

Makes More BREAD
Makes Whiter
Makes Better
Than any other Flour
Manufactured.



HARRINGTON & TOBIN,
NORTH PLATTE,
Agents for Western Nebraska.

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

LEGAL NOTICES.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.
Notice is hereby given that Charles Richards has filed his application to the county commissioners of Lincoln county, Nebraska, for license to sell and dispense intoxicating liquors, for a term of one year from March 15th, 1904.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb., February 24th, 1904.
Notice is hereby given that the following 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, Nebraska, on the 28th day of February, 1904, viz: DeWitt Vanhook who made H. E. No. 12436, for the southeast quarter of section 24, township 12, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Edwin L. Garrison, Orrin Brown, Alvin Votaw, and William Powell, all of North Platte, Neb.

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U. P. TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.	
No. 1—Atlantic Express	Dep't 12:30 A. M.
No. 4—Chicago Express	6:30 A. M.
No. 2—Fast Mail	8:30 A. M.
No. 3—Limited	10:30 A. M.
No. 28—Freight	1:30 A. M.
No. 29—Freight	4:30 A. M.
No. 22—Freight	8:30 A. M.
No. 21—Freight	11:30 A. M.

CRIMES & WILCOX,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

A. H. CHURCH,
LAWYER,
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

D. N. F. DONALDSON,
Assistant Surgeon United States Army
and Member of Pension Board,
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

W. M. EVES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

CLAUDE WEINGAND,
DEALER IN
Coal Oil, Gasoline,
Crude Petroleum and
Coal Gas Tar.

Leave orders at Evans' Book Store.

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.

NORTH PLATTE
Marble Works.

W. O. RITNER,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Monuments, Headstones,
Curbing, Building Stone,
And all kinds of Monumental
and Cemetery Work.

Careful attention given to lettering
of every description. Jobs done
short notice. Orders solicited and estimates
freely given.

UNITED 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.

THE BATTLE.
After the battle—peace! But for some men
the battle lasts till death; all efforts lead
to the grief and bitterness; and when
Unconquered, though they fall and faint and
bleed.
Their souls are maddened for some blacker stain,
They struggle bravely for an inch of life.

These are the hapless ones—or so we deem
Our brothers who must either fight or die.
Yet be that ever swim an angry stream
And reached their shore shows more than you
know.
If we are joyous in untroubled days—
That hope which grows from grief and struggle
dies.

They are not hapless. In their life of hearts
They know the deepest faith that life can give.
Their living is in conquering old parts.
In the wisdom of the gods they live.
For they have conquered where the millions
fall.

Their ship of life is stronger for the gale.
—George L. Montgomery in New York Times.

THE CAPTURE.

Martha, the old servant, awakened me.
She said, "Your uncle is dying!"
I went down stairs and again found
myself before the half open door, where
for the past two days I had been watching
the agony of my uncle. He had
brought me up and had been the kind-
est of guardians. He had banished me
from his presence. He had commanded
that I should not be admitted to the
chateau. He had done all this without
motive, without any offense on my part,
but simply because he had disinherited
me for her!

Her! I see her moving about in the
dying man's room, a few steps from me.
There she reigns as a sovereign. She de-
votes herself to the patient. She obeys
each request of the doctor, who, with
her, watches by my uncle's bedside. I
watch her every movement, and a wild
hatred, mixed with agony and humili-
ation, burns in my veins.

On my return from Germany I found
her living at my uncle's, and he said to me:
"She is my old friend Senar's daughter.
He died ruined—poor old fellow! I
hope that you will not object to my giv-
ing her a small dowry. You will still be
a millionaire!"

She was very beautiful, but proud and
haughty. She received me coldly and
in a very ungracious manner, but in
spite of that I fell promptly in love with
her. Her step made me tremble, and her
fine profile charmed me. At the end of
a month I would have given heaven and
earth for her love. I dared to tell her so
—to ask her to marry me—but she re-
fused without hesitation.

"Never!" she declared positively.
Ah, that "never!" It broke my heart,
but I answered her calmly:
"You might have told me so gently."
It would have been less efficacious,"
she returned calmly. And I admired the
barbaric frankness of her answer, like
the sentimental fool that I was.

Today I know what the girl with the
dark eyes was hiding! I now understand
her silence, her cold reception, her
insulting rejection. It was because she
was sure of her position. Already
she knew that she should rob me of my
fortune. And that during the
past two days I have not told her how
despise her! To think that I was satisfied
to avoid her, not to talk to her!
How she must laugh at my folly!

As this thought enters my mind I am
about to enter the room. But the words
of the doctor still sound in my ears:
"Do you wish to kill the patient? It
can be done in a minute. A sudden
emotion, a surprise, and he goes!"
Thus came the matter in favor of the
spoiler! Again I look at her. She is
leaning over the bed with the expression
of a madonnal.

Suddenly the old man moves and
murmurs like a little child. My heart is
filled with pity for him. Then he calls,
"Laure!"
The doctor moves quickly. I hear a
confused whispering, then a cry:
"An emphysemal! Ah—!"
A dead silence—then a rattling in the
throat—and again silence.

Then the doctor leans over the bed,
listens, and finally says in a low voice:
"He is dead."
Laure hides her face in her hands. I
approach. I would like to accuse her, but
a puerile sense of respect keeps me
silent, and it is she who speaks first. "I
would like to say something to you."
Her eyes are filled with tears, but her
voice is resolute. It seems as if she were
defying me.

However, I consent and lead her into
the next room. There she looks at me
at each other for a minute without
speaking. It is she who continues:
"You will excuse me for not having
seen you sooner, but your uncle re-
fused absolutely to see me, and con-
sidering his condition I had only to obey.
That was at least the opinion of the doctor.
Believe me, I am sorry."
"I should think so!" I exclaim, without
hesitating. "I can say that I am sorry."
She looked me full in the face, her
eyes flashed, and she stopped crying.
"You will regret that laugh," she said
haughtily. "It is cowardly. Your duty
as a gentleman is first to tell me so."
I was struck with her attitude, al-
though I believed it to be only another
form of duplicity, and I replied gravely:
"Be it so. I will listen to you."
She continued then vehemently: "I
know that you believe that I influ-
enced your uncle. I know that you be-
lieve me responsible for his change of
mind toward you and guilty of having
captured his estate. I know that you
believe me avaricious, a liar, a plotter!
However, I am none of these things."
"Ah! then you are not his heiress?" I
asked, with bitter irony.

"That is not the question. But I did
nothing that the most scrupulous deli-
cacy could object to! I often begged
your uncle to send for you, and I only
ceased when the doctor assured me that
my constant demands worried the pa-
tient. Your uncle was my benefactor.
He saved me from misery, and I could
not do anything which would prove me
ungrateful. When he was attacked with
the strange whim of preferring me to
you, I was obliged to submit. As he was
then too ill to be opposed."
"But you inherited the estate!" I re-
peated, with the same melancholy irony.
"I inherit it—well!"
She gazed fixedly at me.
"If you were in my place, what would
you think?" I exclaimed.
"Just what you will think," and she
drew a small packet from her pocket
and handed it to me, saying, "Forgive
the old man and destroy this proof of his
delirium."
I was too much astonished to speak.
My hands trembled. Confusedly I re-
alized how wrong I had been in blaming
her.

"What do you mean?" I finally stam-
mered.
"That is the will. I give it to you, and
you remain the heir of your unhappy
uncle."
I was so overcome by her answer that
I was obliged to lean against the
wall for support—so ashamed that I
could not look her in the face—her
word I had so basely accused.

After a few minutes I collected myself
and begged in a supplicating voice:
"Forgive me! Take back this packet!
I would rather die than accept the es-
tate on such conditions."

"And if she existed, verily
and disdainfully. "Do you think that I
will touch it? Do you think that I would
defile myself by stealing?"
"I have misanderstood you," I ex-
claimed. "I have acted like a brute. I
am a miserable fool."
"It does not matter now. We shall
probably never see each other again."
She spoke gently in an absent manner.
Her beautiful eyes had a faraway look,
and now I knew that she was really pure,
innocent, stainless.

"Ah!" I murmured. "Of what use is
the money to me? To receive it thus
from your hands is the hardest of peni-
tences. I will not have it! To receive it
from you who refused me so coldly,
from you who despise me with such hu-
miliating gentleness! I should consider
myself disgraced for life!"
"What do you say? Disgraced be-
cause I return to you what belongs to
you? Because I refused to profit by the
unreasonable whim of an invalid?"
She retreated a few steps, and her ad-
mirable beauty filled my heart with
adoration. "Ah! why would you not
accept my love?" I cried. "Why would
you let me have no part in your fortune?"
"I was a poor girl, treated with kind-
ness and trusted. I should have been
betrayed that kindness and trust in list-
ening to you."

"I would you have listened to me then
if you had been rich?" I exclaimed.
"She cast down her eyes and remained
a minute undecided. Then lifting her
long eyelashes she said simply:
"I think so."
My excitement increased, words failed
me, and I could only stammer:
"But now—you can—"
She motioned me to be silent. After a
few minutes of deep thought she said:
"I tell you that I have the right
to listen to you. My refusal or accept-
ance depends now only upon my own in-
clination."
I approached and implored her:
"Accept my life or refuse it!"
"I will not refuse," she answered gen-
tly, with a sudden smiling irony:
"I will never have refused it, for if you
fell quickly in love with me, I, too,
was not slow in loving you."
I caught Laure's hands and kissed
them humbly, but she gently drew them
away and begged me to remember the
presence of the dead, which she told me
the truth, I had almost forgotten.

Thus I captured my inheritance.—Ro-
mance.

A BANKRUPT'S CLEVER SCHEME.

Starting Developments That Enticed
a Director to His Creditors.
This story is going the rounds at
Vienna. Among the prominent citizens
of the capital of the Austrian empire is
a gentleman called Fritz. He is the pro-
prietor of a large factory and, more-
over, well known as a jovial, well-mean-
ing fellow, who delights to give large
dinner parties.

Not long since he sent out invitations
to all his business friends to partake of
his hospitality at a dinner party.
At first, as is frequently the case at a
dinner party at which there are gen-
tlemen only, the proceedings were some-
what tedious. By degrees, however, the
conversation became more lively under the
stimulating influences of the wines.
Their tongues became loosened by the
frequent lubrications, and there was a
flow of geniality and wit such as is
found only on a press occasion.

Good humor prevailed to an almost
alarmed extent. Everybody present was
in a hilarious mood. Just at this
crisis Fritz stood up and intimated that
he was about to make a few remarks.
"Bravo!" said a fat man with a red
face, pounding on the table with the
handle of his knife.

"Now we will hear something funny,
my friend," remarked another guest, get-
ting his mouth ready to laugh.
"Speech, speech!" exclaimed several
of the guests who had contemplated the
wine when it was red.

There was a solemnity about the host
that almost convulsed the merry gen-
tlemen present. "Gentlemen, I see around
me all my creditors, and I have some
important information to impart to
you." And he paused. The fat man, to
whom Fritz was crying "bravo," turned
a triple face and seemed to be un-
able to close his mouth, in which he
had deposited a morsel of pate de foie
gras. Several other creditors looked at
each other with a look of alarm.

"Gentlemen," continued the orator,
"you will regret to hear that I am a
bankrupt."
Rounds of laughter. "That is good.
Over the Hills to the Forthouses," sang
another.

The orator did not join in the laugh-
ter. With increased solemnity he said:
"I wish, gentlemen, for your sakes
and for mine, that I were a stranger in
this room, and that you had been squan-
dered in a fence corner holding off the calf
got up and came toward us."
"That's pap," said Ben.
"He looked neither less than 85. He was
grizzled and wrinkled. He came up to
the cart. He was agitated and chewed
his tobacco wonderfully fast. I got up
from the four sack."
"He turned first and told his son to
carry the sack of flour into the house."
"I wasn't expectin' you," he said. "It's
so long since you wrote."
"You said you had a nice home, em-
bowed in vines and fruit trees. You
said you were 35. You said you had
only two little girls. You said you were
rich."
"No, I didn't," he interrupted. "I said
I had 1,000 acres of land—so I have—
though a big part of it is swamp. Acres
don't make folks rich in these parts.
They're all big fellows and married and
got a house, 'cept Ben. As for the house, ain't
that a good house—double pen and a
shed to boot! Don't leak unless it rains
and get a first rate chimney. And ain't
that a vine? And what's the matter
with them peach trees—ain't there fruit?"

"Do you imagine any young wo-
man in her senses would marry you and
live here?" I cried.
"Do I? Well, there's no imagination
about it. There's three women have
married me and lived here. Two of 'em
were big fellows and married and got
a house. I couldn't hear from you. I
concluded you was playin' me a Yankee
trick; couldn't wait no longer. So I mar-
ried Miss Susan Barnes, and in her senes,
why, she—"
"Why, I'll show her—that's what I'll
do," said Mrs. Gravelle No. 3, dropping
her head and rolling up her sleeves
as she came toward me.

"I begged Ben to drive me back to the
river, and here I am—waiting to take the
first boat. I've played the fool, and I'm
punished. It's crushed all the silly ro-
mance out of me. How I'd like to see
my passage, I don't know. I'll offer to do
chambermaid's work."
"But this Miss Amelia Jones was not
forced to do it. The Sandy Gravelle came
to the front. He proved to be not such
a bad lot after all. He rode up presently
on a lony moustang and promptly gave
the little 'Yankee schoolmarm' enough

money to pay her passage back, with an
additional man to cover the expense of
her coming. He had drawn on his cot-
ton crop. He looked cast down and
asleep. He explained to his friends in
this wise:
"I was a fool—a doggone fool, but I
meant it all honest. I put a kind of rose
color over things in this advertisement.
It's the way you do in the papers, so that
young postmaster said. He put me up to
it. He wrote the ad and the letters.
I really expect the marry tale, but I'd
give my promise to Susan in a kinder
joke way, and she held me to it. I didn't
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