Makes More.....
Makes Whiter.....
Makes Better.....
BREAD

Than any other Flour Manufactured.

HARRINGTON & TOBIN,

NORTH PLATTE,

Agents for Western Nebraska.

Ask your grocer to buy it of us. Notice the brand, and if you use Minnesota Flour, take no other.

LEGAL NOTICES.

In the matter of the estate of George A. Newman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the administrator of said Estate before me, County Judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, in the county court room in said county on the 7th day of June, 1894, on the 7th day of July, 1894, and on the 7th day of August, 1894, at one o'clock p. m. each day for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the administrator to settle said estate from the 7th day of February, 1894. This notice will be published in the NORTH PLATTE TRIBUNE newspaper for four weeks successively, on and after February 7th, 1894. JAMES M. RAY,
54 County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb., February 19th, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on April 21st, 1894, viz: Ella L. Dickey, widow of John H. Dickey, deceased, who made Homestead Entry No. 12,880 for the southeast quarter section 24, township 15 north, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz: John J. Berger, Lester Walker, John Beyerly and William Hubartt, all of North Platte, Neb.
76 A. S. BALDWIN, Register.

U. P. TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.

No. 6—Atlantic Express	Dept	12:30 A. M.
No. 6—Chicago Express	"	6:30 A. M.
No. 4—Fast Mail	"	8:50 A. M.
No. 2—Limited	"	10:05 A. M.
No. 28—Freight	"	7:50 A. M.
No. 18—Freight	"	6:00 P. M.
No. 22—Freight	"	4:05 A. M.

GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME.

No. 7—Pacific Express	Dept	4:40 A. M
No. 5—Denver Express	"	10:30 P. M
No. 1—Limited	"	10:00 P. M
No. 21—Freight	"	4:20 P. M
No. 23—Freight	"	8:10 A. M

N. B. OLDS, Agent.

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

A. H. CHURCH,
LAWYER,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office: Hinman Block, Spruce Street.

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

WM. EVES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA
Office: Neville's Block. Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty.

CENTRAL MARKET
F. M. HECK, Prop.
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Fresh, Salted and Smoked MEATS.
Hams, Bacon, Fresh Sausage, Poultry, Eggs, Etc.
Cash Paid for Hides and Furs.
Your patronage is respectfully solicited and we will aim to please you at all times.

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

NORTH PLATTE
Marble Works.
W. C. RITNER,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Monuments, Headstones, Curbing, Building Stone,
And all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery Work.
Careful attention given to lettering of every description. Jobbing done on short notice. Orders solicited and estimates freely given.

E. B. WARNER.
Funeral Director.
AND EMBALMER.
A full line of first-class funeral supplies always in stock.
NORTH PLATTE, - NEBBRSKA.
Telegraph orders promptly attended to.

The storehouses and granaries are full and the bank vaults are crowded with too much idle money to permit the prolongation of the present depression in business. If the politicians will let the people know just what they can expect in the future the times will grow better in spite of all legislation.

Seven years have passed since Nebraska suffered a severe blizzard. During that time states east, north and west of us have been visited by terrific snow and wind storms. Nebraska can no longer be designated the home of the blizzard. In fact the climate of this state is nowhere excelled.

Joseph T. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies but says none of them seemed to do him any good; but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm For sale by A. F. Streitz and North Platte Pharmace.

The two reasons for democrats favoring the income tax are, first, they have got to have the money, and second, it is like England, you know. England has dictated the "reform in tariff," and why not a tax on incomes? The income tax is not popular in England, but nevertheless it is a fixture.

The fact that 30,000 wool growers of the west have forwarded a protest to Washington against the free wool provision of the tariff bill suggests the ide that these same farmers should habe made their protests against a possible free wool contingency at the ballot box in November, 1892. The farmers of the west were among the people who demanded a change in the administration policy of the government. Perhaps they believed the change would only affect the other fellows. —Bee.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transaction and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Representative Morse, of Massachusetts, estimates the shrinkage of values of property, and actual losses to workingmen because of the free trade policy of Cleveland, at $15,000,000,000. Rather a high price to pay for the sweet boon of Grover Cleveland!

The trans-Atlantic steamboat lines of the continent of Europe have formed a big pool for their trans-Atlantic passenger trade earnings, and are negotiating to pool also the earnings of their freight business. The British steamship Cos. are likely to conclude also an agreement with the continental lines in order to diminish competition.

Mr. Albert Favorite, of Arkansas City, Kan., wishes to give our readers the benefit of his experience with colds. He says "I contracted a cold early last spring that settled on my lungs, and had hardly recovered from it when I caught another that hung on all summer and left me with a hacking cough which I thought I never would get rid of. I had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy some fourteen years ago with much success, and concluded to try it again. When I had got through with one bottle my cough had left me, and I have not suffered with a cough or cold since. I have recommended it to others, and all speak well of it." 50 cent bottles for sale by A. F. Streitz and North Platte Pharmacy.

UNION PACIFIC LAND AGENT,
I. A. FORT,
Has 200,000 acres of U. P. R. R. land for sale on the ten year plan. Call and see him if you want a bargain.

GEO. NAUMAN'S
SIXTH STREET
MEAT MARKET.
Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all times. Cash paid for Hides.

Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases and Asthma
CANNOT BE CURED without the aid of ELECTRICITY.
We do not sell the apparatus, but rent. CURE GUARANTEED. Send for further information to
P. A. LEONARD & CO.,
Madison, Wis.

—Dr. Salisbury, the painless dentist, may be found at Dr. Longley's office on the third Monday and the following Tuesday of each month, and will extend his visit as much longer as business justifies.

A MAIDEN'S LIPS.

One day when Mother Nature
Was in a pleasant mood
She called about her Youth and Health
And others of her brood.
"My children, we have fashioned,
With all the arts we know,
The rose and all the fairest flowers
That in our garden grow.

"But I'm not satisfied, dears.
I have within my heart
The image of a fairer flower,
That calls for all our art.
Your skill and aid I need, dears.
Yours, Joy and Melody,
And Beauty, Youth and Sunshine too.
Come, now, and toil with me."

Long time they toiled, Dame Nature
And all her offspring too.
Their hearts and souls were in their task,
And fast the flowret grew.
Now Nature's fingers molded.
Now Laughter smoothed and curved
And brightened up some little spot
Her keen eyes had observed.

And Health and Youth and Sunshine
Their tribute deftly paid
Till Mistress Beauty took her turn,
And then the flower was made!
"There's not so sweet," cried Nature,
"A flower the wild bee sips.
We'll name it!" And the flowret
Was called—a maiden's lips.
—Boston Traveller.

SHE WAS PRETTY.

I had stated my intention of going to see Miss Kitty clearly enough, but in doing so I had no very fixed idea as to what I should do when I did see her, and in fact I was entirely nonplused by the whole situation.

I determined to retire to my hammock and think over matters in general. As I lay there, swinging lightly over the water, and with the distant sound of the weir lulling my senses pleasantly, it is not to be wondered at that I fell into dreamy reverie.

Old half forgotten recollections came thronging upon me; of little flaxen haired Kitty, whom I used to torment and laughingly ask to be my little wifie, nearly a dozen years ago, when she was a little chit of 10; of her father, my old friend John Dobson, who used to say in his sober business way, "And so she shall be, Mildenhall, if I can help you, and you care to have her when she is grown up;" of that quaintly touching clause in poor Dobson's will by which he had done all that lay in his power to help me.

And I, engrossed in turning over money in the city, had clean forgotten all about her!

I was aroused by the sound of voices and looked round. There, in the very identical place where Mr. Bob Tyncker had done his extremely futile fishing in the morning, he and Kitty were sitting and talking.

"And so the old fellow—and a queer old fellow he is, too," Mr. Bob was saying, "will be round at the house this very afternoon to see about claiming your hand."

"Oh, Bob!" said Kitty, trembling.

"I say, Kitty," said Bob mischievously, "suppose he really wants to stick to his old idea of making you his little wifie, eh? What shall you do then?"

"Oh, Bob, don't," said poor Kitty. "He has been such a bugbear to me lately that—that"—("that there is a danger of a young lady shedding tears at the very mention of his name," I thought to myself grimly, for Kitty did not seem to be able to complete the sentence herself).

"Never mind, Kitty," said poor Bob, hugging her tenderly. "I am a brute to have suggested such an idea. If he doesn't refuse to have you, why, you will just have to refuse him, you know, and that will bring the whole matter to the usual way of doing things, from a young lady point of view, you see."

"So it will," said Kitty, brightening up once more; "but, Bob, then the $25,000 will have to go to the Methodist chapel, and that is just the very thing that has been making uncle so terribly savage."

"Let him be," said Bob stoutly. "It won't hurt us after today; you will be free then, you see, and marry whoever you like. And we have plenty to set up housekeeping on between us, without the beastly money—let him be angry if he likes."

"And so he is, sir," shouted Mr. Dobson suddenly, poking his head over the top of the bank. "So he is! It would make a saint savage to be set at defiance in this way. I begin to think"——

"Stop!" I called out, rising hastily in my hammock.

Splish! Somebody had fallen into the water.

Me, by Jove, and so I began striking out lustily on all sides, with hands, feet, fingers, elbows—I cannot exactly call myself a swimmer—and getting my boots above water more frequently than my head, I am afraid, till I was suddenly grasped by the collar firmly.

"Keep cool," said my young friend Bob Tyncker authoritatively—for he it was—nimbly swimming on his back with two legs and one arm, and drawing me after him with the other. "Keep cool; I've got you all right!"

"Cool it is!" I thought to myself, my spirits reviving as I felt myself towed along—right across the river! For Bob, it seems, like a retriever—he certainly swam as well as one—would not condescend to lay me anywhere but at the very feet of his mistress.

"There at last! hurra"——

An overwhelming rush of water across my face cut short my self congratulation; I was fairly under, in fact.

And the remarkably unpleasant thought flashed upon me that I was driving down under the dipping bush. But a spasmodic jerk from Tyncker brought me to the top once more, and as I gasped for breath I heard his voice:

"Shift for yourself—catch hold of the bush—I'm going!"

I caught the branches as high up as possible and got a glance behind me. Tyncker was not only going—he was gone, diving down under the bush, having sacrificed himself to keep me from a like fate.

I saw his face disappearing beneath the water; I heard the despairing cry of Kitty from the bank, and letting go my own hold with one hand I thrust down and caught the poor fellow's collar and turned a remarkably wild eye to the onlookers.

The old gentleman was helplessly shouting and running to and fro, but I saw his niece rapidly unknotting from her waist that heavy scarf of gold which she had worn all day. Then, like a flash of fire in the sunlight, one end leaped out at me. Well thrown! The embroidered fringe fell across the branches and over my wrist. Quick as thought I had quitted my useless clutch on the yielding twigs, and with a convulsive leap in the water had got a double turn of the scarf about my wrist.

Of course I went under, but with a mind fully made up upon two points—that nothing but death should tear me from my hold upon that scarf—of course not!—and that if ever I was to be pulled out alive Tyncker should come too.

I don't know how long I held my breath—an age, I fancy, and then a rush of fire swept across my vision. I was gone—it struck me forcibly—a burning, exhilarating sensation in my throat, and the sound of a voice speaking, as it seemed, many miles away.

The voice drew close to me at a bound, and opening my eyes I saw some one stooping over me, brandy flask in hand and an expression of horror on his face. That expression instantly vanished as he caught my gaze.

"This one is all right, Kitty; he is coming round fast. Here, take the flask and give Tyncker some more brandy! Cheer up; he will be all right in a minute."

Some suspicious sounds in my immediate neighborhood caused me to turn my head feebly in the direction whence they were proceeding, and then I knew everything.

Of course! We had been in the river and had been pulled out again! For there, on his back, even as I lay on mine, lay Mr. Bob Tyncker, and on her knees beside him, bending low over his face, was Miss Kitty Dobson. And the golden scarf—sadly changed for the worse—lay midway between us.

One glance was sufficient to assure me that Mr. Bob Tyncker was nearly as far advanced on the road to recovery as I was myself, and that Miss Kitty held a most exalted opinion of his late exploit. They made a pretty picture.

But the old gentleman's face grew cloudy as he looked at it. He leaned over me in irritated silence, brandy flask in hand, and I thought it was time to speak.

"How are you, Dobson?" I said, with a faint smile. "I am afraid you don't recognize me in this draggled condition, but"——

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "It's Mildenhall! Why, how do you come to be down here? I say," he continued in a sort of stage whisper, and with a troubled look at the others, "I am very glad you have come. I'm half afraid, as it is, you are too late."

"Too late for what?" I asked, trying to sit up and presently succeeding.

"Why, that!" he whispered testily, and nodding his head in a disturbed way in the direction of the young people. "Man, don't you recollect that you were to have the first say in that sort of thing?"

"So I was," I rejoined, "and I will speak to Kitty at once."

"Good!" said Mr. Dobson, looking much relieved at my alacrity and calling the young lady. "Come here, Kitty; this gentleman here wants to speak to you. Mr. Mildenhall, Kitty," he explained grimly.

It was a very limp hand that I managed to get hold of and shake as heartily as I could.

"You see that I have lost no time in coming down to see you, Kitty," I said, holding her hand the while, and thinking it best to plunge at once in medias res. "You reach the age of 20 today, don't you?"

"Yes," said poor Kitty faintly, and trying feebly to get her hand away, but I still held on. "There is something in a certain will which concerns you and me. I want to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" whispered poor Miss Kitty, still more faintly and with another feeble and futile attempt to draw her hand from mine. "Would not some other time—when you are dry?"

"No, my dear," I said. "I would rather do it now. You are a very pretty girl and a very brave and clever one, and you have just saved my life with your scarf, as I realize very plainly, so that you will always hold a very dear place in my heart.

"And so I came to the conclusion"—I couldn't help pausing a moment to enjoy her consternation—"that I will have nothing more to do with you or your hand, however earnestly you may offer it to me"—letting it go at last. "I reject you entirely and hand you over to that young villain—whom I hope to call my friend for the rest of my life—Mr. Bob Tyncker."—Temple Bar.

A Long Sleep.

The longest continuous cataleptic sleep known to medical science was reported from Germany in the spring of 1892; the patient—a Silesian miner—having remained absolutely unconscious for a period of 4½ months. The doctors in attendance could not report anything in the way of symptoms which would suggest that there was something out of the ordinary in the man's slumbers, excepting a complete rigidity of the limbs. One peculiarity which was much commented upon was that the hair grew naturally during the whole of the extended nap, but his beard remained perfectly stationary and lifeless.—St. Louis Republic.

Bostoniana.

Mamma—Now, dear, the doctor's gone, what can I do to amuse you?

Emerson (aged 5, wearily)—If you please, mother, I think I should like to go to sleep and reduce my temperature. (Fact.)—Vogue.

The Mothers' Union.

A great man, speaking lately on education, said there was one question which presented itself, "Are we, by all these modern schemes, training the characters of our children or merely occupying their minds?" Parents cannot delegate their responsibilities—a truism vigorously emphasized of late by head masters of public schools. And on whom does the duty of early training chiefly devolve but on the mother? It was to call forth the great reserve force of mothers' influence that Mrs. Sumner, wife of the bishop of Guildford and already well known as a gifted writer and speaker, started some 17 years ago her noble work of the Mothers' union.

First inaugurated in the Westchester diocese, it has spread with marvelous rapidity all over England (never being introduced into any parish without clerical sanction) till it now numbers many thousands of members, from highest to lowest in rank, not only in the United Kingdom, but also in India, Australia, Tasmania, Canada and America. The Mothers' union is for all classes, from duchess to peasant, and consists of members and associates.—Florence Moore in London Journal.

Jean Brooks Greenleaf.

Meeting for the first time Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf, the president of the New York State Suffrage association, one feels in the presence of an individuality whose strong influence is accentuated by much kindness of heart. Her features denote energy, her voice is clear and incisive, and she is an ever ready advocate of the cause she has so warmly espoused. Mrs. Greenleaf was made president of the State Suffrage association in 1890 and since that time has made unceasing effort to organize the state into county and local societies. During the last year she, with the assistance of the secretary, circulated over 8,000 documents.

Mrs. Greenleaf was nominated by the Democrats of the Twenty-eighth senatorial district as delegate to the constitutional convention. She made an active cause, polled a handsome vote, but was defeated with the rest of the ticket. As a presiding officer Mrs. Greenleaf is clear and decisive, tempering wisdom with justice. As a friend and fellow worker her genial, kindly nature has endeared her to all.—American Woman's Journal.

A Sorrow Crowned Princess.

It is a pity that some serious reports regarding the family of the Prince of Wales are not set at rest. Color is given

WOMAN'S WORLD.

DOLL MODELS FOR PARISIAN DRESSMAKERS TO BE REVIVED.

Suffrage In New York—She Teaches Skirt Dancing—A Society and Business Woman—Mrs. Cleveland and Her Servants. Boston's Unemployed Women.

An enterprising west end dressmaker in London is about to revive an old fashion first introduced into England in the fifteenth century, when fashion plates and fashion papers were unknown. She intends having her new models made up to fit large sized dolls made for this purpose with all styles of figures—thin, plump, tall and short, matronly and youthful.

Many years ago, when Paris held, as she does now, the scepter of fashion, the only fashion plates were large dolls sent out from that city to all the great cities, one every six months, to announce to the world the new modes. In Florence, the center of all that was sumptuous and beautiful in dress, by whose old costumes many of our newest dress ideas are inspired, the doll was exhibited publicly on the portico of a great central palace on the feast of the ascension, and the famous Venetian beauties and their needlewomen were early at the shrines adjacent that they might on their way catch a glimpse of the new mode.

In Paris today, at the establishments of some of the great costumers, a lady who orders at the cost of a king's ransom a gown specially designed for her may see it and study it made upon a doll shaped like herself in figure and modeled after the same type in coloring. But to have the different prevailing modes illustrated on figures of all types will, with sensible women, bring about a new and better dress era, for with the power to see ourselves as others see us we could not make such blunders in selection as the following of pictured models inevitably results in.

The woman of generous proportions would be cured of her passion for plaids and bright hues could she see for herself their disastrous effect; the woman of slight build would realize how like an exclamation point she looks in a black gown; the little fluffy woman would never try to do the severe and stately; the majestic would eschew frills and fripperies; the elderly matron would leave the delicate tints for youthful faces, and realize that as she grew in years she needed stronger tints and richer fabrics and more carefully adjusted and accurately fitted toilets than when youthful grace lent charm to even a homemade gown. Above all, woman would have a chance to learn the first and great commandment in dress, which is not to form her gowns upon what some one else wears unless that some one else is exactly her own height, weight, complexion and age.—Chicago Record.

Suffrage In New York.

The New York court of appeals has affirmed the previous decision of Justice Williams of the New York supreme court, which was afterward upheld by the same court at its general term, declaring unconstitutional the law enacted by the last legislature allowing women to vote for county school commissioners.

This decision was not unexpected. Under the usual principle of interpretation the constitutional limitation of the word "male" is considered applicable to all officers specifically named and provided for in the state constitution. The school commissioner is a county officer specified in the state constitution. This decision does not deprive the women of New York state of the right which they have had since 1880 to vote in towns and cities for members of school boards, these local elections being subject to regulation by the legislature. Nor would it prevent the legislature from extending full municipal suffrage to the women.

The Illinois supreme court drew a similar distinction. In 1891 the Illinois legislature passed a bill to enable women to vote for all school officers. The constitutionality of the law was called in question. The supreme court decided that the legislature could not give women the right to vote for county superintendent of schools because that office was named in the state constitution, but that the women could vote for all other school officers, even to the regents of the state university, since these were not named in the constitution.—Boston Woman's Journal.

She Teaches Skirt Dancing.

The London papers have much to say of "that wonderful little woman, Mrs. Wordsworth," who is teaching skirt dancing to the female young of the aristocracy. She is said to be at the present moment teaching 10,000 pupils. Mrs. Wordsworth considers the average English girl wanting in natural grace of movement and believes that this epidemic of high kicking and accordion skirts which is passing over the land is a wonderful opportunity by which the present generation may acquire that graceful motion which has not always been the inseparable accompaniment of gauche English girlhood.

The queen, hearing of Mrs. Wordsworth's fame as an instructor of stiff ankles, sent for this energetic little lady, who was introduced to teach the children of Princess Beatrice. Possessing a stentorian voice and extreme vigor in her manner of imparting, Mrs. Wordsworth treated her little items of royalty to the same shouts and signals which she finds so effective with her great army of pupils, the queen being present and much interested in the lesson. Next time this celebrated dancing mistress visited Windsor, however, it was politely intimated through a lady in waiting that her majesty's nerves had been a little tried by the "forcible" method of her excellent instruction, so the royal Battenberg babies had perforce a much easier half hour.

A Society and Business Woman.

Among the young Washington women with long heads for business is Mrs. Richardson Clover, wife of Lieutenant Clover of the navy. Mrs. Clover is the especial admiration of bank officials and business men, who watch with interest her manipulation of the immense property which she inherited from her father and mother. Previous to the death of the latter, but since Mrs. Clover came into possession of the entire estate, she has handled it without aid. All investments are made on her own judgment, and leading bank officials call her a second Hetty Green.

Among Mrs. Clover's possessions is a large fruit farm in the Napa valley, California, which she had not visited for several years. During the last summer Mrs. Clover executed one of those clever moves in which she is an adept. She found her place on her arrival smiling under an unusual crop of prunes. Unfortunately all the neighboring plantations were rejoicing in the same way, and it didn't take more than a few hours for Mrs. Clover to size up the situation and reach the conclusion that prunes wouldn't bring the cost of gathering the crop when that time arrived.

She telegraphed at once for an evaporating machine, watched it set up, and while her neighbors were giving away prunes Mrs. Clover, fresh from the gayeties of Washington, superintended the evaporation of her crop and complacently saw it packed away till prices come out of the bottom of the pit. Now she has just given the handsomest fancy dress ball of the season in her magnificent new Washington residence.—Kate Field's Washington.

Mrs. Cleveland and Her Servants.

Although not much of the methods and management of Mrs. Cleveland's housekeeping is known, for she eschews publicity in all private matters as much as possible, its results are very satisfactory so far as that very uncertain quantity—the servants—is concerned.

She pays them extravagant prices, and they stay with her forever—that is certain. There has scarcely been a change since she began housekeeping seven years ago. Many of the White House servants—as many as she could take—went with her to New York and are now again in the White House. In addressing her servants Mrs. Cleveland is always particularly courteous and speaks as if she were talking to people for whom she has high respect and even regard.

Another idea which Mrs. Cleveland sees carried out in the management of her servants is to provide them with the means of amusement. They can not only have nights "out," but nights "in." And they are encouraged to enjoy themselves like privileged members of society. In the Clevelands' home there are always a servants' dining room, a servants' sitting room, and if there is an unused boiler room or attic it can be used for dancing and evening frolics.

There are no restrictions as long as the household duties are faithfully performed. Neither are any inquiries made upon religious topics. But all are required to attend some church. With such rational ways of dealing with the "servant girl question," it is no wonder that Mrs. Cleveland does not find it a perplexing one.—Boston Journal.

Boston's Unemployed Women.

Unemployed women are at a greater disadvantage than men owing to lack of training and a greater limitation of the kinds of work provided. The charwomen cannot sew. Everybody knows that housework impairs a woman's ability to do nice sewing. Her fingers lose their elasticity and deftness by the continual use of the broom, scrubcloth and contact with the stove and cooking utensils. The comparison holds in a greater degree between the heavier household labors and the commoner kinds of sewing. She who washes, irons and scrubs does not like and is indeed unfitted to sew at all.

The Bedford street sewing room, therefor, can from the nature of things only furnish work for a very limited number of the unemployed women. And the rest! What is to be done with the other women who have presented themselves before the relief committee bearing all the evidences of need and equally unmistakable evidences of utter inefficiency? Nothing is so deplorable, so despairingly pathetic as the appearance of many of these poor women.—Boston Herald.

Rallying to the Standard.

Nothing succeeds like success. In Colorado the Young Men's Christian association of Denver hastens to disclaim the charge of having opposed woman suffrage and claims to have aided it. The Woman's Christian Temperance union, too, comes forward with the assurance that it worked for woman suffrage in 1875 and has been pushing it ever since, all of which is very pleasing and satisfactory to the little band of suffragists that stood by Governor Pope in his effort to have the territorial legislature establish woman suffrage in 1870, and that has carried the flag for a quarter of a century, winning school suffrage in the state constitutional convention of 1876 and carrying on a woman suffrage campaign in 1877. Let all wear their laurels, but let us not forget that woman suffrage is still on trial and must secure its future by prompt and vigorous co-operation with the best measures and men.—Woman's Journal.

The Welsh Ladies' Choir.

The fame of the Welsh ladies' choir, which won prizes in Chicago, has somewhat tardily reached royal ears, with the result that the queen invited the members to sing at Osborne on Feb. 8. Her majesty has been unusually gay this season. There have been tableaux vivants, concerts or theatricals every week since Christmas, and a stage has been specially fixed in the Indian room, the gorgeous annex to Osborne, which was built at a cost of thousands of pounds, all taken from the royal privy purse. The queen has definitely promised to attend the wedding of the Duke of Hesse and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's daughter soon after Easter, and there is little doubt that she will then meet her affectionate grandson, Emperor William.—London Letter.

CAUSE FOR MOURNING.

The Chinese Minister at Washington Weeps and Wails Over a Gas Bill.

The Chinese legation has always been an object of curiosity in Washington, and the mysterious goings on in the famous old Stewart castle, which the Celestials used to inhabit, were a never failing source of wonder and speculation. Now that the legation has a magnificent triple house for its home out on the heights the interest in the inhabitants is still further increased. The Chinese minister is new to Washington, and his ignorance of some of its ways was the cause of a very peculiar complication the other day.

The monthly bills of the Washington Gas Light company are printed on paper of a peculiarly dirty yellow tint, which happens to be the exact hue of the Chinese emblems of mourning. The long strips are left regularly at the doors of all houses in the city and at the Chinese legation among the rest. The other day one was left for the first time at the new home of the legation, which is filled with new Chinese servants. The gas bill strip was left in the vestibule, and being carried to the new minister profoundly affected him. It was evidently intended, he thought, as a notification of somebody's death, and as it was left at the legation door it doubtless indicated the bereavement of some family high in official life.

The minister at once gave orders to close the house. The usual instruments of mourning were brought out, the shutters were drawn, and passersby for the remainder of the evening were regaled with a combination of curious noises such as the Chinese only know how to utter when engaged in bewailing the dead, and the minister retired with the satisfaction of knowing that he had performed a diplomatic courtesy.—Cor. Boston Advertiser.

Only in Paris has there been any attempt to attach a sinister meaning to the reconciliation between the kaiser and Prince Bismarck. All Germany expressed unfeigned delight over the happy reunion, and the rest of Europe looked on with sympathetic interest and approval. Jealous Frenchmen pretend to see in the event the first step toward winning away their new found Russian friends. They argue also that the emperor is unwilling to enter the impending war without the support of the Iron Chancellor. Bismarck's friends in England see no other significance in the incident than a worthy desire on the part of the young emperor not to allow the man to whom he owes his throne to go down to his grave unreconciled.—Paris Letter.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

How the Lady, His Patient, Managed to Keep on With Her Opium.

This story comes from one of our best known physicians. For reasons that are obvious the proper name of the woman is withheld.

"She is a divorcee," the physician said, "and is quite well known in society. She is good looking, clever and rich, but for a long time was addicted to the use of opium. The habit grew so strong that her relatives advised her to go to some sanitarium for treatment. For a long time she refused to do this, but when they threatened to have her confined in some asylum she yielded and came to our retreat.

"She brought a nurse with her—a clever, bright faced girl—whom she paid $50 a week to wait on her. We were all greatly surprised as the days went by to note that she did not seem to be at all depressed, as most people are during the first few weeks of abstinence from the drug. She seemed as bright and as cheerful as on the first day. I said to her once:

"'You don't seem to miss your opium.'

"'No,' she said, with a smile. 'It did not have such a hold on me as I thought it did.'

"One day, after she had been there over a month, we discovered by mere accident what kept her so cheerful. One of our attendants caught her in the act of taking opium. When we asked her where she had obtained the drug, she refused at first to tell. After a little urging, however, she told us that she had brought a lot of opium with her.

"The matron searched her room, and when she came to the office to report she was almost speechless with amazement. The woman had hidden little packages of opium in every conceivable part of all her dresses. There was opium in the sleeves, in the ruffles, in the lace, in the lining and in every pocket. There was opium sewed inside her garters and in her undergarments. She even had opium in the papers which she used to curl her hair.

"It was her maid's duty, we learned, to administer this opium to her in such a way that we would not detect it. The young girl always curled her mistress' hair and took care not to spill any of the drug in the curl papers.

"The maid was promptly sent home. Her mistress was relieved of all her clothing and was supplied with new dresses and placed in another room. For several weeks she underwent the depressing experience of all who break off the habit. All her brightness and good nature vanished for a time. She is now cured, however, and is married again."—New York Sun.

The Typical American.

The typical Americans have all been western men, with the exception, let us say, of Washington. Washington had not had much of European culture. The qualities that made him a great commander and a great president were qualities which would have made him an equally great frontiersman. You cannot imagine Hamilton or Madison or Livingston or John Adams or the Pinckneys living tolerably on the frontier. They are not Americans in the sense in which Clay and Jackson and Lincoln are Americans. We may wish that the typical Americans of the past had had more knowledge, a more cultivated appreciation of the value of what was old and established, a juster view of foreign nations and foreign politics; that they had been more like Webster and less like Jackson, and we may hope that the typical American of the future will be wiser and better poised. But in the meantime the past is to be understood and estimated as the facts stand, and only a thoroughly sympathetic comprehension of these men, who have actually been the typical Americans, will enable us to effect that purpose. The fact that Clay rather than Webster, Jackson and not John Quincy Adams, represented the forces which were really predominant and distinctively American in our development is commentary enough on any theory that makes either of the peculiar sections of the Atlantic seaboard the principal or only theater of American history.—Forum.

A Trousers Episode.

My journalistic friend on The Beacon tells this story:

A dignified and elderly spinster who sits at an editorial desk in town was asked by the manager of her paper the other day if she knew of any poor but deserving person who would like a pair of his discarded trousers and replied that her furnace man would doubtless hail them with joy. Accordingly a morning or two later she found on her desk a brown paper labeled plainly, "Old trousers for Miss W——'s furnace man." At night she carried the parcel home in her hands, together with another smaller package.

Sitting in the trolley car between a couple of gentlemen, she noticed that one of them seemed to be much amused about something in her lap.

What was her horror and disgust, on looking down, to observe that she had partly covered the larger parcel with the smaller, concealing the last part of the inscription, so that it read in bold black script, "Old trousers for Miss W——," giving her name in full!—Boston Globe.

WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

Dempsey's Sparring Partner Didn't Give Notice of His Intended Star Play.

Jack Dempsey, "the Nonpareil," the winner of 51 prize fights, who finally succumbed to Fitzsimmons, is engaged with a theatrical company to give sparring exhibitions. His partner is Denny Costigan. They are warm friends.

Costigan recently was introduced to some ladies and was anxious to make a good impression. He invited them to the theater, purchased a box in which he placed them and confidentially told them to watch him give Dempsey a friendly trouncing.

Dempsey was surprised at Costigan's unusual vigor that night and was pleased at the prospect of giving a lively bout.

"Costigan's very strong tonight," murmured Dempsey to his bottle holder after the first round."

The bottle holder smiled and answered: "Yes. He told those ladies in the box he would make a show of you."

"He did, did he?" said Dempsey grimly, and when the men came together Costigan recoiled at the first blow from Dempsey.

"Go easy, go easy," counseled Costigan. "This ain't a fight."

"Let's give them their money's worth," whispered Dempsey, and he banged Costigan a rib roaster.

"This ain't a fight," murmured Costigan, and Dempsey's fist collided with Costigan's nose.

"Work it up," said Dempsey, and he rushed Costigan all over the stage, punching right and left. Costigan was driven near the box. The eyes of his lady friends were upon him, and he responded, but Dempsey grinned and hit out more savagely than ever and wound up the bout by back heeling Costigan and sending him to the ground with a thud.

"Say, Costigan," said Dempsey afterward, "always consult me when you want to make a star play. I deserve your confidence."—New York Herald.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly, and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 73 Laurel Street, Phila., says: "I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut, thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race all for the use of S. S. S.

S.S.S.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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

R. D. THOMSON,
Architect,
Contractor and Builder.
127 Sixth St. Cor. of Vine,
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

FARMS FOR SALE!
Four of Lincoln County's Best Farms,
Each containing 160 acres. Well adapted for farming and stock raising; nine miles from railroad station. One farm contains a fine young orchard, and is well improved. For further particulars address
BOX 45, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

4,000 Columns
—OF—
Good Reading
—FOR—
$1.30.
The Tribune and Weekly Inter Ocean
Both one year $1.30.
This ought to prove satisfactory to even the fellow wants the earth for a nickel. Come in and get double value for your money.

77
DR. HUMPHREYS'
New Specific No. Seventy-Seven
FOR THE CURE OF
GRIPPE
With all its symptoms of Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat and general Prostration and Fever. Taken early it cuts it short promptly; taken during its prevalence, prevents its invasion; taken while suffering from it, a relief is speedily realized, which is continued to an entire cure.
This being a New Remedy, if your Druggist will not get it for you, it will be sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for $1.00.
HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,
Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy