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VOL. IX.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893.

NO. 50.

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Great Clearing Sale!

FOR CASH ONLY.

\$20,000 Worth of Goods,

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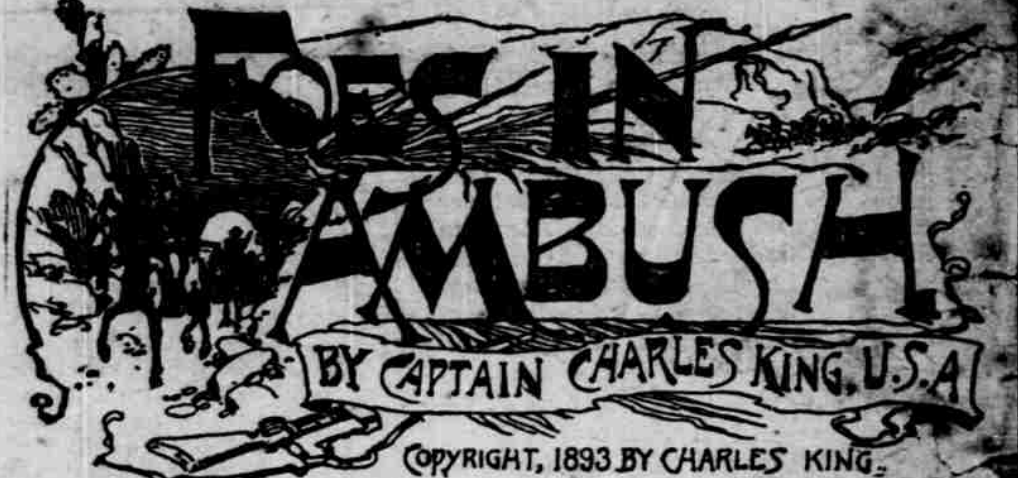
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is not surpassed in the city and lovers of these games can
be accommodated at all times.



BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

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CHAPTER I.

The sun was just going down, a hissing globe of fire and torment. Already the lower limb was in contact with the jagged backbone of the mountain chain that rimmed the desert with purple and gold. Out on the barren, hard baked floor of the coral, just where it had been unshaken when the paymaster and his safe were dumped some after dark, a weatherbeaten ambulance was throwing unbroken a mile long shadow toward the distant Christobal. The gateway to the east through the Santa Maria, sharply notched in the gleaming range, stood a day's march away—a day's march now only made by night, for this was Arizona, and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same sun where south of that curdling mud bath, the Gila, the only human beings impervious to the fierceness of its rays were the Apaches.

"And they," growled the paymaster as he petulantly snapped the lock of his little safe, "they're no more human than so many hyenas."

A big man physically was the Canadian and disburser of government greenbacks—so big that, as he stepped forth through the aperture in the hot adobe wall, he ducked his head to avert unwilling contact with its upper edge. Green glass goggles, a broad brimmed straw hat, a sponge shirt, loose trousers of brown linen and dust-colored canvas shoes made up the outer man of a personality as distinctly un-military as it was ponderous. Slow and laborious in movement, the major was correspondingly sluggish in speech. He sauntered out into the glare of the evening sunshine and became slowly conscious of a desire to swear at what he saw; that, though in a minute or two the day god would "douse his gins" behind the black horizon, no preparation whatever had been made for a start. There stood the ambulance, every bolt and link and tire hot as a stove, but not a soul in sight.

Turning to his left, he strolled along toward a gap in the adobe wall and entered the dusty interior of the corral. One of the four quadrupeds drowsing under the brush shelter languidly turned an inquiring eye and interrogative ear in his direction and conveyed, after the manner of the mule, an suggestion as to supper. A Mexican boy, sprawling in the shade of a bale of government hay and clad in cotton shirt and trousers well nigh as brown as the skin that peeped through occasional gaps, glanced up at him with languid interest, and then resumed the more agreeable contemplation of the writhings of an impaled tarantula. Under another section of the shed two placid little burros were dreamily blinking at vacancy, their grizzled fronts expressive of that indolent indifference which in the faces of asses and donkeys. In the middle of the inclosure a rude windlass coiled with rope stood stretching forth a decrepit lever arm. The whippersnapper, dangling from the end over the beaten circular track, seemed cracked with heat and age. The stout rope that stretched tautly from the coil passed over a wooden wheel and disappeared through a broad framed aperture into the bowels of the earth.

Close at hand in the shade of a brush covered "leanto" hung three or four huge ollas, earthen water jars, swathed in gunnysack and blanket. Beyond them, warped out of all possibility of future usefulness, stood what had once been the running gear of a California buckboard. Behind it dangled from dusty pegs portions of leather harness, "which of the necessities of the military pharmacopoeia could never again restore to softness or pliability. A newer edition of the same class of vehicle was covered by a canvas "paulin. A huge stack of barley bags was piled at the far end of the corral, guarded from depredation (quadruped) by a barrier of wooden stails, mostly sound, and by a tattered biped, very sound asleep.

"Where's the sergeant?" queried the paymaster slowly, addressing no one in particular, but looking plaintively around him.

Still leaning a brown chin on a nearby black band, and stirring up his spider with the forked stick he held in the other paw, the boy simply tilted his head toward the dark opening under the farther end of the shed, an aperture the secure lead to nothing but blackness beyond.

"What's he doing?"

"No sa-a-be," drawled the boy, never lifting his handsome eyes from the joys before him.

...was at that moment being...
...the paymaster well knew.
...the words rose slowly to his lips:
"Well, perhaps you know best, so here we stay till tomorrow night, or at least until they get back."
...the paymaster stood irresolute.
...the paymaster stood irresolute.
...the paymaster stood irresolute.

"You did, sir, and then you said it," was the prompt and sturdy reply. The paymaster stood irresolute. Through the shading spectacles of green his eyes seemed devoid of any expression. His attitude remained unchanged, thumbs in the low cut pockets of his wide flapping trousers, shoulders meek and drooping.

"Well, I finally drawled, 'you understand I wanted to get on to Camp Steneman by sunrise, didn't you? Didn't my clerk, Mr. Dawes, tell you?' 'He did, yes, sir, and you don't want to get there no more than I do, major. But I told you flatfooted if you let Donovan and those other men go back on the trail they'd find some excuse to stop at Cerualvo's, and d—n 'em, they do it.' 'Don't you s'pose they'll be along presently?' 'S'pose?' and the sun blistered face of the cavalryman seemed to grow a shade redder as he echoed almost contemptuously the word of his superior. 'S'pose? Why, major, look here!' And the short, stout trooper took three quick strides, then pointed through the western gap in the adobe wall to the gilded edge of the range where the sun had just slipped from view. 'It's 10 miles to that ridge, it's 10 miles to the flag at the pass. They hadn't come through then. What chance is there of their getting here in time to light out at dark? You did tell me to have everything ready to start, and then you undid it by sending half the escort back. You've been here in hell's half acre three days, and I've been here three years. You have never been through Canyon Diablo; I have been through a dozen times and never yet without a fight or a mighty good chance of one. Now, you may think it's fun to run your head into an ambulance, but I don't. You can get 'em too easy without trying here. I'm an old soldier, major, and too free spoken perhaps, but I mean no disrespect, only I wish to God you'd listen to me next time."

"You wouldn't have had me leave those women in the lurch back at the crossing, would you?" queried the paymaster half apologetically.

"Why, I don't believe that story at all," snarled Feeny; "it's some d—d plant that fellow Donovan's springing on you—a mere excuse to ride back so they could drink and..."

"Who says that?" demanded Feeny, whirling upon his subordinates. The corporal looked embarrassed and turned to Moreno for support. Moreno, perfectly calm, was as profoundly oblivious.

"Moreno there," began Murphy, finding himself compelled to speak. "I'm gravely, courteously protesting to the Mexican, with deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, 'now you see, it's true.' 'What? What? I do but say the Corporal Donovan is not come. How know I you are not tonight?'"

"Neither you nor the likes of you know," began Feeny, "but I'll tell you. We go when we will and no questions asked. As for you, Murphy, you're ready, and it's me you'll ask, not any outsider, when we go. I've had enough to even out my nerves with a couple of No words were wasted in remonstrance or reply. These were indeed 'the days of the empire' in Arizona."

"What makes you doubt the story, sergeant? It came straight enough." "It came too d—d straight, sir; that's just the trouble. It came straight from the mouth of the man who was with it, only a book to draw 'em back, and they played it out on you because they saw you were new to the country, and they knew you were asleep, and now, unless Lieutenant Drummond should happen in with his troop, there's no help for it but to wait for tomorrow night and no certainty of getting away then."

"Well, if Mr. Drummond were here, don't you suppose he'd have gone or sent back to protect these people?" "Oh, he'd have gone—certainly—that's his business, but it isn't yours, major. You've got government money there enough to buy up every rascal south of the Gila. You're expected to pay at Steneman, Grant and Goodwin and Crittenden and Bowie, where they haven't had a cent since last Christmas and here it's the middle of May. You ought to have pushed through with all speed, so none of these jayhawkers could get wind of your going, let alone the Apaches. Every hour you halt is clear gain to them, and here you've simply got to stay 24 hours all along of a cock and bull story about some stagelodger of frightened women 15 miles back at Gila Bend. It's a plant, major; that's what I believe."

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The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

and sloft into the star studded, cloudless sky. Nothing could be more placid, nothing less prophetic of peril or ambush than this exquisite summer night. Somewhere within the forbidden region of Moreno's harem a guitar was beginning to tinkle softly. That was all very well, but then a woman's voice, anything but soft, took up a strange, monotonous refrain. Line after line, verse after verse, it ran, harsh, changeless. He could not distinguish the words—he did not wish to; the music was had enough in all conscience, whatsoever it might become when sung by youth or beauty. As it fell from the lips of Senora Moreno the air was a succession of vocal nasal harmonies, high pitched, strident, nerve racking.

Unable to listen after the third repetition, Plummer slowly retired from the corral and once more appeared at the front, just in time for a sensation. Two troopers, two of the men who had ridden back with Donovan, came lurching into the lighted space before the main entrance. At sight of the paymaster one of them stiffened up and with preternatural gravity of mien executed the salute. The other, with an envelope in his hand, reeled out of the saddle, failed to catch his balance, plunged heavily into the sand and lay there. Corporal Murphy sprang eagerly forward, the first man to reach him, and turned the prostrate trooper over on his back.

"What's the matter?" queried Plummer. "He's sick!" "Sick, is it?" was the quick retort, as the corporal sniffed at the tainted breath of the sufferer. "Be the powers, I only wish I had half his dyspepsia."

And then came Feeny, glaring, wrathful. "Come down off the top of that horse, Mullin," he ordered, fiercely. "How—how'd you get here? Which way'd you come? Where's the rest of the men?" With the ponderous dignity of inebriety, Mullin slowly pointed up the desert under the spot where the pole star glowed in the northern skies.

"Saw 'em," he hiccupped; "we're too late; Pachos got there first." "Hwat! hwat!" thundered Feeny. "D'yo mean there were women—that it wasn't a plant?" "Fack."

"Hware's your dispatches, you drunken lout? How dare you drink when there was fight ahead? Hware's your dispatches? may heaven blast the souls of you both!" "Here, sergeant," said Murphy, wrenching the soiled envelope from the loose grasp of the prostrate trooper.

"It's to you, sir," said Feeny, with one answer to all queries, "No sa-a-be." "In God's name read and let us know what devil's work's abroad tonight."

Even Plummer's pudgy fingers trembled as he tore open the dingy packet. Old Moreno came forth with a light, his white teeth gleaming, his black eyes flashing from one to another of the group. Holding the penciled page close to the lantern, the paymaster read aloud:

"Camp burned. One man killed; others scattered; mules and buckboard gone. For God's sake help in the pursuit. Strike for Raton Pass. The Indians have run the paymaster's sister."



Holding the penciled page close to the lantern, the paymaster read aloud.

You trust a word of it; it's false as hell. It's only a plan to rob you of your escort first and your life and money later. That's it, men; do them, kick them, murder them both if you like—the curs—and they'd drink when they knowed every man was needed."

"Do you mean there is no truth in this? Do you mean you think it all a fraud, a trick?" at last queried the major. "I say just what I mean, major. It's a plot to rob you. I mean the gang has gathered for that purpose. I mean that every story told us about the Apaches were or south of here or between us and the Gila is a bloody lie. The guard at the signal station hadn't seen or heard of them. They laughed at me when I told them what they tried to make us believe at Cerualvo's. 'Twas there they wanted to have you stop, for there you'd have no chance at all. Shure, do you suppose if the Apaches were out—if this story was true—they wouldn't have heard it and investigated it by this time, and been back here would have been blasing at the Picheco?"

Then Murphy turned and ran around the corner of the corral to a point where he could see the dim outlines of the range against the western sky. The next moment his voice rose upon the night air, vibrant, thrilling:

"Look! God be good to us, major! It's no lie. The signal fire's blasing at the peak."

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he could not get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by A. F. Streitz and North Platte Pharmacy.

In the case of Mr. Wilson of Custer county, alleged to be insane, the Broken Bow Republican thinks the witnesses who appeared against her were nearer bereft of reason than the one they want sent to the asylum.

Sine a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened
And the birds began to sing:
"Buy a bottle of Haller's cough syrup
Cuts and had all proper thing."
For sale by F. H. Langley.

The cause of the failure of the Ruschville bank of which Law May is president was the beginning of a suit by the bank to recover from the estate of the late cashier \$10,000 owed by him to the concern. The depositor's hearing of this became frightened and made a run, soon cleaning out the cash in the vaults.

Ballard's Snow Lintiment.
This wonderful Lintiment is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is the most penetrating Lintiment in the world. It will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, and all Inflammation, after all others have failed. It will cure Barbed Wire Cuts and hot all wounds where proud flesh has set in. It is equally efficacious for animals. Try it and you will not be without it. Price 50 cents. Sold by A. F. Streitz.

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