

NO. 3496.

First National Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.



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North Platte, Nebraska.

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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. KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT

The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BAKE, 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.

THE Venezuela commission is hard at work, although it does not furnish much matter for the newspapers.

On February 23d the republican party, as a national organization, will be forty years old. Republican clubs all over the country will observe the day.

A BILL has been introduced at Des Moines to allow bicyclists to build a six-foot track alongside of any highway, at their own expense, and forbidding others to travel on it.

"THE gentleman from Washington" will please observe that in Lincoln county the populist commissioners legislate for the benefit of the few. Will he condemn the proceedings?

THE factional wrangle among New York republicans is to be regretted. The state is undoubtedly republican to-day but if this intestine struggle continues the result may be different.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S legislature has endorsed Tillman's vinegary arraignment of president Cleveland. That, however, does not justify some of the language used by the Southern senator.

In a majority of the delegate conventions held by the republicans of the country, McKinley men have been selected. The Ohio man is evidently gaining strength every day and 'tis well.

ON Saturday the senate silver substitute for the bond bill passed the senate, but there is not a ghost of a show for the substitute to pass the house, and even if it did the president would exercise his vetoing power.

ONE issue of a daily paper which reached this office last week contained accounts of six suicides in one day, and there were probably others the same day that were not recorded. Self destruction is, unfortunately, growing very popular in the United States.

LORD SALISBURY now says that he is willing to support the Monroe doctrine to a limited extent. It don't need any of his support. This side of the water will give it all the support it needs. All that is wanted of him is to realize fairly that the doctrine will be supported all right.—Ex.

THE result of the one hundred million dollar bond offer will be made known to-morrow. The uncertainty as to whether the full amount would be subscribed has had a depressing effect on the general trade of the country. It is now believed that more than the amount of gold called for will be offered.

W. F. HARRITY, chairman of the national democratic committee, was in Chicago Sunday and in an interview said he was not sanguine of democratic success this year, but had hopes. The fact is democrats of national repute take a very dismal view of the conditions, and it will be uphill work for them to work up enthusiasm during the coming campaign.

DURING January 1900 people left the ports of Cuba in the hunt for places of safety. They had no confidence that Spain could help them and they had no desire to help Spain. The fugitives seem to have the idea that there will be a great uprising among the Cubans ere long and that Gomez and Maceo are fully cognizant of the conditions in Havana and at headquarters of the Spanish army.

In 1893 according to the report of the Commissioners on Education, which has been brought down to that year, the number of school houses in the United States was 535,426 valued at \$398,435,039, with annual revenue of \$165,000,000, teachers numbering 383,010 and an aggregate of 15,083,630 pupils. The illiteracy in the United States has been reduced to 13.3 per cent, this including 56.8 per cent among negroes and 13.1 per cent among white emigrants.

NEW JERSEY has a governor who promises to be a shining light in contemporary history. For the first time in thirty years the state is under republican administration, and at his inaugural Governor Griggs said that he would veto every law that had not some positive and convincing reason to justify its passage. He is a young man with a good record and a great opportunity. New Jersey having rejoiced for many years in a conspicuously corrupt government. As a rising young republican he is worth watching.

PROGENY OF FREAKS.

SOME RESULTS OF ROMANCES IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

The First Real Living Skeleton, His Wife and Their Three Skin and Bone Sons. An Old Museum and Side Show Manager Tells His Memory Tank.

According to Manager T. E. Sackett of the Bijou theater, Isaac W. Sprague was the first unnatural or abnormally thin skin and bones man to be exhibited to the public under the title of a "living skeleton." It was during the palmy days of Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, and while that celebrated showman was raking the continents in search of curiosities in 1864. Incidentally Mr. Sackett was in those days with Tony Pastor. Mr. Sackett was acting as doortender, manager and all around man for Pastor. He had previously been out with Millie Channing, the two headed girl, and had an eye out for freaks. When the Tony Pastor show reached Florida, Stone & Murray's circus came there. The old inhabitants will remember Stone & Murray's show. It was contemporaneous with Dan Rice's, Thayer & Noyes' and afterward with the John Robinson circus. With Stone & Murray was Isaac W. Sprague, the living skeleton. Mr. Sprague had been discovered by Barnum in Massachusetts. He was the first living skeleton on record since the discovery of the world by Adam. And Sprague was a real living skeleton too. He was nothing but skin and bones, yet he was healthy and jolly.

In 1865 Barnum collected several curiosities, including Sprague, and sent them for a tour of the world. Sprague was the big card. Next to him was a skeleton woman, nearly as attenuated as Sprague, whose name has escaped the wonderful memory of Showman Sackett. Among the other freaks with which Barnum expected to do and did astonish the world was Joyce Heth, the colored woman he picked up in the south, supposed to be 125 years old; the "woolly horse," and Annie Swan, the first giantess ever on exhibition.

Sprague, on the steamer going over to London, fell desperately in love with the skeleton woman. She returned his affection, and, according to Manager Sackett, who was on the voyage, it was a sight for the sentimental to observe the billing and cooing of these attenuated specimens of Pharaoh's "lean kine."

The outre love affair gave Barnum a business hint, which he was not slow to take advantage of. On their arrival in dear old "Linnon" the showman advertised and heralded the astounding fact far and wide that on a certain day there could be seen at St. James hall (where they were showing) something that the world had never before witnessed, namely, the marriage of two living, breathing skeletons. He also announced the fact that never before in the annals of show business had such a thing as the wedding of freaks been performed in public. This was a fact too.

Of the enthusiastic crowds which such a unique announcement drew, or the interesting conduct of the living skeletons, wedded in the presence of "assembled thousands," Manager Sackett is silent. But he tells of a fact, however, which is of such interest that it is recorded in medical works, but never before has seen the light of newspaper publication. That was that a year after the marriage of the skeletons the wife bore a child which also was a "living skeleton."

Stranger still to relate—but Sackett stakes his fortune on the truth of it—two other children were also born to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and they were also of the skeleton mold. For many years afterward the parents traveled with their unnaturally thin offspring, and added to the stock of the world's astonishment, including both crowned heads and those that were bald. The original Sprague and his wife are dead, but the three skeleton children, now young men, are showing about the country, healthy, happy and rich.

This is the only case or succession of cases in medical annals where a father and mother transmitted the disease of wasting atrophy to their offspring.

Mr. Sackett also tells of another weird case that came under his observation in his peregrinating show days. Major Burnell, a celebrated showman of the sixties, found a pair of freak twins in the south, the offspring of colored people. One of the twins, a boy, was black as Kongo stock. The other, a girl, was a pure albino. The major engaged the twins for his show and exhibited them for years. The albino girl grew up and married an albino in the west. The offspring of the marriage was a baby as black as the ace of spades. Of course this enhanced the showing price of Burnell and his albino wife, and Major Burnell increased their salaries accordingly.

D. K. Prescott was the discoverer of the far famed Sleeping Beauty, whom he found in Tennessee in the sixties. He brought her to St. Louis. She was a young girl of surpassing beauty, with but one fault discoverable. She slept nine tenths of the time. She was the greatest puzzle the medical men had ever seen. It was one of these latter who deprived her mother of a fortune and Prescott of one of his most popular curiosities. The young doctor was left alone in the showman's show while the beauty was sleeping as usual. His curiosity prompted him to take out his lancet and puncture her arm. The blood started out and the beauty awoke with a scream. Her mother rushed in from an adjoining room. Seeing the blood flowing from her daughter's arm, she fainted away. This ended the showing of the Sleeping Beauty. Her mother took her home, and she never slept in public any more.—Buffalo Courier.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Atto Island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Fla.

Goes a Long Way.

Dorax—My wife makes a little money go a long way these times. Henpeck—So does mine unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.—Pearson's Weekly.

Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some one talent. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for all science is one.—Seneca.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report



NOT THE ENEMY'S CAMPFIRES.

At the beginning of the war there were a lot of "raw" soldiers, who, though ardent fellows and good fighters, were not up to the West Point standard on military matters. At Warrenton, Va., one of the new companies happened to be stationed early in the conflict, and many were the lessons that had to be learned by the earnest but ignorant southerners, who had but a slight idea of the rigid rules of warlike discipline. But on the whole they did well.

It was one balmy September evening, just that time of the year when the cool breeze is laden with the rich odors of the dying leaves and full of an exhilarating crispness that seems to fill one's blood with dreams of love and happiness. The moon was just peeping from behind a bank of clouds resting on the crests of the Blue Ridge, and the line of light crept down the sides and crawled across the fields of waving corn and the meadows full of chirping insects. About in the field were scattered the white tents of the Confederates, and beneath them the tired men were deep in slumber.

One of the most ignorant men had been put out as a picket, and for hours he trod his beat, watching with eager eye the lights from the distant farm-houses, lest some fire of an enemy's camp break out into the gloom. The air was warm and fragrant, and the soldier's mind was full of the romance of the situation.

Presently the moon sank behind the dark billows of the cloud bank and the world was wrapped in silence and darkness. But in each bush there sparkled a glowworm, and about in the air circled some of the bright insects known as "lightning bugs," whose tiny tails are seemingly pointed with fire.

Now the sentry suddenly became alarmed and gave the signal, and the camp was soon in turmoil. The men, hastily awakened from their sleep, began to saddle up, and were full of delight at the thought of meeting the enemy, whose campfires, so the sentinel said, had just gleamed out from a distant hill.

The men were roused up to begin their march, the colonel exhorted them that this was the "time to win their spurs," and all was excitement, when the sentinel crept up to the colonel. "Colonel," said the fellow in a discomfited voice, "I am mighty sorry, but I have made a mistake—there is no campfire of the enemy—it's a lightning bug—you see, I am a bit nearsighted." And the man crept back to hide under the flap of his desolate tent, while the disgruntled men took themselves again to slumber.—Philadelphia Times.

LOVE AS CONSIDERED NOWADAYS.

Two Men Asked Advice About It and Then Rejected It.

There is no use of opposing a love affair, not even when the actors play into your own hands. I know what I'm saying. I've had the experience with two—the young and the old man. My first experience was with a young man, who didn't know his mind and asked me what he had better do, and I, like a father, told him he'd better not marry the girl he was courting. He went right off and married her.

An old man from the country came into the car where I was reading my morning paper and sat down at my side. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Did you ever court a grass widow?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I've courted a dozen or more. Why?"

"Yes." "Waller, p'raps you kin give a chap a point or two?"

"Oh, certainly, all the points you want."

"Are they any different from other women?"

"Say, old fellow, I've courted all sorts of women, both married and unmarried, and they are all just alike. They do all the courting and generally propose before you have courted them a week."

"Waller, what's your opin'n?"

"It is this—the man who marries one is a jackass."

The old fellow scratched his head for a moment, and after he had got his idea raked in the right spot he said: "Waller, hain't I as much constitutionally right to be a jackass as you have? Waller, I guess, and I'm goin' 'cept her proposal by wire. Write it out for me, won't you?"—New York Herald.

Lincoln's Modesty.

The Tribune has received a letter from Mr. George Klutsch, editor of the Lincoln (Neb.) Free Press, setting forth that he has in his possession a letter in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln, written in 1859, of special historical importance. Mr. Klutsch received the letter from T. J. Pickett, at one time editor of the Republican paper in Rock Island, Ills. The letter is as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 18, 1859. T. J. Pickett, Esq. My DEAR SIR—Yours of the 13th is just received. My engagements are such that I cannot, at any early day, visit Rock Island. As to the other matter you kindly mention, I must, in candor, say I do not think myself fit for the presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection, but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort such as you suggest should be made. Let this be considered confidential. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN.

Chicago Tribune. What She Was Meant For. A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once received her praise of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irish woman." "Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying that you were meant for an Irish man."—Strand Magazine.

WIND AND SEA.

The sea is a jovial comrade; He laughs whenever he goes; His merriment shines in the dimpling lines That wrinkle his hale repose; He lays himself down at the foot of the sun, And shakes all over with glee; And the broad backed billows fall faint on the shore In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless And cursed with an inward pain; You may bark at will, by valley or hill, But you hear him still complain. He waits on the barren mountains And shrieks on the wintry sea; He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine And shudders all over the aspen tree.

WHO CINDERELLA REALLY WAS.

Her Story is Very Ancient and Appears in Several Hindoo Books.

The story of Cinderella is substantially the same as that told of Rhodopis and Panamitichus by Elian, who lived in Rome in the third century of the Christian era. The story, as told by Elian, is that while Rhodopis was bathing, an eagle carried away one of her sandals and dropped it near the feet of Panamitichus, king of Egypt, who, like Cinderella's prince, was struck by its diminutive size, caused the maiden to be sought for, and married her when found. Make the sandal a glass slipper and add the ugly sisters for the sake of contrast, and the stories are much the same. The glass slipper, by the way, is an acknowledged fiction, being in reality a mistranslation of "pantofone en vair" (a fur slipper), and not "en verre."

This, at all events, is what is claimed by Perrault in his "Contes de Fees." Both these stories have doubtless a common origin, but it is necessary to go further back in the history of the literature to find it—to a people who lived in a period compared with which that of even Elian is quite modern. It is in the Vedas, the four sacred books of the Hindoos, that the origin is to be found.

After what has already been said, it will not be surprising to learn that Cinderella is a dawn maiden, her sisters being the powers of darkness, who compel her to wait upon them, keeping her hidden from sight. The dawn maiden breaks from her bonds, and captivates the sun, remaining with him for a time. But she cannot linger with him in the heavens; she can remain only until a certain hour. Once she lingers too long, and, hurrying back, leaves on the path she has taken a token of her visit in the form of a flocky cloud, which had borne her aloft when she left the regions of darkness. The sun, determined to find her, sends out his emissaries (the rays of light), but does not find her until she appears before him as the evening twilight. In the Vedas the prince is called Mitra, which is one of the names given to the sun.—London Globe.

She Wanted Pink Cheeks.

There is a girl on the North Side who admires pink cheeks, but she will be careful after this where she gets them. On a recent afternoon one of the carettes was being joggled over the holes in the pavement of Rush street. At Huron street the wagon was stopped, and a young woman stepped in and took a seat near the center of the car. She knew several of the women, and returned their bows. She was a pretty girl, fashionably gowned, and was on her way to a public rehearsal. After sitting quietly for a few minutes, she, in an apparently unconscious manner, put her hand to her cheek and gave it a slight pinch. On her hand she gave it a slight pinch. The day was damp and the slightest trace possible of the color was left on her cheek. Then she pinched the other one. A black spot showed. This she continued until Adams street was reached, and never a woman spoke. When she reached the Auditorium, her cheeks were a good color, but not what she expected.—Chicago Chronicle.

DIRECTED HER LETTER TO HEAVEN.

Pathetic Little Story of a Child's Epistle to Her Dead Mother.

At a recent wedding the bride had retired to her dressing room to don her traveling gown. Her mother had been dead a year or more, and she had in the constant care and companionship of her little sister ever since their affliction. The 7-year-old entered the room and went to her sister's chair very thoughtfully. Drawing a letter from the little pocket, she said: "Alice, here is a letter to mamma. I have just written, telling her all about the wedding. Will you send it to her?"

The elder sister, a little shocked, replied as gently as possible that she couldn't send a letter to mother.

Then the little one, looking quite bright, said promptly: "Oh, yes, you can, because now you are married, you will be getting a little girl, and when you send for her, just give the doctor this letter, and he can take it to mamma when he goes for the baby."

And there on the envelope was the address, printed as best she could: "To Mamma, in Heaven. Kindness of the Doctor."

She took the letter, and hugged the little one to hide the tear which was rubbed off on the curly, brown head.—Washington Star.

Early Candlelight State Dinners.

It appears that in olden times the president used to give his dinner parties at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The grandfather of Representative Acheson of Pennsylvania once dined with George Washington, and his family have preserved the invitation. It is written in a sheet of ordinary note paper, with the lines running lengthwise across the sheet, and reads as follows:

Mr. Acheson is requested to dine with the president on Thursday, the 23d inst., at 4 o'clock precisely. Feb. 14, 1777. —Chicago Record.

Liked Lawyers.

It is recorded of Andrew Johnson that when, senator or president, he was invited to a dinner party, he was accustomed to ask if any lawyer was to be among the guests. For, said he, lawyers always lubricate things. He took a greater fancy to William M. Everts, his attorney general, because of his post-prandial fable than because of his eminent legal attainments.—Green Dar.