

MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE

Moved to Foley's Old Stand.

The Nicest Stock of the Season

Is here, is unpacked, is marked low, and is ready for

Anyone Who Likes a Good Thing.

We are simply asking for business that will save buyers money.

Our Wonderful Spring Stock

will make friends, outshine rivals, win victories, and sell itself on its merits every time.

Men's and Boys' Clothing,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes,

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Marvels of Popularity in Seasonable Styles and Fair Figures.

THE MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE

Foley's Old Stand,

Max Einstein, Proprietor.

North Platte National Bank,

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Paid up Capital \$75,000.

Directors: D. M. CARTER, D. W. BAKER, G. F. LINDSAY, M. O. BERRY, A. D. HUCKWORTH, A. F. STREETZ, H. OTTEN.

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LUMBER,

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NORTH PLATTE PHARMACY,

[Successor to J. Q. Thacker.]

NORTH PLATTE, - NEBRASKA.

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

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway Solicited.

F. J. BROEKER,

Merchant Tailor,

CLEANER AND REPAIRER

LARGE STOCK OF PIECE GOODS,

embracing all the new designs, kept on hand and made to order.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE

Spruce Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

THE CASINO BILLIARD HALL,

J. E. GRACE, Proprietor.

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.

AN AIR CYCLE NEXT.

THAT IS WHAT'S WANTED BEFORE THE FLYING MACHINE.

The Bicycle No Longer Satisfies the Longing of Mankind for Free Movement. We Want to Travel as the Birds Do, but Must Learn Essential Lessons First.

The Frenchman who covered the dead walls of Paris with calls for subscriptions to a Society of Aviation, to start with a capital of 10,000 francs, may have been lacking in the highest qualities of public spirit. He was placed in jail for taking money for his little private flying machine, costing from \$500 to \$2,000, which he failed to deliver. But his merit lies in discovering the want that fills the breasts of a large number of men today. It is only the somewhat headlong method of gratifying that yearning which has interfered for a time with his locomotion. Had he had the foresight to invent, to beg or to borrow a fairly efficient flying machine, nothing short of a cage would now prevent him from taking a leave as French as himself.

Though he should have been in the rest of his days in prison, M. Delprat will have the glory of the discovery that the bicycle no longer satisfies the longing of mankind toward a freer movement over the face of land and water. If we are to believe the evolutions of the flying machine, the result of gradual aspiration, from the worm that walloweth on a portion of its anatomy unsuited to ears, pelted, through the many foiled, the four footed and four handed beasts, up to the present type of creation who runs perpendicular on two feet. The present creation has seen man become what the old legends would have termed the "whirling one foot." Why should not this progress continue and the next century find man rising from that single pied a terre into more or less sustained aviation?

The flying machine still holding to earth by one wheel has already appeared sporadically in England, according to Engineering. Mr. Phillips published the results of his trial of a machine resting on a light car and claims that he flew, but the front wheel of the car never left the ground. This is quite as it should be. We creep before we walk, we graduate from tricycle to bicycle, and now we are at the unicycle age. Who is the man to lift us finally clear of the earth?

The principle of the balloon, useful as it is in overcoming gravity, has carried generations of inventors into a fool's paradise. Birds are lighter than beasts, but they are not soap bubbles. And to the bird we have to return indirectly or directly to the aeroplane, in which our able aviators are now reposing so much confidence. It is upon such a machine that we must repose our trust, for it is the result of a study of the soaring of birds. Latterly it has been reasoned out that individual feathers have an influence in supporting the bird in air. So the aeroplanes are made not solid, but with slats, and in some cases jointed in sections, so that while one portion is in one plane another may be tilted up or down to give the power of a change of angle. This power is so great that our leading aviators, like Hiram Maxim and Professor Langley, expect to obtain great velocities if they can once get their airships under way and under control.

The money spent by these inventors and investigators is mounting to a great sum, but who shall say it is wasted, considering the benefits to accrue? The remark attributed to Gifford when flying that he would not reveal the secret of his airship because "he thought he saw the air ensanguined by war as the seas have been, and the earth," need not disturb us. If he did say that, he was temporarily in a state of weakness, for the flying machine will do more than anything yet invented to break down the prejudices of one nation for another. Wars will cease, and the skin along for 100 years or so without detriment to himself or his machine. By way of these inventions will come the discovery, step by step, of means and methods of sustaining flight for longer periods and also actual training in motion through the air which is now wanting to mankind.

The inventors who are constructing on paper or in actuality great flying machines are like men on an inland race who have for the first time seen a broad piece of water. Before learning to paddle a canoe they are already building a raft, before understanding the principle of the steam engine they are setting to work to make an ocean steamer. What is wanted is a popular air cycle, an "air safety," to lead the way to larger air wagons which sustained flight. Who will invent one?—New York Times.

An Old Pacific Coast Engine. Perhaps few of the people know that a very antique engine is lying useless behind the station at Long Beach, Los Angeles county. This engine was used in the early part of the last decade, and when the fireman wanted to put in any fuel the train had to be stopped while the fireman put in wood at the front of the engine, as the door of the furnace is situated there. This engine ran between Los Angeles and Long Beach before the Southern Pacific extended its line to that place. The cars are like street cars of today, only about twice as long. Sometimes the passengers had to get out and push, as the engine was not very strong.—Pasadena Star.

Quick Action. "Continues sent a story to a magazine the other day and got back with a reply. They said the story 'lacked rapidity in movement.' 'Well, where's the quickness of that?' 'You see, he sent the MS. one day and got it back the next, and he considered that pretty rapid movement.'—Kate Field's Washington.

Pardons—You haven't the faintest idea how much I love him. Pardons—Oh, you I have—I used to love him that way myself.—Brooklyn Life.

THE SAND OF AN OLD TIMER. Fatal Bravery That Won a Rare Tribute From a Band of Apaches. A company of men from the railroad station in Pomona the other afternoon waiting for the belated overland train for Los Angeles. Every man in the party knew the others, and there being an hour or two to wait story telling of the early days on the border and in Arizona and California came natural. Stories of old times, when Indians were bad and the white pioneers knew what bravery meant, were related. John Wilson of El Monte told the most absorbing story of the hour: "Talk about sand in a man, gentlemen! I am telling you that it takes sand of the genuine article in any man to try and stand off single handed 40 or 50 Apaches when he knows just what the scrap will end, and that the end will be his own death. But that was just the kind of sand that was in Felix Knox when he was killed by the Apaches. You know the story of the old gentleman who was the tenderfoot from the east scorns so much and knows so little about it, but he had a heart in him bigger than any tenderfoot's head. Well, it was in the spring of 1879 Knox, with his wife and baby and a Mexican driver, was coming from Silver City to Clifton, down in Arizona. They got to York's ranch, which is on the Gila river, about 30 miles from Clifton, all right, but were told there that sign of Apaches had been seen, and that they had better go in camp there for a few days, but Knox—who had fought the Apaches dozens of times and didn't know what fear was—said he wanted to go to Clifton that day, Indiana or no Indiana. "Well, the Knoxes drove on. When they were about two miles from York's ranch, sure enough a big buck Indian came from behind a low, round mesa. Knox knew there were plenty more of the red devils hid there and that it meant a fight to death for him. He was as cool as a cucumber. He jumped out of the wagon, filled his pockets with the boxes of cartridges, and then kissed his wife and baby for the last time, but saying that he would have the redskins quieted in a few minutes. He ordered the Mexican driver to lash up the trunk and to drive back to York's ranch as fast as the horses could jump. Then Knox waved his hand to his wife and said he was going to stand off a few Apaches, although he was sure he was a big fellow. As the man and wife flew back to the ranch Knox, rifle in hand, started toward the hill for his last fight. He turned once and waved his sombrero to his wife and child and then strode on to his certain death. "The Apaches a second later rushed out from behind the hill where they were secreted. Knox faced his foes, and standing stock still pumped lead at them with the accuracy of a machine gun. The next day a party of us was made up, and we went out where the fight took place. Knox's body lay there amid the cactus in the sun. The Apaches, coming from a screen, had recently mutilated the fellow's body in the most. They had taken a clean pocket handkerchief out of Knox's pocket and carefully chipped off over his face and had fastened it there by putting a small stone on each corner of it to hold it in its place and keep the hot sun from the dead man's face. That was their tribute to the said Knox. Seventy empty shells from a service rifle were scattered around Knox's wristed and his hands. They had taken a clean pocket handkerchief out of Knox's pocket and carefully chipped off over his face and had fastened it there by putting a small stone on each corner of it to hold it in its place and keep the hot sun from the dead man's face. That was their tribute to the said Knox. Seventy empty shells from a service rifle were scattered around Knox's wristed and his hands. 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