

NO. 3496.

First National Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.



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GUYS PLACE

FINEST SAMPLE ROOM IN NORTH PLATTE. Having refitted our rooms in the finest of style, the public is invited to call and see us, insuring courteous treatment. Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar. Our billiard hall is supplied with the best make of tables and competent attendants will supply all your wants.

The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. One Year, cash in advance, \$1.25. Six Months, cash in advance, 75 Cents. Entered at the North Platte (Nebraska) postoffice as second-class matter.

IS THE SIXTH DISTRICT POPULIST? A study of the completed vote from the Sixth Congressional District is about as good a Christmas present as the republicans of the district desire. It shows plainly that the wave of populism has spent its force, and that in the future a republican will represent the whole people of the old Sixth in congress after the expiration of Mr. Kem's term. Taking the vote for district judge, leaving out the vote of counties not in the district, the result is as follows:

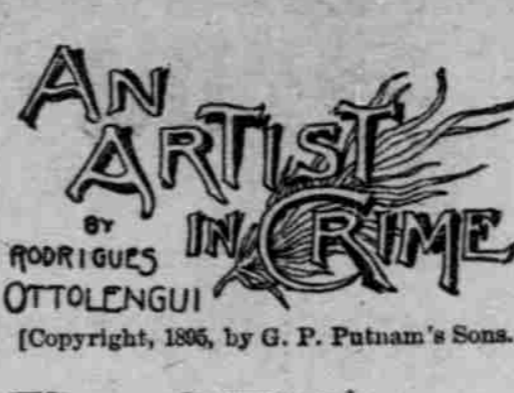
Table with 4 columns: Name, Address, Party, Votes. Includes names like Kendall, Sinclair, Grimes, Bartow, Thompson, Green, Neville, Westover.

It will be seen that these figures give only a majority of 250 in favor of the populist on the vote for district judge. These figures are based upon the highest vote received by the populist candidate, and the lowest vote received by the republican candidate. In the 15th Judicial District, the vote of Kincaid, republican, is taken instead of Bartow, the result of the total would show that the republicans have carried the district by 932 majority. Again, in the 11th district, if the vote of Doyle, populist, is taken instead of Thompson, the result shows that the district is republican by a majority of 310. Figure it any way you will, and it shows that the populist back is broken. The former brutal majority that this famous reform party once had in this district is a thing of the past. All the republicans have to do next year is to nominate a man who will get the party vote, and the 6th district will be represented in congress by a man in line with the national administration. This is certainly as good a Christmas gift as we can ask.—Broken Bow Republican.

THERE is no reason to doubt the correctness of the report that Russia has offered to lend the United States all the gold it wants, up to \$400,000,000. It could do it and still have a plenty left. The truth is that for a series of years Russia has been laying by a stock of the yellow metal. This country preferred, instead, to reduce its national debt. It is no small comfort to know that the United States has a friend with so much surplus gold at command. If necessary we could borrow it. It is not likely that we shall ever want to do so. The people of the country are abundantly able to supply the government with all the funds needed. During the seven years ending with the year 1892 Russia added to her stock of gold, according to Sauesbeck, \$200,000,000, and during the last two years nearly half as much more. The Russian war chest would make the wealth of Croesus seem paltry in comparison. A good deal of that gold is supposed to be on deposit in the Bank of England. Wherever it is it is not subject to the manipulation of the Rothschilds. There is at least one great power that is financially independent of the banking-house which aspires to rule the world.—Inter Ocean.

BUSINESS failures in the country for a completed year number 13,013, an increase of more than 2 per cent, notwithstanding this is the second year following the panic, in which, as shown by the records, it is usual for the number of failures to decline. The increase of 2 per cent in number is accompanied by a gain of 6 per cent in liabilities of those failing, and the commercial death rate, which averaged 1.30 in every 100 engaged in business during five years from 1890 to 1894 inclusive, and ranged as high as 1.50 in the panic year, 1893, down to 1.21 in 1894, has risen to 1.23 of every 100 in business this year. The increase in number of failures is at the west, northwest and middle states, decreases being shown in New England and the south and at the Pacific coast. The percentage of assets to liabilities has risen from 53 per cent one year ago to nearly 56 per cent, as contrasted with 65 per cent in the year 1893.

Of unusual interest to every reader of this paper, is the announcement made elsewhere in this issue, by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, unquestionably the greatest of American newspapers. The mail subscription price of the daily and Sunday Globe-Democrat is reduced at one blow, from twelve to six dollars a year, placing it within the reach of all who desire to read any daily paper during the coming great national campaign. The Weekly Globe-Democrat remains at one dollar a year, but is issued in Semi-Weekly Sections of eight pages each, making it practically a large semi-weekly paper. This issue is just the thing for the farmer, merchant or professional man who has not the time to read a daily paper but wishes to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. It is made up with special reference to the wants of every member of the family, not only giving all the news, but also a great variety of interesting and instructive reading matter of all kinds. Write for free sample copies to Globe Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.



[CONTINUED.]

"You are shrewd, Mr. Barnes," said Mr. Thaurat, after a keen scrutiny, which Mr. Barnes thought betokened uneasiness. "But," he continued, "will you tell me how you think the thief hid the treasure on the train?" "He hid it off the train," said Mr. Barnes quickly, and to his satisfaction both his men started slightly. Evidently Mr. Mitchell decided that it was time for him to enter the game, for he crossed and joined the group, saying as he did so: "Are you all discussing the train robbery?" "Oh, yes!" said Dora. "And it is just lovely, the way Mr. Barnes has found out all about it!" "Found out all about it? Has he indeed?" "Yes! He knows who the thief is, and that he hid the jewels off the train."

"How very clever of you, Mr. Barnes, to discover that. Where else could he have hidden them, since the train itself and everybody on it was searched?" "I searched Mr. Barnes the way in which Mr. Mitchell always seemed to belittle his skill. He was a trifle angry therefore as he made his next bold stroke. "I will tell you, ladies and gentlemen, where the thief might have hidden the jewels, on the train—a place which no one thought of searching, not even myself."

"Oh, tell us," exclaimed Dora. The two men looked interested, nothing more. Emily had come behind Mr. Mitchell and slyly slipped her hand within his. "The woman carried the jewels in a satchel. Suppose the thief had stolen the satchel and thrown it from the window. Missing that, the woman would have naturally concluded that the jewels were gone, would she not? Very well. The thief might have hidden the jewels in her own pocket while she slept." Mr. Barnes had hoped much from this proposition, but it was a distinct failure. Either that was not the thief's method or else Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Thaurat were both innocent. Both smiled incredulously. The former spoke: "That is too farfetched, Mr. Barnes. How do you suppose that he would retain possession of the gems?" "By murdering the woman," answered the detective. Again he failed, for neither of the men winced. Mr. Barnes was felled for the moment, but not entirely discouraged. The start which both men had made when he suggested that the stolen property had been hidden off the train still remained to be explained. "Come, come, Mr. Barnes," said Mr. Mitchell, patting his shoulder familiarly. "Don't let this case upset you so. When you go so far for a theory, you do not show the skill which you displayed in tracking Pottingill. Why, even I can get you a better one than that."

"You must not think me quite a fool, Mr. Mitchell. If my theory seems preposterous, it does not follow that it is the only one at my command. We detectives must look at these cases from all lights. I will wager that I can tell you what your theory is!" "Good! I am glad New York has such a clever man to defend her. I accept your wager. Here, I will write my idea on a bit of paper. If you guess it, I owe you an invitation to a good dinner." Mr. Mitchell wrote a few lines on the back of an envelope and handed it to Dora. "You think," said Mr. Barnes, "that the thief might have simply handed the satchel and jewelry to a confederate at a station decided upon in advance."

"Bravo, Mr. Barnes!" said Dora. "You are a great detective. You have won your wager. That is what is written here." "I owe you a dinner, Mr. Barnes, and it shall be a good one," remarked Mr. Mitchell. "Would Mr. Barnes like to win another?" asked the Frenchman, with slow distinctness. "I would," said the detective sharply. "Then I will wager with you that if you ever clear up the mystery you will be obliged to admit that none of the theories advanced is the correct one." "I cannot accept that bet," said Mr. Barnes slowly, "because I am sure that we have not mentioned the true method adopted."

"Ah, you have another theory," Mr. Thaurat almost sneered. "I have, and it is the correct one," retorted Mr. Barnes, "but I prefer not to disclose it." "I think you are quite right, Mr. Barnes," said Emily. "In fact, knowing you by reputation as a man of great shrewdness, I have not thought that you were telling us your true ideas. It would have been foolish to do so." "Perhaps, though sometimes what seems foolish may be wise." "Quite true. And now, gentlemen, I regret the necessity of dismissing you, but I have a ball on hand for tonight and must beg you to excuse us that we may prepare for it. You know in the fashionable world we train for a ball as athletes do for their sports. You will forgive my sending you away." "This was her way, and men never repeated it. They simply obeyed. Mr. Barnes was delighted that both the other men would leave with him. He had prepared a trap for Mr. Mitchell, but now he would entice two birds into it.

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or even in cold blood, might have the nerve to take human life. Few resisted a shudder when shown the ghastly, mutilated, perhaps decomposing corpse. When he left the hotel that morning, it was about 10 o'clock. While he had been convinced by Mr. Mitchell that the button found at the scene of the murder was not one of the original set, or rather that it could not be proved that it had been, he was equally satisfied, that the fact that it presented a portrait of Miss Remsen was significant. Thus, after all, it was possible that Mr. Mitchell had murdered the woman, or at least he had visited the apartment. In either case, supposing that he knew the woman was dead, it would be idle to take him up three flights of stairs to confront him with the body, for that would give him ample premonition of what was about to occur, and he would readily control his countenance. This is what the detective did: He went at once to the coroner and told him enough to have him render his assistance. Therefore during the time which had elapsed the coroner had impaled a jury, taken them to the scene of the crime and then adjourned the inquest, leaving the doctors to perform the autopsy. The body had been taken

down to a room on the first floor which opened directly on the main hall. Here it was laid out upon a table, so placed that the gaping wound and now hideous face would at once meet the gaze of any one entering. The doctors had been instructed to postpone their work until the arrival of the detective. Thus Mr. Barnes knew, as he led the way down stairs, that his trap was set. As they reached the main hall he spoke: "Gentlemen, I am about to ask a favor of you. You were both on the train when the robbery was committed. There is a question in relation to it which I should like to ask both of you and hear each answer separately. Would you oblige me?" "With pleasure," said the Frenchman. "I have already told you that you may ask me any questions," said Mr. Mitchell.

"Thank you!" Turning to the hall-boy, who, of course, had been taught his part, he continued, "Can we find a room where we can talk privately for a few minutes?" "Yes, sir; step this way," and the boy led them toward the one where the corpse lay. "Mr. Mitchell," said Mr. Barnes, "will you wait a few minutes? I will not detain you long." Mr. Mitchell bowed, and the Frenchman followed the detective into the room, the boy closing the door after him. Nothing was to be seen save the table bearing the body, the doctors being hidden in a room beyond. Mr. Barnes stopped near the corpse and simply gazed steadfastly at Mr. Thaurat, who in turn looked intently at the murdered woman. Not a muscle moved, but apparently nothing was to happen. Yet he was determined that the other should speak first that he might draw some deduction from his words. There fore he maintained a stolid silence. Two minutes passed, which seemed an age, and then the Frenchman gave the detective a genuine surprise. Looking him straight in the eyes he said in the coolest tones imaginable: "How did you discover that I am a physician?" "I don't understand you," said Mr. Barnes, not knowing what the man was aiming at.

"Mr. Barnes, you brought me into this room saying that you wished to ask me a question. When I entered and saw this corpse, I knew at once that your pretended questioning was but a subterfuge. I wondered why you brought me in here, and while thinking it out I kept silent. So have you. Very good. All I can make of it is that, this woman having been murdered and knowing that I am a physician, you wished an expert opinion in the case. I wondered how you had discovered that I have a medical education, and so I asked you the question. Do I make myself plain?" "Quite so," said the detective coldly and much disappointed. "My reply must be that I did not know you to be a physician, and that I did bring you in here to ask a question."

"Indeed! Then what is it?" "I wish you to tell me who this woman is." "You overrate my ability. I never saw the woman before. Is there anything more you wish to say?" "Nothing." "Then I will wish you good morning." With a polite bow and drawing on his glove, Mr. Thaurat started to leave the room. Mr. Barnes quickly stepped in front of him, determined that he should not have a chance to warn Mr. Mitchell. Opening the door, he then let him pass, thus keeping his eyes on the two others. Mr. Thaurat bowed formally to Mr. Mitchell and then the latter followed Mr. Barnes into the presence of the dead woman. If Mr. Thaurat was undisturbed at the sight which met him, it was not so with Mr. Mitchell. He had scarcely observed what was before him than, with an ejaculation of horror, he stepped closer to the corpse and exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Barnes, what does this mean?" "What does what mean?" said Mr. Barnes quietly.

The two men stared at one another a few moments, when Mr. Mitchell, suddenly lowering his eyes, said, "I'm a fool!" and once more turned to look at the corpse. Presently he turned and said, with all of his old-time composure: "You said you wished to ask me a question. What is it?" "I wish you to tell me who this woman is." "Was, I suppose you mean. She was Rose Mitchell." "Ah! Did you know her?" "I agreed to answer but one question. I have done so."

boldly announced that she would call in person for the money. She did so, and I have never seen her again till today." "Can you prove this story?" "I will show you the letter and the photograph if you will come with me to the Garfield safety vaults."

"I will go with you at once. Did you pay the money demanded?" "I did." "Do you not know that it is suspicious for a man to submit to blackmail? It tends to prove that he is in the black-mailer's power." "That is correct. I was in this woman's power." "That is a serious admission, now that she has been murdered." "I know it. But here we are at the vaults." The two men entered the building, and Mr. Mitchell obtained the key to his compartment. He never took it away from the place, for he thought it safer in the keeping of the officers of the vaults. Descending into the great strong room he took a tin box from his drawer, and then went into a little private room provided with a table and chairs. Opening the box he took out several packages which he laid out on one side. Among these the detective was amazed to see a red Russia leather case bound around with a strap, upon which appeared the name Mitchell in gold letters. Could it be possible that this was the case containing the missing jewels?

"Ah! Here it is," said Mr. Mitchell. "Here is the photograph." He handed it to Mr. Barnes, who saw at once that it was the picture of the dead woman. "And here is the letter. Shall I read it to you?" Mr. Barnes assented with a nod. His thoughts were mainly upon the red leather case. Mr. Mitchell read aloud: "Dear Sir—You will be surprised to receive this from one of whom perhaps you know little, but who knows much concerning your family—so much that, were she to tell all she knows, your high toned sweetest would send you adrift in a jiffy. Some say that silence is golden. So it must be in this case. If you wish me to keep silent, you must be ready to pay me \$10,000 on Thursday night, when I shall call for it. I send my photograph that you may know I am the writer when I call. You see I am not afraid to do this because if you call in the police I will simply tell my story and you will be ruined. I may go to jail, but that does not worry me much, as there are worse places. So be ready to receive me on Thursday night. Yours truly, "Rose MITCHELL."

Mr. Mitchell handed the above to Mr. Barnes, who read it over carefully, examining the envelope and postmark, both of which proved that the letter was genuine and a year old. "Did you give her the amount demanded?" asked Mr. Barnes. "I must explain what I did. When I received that letter, it was plain that there would be nothing to lose by receiving the woman and hearing her story. I determined not to give her any money. Therefore, when she called, of course I did not have such sum. After listening to her I changed my mind. I found that, through certain papers which she had, and which she did not hesitate to show me, she would be able to ventilate a scandal which might result just as she adroitly prophesied—I mean in the rupture of my engagement. Naturally I wished to avoid that. When I told her that she should have the money if she would call again, she became furious and said I had tricked her and now wanted a chance to hand her over to the police, etc. I saw that I must settle with her at once and did so on these terms: I agreed to give her cash enough to go to Europe and the balance in jewels."

"In jewels?" cried Mr. Barnes, startled. "Yes, in jewels. You are surprised, but that is because you do not know my hobby. I am a collector of jewels. I

The case lay open on the table. have \$500,000 worth in these vaults. Therefore, while I had no such amount in cash as \$10,000, I could easily give her three diamond rings, which I did, with a letter to a Paris jeweler, who would purchase them from her. Thus was I rid of the woman, part of the agreement being that she should never return."

"Mr. Mitchell, a man of your intelligence must have known that such promises are not kept by that class of people." "True, but I obtained from her all the documentary evidence which she had, so that I rendered her powerless to annoy me further. You said awhile ago that it was a serious admission for me to make that I was in this woman's power. I suppose you meant that such a fact supplied a motive for this murder. Now you see that this is not true, since I can prove that I released myself from that position a year ago."

"How can you prove that?" "I have the woman's receipt, in which she states that for the sum of \$10,000, or its equivalent, she delivers to me family documents, etc." "Have you the documents still?" "I prefer not to reply to that question." "Very good, but answer me this one: Where did you obtain this leather case and what does it contain?" As he said this the detective picked up the case and held it before Mr. Mitchell's eye. That gentleman was evidently confused for a moment, but finally answered: "It contains some jewels." "Jewels? That is what I thought. May I examine them?" "Not with my permission." "Then I must do so without." And with a quick movement the case lay open on the table. It was lined with black satin and contained gems similar to those described in the paper found in the dead woman's pocket. What seemed more important, however, was a piece of writing paper upon which Mr. Barnes found an exact copy of the list and description which he had in his pocket. The detective noticed with astonishment that though Mr. Mitchell had refused to permit this examination of the contents of the case he made no effort to prevent it, and now sat back looking on in the most unconcerned way.

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]