

The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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W. A. McKEIGHAN, ex-congressman, died at Hastings last Saturday morning. The deceased had been in failing health for a year past.

In the last five months France has bought from us \$6,000,000 less and sold us \$12,000,000 more than in the corresponding months last year. We are getting hold of the markets of the world, but it is by the hot end.

SENATOR KNUTE NELSON of Minnesota will never please the New York Sun until he ceases to eat pie with his knife. The Sun believes that knives in pie-eating are superfluous luxury. Pie says the Sun, should be eaten in the hand.

The bill of Senator Lodge introduced Friday contemplates the restriction of immigration on a basis of the ability of the newcomers to read and write in some language. This is directly in the line for which Immigration league has been working for years.

The opinion that Mr. Bayard put his foot in it seems to be almost unanimous on both sides of the water. It will be hard, but we believe that it will be necessary to come back and live among the "self-confident and often times violent people" of the United States.—Journal.

JUDGE NUGENT, the leading populist, is reported to be on his death bed. Judge Nugent is the man who was mentioned by Senator Peffer as a possible competitor of Senator Allen for the populist presidential nomination. If he is out of the way Senator Allen is likely to have things to his own liking in the populist national convention.—Bee.

ANOTHER ransomed sinner has returned home. This time it is Dr. Sampson Pope, who was the anti-Tillman candidate for governor of South Carolina. He has joined the republican party because, as he says, "that party is the party of protection, not only of manufacturers and labor, but also of the rights of the citizen under the constitution of the United States."

SPEAKER Reed has the faculty of revamping a chestnut until you can't tell its age. His latest achievement of this sort was when an Arizona man was boasting to him of the climate of that territory. He said: "Tut, tut, man! I have been to Fort Yuma and I know your climate. When a bad man dies down there he does not notice the transition."

FORTY thousand tons of prunes were harvested in the Santa Clara valley, California, this year, and the raisers complain that the present selling price hardly equals the cost of production. Not having an international Newberry law, it is impossible to effect a mutually profitable exchange of Nebraska corn for California prunes, which accounts for much of that spirit of popular unrest that has been attributed to the inefficiency of Grover Cleveland's financial policy.—Journal.

It may be that Ambassador Bayard will not be impeached for his public utterances in England concerning America and its citizenship but he certainly needs to be reminded that he is an American representative and has no moral or legal right to pander to the British until he has forewarned his nominal allegiance to the country from which he draws his pay. Democratic representatives to England have been given to too much of this sort of thing and it is high time they were being forcibly reminded of their exceedingly bad taste.—Ex.

As a result of the recent payment of the indemnity by China to Japan the officials of the former country have resumed possession of Port Arthur and the Liao Tung peninsula. That payment, by the way, illustrated how easily a debt can be paid without the use of money. Representatives of both governments met in the parlors of the Bank of England. After a brief conversation the Chinese representative bowed and handed a piece of paper representing about \$20,000,000 to an intermediary envoy, who in turn gave it with a bow to the representative of Japan. The latter bowed and handed it to the governor of the bank who bowed and placed it to the credit of the Japanese nation. Then they all bowed, and that was all there was to it. As the gold represented by the paper would have filled several carts, it was found more convenient to leave it on deposit.—Ex.



CHAPTER I

A GENTLEMAN THINKS HE CAN COMMIT A CRIME AND ESCAPE DETECTION.

"Jack Barnes never gets left, you bet."

"That was a close call, though," replied the Pullman porter who had given Mr. Barnes a helping hand in his desperate effort to board the midnight express as it rolled out of Boston. "I wouldn't advise you to jump on moving trains often."

"Thank you for your good advice and for your assistance. Here's a quarter for you. Show me to my section. I am nearly dead, I am so tired."

"Upper 10. Right this way, sir. It is all ready for you to turn in."

When Mr. Barnes entered the coach, no one was in sight. If there were other passengers, they were dead. A few minutes later he himself was patting two little bags of feathers and placing one atop of the other in a vain attempt to make them serve as a pillow. He had told the porter that he was tired, and this was so true that he should have fallen asleep quickly. Instead his brain seemed specially active and sleep impossible.

Mr. Barnes—Jack Barnes, as he called himself to the porter—a detective, and counted one of the shrewdest in New York, where he controlled a private agency established by himself. He had just completed what he considered a most satisfactory piece of work. A large robbery had been committed in New York, and suspicion of the strongest nature had pointed in the direction of a young man who had immediately been arrested. For ten days the press of the country had been trying and convicting the suspect, during which time Mr. Barnes had quietly left the metropolis. Twelve hours before we met him those who read the papers over their toast had been amazed to learn that the suspect was innocent and that the real criminal had been apprehended by the keen witted Jack Barnes. What was better, he had recovered the lost funds, amounting to \$30,000.

He had had a long chase after his man, whom he had shadowed from city to city and watched day and night, actuated to this course by a slight clew in which he had placed his faith. Now, his man fast in a Boston prison, he was on his way to New York for requisition papers. As he had said, he was tired, yet despite his need of complete rest his thoughts persisted in rehearsing all the intricate details of the reasoning which had at last led him to the solution of the mystery. As he lay in his upper berth awake these words reached his ears:

"If I knew that man Barnes was after me, I should simply surrender."

This promise to be the beginning of an entertaining conversation, and as he could not sleep Mr. Barnes prepared to listen. Extensive experience as a detective had made him long ago forget the philosophic arguments for and against eavesdropping. The voice which had attracted him was low, but his ears were keen. He located it as coming from the section next ahead of his, No. 8. A second voice replied:

"I have no doubt that you would. But I wouldn't. You overestimate the ability of the modern detective. I should actually enjoy being hounded by one of them. It would be some pleasure, and I think so easy, to elude him."

The last speaker possessed a voice which was musical, and he articulated distinctly, though he scarcely ventured above a loud whisper. Mr. Barnes cautiously raised his head, arranging his pillows so that his ear would be near the partition. Fortunately the two men next to him had taken the whole section, and the upper berth had been allowed to remain closed. Mr. Barnes now found that he could readily follow the conversation, which continued thus:

"But see how that Barnes tracked this Pettingill day and night until he had trapped him. Just as the fellow supposed himself safe he was arrested. You must admit that was clever work."

"Oh, yes, clever enough in its way, but there was nothing specially artistic about it. Not that the detective was to blame. It was the fault of the criminal. There was no chance for the artistic. Yet Mr. Barnes had used that very adjective to himself in commenting upon his conduct of this case. The man continued: "The crime itself was inartistic. Pettingill bungled. Barnes was shrewd enough to detect the flaw, and with his experience and skill in such cases the end was inevitable."

"It seems to me either that you have not read the full account of the case or else you do not appreciate the work of the detective. Why, all the clew he had was a button."

"Ah! Only a button, but such a button! That is where I say that the criminal was inartistic. He should not have lost that button."

"It was an accident, I suppose, and one against which he could not have guarded. It was one of the exigencies of his crime."

"Exactly so, and it is these little accidents, always unforeseen, though always occurring, which hang so many, and jail so many, and give our detectives such an easy road to fame. That is the gist of the whole matter. It is an unequal game this between the criminal and the detective."

"I don't catch what you are driving at."

"I'll give you a dissertation on crime. Attend! In ordinary business it is brains versus brains. The professional man contends with his fellows, and if he would win the race toward fortune he must show more brains. The commercial man competes with other tradesmen all as clever as himself. So it goes from the lawyer to the locksmith, from the preacher to the sign painter. It is brains rubbing against brains, and we get the most polished thought as the result. Thus the science of honest living progresses."

"What has this to do with the criminal class?"

"One moment. Let the philosopher teach you in his own way. With the criminal it is different. He is matched against his superior. Those in his own class do not contend with him. They are rather his partners, his 'pals,' as they term it. His only contention, therefore, is with the detectives who repre-

sent society and the law. No man, I suppose, is a criminal from choice, and it is the criminal's necessity which leads to his detection."

"Then all criminals should be caught?"

"All criminals should be caught. That they are not is a strong argument against your detective, for every criminal, we may say, is actuated by necessity, and therein lies the possibility of his defeat. For example, you may claim that the expert burglar lays his plans in advance, and that the crime being premeditated, he should be able to make such careful prearrangements that he could avoid leaving telltale marks behind him. This, however, is rarely the case, for this reason—the unexpected often if not always happens, and for that he has not prepared. In a moment he sees prison ahead of him, and his fear steals away his caution, so that, as we have seen, he does leave a clew behind him."

"But when you say the unexpected happens you admit the possibility for that to occur which could not have been premeditated, and therefore could not have been guarded against."

"That is true as the case stands. But remove the necessity which actuates our criminal and make of him simply a scientific man pursuing crime as an art! In the first place, we get an individual who will prepare for more accidents, and, secondly, would know how best to meet emergencies which occur during the commission of his crime. For example, if you will pardon the conceit, were I to attempt a crime I should be able to avoid detection."

"I should think that from your inexperience as a criminal you would be run to earth—well, about as quickly as this man Pettingill. This was his first crime, you know."

"Would you be willing to make a wager to that effect?" This last remark fairly startled Mr. Barnes, who instantly understood the meaning, which, however, at first escaped the other listener. He waited eagerly for the reply.

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"I don't grasp the idea. Make a wager about what?"

"You said that were I to commit a crime I should be captured about as quickly as Pettingill. If you wish, I will wager that I can commit a crime which will be as much talked of as his, and that I will not be captured, or rather I should say convicted. I would not bet against arrest, for, as we have seen in this very case, the innocent are sometimes incarcerated. Therefore I stipulate for conviction."

"Do I understand you to seriously offer to commit a crime merely to decide a wager? You astound me!"

"No more perhaps than Pettingill has surprised his friends. But don't be alarmed. I shall assume all responsibility. Besides, remember it is not crime that is scowled upon in this century, but detection. I wager with you against that. Come, what do you say? Shall it be \$1,000? I want a little excitement!"

"Well, you shall have it. At least you shall have the excitement of paying the

Mr. Barnes cautiously raised his head. thousand dollars to me, for, though I think you are not really intending to become a criminal in either event, I may as well profit by your offer."

"What do you mean by 'in either event'?"

"Why, if you do not commit a crime, you pay, and if you do I am sure that you would be caught. Then, however much I should regret your disgrace, I warn you that I should cut you dead and take your money."

"Then you accept the wager?"

"I do!"

"Done. Now for the conditions. I am to have one month in which to plan and commit my crime, and one year for avoiding the detectives. That is, if I am

free at the end of one year and can prove to you that I committed a crime within the stipulated period, I win the wager. If I am in jail awaiting trial, the bet cannot be settled until the law has had its way and I am either proved innocent or guilty. Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. But what class of crime will you commit?"

"My friend, you are inquisitive. The wager is on, and my bossied caution must begin. Therefore I must not tell you anything of the nature of my intended crime."

"Why, do you suppose for an instant that I would betray you?"

"Well, yes, that idea does occur to me. Listen. As I said before, the necessities of the criminal prove his necessity of the crime. That is always a good starting point in following up a mysterious case. The more unusual the object the better, since it will fit fewer people. Plunder is the commonest and therefore the least promising to trace from. Revenge is common also, but better, because the special revenge connected with the deed must lead to the special individual most likely to execute such revenge. In this instance—I mean my own case—the object of the crime is so unique that the detective who discovers it should be able to convict me. A crime committed to decide a wager is perhaps new."

"Its very novelty is your best safeguard."

"Yet there are two ways by which it may be discovered, and that is by too many. Had I undertaken this affair secretly there would really have been

but a single way for me to learn my secret—my own confession. As men have been weak enough to do this before now, I should even in that instance have taken precautions. But with my secret in the possession of a second party the position is more complex."

"I assure you on my honor that I will not betray you. I will agree to forfeit five times the wager in such an event."

"I prefer that you should be perfectly at liberty in the matter. I expect it to be thus. In your own mind at present you do not think that I shall carry out my purpose. Therefore your friendship for me is undisturbed. Then you count that, if I do commit a crime, it will be some trivial one that you may bring your conscience to excuse, under the circumstances. But let us suppose that a really great crime should be reported, and for some reason you should suspect me. You will hurry to my rooms before I get out of bed and ask me flatly whether I am guilty. As flatly I should refuse to enlighten you. You would take this as a confession of guilt. You would perhaps argue that if your surmise were correct you would be an accessory before the fact, and to shield yourself and do your duty you would make a clean breast of it."

"I am beginning to be offended, Bob. I did not think you would trust me so little!"

"Don't get angry, old man. Remember that only a few minutes ago you warned me that you would cut me dead after the crime. We artistic criminals must be prepared against every contingency."

"I did not think when I spoke. I did not mean it."

"Yes, you did, and I am not at all angry. Let it be understood then that you will be at liberty to repeat the facts about this wager should your conscience prick you. It will be best for me to expect and be prepared for such action. But you have not asked what the second danger of discovery is. Can you guess?"

"Not unless you mean as you suggested, your own confession."

"No, though that really makes a third chance. Yet it is so simple. Have you noticed that we can hear a man snoring?"

"Listen a moment! Do you not hear that? It is not exactly a snore, but rather a troubled breathing. Now that man is in the third section from us. Do you see the point?"

"I must confess that I would not make a detective."

"Why, my dear boy, if we can hear that fellow, why may not some one in the next compartment be listening to our tete-a-tete?" Mr. Barnes fairly glowed with admiration for the fellow's careful consideration of every point.

"Oh, I guess not! Everybody is asleep."

"The common criminal from necessity takes chances like that, without counting on them. I shall not. There is a possibility, however remote, that some one, in No. 10, say, has overheard us. Again, he may even be a detective, and, worse yet, it might be your Mr. Barnes himself."

"Well, I must say if you prepare against such long odds as that you deserve to escape detection!"

"That is just what I will do. But the odds are not so great as you imagine. I read in an afternoon paper that Mr. Barnes had remained in Boston in connection with properly securing his prisoner during the day, but that he would leave for New York tonight. Of course the newspaper may have been wrong. Then in saying 'tonight' it may have been inaccurate, but supposing the statement were true, then there were three trains upon which he might have started, one at 7 o'clock, one at 11 and this one. One of three is not long odds."

"But even if he is on this train there are ten coaches."

"Again you are wrong. After his hard work on this Pettingill case he would be sure to take a sleeper. Now, if you recall the fact, I did not decide to go to New York tonight till the last minute. Then we found that we could not get a whole section and were about to bunk together in a lower berth when, several more people applying, they determined to put on another coach. Therefore, unless Mr. Barnes secured his ticket during the day, he would inevitably have been assigned to this coach."

"Had you any special reason for suggesting No. 10?"

"Yes; I know that No. 6 is unoccupied. But just as we started some one came in, and, I think, took the upper berth of No. 10."

Mr. Barnes began to think that he would have exceedingly difficult work to detect this man in crime were he really to commit one in spite of the fact that he knew so much in advance. The conversation continued:

"Thus, you see, there are two ways by which my object may become known, a serious matter if unguarded against. As, however, I recognize the possibilities in advance, there will be no difficulty whatever, and the knowledge will be of no value to any detective, even though he be your Mr. Barnes."

"How will you avoid that danger?"

"My dear boy, do you suppose for an instant that I would reply to that after pointing out that a detective may be listening? However, I will give you an idea. I will show you what I meant when I said that Pettingill had blundered. You said that he had lost only a button and thought it clever in Barnes to trace him from the button. But a button may be a most important thing. If I should lose one of the buttons of my vest while committing a crime, Mr. Barnes would trace me out in much less than ten days, and for this reason they are the only ones of the kind in the world."

"How does that happen? I supposed that buttons were made by the thousand."

"Not all buttons. For reasons which I need not tell the possibly listening detective, a friend traveling abroad had a set made specially and brought them back to me as a present. They are handsomely cut cameo, half the set having

the profile head of Juliet and the others a similar face of Romeo."

"A romance?"

"That is immaterial. Suppose that I should plan a robbery in order to decide this wager. As necessity would not urge me either as to time or place, I should choose my opportunity, let us say, when but one person guarded the treasure. That one I should chloroform and also tie."

Next, I should help myself to the designated plunder. Suppose that as I were about to depart a sleeping, uncalculated for pet dog should jump out and bark furiously? I reach for it, and it snaps at me, biting my hand. I grapple it by the throat and strangle it, but in its death throes it bites my vest, and a button falls to the ground and rolls away. The dog is at last silenced. Your ordinary burglar by this time would be so unmoved that he would hasten off, not even realizing that he had been bitten, that blood had flowed, or that the button was lost. Mr. Barnes is sent to the house the next day. The lady suspects her coachman, and Mr. Barnes consents to his arrest, not because he thinks him guilty, but because, as the mistress thinks so, he may be, and then more especially, his arrest will lull the fear of the real culprit. Mr. Barnes would observe blood on the ground, on the dog's mouth, and he would find the button. From the button he would find Mr. Thief, with his hand bitten, and there you are."

"But how should you avoid all that?"

"In the first place, were I really wise, I should not have telltale buttons about me at such a time. But let us suppose that the time had not been of my own choosing; then the buttons might have been with me. Assured as I should have been that the only person in the house lay chloroformed and tied, I should not have lost my nerve, as did the other individual. Neither should I have allowed myself to be bitten, though if the accident had occurred I should have stopped to wash up the stain from the carpet while fresh, and also from the dog's mouth. I should have discovered the loss of the button, searched for and recovered it, untied the victim and opened the windows, that the odor of chloroform could pass off during the night. In fact, in the morning the only evidence of crime would have been the strangled dog and the absence of the pet."

"It is easy enough to explain your actions under suppositions circumstances. But I doubt if in Pettingill's shoes you would have been able to retain your presence of mind and recover the lost button which led to his final arrest."

"It is possible that you are right, for had I been Pettingill I should have been coerced by necessities as he was. Yet I think I should not have planned such a robbery, choosing my own time as he did, and then have taken with me such a button. But from Mr. Barnes' standpoint, as I said before, very little of the artistic was needed. The button was constructed of a curious old coin. Mr. Barnes went the rounds of the dealers and found the very man who had sold Pettingill the coin. The rest was routine work."

"Well, you are conceited, but I don't mind making a thousand out of your egoism. Now I am sleepy, however, so good night."

"Good night, old man. Dream of a way to earn an extra thousand, for I shall win."

For Mr. Barnes himself sleep was now more impossible than ever. He was attracted to this new case, for so he counted it, and was determined to trap the individual who wagered against his acumen. It was a long step toward success to know as much as he had overheard. He would not lose sight of his man during the allotted month. He enjoyed the prospect of allowing him to commit his crime and then quietly taking him in the act. Carefully and noiselessly he dressed himself and slipped out of his berth. Then he crept into one opposite, so that he could have his eye on No. 8, and settled down for an all night vigil.

"It would not surprise me if that keen devil were to commit his crime this very night. I hope so, for otherwise I shall have no sleep till he does."

CHAPTER II  
A DARING AND SUCCESSFUL TRAIN ROBBERY.

The train was just approaching Stamford, and from the window in the section which he occupied Mr. Barnes was watching the sun glowing red over the hills, when he heard approaching

him the guard who had assisted him to jump aboard the night before. The man was making mysterious gestures from which Mr. Barnes understood that he was wanted. He arose and followed the porter to the smoking room.

"I think you called yourself Barnes," said the man, "as you jumped aboard last night."

"Yes; what of it?"

"Are you Mr. Barnes, the detective?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you are, the conductor wants to see you. There was a big robbery committed on the train during the night."

"The devil!"

"Exactly, but will you come into the next coach?"

"Wait a minute." Mr. Barnes went back into the main part of the coach and tiptoed toward No. 8. Gently moving the curtains, he peeped in and looked long and earnestly. He saw two men undoubtedly sleeping soundly. Satisfied, therefore, that he could leave his watch for a brief period, he followed the porter into the next coach, where he found the conductor waiting for him in the smoking room.

"You are Mr. Barnes, the detective?" asked the conductor. Mr. Barnes assented.

"Then I wish to place in your hands officially a most mysterious case. We took on a lady last night at Boston, who had a ticket to South Norwalk. As we were approaching that point a short time ago she was notified by the porter. She arose and dressed preparatory to leaving the train. A few minutes later I was hurriedly summoned, when the woman, between hysterical sobs, informed me that she had been robbed."

"Of much?"

"She claims to miss a satchel containing \$100,000 in jewelry."

"You have stated that adroitly. She claims to miss! What evidence have you that she has met with any loss at all?"

"Of course we cannot tell about the jewelry, but she did have a satchel, which is now missing. The porter remembers it, and we have searched thoroughly, with no success."

"We have stopped at New Haven and

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

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