

# The North Platte Tribune.

VOL. IX.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1893.

NO. 15.

## The Model Clothing House

LOCATED IN THE  
CORNER,  
[SIXTH AND SPRUCE.]

AND CAN SHOW THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST  
AND BEST STOCK OF

## Clothing and Furnishing Goods

IN NORTH PLATTE.  
PRICES THE LOWEST.  
COME IN AND SEE US.

## THE MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE

MAX EINSTEIN, Prop.

North Platte National Bank,  
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Up Capital. \$75,000

DIRECTORS:  
O. M. CARTER, D. W. BAKER,  
M. C. LINDSAY, M. O'BRIEN,  
A. F. STREETZ, A. D. BUCKWORTH

## C. F. IDDIGS,

LUMBER,

COAL,

AND GRAIN.

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

Dr. N. McCABE, Prop. J. E. BUSH, Manager  
NORTH PLATTE PHARMACY,

NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA.

WE AIM TO HANDLE THE BEST GRADE OF GOODS,  
SELL THEM AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND WARRANT  
EVERYTHING AS REPRESENTED.

F. J. BROEKER,  
Merchant Tailor,  
CLEANER AND REPAIRER

LARGEST STOCK OF PIECE GOODS,  
embracing all the new designs, kept on hand and made to order.  
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.  
PRIORS LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE  
Spruce Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

THE CASINO BILLIARD HALL,  
DALY & GRACE, Proprietors.

SUPERIOR BILLIARD and POOL TABLES.  
Bar Stocked with the Finest of Liquors.

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

THE CASINO, - - NEVILLE BLOCK.

## THE PURLOINED LETTER

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

[CONTINUED.]  
city or the spectators, under cover of  
which I cautiously and thoroughly sur-  
veyed the whole apartment while seem-  
ingly intent only upon the conversation  
of my host.

"I paid special attention to a large  
writing table near which he sat, and  
upon which lay confusedly some misce-  
laneous letters and other papers, with  
one or two musical instruments and a  
few books. Here, however, after a long  
and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing  
to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the cir-  
cuits of the room, fell upon a trumpet  
figure cardrack of pasteboard that hung  
dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from  
a little brass knob just beneath the  
middle of the mantelpiece. In this  
rack, which had three or four compart-  
ments, were five or six visiting cards  
and a solitary letter. This last was  
nearly in two across the middle, as if  
a design in the first instance to tear it  
entirely up as worthless had been altered  
or staid in the second. It had a large  
black seal, bearing the D— cipher  
very conspicuously and was addressed,  
in a diminutive female hand, to D—,  
a minister, himself. It was thrust  
carelessly, and even as it seemed, con-  
tentionally, into one of the uppermost  
divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter  
than I concluded it to be that which I  
was in search. To be sure, it was not  
appearance, radically different from the  
one of which the prefect had read us so  
minute a description. Here the seal was  
large and black, with the D— cipher;  
there it was small and red, with the de-  
cal arms of the S— family. Here the  
address to the minister was diminutive  
and feminine; there the superscription  
to a certain royal personage was mark-  
ed by bold and decided. The size alone  
formed a point of correspondence. But,  
then, the radicalness of these differences,  
which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled  
and torn condition of the paper, so in-  
consistent with the true medical charac-  
ter of the note, and so suggestive of its  
deceitful and delusive nature, all con-  
spired to delude the beholder into an idea  
of the worthlessness of the document—  
these things, together with the hyper-  
bative style of this document, fall in  
the view of every visitor and exactly  
in accordance with the conclusions to  
which I had previously arrived—these  
things, I say, were strongly corroborative  
of suspicion in one who came with the  
intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possi-  
ble, and while I maintained a most ani-  
mated discussion with the minister upon  
a topic which I knew well had never  
failed to interest and excite him I kept  
my attention riveted upon the letter.  
In this examination I committed to  
memory its external appearance and ar-  
rangement in the rack, and also fell at  
length upon a discovery which set at rest  
whatever trivial doubt I might have en-  
tertained. In scrutinizing the edges of  
the paper I observed them to be more  
shaded than seemed necessary. They pre-  
sented the broken appearance which is  
manifested when a stiff paper, having  
been once folded and pressed with a fold-  
er, is refolded in a reversed direction in  
the same creases or folds which had  
formed the original fold. This discovery  
was sufficient. It was clear to me that  
the letter had been turned, as a glove-  
inside out—redirected and resealed. I  
took the minister good morning and took  
my departure at once, leaving a gold  
snuffbox upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the  
snuffbox, when we resumed quite eager-  
ly the conversation of the preceding day.  
While thus engaged, however, a loud  
report, as if of a pistol, was heard im-  
mediately beneath the windows of the ho-  
tel, and was succeeded by a series of  
deafening reports and the soundings of a  
terrible alarm. D— rushed to a casement,  
threw it open and looked out. In the  
meantime I stepped to the cardrack,  
took the letter, put it in my pocket and  
replaced it by a facsimile (so far as re-  
gards externals, which I had carefully  
prepared at my lodgings, imitating the  
D— cipher very readily by means of a  
seal form of my own).

"The disturbance in the street had  
been occasioned by the frantic behavior  
of a man with a mackerel. He had fired  
it among a crowd of women and chil-  
dren. It proved, however, to have been  
without ball, and the fellow was ordered  
to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard.  
When he had gone, D— came from the  
window, whether I had followed him im-  
mediately upon securing the object in  
view. Soon afterward I bade him fare-  
well. The pretended lunatic was a man  
in my own way.

"But what purpose had you?" I asked,  
"in replacing the letter by a facsimile?  
Would it not have been better at the  
first visit to have seized it openly and  
departed?"

"D— replied Dupin, "is a desper-  
ate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel,  
too, is not without attendants devoted  
to his interests. Had I made the wild  
attempt you suggest I might never have  
left the ministerial presence alive. The  
good people of Paris might have heard of  
me no more. But I had an object apart  
from these considerations. You know  
my political professions. In this matter  
I act as a partisan of the king. The  
letter is not in his possession, he will  
proceed with his execution as if it were  
D— either very readily or very  
at once to his political destruction.

"I stepped to the cardrack and took the  
letter."  
"His downfall, too, will not be more  
precipitate than was mine. It is well  
well to talk about the facilities degen-

## THE BLACK CAT

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

For the most wild yet most homely  
narrative which I am about to pen I  
neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad  
indeed would be to expect it in a case  
where my very senses reject their own  
evidence. Yet mad am I not, and very  
surely do I not dream. But tomorrow I  
lie, and to-day I would unburden my  
soul. My immediate purpose is to place  
before you the most plainly, succinctly and  
without comment a series of mere house-  
hold events. In their consequences these  
events have terrified—have tortured—  
have destroyed me. Yet I will not at-  
tempt to expound them. To me they  
have presented little but horror; to  
many they will seem less terrible than  
baroque. Hereafter perhaps some in-  
tellect more calm, more logical and  
less excited than my own, which will  
perceive in the circumstances  
I detail with awe nothing more than an  
ordinary succession of very natural  
causes and effects.

From my infancy I was noted for the  
docility and humanity of my disposition.  
My tenderness of heart was even so con-  
spicuous that I have seen many of my  
companions, I was especially fond of  
animals and was indulged by my parents  
with a great variety of pets. With  
these I spent most of my time and never  
felt a selfish emotion in the least. My  
affection for the most feeble of the  
creatures grew with my growth, and in  
my manhood I derived from it one of my  
principal sources of pleasure. To those  
who have cherished an affection for a  
faithful and sagacious dog I need hardly  
be at the trouble of explaining the nature  
or the intensity of the gratification thus  
derivable. There is something in the  
unselfish and self-sacrificing love of a  
brute which goes to the heart of the  
man who has had frequent occasion to test  
the paltry friendship and gossamer fidel-  
ity of mere man.

I married early and was happy to find  
in my wife a disposition not uncommo-  
nally kind. My wife, however, was  
domestic, and she lost no opportunity  
of procuring those of the most agreeable  
kind. We had birds, goldfish, a fine dog,  
rabbits, a small monkey and a cat.  
This latter was a remarkably black and  
beautiful animal, entirely black, and  
sagacious to an astonishing degree. In  
speaking of his intelligence my wife, who  
at heart was a true friend to the  
perpetration, made frequent allusion to  
the ancient popular notion which regarded  
all black cats as witches in disguise.

Pluto—this was the cat's name—was  
my favorite pet and playmate. I alone  
fed him, and he attended me wherever I  
went about the house. It was even with  
difficulty that I could prevent him from  
following me through the streets.  
My wife, however, was not so fond of  
him for several years. During which my gen-  
eral temperament and character, through  
the immaturity of the mind, through  
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I grew day by day more and more  
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Some Old Cheeses.  
In the cheese regions of Switzerland a  
custom formerly prevailed for the friends  
of a bride and bridegroom to join in  
the presentation of their wedding-day  
of an elaborate cheese. This cheese  
was used as a family register, on which  
the births, marriages and deaths were  
recorded. Some of these old cheeses date  
back to 1600.—Exchange.

The Russian Spoon.  
The Russian spoon, with its oddly  
twisted handle, is greatly affected by our  
New York snells. It is made of silver  
costs a lot of money. The bottom of the  
bowl is made of Russian enamel in green  
and red and has the appearance of being  
set with emeralds and rubies.—Once a  
Week.

The threads of fungus which flourish  
upon the roots of trees and bushes are  
rounded by decaying leaf mold turn the  
letter into nourishment for the trees,  
and the seedlings of the trees are unable  
to grow amid such surroundings without  
the aid of the fungi.

The application of animals and animal  
substances to the cure of disease has  
prevailed from the earliest times, though  
the greater part of such remedies, until  
recent times, have been founded on  
either fantastic or superstitious notions.

There is no other work in the world  
of which so many copies are printed  
annually as of the Times Almanac. The  
number is estimated at several millions.  
It is printed at Peking and is a monopoly  
of the emperor.

There are differences in teeth. Some  
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very rough usage, while others are frail  
and need constant attention.

The use of drapery in ideal art is as  
purely for artistic reasons as is its ab-  
sence and has nothing to do with the  
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The mooted question of the cancer pro-  
ducing qualities of tomatoes has been set-  
tled. It is affirmed by the testimony of  
two or three experts that this toothsome  
and indispensable vegetable has no such  
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One man may eat half as much again  
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ered. The socket of the lost eye present-  
ed, it is true, a frightful appearance, but  
no longer appeared to suffer any pain.  
He went about the house as usual, but,  
as might be expected, fell in extreme  
terror at my approach. I had so much  
of my old heart left as to be at first  
grieved by this evident dislike on the  
part of a creature which had once so  
loved me.

But this feeling soon gave place to irri-  
tation. And then came, as if to my final  
and irrevocable overthrow, the spirit of  
perverseness. Of this spirit philosophy  
takes no account. Yet I am not more  
sure that my soul lives than I am that  
perverseness is one of the primitive im-  
pulses of the human heart—one of the  
indivisible primary faculties or senti-  
ments which give direction to the charac-  
ter of man. Who has not a hundred  
times found himself committing a vile or  
a silly action for no other reason than  
because he knows he should not? Have  
not a perfect inclination, in the teeth  
of our best judgment, to violate that  
which is law, merely because we under-  
stand it to be such?

This spirit of perverseness, I say, came  
to my mind about this time. It was this  
fashionable longing of the soul to vex  
itself—to do wrong for the wrong's sake  
only—that urged me to continue and  
finally to consummate the injury I had  
inflicted upon the unoffending brute.  
One morning in cold blood I slipped a  
noose about its neck and hung it to the  
limb of a tree; hung it with the tears  
streaming from my eyes and with the  
deafening remorse of my heart; hung it  
because I knew that it had loved me  
and because I felt it had given me by  
reason of offense; hung it because I  
knew that in so doing I was committing  
a sin—a deadly sin that would so jeopar-  
dize my immortal soul as to place it—  
if such a thing were possible—ever beyond  
the reach of the infinite mercy of the  
most merciful and most terrible God.

On the night of the day on which this  
crime was done I was aroused from  
sleep by the cry of "Fire!" The curtains  
of my bed were in flames. The whole  
house was blazing. It was with great  
difficulty that my wife, a servant and  
myself managed to escape from the con-  
flagration. The destruction was com-  
plete. My entire worldly wealth was  
swallowed up, and I resigned myself  
thereafter to despair.

I am above the weakness of seeking to  
establish a sequence of cause and effect  
between the disaster and the atrocity.  
But I am detailing a chain of facts and  
wish not to leave even a possible link  
imperfect. On the day succeeding the  
fire I visited the ruins. The walls, with  
one exception, had fallen in. This excep-  
tion was found in a compartment  
wall, not very thick, which stood about  
the middle of the room, and against  
which I had placed my bed. The plaster  
which had rested the head of my bed,  
resisted the action of the fire—a fact  
which I attributed to its having been re-  
cently renewed. This wall, however,  
crowd were collected, and many persons  
seemed to be examining a particular  
portion of it with very minute and eager  
attention. The words "Strange!" "Sin-  
gular!" and other similar expressions ex-  
cited my curiosity. I approached and  
saw, as if graven in bas-relief upon the  
white surface, the figure of a pugnacious  
cat. The impression was given with an  
accuracy that I have never seen since.  
There was a party for my own secret in-  
crease. It followed my footsteps with a  
pertinacity which it would be difficult to  
make the reader comprehend. When-  
ever I sat it would crouch beneath my  
chair or spring upon my knees, covering  
me with its lustrous carcases. If I  
arose to walk, it would get between my  
feet, and thus nearly throw me down, or,  
fastening its long and sharp claws in my  
dress, clamber in this manner to my  
breast. At such times, although I longed  
to destroy it with a blow, I was withheld  
from so doing, partly by a memory  
of my former crime, but chiefly—let me  
confess it—by absolute dread of the beast.

This dread was not exactly a dread of  
physical evil—and yet I should be at a  
loss how otherwise to define it. I am al-  
most ashamed to own—yes, even in this  
solitary cell, I am almost ashamed to own  
—that the terror and horror with which  
the animal inspired me had been height-  
ened by one of the merest chimeras it  
would be possible to conceive. My wife  
had called my attention more than once  
to the character of the mark of white  
hair, of which I have spoken, and which  
constituted the sole visible difference be-  
tween the strange beast and the one I had  
destroyed.

The reader will remember that this  
mark, although large, had been origi-  
nally very indefinite. But by slow de-  
grees—degrees nearly imperceptible, and  
which for a long time my reason strug-

gled to reject as fanciful—it had in-  
length assumed a rigorous distinctness  
of outline. It was now the representa-  
tion of an object that I shudder to name  
—and for this, above all, I loathed and  
dreaded, and would have rid myself of  
the monster had I dared—it was now, I  
say, the image of a hideous, of a ghastly  
thing—the gallow! Oh, monstrous  
and terrible engine of horror and of  
crime, of agony and of death!

And now was I indeed wretched be-  
yond the wretchedness of mere human-  
ity. And a brute beast, whose fellow I  
had, contemptuously destroyed—a brute  
beast to work out for me—for me, a man,  
fashioned in the image of the high God  
—so much of insufferable woe! Alas!  
Neither by day nor by night knew I the  
blessing of rest any more! During the  
former the creature left me no moment  
alone, and in the latter I started hourly  
from dreams of unutterable fear to find  
the hot breath of the thing upon my  
face, and its vast weight—an incarnate  
nightmare that had no power to shake  
off—incumbent eternally upon my heart!

Beneath the pressure of torments such  
as these the feeble remnant of the good  
within me succumbed. Evil thoughts  
became my sole intimates—the darkest  
and most evil of thoughts. The moodi-  
ness of my usual temper increased to  
hatred of all things and of all mankind,  
while from the sudden, frequent and  
uncontrollable outbursts of a fury to  
which I have already alluded, my mind  
my uncomplaining wife, alas, was the  
most patient of sufferers.

One day she accompanied me upon  
some household errand into the cellar of  
the old house, which our poverty com-  
pelled us to inhabit. The cat followed  
me down the steep stairs, and nearly  
throwing me headlong exasperated me  
to madness. Uplifting an ax, and forget-  
ting in my wrath the childish dread  
which had hitherto stayed my hand, I  
aimed a blow at the animal which of  
course would have proved instantly fatal  
had it descended as I wished. But this  
blow was arrested by the hand of my  
wife. Goaded by the presence into a  
rage more than demoniacal, I withdrew  
my arm from her grasp and buried the  
ax in her brain. She fell dead upon the  
spot without a groan.

This hideous murder accomplished, I  
set myself forthwith and with entire de-  
liberation to the task of concealing the  
body from the house, either by day or  
by night, without the risk of being observed  
by the neighbors. Many projects entered  
my mind. At one period I thought of  
cutting the corpse into minute fragments  
and destroying them by fire. At another  
I resolved to dig a grave for it in the  
floor of the cellar. Again I deliberated  
about casting it into the well in the yard;  
about packing it in a box, as if mer-  
chandise, with the usual arrangements,  
and so getting a porter to take it from  
my house. Finally I hit upon what I  
considered a far better expedient than  
either of these. I determined to wall it  
in the cellar, as the monks of the  
middle ages are recorded to have walled  
up their victims.

For a purpose such as this the cellar  
was well adapted. Its walls were loosely  
constructed and had lately been plastered  
throughout with a rough plaster, which  
the dampness of the atmosphere had pre-  
vented from hardening. Moreover, in  
one of the walls was a projection, caused  
by a false chimney or fireplace that had  
been filled up and made to resemble the  
rest of the cellar. I made no doubt that  
I could readily displace the bricks at this  
point, insert the corpse and wall the  
whole up as before, so that no eye could  
detect anything suspicious.

In this calculation I was not de-  
ceived. By means of a crowbar I easily  
dislodged the bricks, and having care-  
fully deposited the body against the in-  
ner wall I propped it in that position,  
while with little trouble I relaid the  
whole structure as its original position.  
Having procured mortar, sand and hair,  
with every possible precaution I pre-  
pared a plaster which could not be dis-  
tinguished from the old, and with this  
very carefully went over the new brick-  
work from hardening. Moreover, I  
satisfied that all was right. The wall did  
not present the slightest appearance of  
having been disturbed. The rubbish on  
the floor was picked up with the minutest  
care. I looked around triumphantly  
and said to myself, "Here at least,  
then, my labor has not been in vain."

My next step was to look for the beast  
which had been the cause of so much  
wretchedness, for I had at length firmly