Lambshire, Essex and Shropshire, For they cannot abide the hunter's horn, And hold 'em heavenly hosts in scorn, And I fear there are some that can scarcely say Why you didn't give hat when you worked at A.

Whose utterance leaves some doubt between The human hair and an air serene The harrow that creeps and the arrow that flies, And the nice fact that children are taught to rise! We all rejoice on this New Year's day To hear you are fairly upon your way To honor the earth and define the ball, I would you were nearer to worldly wealth.

Women have municipal suffrage in Cape Colony which rules 1,000,000 square miles.

for a second charge. As Kane was about to order the battle forward Private Martin Kelly exclaimed, "Wait until I draw my fire, colonel!" Kelly then boldly stepped out from cover and received a full volley from the advanced companies of the Fifty eighth Virginians. He fell dead, riddled with bullets. The "Bucktails" advanced and routed the Virginians. At that juncture General Ashby rushed forward and urged his men to use their bayonets. Meanwhile Kane was being wounded in the leg and was leaning against a tree directing the fight. Beside him lay Private Holmes, mortally wounded. Seeing Ashby at the front and recognizing him from descriptions given by Kane, who knew him, Holmes served himself for a last shot, picked up his rifle and resting it across an outgrowing root of the tree shot down Ashby. After taking this speedy vengeance for the death of his comrade, Kelly, Holmes breathed his last. Kane was captured at Harrisburg. The remnant of his battalion, 50 men, fought heroically at Cross Keys a few days later and saved a battery which had been cut off and deserted.

The eight companies of the regiment accompanied the Reserve division to the peninsula under the leadership of Lieutenant Colonel Roy Stone. Stone was on the picket line with his men when Lee attacked Fitz John Porter at Mechanicsville, in front of Richmond. The "Bucktails" were surrounded, but cut their way out. After the battle of Gettysburg, Gaines Mill, when Porter retired across the river, the "Bucktails" covered the withdrawal and were under fire of the Confederate batteries for two hours. Forced to retreat at last, they fell back under fire for a distance of three miles getting on with only 125 men in the eight companies. At the battle at Glendale, in the "Seven Days," Stone rallied the broken companies of the Reserve division on his little line of sharpshooters until he had parts of six regiments with their battleflags around him. Although wounded, he led them against the enemy.



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HAD A SURE THING.

But the Baseball Manager Counted His Chicks Before They Were Hatched. "When it comes to square sport among professionals," admitted the veteran who lives by bucking chance, "I reckon you've got to give the first place to baseball. But way back in the days before the league system was perfected I used to see some curious things. I remember one club in central Ohio that was as good a local organization as I ever saw. All the men in the team were strapping six footers, used hickory bats and knocked a live ball so far that all the farmer boys in the vicinity had a supply. Finally a sportsy manager got hold of them, went wherever there was a game to be had, took a professional battery with him and bet all the money he could place. Having nothing special on hand that season, I concluded to do a little business on my own hook.

"By a little quiet skimming in Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus I got together a nice team that was fast enough for any company. I took them to a little country town about 30 miles from the club I've been telling you about, named them after the place, did some saucy blowing through the county newspaper and got a challenge from the very fellows we were after. We went over there in old farm wagons, looking like the rustiest lot of grangers that ever ventured away from home. In practice my boys got tangled up in their own feet, fell over each other and made the opposing manager feel so good that he was betting at every turn. I had a dollar, and there was a big roll for one of us when the game was over. Now there was a change. My boys came out of the dressing room in knickerbockers, sweaters and canvas shoes, as slick a looking lot of ringers as you ever saw. It was a cinch, and I was only hot because I had no more money to put up."

"You made a good thing of it?" "Good thing? I got the double cross. My battery sold out to the other manager. They beat us so bad that the scores demanded extra pay. My pitcher and catcher got away before I could borrow a gun. I walked ten miles to the nearest station and then took a box car. That was a square game."—Detroit Free Press.

FRIENDS OF HIS.

Some Close Acquaintances of Whom He Spoke in His Dreams.

"John," said Mrs. Eastlake to her husband as she poured out his coffee at the breakfast table, "I think you have never introduced your friend, Mr. High, to me, have you?" "I have no friend named High," replied Mr. Eastlake as he devoured his breakfast.

"Oh, but you must have, dear," insisted Mrs. Eastlake. "You are familiar enough with him to call him Jack." "Jack High! Don't know anybody of that name. You never heard me mention his name, did you?" "Certainly. That is the reason I asked you about him."

"I think you must have met him last night," Mrs. Eastlake went on, "though of course if you had met him then you would have remembered it without any trouble. I only know that after you went to bed—you got home about 2 o'clock, John—you fell into a troubled sleep. You muttered a good deal, but I could not distinguish anything very clearly except the name of Mr. High—Jack High, you called him. Once I thought I heard you mention a woman's name—Kitty—but I'm not sure."

Mrs. Eastlake looked narrowly at her husband as she said this, and he looked at her suspiciously and then said: "Oh, yes, I believe a man named Jack High did drop in to see the sick friend I was sitting up with, but you could scarcely call him a friend of mine on such short acquaintance."

"Of course not. But who was Kitty?" "There was no one named Kitty. You must have been mistaken. I don't know anybody of that name—absolutely nobody."

Then Mr. Eastlake put his coat on and left the house, after kissing his thoughtful little wife goodby.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HE WAS REAL NICE.

This Telegraph Clerk, and She Intends to Patronize Him Exclusively. She sailed into the telegraph office at Fourth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, recently and tapped on the receiving clerk's window. The receiving clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now. I forgot something very important. I wanted to underscore the words 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?" "No, ma'am," said the clerk as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said: "It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charlie so much." "Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like, I will put a few drops of nice violet extract on the telegram at the same rates."

"Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done any one good to have seen, with the possible exception of Charlie.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Sculptor Returns to America. Mr. Thomas Ball, the sculptor, who has resided in Florence, Italy, for the last 30 years, returned lately to America and intends to spend the rest of his life in New York. Mr. Ball, although in his seventy-ninth year, is still full of vigor and enthusiasm and does not consider his career finished by any means. He is a native of Boston, where several of his works may be seen, notably his bronze figures of Charles Sumner and Josiah Quincy, his marble statue of John A. Andrew and his equestrian statue of Washington. He is represented here in Central park by his colossal bronze of Webster. Washington has his "Lincoln Freeing the Slave." He also made the bronze figure of P. T. Barnum for Bridgeport and that of Edwin Forrest for the Forrest home, near Philadelphia.

During the last seven years Mr. Ball has been at work on a Washington monument for Mr. Edward E. Scamler, who intends to present it to the state, his native town. It is to be put in place some time this year.—New York Herald.

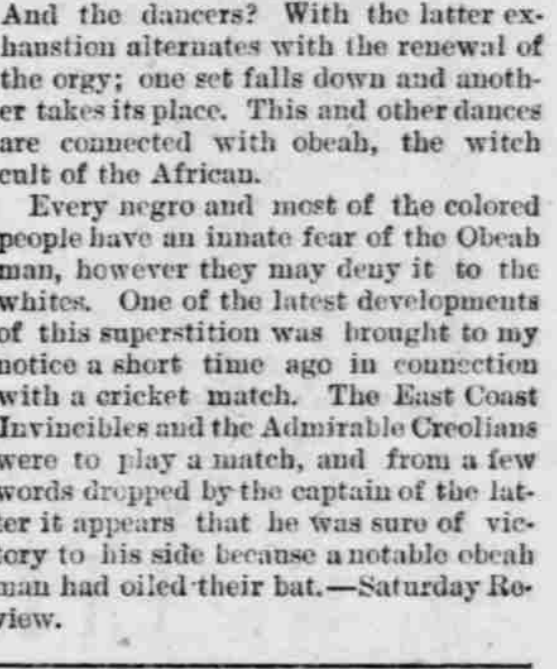
Overexertion in Bicycling. Dr. Allen recently made an interesting communication to the Berlin Medical society on certain effects produced on the heart and other internal organs by overexertion in cycle races. His conclusions were based on the condition of 12 professional cyclists whom he had examined both before and after races lasting from 5 to 30 minutes. The strain thrown on the heart was shown by well marked dyspnea and by the strong pulsation of the heart and arteries, but the most remarkable fact was an acute dilatation of the heart, especially of the left ventricle. This dilatation is of course temporary, disappearing when rest has been taken and returning on the occasion of the next race. When overexertion is frequent, this dilatation may become permanent, and in a heart that was previously weak an irreparable injury may occur. Another symptom was the presence of albumen and casts in the urine, caused by the kidneys being irritated by the effort of cycling.

A Flemish George Washington. There was recently in New York a young man who bears the illustrious name of George Washington. He hailed from Brussels, the capital of Belgium. He is fair complexioned, good looking and intelligent and is yet on the sunny side of 40. "Yes," said he to an inquirer, "my name is George Washington, and I'm of the same stock and family as the illustrious man who is looked up to in the United States as the greatest of all Americans. My great grandfather was John Washington, a half brother of General Washington. My grandfather and father were born in England, and my father married a Belgian lady. This is my second visit to America. I am a great lover of this country and hope some day to become a citizen of the United States."

THE CUMFOO DANCE.

One of the Popular Pastimes of the Negroes in Demerara. The negro has undoubtedly a very strong inclination to sleep in the day and to spend the night in gossip, dancing or singing. On this account he is often a nuisance to his neighbors, especially when he has a wake. As his home is often nothing more than a single room about eight feet square, the funeral party is conducted in the open yard. Here congregated 50 to 100 people, who begin the entertainment with hymns, going on after midnight to songs and games and often winding up toward morning with a free fight. Then there is the cumfoo dance, one of the finest institutions in the world for producing night music. Two men beat drums with the hands, the one instrument producing a tumtum and the other a rattling rattle, almost without intermission during the whole night. At intervals of about a minute the party utters a weird cry in some African language which startles you as you lie in bed vainly trying to sleep. As hour after hour passes your senses appear to square, the head shakes and your spine feels as if made up of loose segments. How can the drummers keep this up for ten hours! And the dancers? With the latter exhaustion alternates with the renewal of the orgy; one set falls down and another takes its place. This and other dances are connected with obeah, the witch cult of the African.

Every negro and most of the colored people have an innate fear of the obeah man, however they may deny it to the whites. One of the latest developments of this superstition was brought to my notice a short time ago in connection with a cricket match. The East Coast Invincibles and the Admirable Creolians were to play a match, and from a few words dropped by the captain of the latter it appears that he was sure of victory to his side because a notable obeah man had oiled their bat.—Saturday Review.



A rosy, happy, laughing baby brings the greatest happiness in all this wide, wide world to the wife and mother—a baby that does not know illness, that is a veritable rumpoing, rollicking cherub. It rests with woman herself to enjoy this great happiness. If she is afflicted with the weaknesses and diseases peculiar to her sex and does not properly prepare herself for that great event in woman's life, motherhood, she may be sure that baby will suffer for her neglect and be puny and peevish. By taking the proper care during the period preceding motherhood, she can insure the health of her babe.

For weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all known remedies. It stops all weakening drains upon the system. It renders the coming of baby safe and easy. It is prepared by a regularly graduated, experienced and skillful specialist in the treatment of diseases of women. Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

The wife that is, and the mother that is to be, needs above all other things a good medical book that tells her how to perform successfully the duties of wifehood and motherhood. Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser contains several chapters devoted to the favorite prescriptive physiology of women and to diseases of the organs of woman. It contains over one thousand pages and every woman who has a copy, a copy, paper-covered, may be obtained absolutely free, by sending twenty-one cent stamps to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. If French cloth cover is desired, send ten cents extra (thirty-one cents in all), to pay for this better style of binding.

SMOKERS In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge.

BROEKER'S SUITS ALWAYS FIT. We have been making garments for North Platte citizens for over twelve years, and if our work and prices were not satisfactory we would not be here to-day. We solicit your trade.

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