

THE TRIBUNE.

NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA.

We suppose that green goods sharps will continue to ply their trade as long as they can find people who are green enough to buy their goods.

A SAN FRANCISCO attorney has thrashed a witness who had insulted him. If the rule can be made to work both ways there can be no objection to its adoption.

CAPTAIN HOWGATE'S success in living six years in New York undetected is another reminder that hunted men are often best able to conceal themselves in a crowd.

ACCORDING to late reports Li Hung Chang has lost all of his feathers, his under-jackets, yellow and otherwise, and his job at the same time. It's a hard year on incumbents.

The shipment of a large consignment of corn from Alabama to Chicago is something of a novelty in the movement of grain, but it isn't sending coals to Newcastle this year.

RESIDENTS of Vienna made a demand for universal suffrage, and so far security of them have gone to jail, while a free and enlightened government has hopes of catching the rest.

THE Cuckoo-Fits-Simmons paperizes light goes awfully with the slightest sign of a knock-out on either side. If the two pugilists use their fists with as much facility as they do their pens the mill between them, if it should ever come off, would have to be a pugilistic continued story.

DESCRIBE is always to be concealed to a poet who engages in the most of the slightest sign of a knock-out on either side. If the two pugilists use their fists with as much facility as they do their pens the mill between them, if it should ever come off, would have to be a pugilistic continued story.

OVER 600 men entered the freshman class at Yale; the real class, and the specialists. This is equal in number to the entire lot of students in the college, say twenty years ago. It is extremely unlikely that the old-fashioned class feeling, which has always been a great feature at Yale, can be preserved now that the classes are so large.

Now that the changes have been pretty well wrung out of the old fall of cancer-producing tomatoes, the other extreme is being resorted to by the adoption of all sorts of commonplace vegetables as antitoxins. Red clover is being put forth as a sure cancer cure. In many parts of the country any abnormal swelling is at once looked upon as a tumor of the malignant type, and red clover eating at once urged.

THE estate of the late John Steinberger has long been distributed in the belief that no will existed. Now a will has been filed bequeathing the property to others than the ones holding it. The circumstances make it interesting to lawyers, but in the two sets of claimants are of an economical turn they will relinquish every right and be happy to learn that the estate will cover the certain legal and possible judicial fee.

PATRIOTISM in Japan animates all ranks of the people, the mendicant, priests and nuns contribute their mites to the war fund, while the empress and the ladies of the nobility give their jewels and prepare with their own hands lint and other assignments for the wounded. This patriotic spirit invites the admiration of all the world except China, and may not be without appreciation even in that torpid and insensible land, which has the best of reason for being interested in it.

THE pugilistic controversy has reached the farcical stage. Fitzsimmons complains that Corbett, as champion of the world, must accept a challenge from him; yet declares that if he, Fitzsimmons, gains the championship he will refuse to fight Peter Jackson on account of color, though Jackson is perhaps the one man who can defeat him. As long as Fitzsimmons maintains this attitude toward Jackson so long will Corbett have a loophole of escape in popular opinion.

CO-OPERATIVE business and manufacturing enterprises have a record of many failures in this country, but in England they appear to have become more uniformly successful. In twenty years ending with 1891 the number of co-operative societies in Great Britain increased from 746 to 1646, their capital from \$1,007,000 to \$8,111,170, the annual sales from \$17,318,000 to \$244,608,485, and the annual profit from \$3,331,000 to \$23,571,190. What English men of business can do Americans should be able to repeat under like conditions and with equally satisfactory results.

SIXTY dwelling houses in Blaski, Russian Poland, where cholera is raging, have been destroyed by fire, together with many inmates. That was a cruel and costly method of wiping out the plague, but it was probably effective within the burned district.

By murdering historians whose works do not flatter the present control of affairs the government of Salvador may save its peace of mind for a time, but future historians, who can not be so muzzled, will see that the debt is repaid with interest.

Now that business is reviving and the people have more money to spare, they will be able to purchase that article, the advertisement of which has caught their eyes so often. The spirit has been willing all along, but the cash has been short.

The ocean passage from Liverpool to New York has been reduced to five days seven hours and forty-seven minutes. A five days' ocean passage is slowly but surely coming, as is the two minutes' trotter. The latter is likely to come in first.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR THE YOUNG.

Suggestion and Rules for the Boy Who Would Like to be an Archer—A Wonderful Fowl—A Brave Girl—The Dog and the Doctor.

For bringing into play all the muscles of the body there is scarcely any outdoor sport equal to archery. Then, too, there is a fascination about it which few persons, after having once learned to shoot accurately with the bow and arrow, can resist. If blunt arrows are used there is little or no danger of personal injury, while for hunting if the bow is used with pointed shafts, it is, at close range, fully as effective and almost as accurate as the rifle.

Boys of various "weights." By this is meant the number of pounds in strength required to bend one—not the weight of the bow literally. A thirty-pound bow is about right for a boy of ten or twelve. Girls should use something lighter. A lad of fifteen or sixteen will find a fifty-pound bow quite heavy enough.

There are higher weights, running up to eighty and one hundred pounds. These are powerful weapons sufficient to bring down a deer, a bear, or other large game, and entirely too heavy for target use. The old English rule that a bow's length should equal the height of the person using it is a good one to follow.

Arrows vary in length to suit the bow, from sixteen inches to three feet. The point or head is called the "pile," the shaft is termed the "stave," the notch at the feathered end the "nock."

Not only the bow, but arrows, quivers, and other accessories may be made at home. For the bow choose a straight, well-seasoned spring piece of wood free from knots.

It is not necessary to use any one particular kind. Mulberry, hickory and red oak are all suitable, and good bows have been made from hazel, white maple, and even poplar. The writer once got an excellent one out of the broken tongue of a moving machine, which was of tough white ash; another from an old slight shaft, which was either oak or hickory, so old and brown it was hard to determine which.

Trim down the stick selected, making the back of the bow flat and the inside round, taking care of the wood. The ends should taper a little. The bows occasionally, until it bends with sufficient ease. The tips should be made flat on both sides, with a notch for the string. Around the middle glue a hand-piece of felt or velvet.

The string must be about six inches shorter in that bow. Strong thread, like that used by shoemakers, doubled and twisted several times, makes a very good bow-string. Make a loop in the ends, fastening them with a "figure 8," or similar knot which will not slip. The bow, however, should never be strung except when in use.

An Indian bow is made broad and flat instead of rounded, except where the hand rests. This portion must be whittled round and left rather large. The bow should be about two inches wide above and below the hand-space, and narrow gradually towards the ends. The back may be ornamented with red, black and yellow paint, with the heads of brass tacks or with any other appropriate decoration.

The most difficult thing in making arrows is to get them perfectly straight. Rolling them over a flat surface will generally show any imperfection in this respect. After whittling them to the desired thickness, scrape and sand paper well, finishing off with emery paper until smooth. Lead points may be moulded on after first cutting a notch around the end of the shaft. A better plan, however, is to use an empty cartridge shell weighted with a few drops of lead. For sharp points use a nail. After driving it into place, file off the head. This gives weight enough without adding lead.

To make an arrow fly straight, it has to be feathered. Select the largest quills obtainable and carefully pare off the feathered portion. At equal distances around the shaft glue the strips of feathers and trim off until even. Hair cloth or stiff paper may be used if feathers are not to be had.

A quiver or case for holding the arrows, may be made of a cylinder. An equally good, though less handsome, one may be made from a piece of tin pipe two feet in length and closed at one end with a piece of wood. The shoulder strap may be attached by cutting holes in the tin, or the case may be covered with cloth and the strap sewed to this.

If purchased in the store goods, well finished bows of second-growth ash, and other American woods cost from \$1 to \$3. Bows of lancewood, snake-wood, yew and other foreign growths cost from \$2 to \$5. Target bows range in price according to length from \$1.50 to \$5 a dozen. Hunting arrows with barbed heads are still higher, while birding arrows, with pewter points, are somewhat less expensive. Bow strings cost from 20 to 30 cents, and a quiver with belt from \$1 to \$2.

There is but one way to shoot well, and it is best to adopt that at the outset. First, string the bow. Then put the arrow "nock" on the string with the right hand while the left grasps the handle of the bow, holding it horizontally. Hook the first, second and third fingers around the string, taking the arrow between the first and second.

Now turn the bow until it stands perpendicularly, the left hand extended toward the target. Draw the right and

THE CAFE OF DEATH.

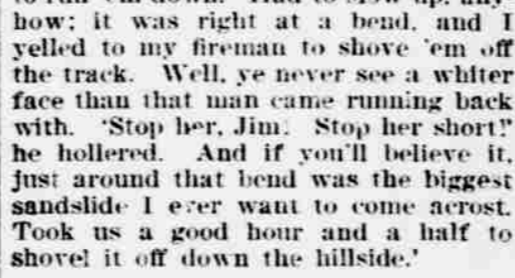
THE "DRINKING SHOP OF NOTHINGNESS."

A Growsome Development of Fin de Siècle Effort, Where Coffins Do Duty as Tables and Waiters Are Dressed to Resemble Undertakers' Men at a Funeral.

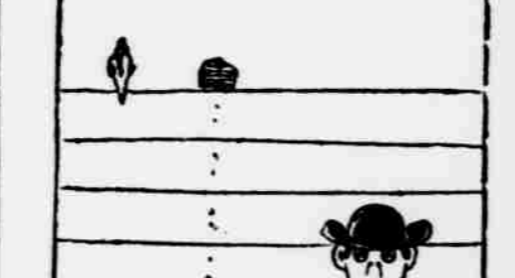
On the tough, artistic Boulevard de Clichy, a few blocks north of the great boulevard and half way up the Montmartre Hill—the quarter of the Moulin Rouge and the Rat Mort, of journalists and artists and models—is located the Cafe de la Mort, says a writer in the New York Sun. The front is painted black. A boy in mourning stands upon the sidewalk to distribute invitations.

The Engineer's Story
"It was just a year ago," said the old engineer to the reporter of a Western paper, "that I was running my 'commutation train on the Knoxville & Jellico, down in North Carolina. Ever been there? Guess you don't know, but the tracks snake round the Carolina mountains. Too steep to run straight down, ye see—land ye in draw after to-morrow—so ye have to crawl down from the Swannanoa divide, in an 'out, half a dozen loops on one hillside. And ye dussent run any too fast, neither, 'count of the 'sand slide' that's may be waitin' for ye just round the next bend."

"Well, it was a nasty kind o' day, anyhow. Sleetin' and blowin', and the clouds hung down in front of me like curtains. I lost my time, too, at Asheville, waitin' for a pesky freight to get out o' the way; so I was in a tearin' hurry and not the sweetest temper, you can bet. Towards evening I was whizzin' her along, thinkin' about Round Knob and a hot cup of coffee, when, some ways ahead, I spied a sheep in the cut. There she lay, right across the track, with two lambs snuggled under her. I whistled, but she never binged. Well, I was in a hurry, and I wouldn't 'a' minded the old sheep so much, but them little white lambs son-a-bow put me in mind of my baby, the cutest chap ye ever see, and it went across the grain to rim 'em down. Had to slow up, anyhow, 'cause I was right at 'em, and I yelled to my fireman to shove 'em off the track. Well, ye never see a whiter face than that man came running back with 'Stop her, Jim. Stop her short!' he bawled. And if you'll believe it, just as I was about to shove 'em off the track, I ever want to come across. Took us a good hour and a half to shove it off down the hillside."



A Wonderful Fowl.



Said, Reginald Fitz-Green, 'I have never, never seen A chicken so astonishingly tall!'



But when he'd gone around To the other side, he found That it wasn't so peculiar after all!

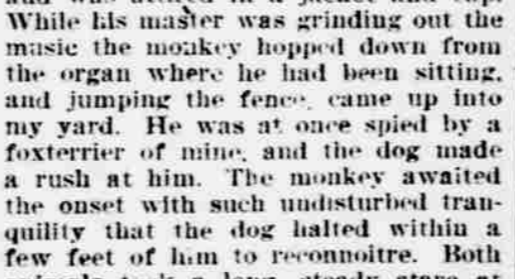


Polliteness Won the Day.

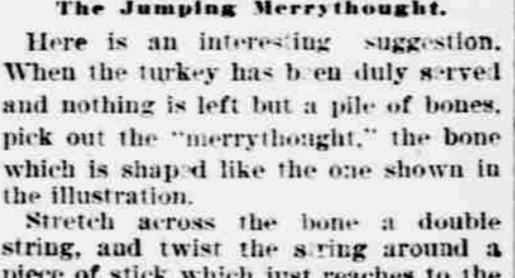
A gentleman from the West told a good story the other day of a meeting between his dog and an organ-grinder's monkey that will bear repeating: "One day an Italian organ-grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into our town, and the man stopped before my house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the music the monkey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and jumping the fence, came up into my yard. He was at once spied by a fosterer of mine, and he dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, while suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house, and never to be seen. It is well satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

The Jumping Merrythought.

Here is an interesting suggestion. When the turkey has been duly served and nothing is left but a pile of bones, pick out the "merrythought," the bone which is shaped like the one shown in the illustration. Stretch across the bone a double string, and twist the string around a piece of stick which just reaches to the top of the bone. On this point place a



bit of soft pitch, or any very sticky substance strong enough to grip the end of the stick; then place the "merrythought" on the table, and when the twisted string has overcome the resistance of the pitch, the bone will jump high into the air. On this principle "jumping frogs" are made.



Cross macabre, horrible pendu.

Sur la dalle froide, on vient de l'enter-

THE CAFE OF DEATH.

THE "DRINKING SHOP OF NOTHINGNESS."

A Growsome Development of Fin de Siècle Effort, Where Coffins Do Duty as Tables and Waiters Are Dressed to Resemble Undertakers' Men at a Funeral.

On the tough, artistic Boulevard de Clichy, a few blocks north of the great boulevard and half way up the Montmartre Hill—the quarter of the Moulin Rouge and the Rat Mort, of journalists and artists and models—is located the Cafe de la Mort, says a writer in the New York Sun. The front is painted black. A boy in mourning stands upon the sidewalk to distribute invitations.

The door is hidden by black hangings with silver tress. You push the hangings by and step into the spacious, darkened room, where a few candles give an impressive twilight. A great voice calls: "Soyezle bienvenue, la Mort Macabre!" A dozen coffins on supports replace the ordinary cafe tables. It is the Cafe of Death, the latest thing in Paris of the fin de siècle. Tuesday nights are reserved for the grand monde, each glass of beer is 2 francs and you may kiss the undertaker free. On ordinary nights the book is 12 francs. There are well-to-do and worthy people living in the quarter, but Tuesday nights are reserved for that of touchness. The Boulevard de Clichy is both wide and shaded. The promenade at night is thronged with girls and bullies. Tramps sleep

on the benches. Workingmen in houses saunter in the evening, smoking pipes. And through the mingled throng of Paris seum and experts in the art and science of seeing the sights, the honest and religious lower-middle class wives, mothers and daughters of the quarter stroll to take the air, unconcerned by all the noise and disorder.



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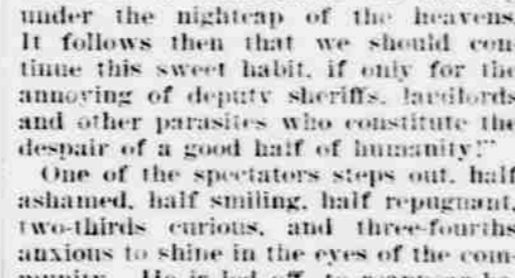
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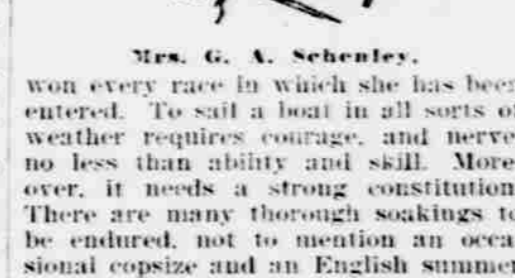
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Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the shattered system, by giving vigorous action to the digestive organs, creating an appetite and purifying the blood. It is prepared by modern methods, possesses the greatest curative powers, and has the most wonderful record of actual cures of any medicine in existence. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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\$5 CORDVAN
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