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The men who are "silverites" in theory are all "goldites" in practice. Not only do John McLean, Senator Stewart, Senator Jones, John P. Altgeld, and "Vice-President" Sewall compel their creditors to pay in gold, but now the Tammanyites who are trying stand on a dilapidated silver platform have issued a lot of new bonds of their society payable in gold.

The agricultural element in the west gave the republican party its first great start in life. In the past twenty years that element strayed over into the wilderness of greenbackism and populism. The good times, though, have brought the farmers all back to their old home, and the republican party will be again invincible in all the western states outside of the silver mining group.

The local populists sarcastically refer to the democratic convention as an "attempt to resurrect the dead and long forgotten." So long as the democrats voted with the populists and asked for no place on the populist ticket they were mighty good fellows. Now that the democrats are determined to secure a place on the populist ticket or else place a ticket in the field, they are alluded to as dead and forgotten.

UNCLE JACK WOLFE, commissioner of public lands and buildings, was in town for a few hours Saturday, arriving in the morning and leaving on an afternoon freight. His announced mission here was to lease school lands, but the real purpose of his appearance was to talk fusion to the populists. He found a considerable number opposed to fusion, which seemed to dishearten him, hence his early departure.

The Nevada senators have been laughing at the people who have been duped by their silver arguments, says an exchange, until they feel they can no longer keep up the farce. "I would not be surprised," said Senator Stewart the other day, "to see wheat sell for a dollar and silver for twenty-five cents." Senator Jones concurs in the remarks of his colleague. Both of them think it is "time to stop talking silver and turn to new issues."

A GRAPEVINE telegram from Wallace announces that Frank Nichols is a red-hot aspirant for the pop nomination for treasurer and a postscript adds that he has the support of the court house ring. Nichols may be red-hot after the nomination but we doubt very much if he has the support of the court house ring. It is said that two years ago Nichols "held up" Buchanan, Miller, Burritt and one or two other candidates for twenty dollars each in order that the Wallace populists might be held in line, and since then the court house ring has had very little use for Nichols.

The state administration is so rattled over the copious rains and bounteous crops that none of the officers seem to work in harmony. In one end of the capitol S. J. Kent is working under Governor Holcomb's direction trying to show by answers from political farmers that farming does not pay, and Land Commissioner Wolfe comes into the other end of the building from trips out over the state and shows by documentary evidence that he is receiving hundreds of dollars in the form of bonuses from farmers who want to lease state land. In every report Mr. Wolfe shows how people are falling over each other to get land. On the other hand Mr. Kent goes gaily on to prove that farming does not pay. Mr. Kent, under direction of Governor Holcomb, displayed considerable shrewdness in getting his questions before the farmers and securing their answers long before the present crop began to grow.—Lincoln Journal.

The Hon. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, makes too sweeping an assertion when he says "that the farmers of this country should be just now the happiest people in the world, because they are the most prosperous." He should have exempted the democratic and populist farmers, not from the prosperity, but from the happiness. They can't help being prosperous, but they can strive for sufficient consistency and firmness to keep them from being happy. What is it that those who crop and rear and bring good prices? What is it that those who live stock and cereals are raising? What cheer does it bring

to them to know that they must have their share in that \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 advance over last year's prices which Secretary Wilson finds in wheat? Silver has sagged. Silver is in the abysses. With silver in the abysses, the populist or democratic farmer ought to feel, and will if he can, unhappy rather than ever. Prosperity, accompanied with the ruin of silver, is a crime, another crime of the insatiable money power.—New York Sun.

A SCOUT'S EXPLOIT.

SHERMAN'S ARMY SAVED FROM DISASTER BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

The Hero a "Galvanized Yankee" in the Southern Army—Loyal to the Old Flag. He Risked Life For It—General Sherman's Story.

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 HE bravest deed of individual valor that came to my notice during the whole war," said the late General Henry W. Slocum, "was performed by a soldier in the ranks. It was at Bentonville, N. C., the last battle of Sherman's army, fought on the 19th of March, 1865. But for that man's foresight, personal courage and love for the flag, Sherman's march to the sea might have ended in disaster. In that case Lee's surrender would have been postponed. On the march through the Carolinas from Savannah toward Goldsboro I commanded the left wing of Sherman's army and General Howard the right. In order to hasten the movement we traveled upon roads many miles apart. That was the stage of the great march which was to unite the army of the west with that of the east in front of Richmond. That union of the forces once effected, the Confederacy was doomed. On the 16th of March we brushed Hardee's Confederates out of Aversboro after a lively skirmish, and Sherman, who joined me later, was of the opinion that Hardee would not stop again until he reached Raleigh.

"Directing me to reach the Neuse river the following day, Sherman left me on the morning of the 19th to join Howard. At that moment there was some skirmishing and light cannonading on my front, but Sherman thought it trivial, for he said that I had nothing to oppose me but a little company. The Confederate skirmishers soon gave way, and I sent an aid to ride after Sherman and tell him that I should need no assistance, but would be at the Neuse river on time. Meantime the skirmish fire increased along my whole front. The column was well spread out and I held in position for battle. In fact, I had sent two divisions of the Twentieth corps, one-third of my force, off to the right to outflank the supposed Confederate detachment.

"Just about that time one of my officers brought before me a young man dressed in Confederate gray. He was haggard and sickly looking, the reason for which was soon made known. He had been very anxious to see me, and after much begging on his part his guardians had granted him. In answer to my questions he said he had originally been in the Federal army; that while on a scouting expedition he had been captured and narrowly missed summary death as a spy. To save his life, or at least escape the horrors of a prison dungeon, he had enlisted in the Confederate service with the intention of deserting to his own at the first chance.

"I had met such characters before and was skeptical. He told me that he had enlisted at Syracuse and had been in the service all through the war. I was a resident of Syracuse myself, but did not recognize the man. However, Major William G. Tracy of my staff came up and saw in the "galvanized Yankee" a soldier who had enlisted with him in the Third New York volunteers in 1861. This name was John T. Williams. Having established confidence, Williams said, 'There is a very large Confederate force immediately in your front, all under command of General Joe Johnston.' He added that Johnston had made a speech to his army that morning, and the officers had told me that it was 'old Joe's intention to smash my column before support could reach it, and then go for Howard's.'

"What Williams was telling me the story the cannon began to boom in front of one of my divisions, and it was necessary to go into position for battle and trench. I also hastily recalled the two divisions of the Twentieth corps, for their move, if persisted in in the presence of Johnston's army, would have been fatal for me.

"Of course I was sorry I had sent the message to Sherman, stating that I needed no help, and remedied the blunder at once by sending a second message. This was carried by a lay member of my staff, Lieutenant Joseph D. Foraker. The newspapers had a great deal of fun out of Foraker when he was governor of Ohio, calling him 'Fire Alarm Foraker.' He was a fire alarm in the right place that day. As he started off I said to him, 'Ride well to the right and don't let the enemy get you, and, above all, don't spare horseflesh.' He rode like Paul Revere on his famous gallop from Boston to Lexington, and reached Sherman's camp just at sundown. Sherman immediately started a column to my aid.

"There was also a division under Lieutenant General A. P. Stewart from Hood's old Tennessee command, men who had a good share of black legs or they would not have made their way from Louisiana to the coast in search of more fighting. Besides that there was a splendid body of cavalry under General Wade Hampton, comprising General Joe Wheeler's corps and the division of General M. C. Butler that had fought under Jeb Stuart and Hampton in Virginia. The force was about 20,000 men. They fought like an army of 40,000, for their leaders had filled them with the hope that Sherman would be given a crushing blow if they destroyed me there at Bentonville.

"The battle took place in a dense thicket, which was very favorable to me, for it offered cover to my troops and enabled them to throw up hasty breastworks out in view of the enemy. This was done by my men using their tin cups and bare hands for digging and banking the earth against the fence rails and slender saplings, for we had no regular trenching tools. Johnston's guns were well served, and the valor of his soldiers in charging my lines would have counted for more had his columns not been broken in passing through the thicket. As it was, they charged again and again until a late hour.

"When night came on, I had my army well in hand and entrenched. Still I had a strong foe in my front and could not keep my engagement to meet Sherman on the Neuse river next day. The fierceness of the battle confirmed the story of the deserter Williams that the enemy had made every preparation to smash me, and while I might have ignored the warning and attempted to cut my way through, I thought it was a time when I could afford to be too slow rather than too fast, and not risk another Bull's Bluff disaster.

"The idea is generally accepted that the march of Sherman through the Carolinas at that time, threatening to come up in the rear of Lee's army along the James and catch it between two fires, decided the issue between Lee and Grant and led to the surrender at Appomattox. That view of the case makes it plain that a blow like the one Johnston would have been able to strike had I not been warned of his presence and continued my march with the columns strung out would have been a terrible disaster just at that time.

"Williams was the hero of that crisis, and he took his life in his hands in more respects than one when he set out from the Confederate camp to warn me of my danger. There was firing going on between the Confederate skirmishers and ours, so that a man risked his life passing between the lines. Besides, if discovered by the southern people while getting away, they would shoot him down, and the northerners would do the same unless they understood his signals. In case of recapture, an event very likely to happen, his captors would have strung him up, and if he could not make his case clear in our lines his life was in danger there. The nearest accident might have led my people to believe that the fellow was a fraud trying to embarrass the movement of my army. In the battle of Bull Run there was a Confederate soldier bayoneted by my men before my eyes for a supposed act of treachery in giving false information, yet he might have been innocent.

"It was most fortunate for Williams as well as for my army and the cause that he happened to run right into the arms of an old fellow soldier so that the identification of him and acceptance of his story did not take five minutes. For his own safety he might better have waited until the battle was on before attempting to rejoin his old friends, if that was his sole object. It would have been an easy matter then, but he was true to the flag and his former calling of scout. Having learned vital news for the Federal commander, he risked his life to carry it to the opposing camp.

"The dispatching of Foraker to Sherman for help was the next act in the drama, and after a night march Sherman came up with Logan's corps and joined me on the battlefield at Bentonville.



"DON'T SPARE HORSEFLESH!"
 ville the morning of March 20. As soon as we arrived we developed the enemy's lines and found them very strong, as Williams reported, but when we began to push things Johnston discovered that he was just a day too late, for Sherman's army was united. He then retreated hastily toward Raleigh.

"Now, we did not think so much about these things at the close of the war in the excitement of victory. The services of Williams were overlooked, and I am positive that he never received any recognition or reward for his gallant deed. He was a hero and a patriot and deserves well of his country and his fellow men."

THE TATTLER.
 Miss A. H. Graser is a reliable Cincinnati custom house broker and forwarder. Miss Ada Ward, a well known young London artist, has joined the Salvation Army.

Miss Jessie Langford of Duluth has a clean record as a licensed pilot. She has served more than ten years on the great lakes. Mrs. Mills of New York city is a successful thimble. She learned the trade of her husband and has kept up the business since his death.

Miss May Kerns, operator in the Western Union office at Niagara Falls, has won medals in telegraphic contests and is now called one of the fastest women operators on the line. The Countess de Casa Miranda (Christine Nilsson), who possesses one of the most famous collections of precious stones in Europe, is now making a collection of black and white lace.

Mrs. John Sherman, wife of the secretary of state, is an elderly woman, well read and deeply interested in current events. Next year she and Secretary Sherman will be able to celebrate their golden wedding.

Mrs. McKinley is a woman of quiet tastes in dress. Dark blue of almost the Salvation Army tint is her favorite color. She is also fond of dove, gray and a soft chestnut brown. Her hats are always unobtrusive and ladylike.

The daughter of Osman Pasha is believed to be the only poetess in Turkey. She lives in a white marble palace overlooking the Bosphorus and dines every day in the conservatory from a service of golden plates. This undoubtedly is her inspiration.

Mrs. Gaige, the wife of the secretary of the treasury, is a handsome, middle aged woman, with a well known faculty for making friends and holding them. In Albany, her old home, she is exceedingly popular, and everywhere she maintains an easy and a society life of her culture and broad information.

Lillie Devreux Blake suggests as one rule for married happiness that the wife should not always ask the husband where he is going when he goes away and where he has been when he comes in, and as another rule that a woman should never claim that one-half of every dollar the husband has belongs in the law to the wife.

Miss Nell Ten Eyck of Worcester, Mass., entertains herself by capturing and cultivating all kinds of queer sea monsters. She puts the creatures in glass jars and makes up a series of dishes and other smaller horrors are the pride of this peculiar young woman's heart, and her collection is said to be unique and interesting in the extreme.

England has several grand old women who were born before Victoria and carry their years well. Mrs. Gladstone is six months older than the queen, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is five years older, and Lady Louise Tighe, who was present at the ball on the eve of Waterloo and is still hale and lively, was a girl of 15 when Victoria was born.

THE EARTH.
 The astronomers say the earth is a ring of matter which was "shot off" by the sun 66,000,000 years ago and which gradually worked itself into a ball or globe.

FRIENDSHIP.
 Friendship, of itself a holy tie, is made more sacred by adversity.—Dryden.
 Complimenting of man's self in his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubles joy and cuts off griefs in halves.—Bacon.

IF YOUR LUNGS ARE WEAK.
 Adopt an out of doors occupation, so as to live in the open air.
 Do not live in a house with defective plumbing or bad drainage.
 Do not frequent crowded or badly ventilated assembly rooms or sleep in close apartments.
 Do not live in a damp locality, in a damp house or in a house with damp or foul cellar or surroundings.
 Avoid as much as possible everything that tends to depress. All excesses should be avoided, and keep free from anxiety and mental and physical overwork.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.
 Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick-headache bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin pain in back and between the shoulders, chill and fever &c. If you have and of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act promptly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal in any medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at North Platte Pharmacy, E. E. Bush, Mgr.

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 Gray heavens, gray earth, gray sea, gray sky. Yet ruffled with strange gleams of gold; Downward all's dark, but up on high Walk our white angels, dear of old.
 Strong faith in God and trust in man, In patience we possess our souls. Eastward gray ghosts may linger vain, But westward back the shadow rolls.
 Life's broken urns with moss are clad, And grass springs greenest over graves. The shipwrecked sailor rooks glad find, Not what he lost, but what he saves.
 Our sun has set, but in his ray The hills shine like sails new born. His afterglow night makes day, And when we wake it will be morn.—By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

JOHNSON'S ROMANCE.
 Dear old Johnson! Whenever I think of him I realize that he was one of the true, good headed fellows we only meet with here and there in the world, and is not too often.
 His name, by the way, was not Johnson, but it will answer all the purposes of my story to call him so.
 It was a name handed down through many a generation of noble ancestors that he carried across the channel when he was very 60 years of age, together with the very small remnant of fortune which remained after one of his friends had swindled him.

Johnson was exactly the person to be swindled. His trustful, generous heart made him an easy prey.
 "I don't like leaving my native land," he said to me a day or so before his departure, "but the fact is I can no longer afford to live in England, so I must avail myself of the inexpensive continental style of existence. I am bound for Paris, which, after all, will not be going very far away."
 Johnson had been living abroad for more than a year when I decided that it was about time I was looking him up. He was not good at correspondence, neither was I.

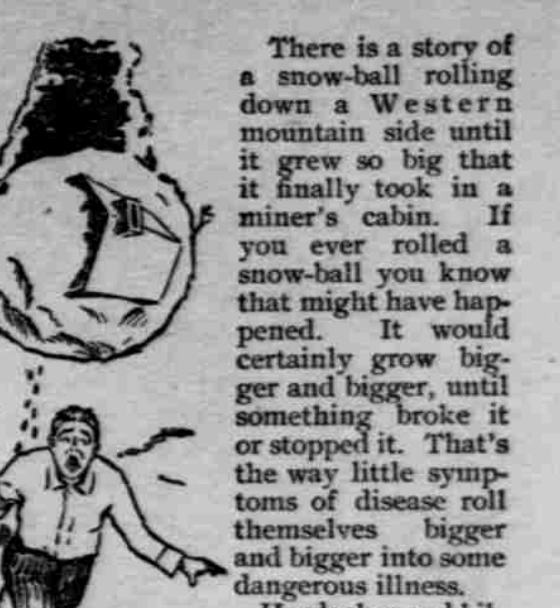
We exchanged occasional letters which seemed to be full of nothing, so I wanted to see with my own eyes how he was hearing his changed fortunes.
 It was in the small "entre-soi" of one of the tall houses of the old Latin quarter of the capital that I found my friend established.
 He declared that he was very jolly, but I did not believe him. It was only a sort of dogged determination to look on the sunny side of things in general that made him say so.

How could a man so long in his first youth be "jolly" in a stuffy little lodging where his head almost touched the ceiling and where his frugal meals were sent in by a "traiteuse"?
 Johnson was just the fellow who ought to be the head of an affluent British household, with sons and daughters growing up around him. Or he should have been a wealthy bachelor uncle, absolutely adored by a large contingent of nephews and nieces. Solitude did not seem the proper setting for him.
 However, he took for his motto, "Whatever is, is best," "treated me about Paris with an air of part ownership which was infinitely comic—in fact, did his level best to make my fortnight's stay a pleasant one.
 He would have insisted on giving me up his bed and migrating to an unlet attic on the fifth floor, but I would not hear of it.
 I was obliged to pretend that I should certainly suffocate in the small closet he dignified by the title of "chambre a coucher," and that I had engaged quarters at one of the nearest hotels on my way from the railway station and before I found him out.

Though we had known each other during a good many years, it was only when my stay in Paris drew very near its close that Johnson one evening became confidential.
 "I am very likely to forget that evening, either, for I had come out rather sick and decidedly shuddering from visiting the morgue.
 Declaring it to be one of the sights of the city, which a strong nervous man ought to see once in his life, I had prevailed on Johnson to accompany me.
 A group of excited women and a man or two were standing by the entrance. They told us that the body of a girl—a young and pretty girl—had been carried in not long before. She had been found floating in the Seine—a case of suicide, no doubt.
 "I think—I'll take your arm—my dear fellow," stammered Johnson as we came out from this ghastly spectacle.
 Then I felt sorry I had urged him against his will, for his face was as white as chalk and his manner was that of a man walking in a dream.
 "It reminded me," he said, after he had walked some little way, and he seemed better, "of a girl who was drowned a good many years ago. Perhaps I'll tell you about it by and by."
 I did not question him. The little romance of his life came out quite naturally as we sat together in the stuffy "entre-soi," waiting for dinner.
 "I am such a thorough foggy now," remarked Johnson, from the depths of the big Voltaire chair into which I had forced him, "that I dare say, young man, you could hardly imagine me young and fairly good looking."
 "You forget," I answered, "that we were both tolerably young when we first made acquaintance. And, in my opinion, you are good looking now."
 "Oh, yes, to you, perhaps. But could you imagine me a man with whom a girl—pretty and much sought after—would fall in love? Yet so it was, and I think I shall feel better if I tell you about it this evening."
 "Tell me by all means," I said. "I

never knew before you were a man with a story."
 He smiled rather sadly.
 "Who has not a story? Only we do not happen to know it. I don't suppose that we who have failed in life as regards happiness are in the minority. Well, I, too, had my dreams of a wife and a home. At first they were vague and shadowlike. They only began to take form when I knew Alice Temple. I have called her pretty, but I think it was the intelligence expressed in her eyes that one noticed most, or perhaps the swift smile that came to her lips when she spoke."
 I waited silently. Presently Johnson went on with his story:
 "We were engaged. There was nothing to wait for. I could afford to marry and Alice had a little money, not much, and I was glad of it. I should not have wished to be one of those at whom the world points as a man who, by marrying, has done well for himself."
 "My dear friend," I exclaimed, "no one could ever imagine you hunting after money. I am afraid you have undervalued it all your life and will keep up the habit to the end."
 Johnson smiled.
 "Perhaps there is something in what you say, perhaps I have been an incontinent, oversanguine fellow, but then I have always realized that if money opens all doors in this world it certainly won't open us the door of heaven. However, I am drifting away from what I meant to tell you—what that dead face of a girl seems to force me to speak of tonight. Alice and I were, as I have said, engaged, the wedding day fixed. We were visiting at the country house of one of her relatives that glorious month of August. One day I went up to London, returning late in the evening. In all the years that have passed I have never forgotten that evening. I can see now in memory the moonlight falling on the trees, its glare—for at the full of the moon it is a cold, hard glare which falls on everything, or so it seems to me—on the white gravel of the avenue leading to the house. Even as the old butler opened the door I saw there was something the matter—a little crowd of pale stricken faces, and then some one caught my arm and tried to pull me away—tried, but failed, for I fought and struggled to shake off the grasp. I knew at once something had happened to Alice Temple."
 He paused so long that at last I asked what came next. He started at the sound of my voice.
 "I forgot I was telling you about it," he said. "It seemed as though I were going over it all by myself. I often do, though it happened so long ago. What was it? Oh, one of those boating accidents, as people say when they lay down a daily paper, complaining of the scarcity of news. Alice had been boating. There was an upset; no one hurt of all the party except—well, they had just brought her in, and as I fought myself free of my hold I meant to tell it was on the white, still face and long, drenched hair of my dead love that my eyes rested. I have never forgotten that sight, never forgotten her in all the years of days and nights which have gone by since then. Strange I have never talked of it? But, then, we never do talk of what we feel most deeply. Yet tonight that poor girl—I dare say she was not a very good girl, but heaven is more merciful than man and takes account of all the despair and misery which go before self destruction—reminded me of Alice, who was to have been my wife, of the happiness I wanted, yet was refused, and I shall unname me for a bit. By and by I shall feel better. Perhaps, who knows, in some future existence our disappointments will all be made up to us. At any rate that is one of my pet beliefs."
 "You think that in some future you and Alice Temple will be together?" I asked rather skeptically.
 "I don't put things into form and shape. I simply believe that I, and all who have failed in this world, shall have happiness. Now let me take no more of it, for here comes dinner."
 As dear old Johnson bowed his head to say grace, for he reverently observed the practices taught him in his childhood, his voice trembled, and when he looked up again and raised the cover of the little soup tureen for the preliminary duties of hospitality I saw, and pretended not to see, that there were tears shining in his eyes.—Exchange.

There is a story of a snow-ball rolling down a Western mountain side until it grew so big that it finally took in a miner's cabin. If you ever rolled a snow-ball you know that might have happened. It would certainly grow bigger and bigger, until something broke it or stopped it. That's the way little symptoms of disease roll themselves bigger and bigger into some dangerous illness. Headaches and biliousness, dyspepsia and constipation seem like trifling ailments; but just as sure as they're not stopped they grow into something more serious. If you have these troubles, the first thing to do is to get a little bottle of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. There never was anything like them to cure constipation and indigestion. They tone the stomach, liver and bowels, and insure natural regularity without violence or discomfort. They prevent serious disease by breaking up its beginnings. They cure completely and permanently. Don't allow any druggist to persuade you into getting "something else" on which he makes more profit.
 If you want to keep in health and condition you ought to have Dr. Pierce's great free book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It gives reliable prescriptions for the cure of all sorts of common diseases. It explains the principles of anatomy and physiology and the origin of life. It has over one thousand pages profusely illustrated. A paper-bound copy sent free on receipt of 21 cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For ten cents extra a handsome cloth-bound, silver-stamped copy will be sent.



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