

Davis' Seasonable Goods

Davis, the Bicycle Man,

THE VIKING, is the "biking", Best of cycles. THE ELDRIDGE, strictly first-class. THE BELVIDERE, a high grade at a popular price. THE CRAWFORD, absolutely the best wheel on earth for the money.

Davis, the Seed Man,

Has a full line of BULK GARDEN AND FLOWER SEED from the celebrated Rice's Cambridge Valley Seed Gardens.

Davis, the Hardware Man,

Big stock of POULTRY NETTING, GARDEN TOOLS, RUBBER HOSE and the celebrated Acorn Stoves and Ranges.

Don't forget Davis, "that no one owes" when in need of anything in his line. Samples of "bikes" now in.

NO. 3496. First National Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEB. Capital, \$50,000.00. Surplus, \$22,500.00. H. S. WHITE, Pres't., P. A. WHITE, Vice-Pres't., ARTHUR McNAMARA, Cashier. A General Banking Business Transacted.

A. F. STREITZ, DRUGGIST. Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, PAINTERS' SUPPLIES, WINDOW GLASS, MACHINE OILS, Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke. Corner of Spruce and Sixth-sts. FRANKLIN PEALE'S WALL-PAPER, PAINT AND OIL DEPOT. WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, GOLD LEAF, GOLD PAINTS, BRONZES, ARTISTS' COLORS AND BRUSHES, PIANO AND FURNITURE POLISHES, PREPARED HOUSE AND BUGGY PAINTS, KALSOMINE MATERIAL, WINDOW SHADES. ESTABLISHED JULY 1868. 310 SPRUCE STREET.

F. J. BROEKER. A Fine Line of Piece Goods to select from. First-class Fit. Excellent Workmanship. MERCHANT TAILOR.

NEW LIVERY AND FEED STABLE (Old Van Doran Stable.) Good Teams, Comfortable Rigs, Excellent Accommodations for the Farming Public.

Prices Reasonable. ELDER & LOCK. Northwest corner of Courthouse square.

JOS. F. FILLION, PLUMBING, Steam and Gas Fitting. Cesspool and Sewerage a Specialty. Copper and Galvanized Iron Cornice, Tin and Iron Roofings. Estimates furnished. Repairing of all kinds receive prompt attention. Locust Street, Between Fifth and Sixth.

North Platte, Nebraska. GUY'S 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. KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE THE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT.

The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, cash in advance, \$1.25. Six Months, cash in advance, \$0.75. Entered at the North Platte (Nebraska) postoffice as second-class matter.

CALL FOR REPUBLICAN CONVENTION. The republican electors of the several precincts of Lincoln county are requested to select delegates to meet in convention in North Platte on April 4th, 1896, at one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting eleven delegates to attend the State delegate convention to be held in Omaha April 13th, and to select delegates to attend the congressional delegate convention to be held at Broken Bow April 17th, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention.

It is recommended that the primaries be held March 28th, between the hours of four and six p. m. in the city, and between the hours of four and six p. m. in the country precincts. The basis of representation is one delegate for each precinct and an additional one for each twenty votes and major fraction thereof cast for T. L. Norval in 1892. The several precincts are entitled to representation as follows, to-wit:

Table with 2 columns: Precinct Name and Number of Delegates. Includes North Platte No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

G. C. STODDARD, Secretary. SENATOR CULLOM is not the first good man who has mistaken a private yearning for a public sentiment.

The slow growth of Gov. Morton's wood-pile goes to show that he is using a saw that has lost a large number of its teeth.

The charges of Mart Howe against Commandant J. W. Wilson of the Grand Island Soldiers' home appears to have been a great cry and little wool.

To SLIGHTLY paraphrase the words of the Kearney Era: "Where the populists party elected sheriffs, they invariably draw the line on the republican papers."

The Kansas republican convention not only let the silver issue alone, but also skipped the prohibition question, which signifies that the lessons of adversity have had a salutary in the Sunflower State.

In CONGRESS last week, one representative accused the populists of trying to cross the centipede with the hog so as to produce 100 hams for each pig, and the strawberry and the milkweed, so as to grow cream and berries on the same plant.

The Lancaster county republican primary held in Lincoln last week under the plan of allowing the voters to cast their ballots direct for their choice of candidates resulted as follows: McKinley 2,509; Manderson 317; Allison 102 and a few others scattering. Comment is unnecessary.

The Iowa traveling salesmen are endeavoring to have the legislature pass a law requiring railway companies to place on sale commutation mileage tickets in denominations from 1,000 to 5,000 miles at the rate of two cents per mile. The aid of the jobbing houses is being invoked to accomplish this end.

From the beginning of January to the present time imports of gold have exceeded its exports to the extent of about \$4,000,000. Usually the drift is in the other direction at this time of the year. This is the first time since 1890 that the country has gained gold in the first two and a half months of the calendar year, and the gain then was only about a quarter what it is now.

Mr. Belton, if elected mayor, would of course be barred by law from making a direct rental contract with the city, but there are several ways in which he could overcome this difficulty, and he is shrewd enough to take advantage of such. Mr. Belton may be honest in his desire to retrench municipal expenses, but knowing him to be like all others—after the almighty dollar, we are inclined to think that his candidacy is in the interests of his "city hall" scheme.

THE LIMITED EAST EXPRESS TRAIN leaving Chicago daily at 1:30 P. M. via the Nickel Plate Road arriving at New York City the following evening at 9:30 and Boston at 8:45. It is unrivaled, peerless and incomparable for speed, comfort and safety with rates that are as low as the lowest. Trains consisting of baggage cars, buffets sleeping and elegant day coaches, lighted by gas and heated by steam and with all modern improvements are run through without change from Chicago to New York with through cars to Boston. J. Y. CALAHAN, Gen'l Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Gov. BRADLEY, of Kentucky, has called out the state militia to preserve order at the capitol during the closing hours of the legislature. The average "Kentucky colonel" feels very warlike as he realizes that his political grasp upon the old commonwealth is relaxing.

ment results, it will be a valuable guidance to the handling of tramps elsewhere. If Weary Wagglers shows such a dislike to water that he chooses hunger in preference to plunge, then the laws of the land will speedily be changed so that instead of sending him to the chain-gang, he will be punished by being chucked into the rain barrel. If on the other hand, he does submit to a plunge for the sake of a meal, then he would not be recognized even by the fraternity.

MR. BELTON AND THE "CITY HALL" Two weeks ago THE TRIBUNE published an item asking James Belton if, in case he is elected mayor, he would insist on having the city rent offices of him at a cost of \$600 per year. Mr. Belton handed in a reply during the absence of the editor in the east, and the gentleman in charge of the paper properly held the communication until the editor's return. The letter which Mr. Belton writes is quite lengthy, and in the main consists of an attack upon the officers who have conducted municipal affairs for ten years past, and therefore foreign to the question submitted to Mr. Belton. That part of the letter is therefore omitted and we herewith append that part which relates to the question propounded:

Now as for the city hall I proposed to build: Rental \$600 per year, beginning at \$10 or \$15 per month, as the city was able to pay. Its architecture was to show the character of the building with a lofty flag staff to display the glorious stars and stripes on the Fourth of July. The floor space would be nearly 46x80 feet. There would be officers for mayor, clerk, council, treasurer, marshal, engineer, attorney and police court; offices which if extended in a line would be twenty-two feet wide by 130 feet long, a room as large as the county judge's office—larger of them all the offices in the court house. If we had offices, when there was a change of administration the outgoing officers would deliver to their successors all records and property belonging to the city. Whereas now there is no responsibility; the city records are used as private property. The city engineer to-day has not the scratch of a pen of any of his predecessors, although it may be of the greatest importance, for disputes will arise which will have to be settled in court. The records of the council are in the custody of the clerk, and there is an ordinance that he shall keep all records in the office where the council meets, but the council meets on sufferance in the office of the county judge, and no clerk can be responsible for the safe keeping of the records conducted as at present.

The records of the council for 1889, 1881 and 1882 are lost and diligent search could not find them. I do not under any consideration intend to reflect on the city clerk, it is inevitable under the present circumstances.

As for renting offices to the city if I am elected mayor, my answer is most emphatically no. I believe to conduct the business according to law. It would be very nice for each city official to have an office in Mr. Belton's proposed block. Furnished with antique furniture, base-burner stoves and the floors laid with carpets, these offices would certainly prove an inviting place for the officials and their friends to play high-five or engage in other amusements—which is about all the use the offices would be put to. It would require several hundred dollars to furnish the offices, the rent would be \$50 per month, and of course a janitor would be needed, so with fuel, oil and incidentals it is safe to say that the yearly cost to the city for these offices would not be less than \$1000. At present the city does not pay a penny for rent, the only charge being \$30 per year for the services of the court-house janitor. And yet Mr. Belton is making his canvass for mayor on the economy platform! Consistency thou art a jewel unknown to Mr. Belton.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

LOOKED LIKE A LIAR.

BUT THIS WAS A CASE WHERE LOOKS WERE MISLEADING.

A Little Irishman Who Claimed Acquaintance With a Champion Fugitive—His Employer, Who Was Used to the Gloves, Disputed the Claim.

"It was reading a clever little sketch the other day about a man who told big stories which were not believed by his acquaintances, and it reminded me of an experience I had once when I was considerably younger," remarked Robert D. Wilson, the active and successful politician, when in a reminiscent mood the other day.

"It was like this: About the first contract I ever took was one to build a church in a small town in western New York near Lake Ontario. My partner and I employed a good force of men, and among others a good natured, rather dapper little Irishman, who applied for work shortly after we got the walls started.

"He was not a skilled workman, but a good, active helper, and he struck me at the time as being one of the most entertaining and cheerful liars I had ever seen. He was usually good moderately well, but he was for three years a trainer and boxing partner of the famous pugilist Jim Mace and had secured the one time championship in two of his most notable battles. He rattled off names, places, dates and incidents in the most offhand manner imaginable, which, as we had no means of verifying his statements, he was perfectly safe in doing. Of course we took what he said with a large grain of salt and enjoyed drawing him out.

"One thing about the old fellow struck me as peculiar—we would never induce him under any consideration to join in any of the friendly little sporting contests which we occasionally indulged in at the little country hotel, after our day's work was done. By no subterfuge could we induce him to stick his hands in the big mittens, although he was always present at our exercises and took delight in making slighting comments upon our skill.

"This got rather tiresome after awhile, and we set about devising a plan for teaching the old fellow a lesson. When he was sober, we knew there was no chance of getting the gloves on him, but we usually got moderately full on Saturday evening, and we concocted a scheme to give him an earlier start one Saturday afternoon, so that by the time supper was over he was considerably exhilarated. I was just out of a gymnasium at the time, and was considered a pretty clever boxer. The boys all went to work at him, and after a good many drinks and a lot of coaxing and cajoling they finally got him to put on the gloves and spar a bit with me.

"Sai, in, Larry," I said. "Don't be afraid to hit me." And I winked at the boys and let him. He was easier than I expected. His guard seemed very poor, and several times I rapped him harder than I should, but it seemed a good plan to teach the old blowhard a good lesson. After awhile I got a bit tired of the one-sidedness of it. I registered about every time I found an opening, while the Irishman's punches were all wild and of no account. Finally I decided that we had had fun enough and made up my mind to give him a good chin-lapper, lay him out and quit. So I watched for an opening, and when I saw one a minute later, I aimed as heavy a blow as I could strike and let go.

"Well, say, I don't know even to this day what became of that punch, for at that moment something struck me on the neck, and for the next 30 seconds I experienced all of the sensations of Don Quixote when he had the mix up with the windmill, for that little Irishman was dancing around me and delivering undercuts, overcuts, chain choppers, side-winders, ear-muffs, straight drives and long arm body-blows faster than I could feel them, while I pawed the air in an attempt at defense.

"I think the boys said it was 42 seconds before was lying in the corner, limp and entirely out, but it was three days before I was out—at work again. I was sorry to find that the agile little Irishman had disappeared immediately after I dropped asleep. He evidently feared trouble, but I never would have made any. In fact, I'd have liked to take a few lessons from him, but I've never had the mits on from that day to this.

"I don't know now whether that little Irishman was telling the truth or not, but I have my suspicions about the matter."—Medina (N. Y.) Cor. New York Press.

Early Busied. The business depression of the past few years has been the evolution of a large crop of employment seekers. One of them last week accosted a gentleman in this city. He was ragged, dirty, good natured, evidently hungry enough to eat a cow if it were in the way. But his soft slouchiness of gait rendered any active exertion on his part highly improbable. This impression was strengthened by the dialogue that followed:

"Good morning, sir," said he. "I'd like a job with you, sir."

"Well, there is not much doing just now—hardly anything, in fact, in my line. I couldn't give you much to do. I couldn't keep you busy."

"Indeed, sir, it would take very little to keep me busy."—New London Telegraph.

Intermittent Ownership. "Do you own your own home?" asked the passenger with the yellow diamond, who makes a business of selling real estate. "I do every Thursday," said the other passenger. "Eh—what?" "I own it every Thursday. That's Mary Ann's afternoon out."—Indianapolis Journal.

MATRIMONY IN EGYPT.

The Curious Wedding Processions That Are to Be Seen in Cairo.

As you look out of your hotel window in Cairo, you will see a native musician sauntering by, twanging the lute of the country; then a sound like the tinkling of baby cymbals informs you that the sherebetly is going his round, with his huge glass jar slung at his side, from which he dispenses (to the unwary) sweet, sticky drinks of licorice juice or orange sirup in the brass saucers which he perpetually clinks in his hand. Late at night the sounds of eastern life invade your pillow. The distant throbbing of the nagharah tells you that a wedding procession is making its tour, and if you have the curiosity to get up and sally out you will be rewarded by one of the characteristic sights of Cairo, in which old and new are oddly blended. Probably a circumcision is combined with the wedding to save expense, and the procession will be headed by the barber's sign, a wooden frame raised aloft, followed by two or three gorgeously caparisoned camels—regular stage properties hired out for such occasions—carrying drummers, and leading the way for a series of carriages crammed with little boys, each holding a neat white handkerchief to his mouth to keep out the dust and the evil eye. Then comes a closed carriage covered all over with a big cashmere shawl, held down firmly at the sides by brothers and other relations of the imprisoned bride; then more carriages and a general crowd of sympathizers. More rarely the bride is borne in a cashmere covered litter swung between two camels, fore and aft; the hind camel must tuck his head under the litter, and is probably quite as uncomfortable as the bride, who runs a fair chance of seasickness in her rolling palanquin.

In the old days the bride walked through the streets under a canopy carried by her friends, but this is now quite out of fashion, and European carriages are rapidly ousting even the camel litters. But the cashmere shawl and the veil will not soon be abandoned. The Egyptian woman is, at least in public, generally modest. She detects a stranger's glance with magical rapidity, even when to all appearance looking the other way, and forthwith the veil is pulled closer over her mouth and nose. When she meets you face to face, she does not drop her big eyes in the absurd fashion of western modesty. She calmly turns them away from you. It is much more cutting—really.—Saturday Review.

GOVERNOR TOM JOHNSON. A Stubborn Patriot to Whom This Country Owes a Great Debt.

In a storied burial ground in Frederick, "in his narrow bed," sleeps one whose name never fails to stir the heart of the old Marylander with lively emotions of admiration and affection—Governor Tom Johnson, that audacious and stubborn patriot of whom John Adams said that he was one of four citizens of Maryland and Virginia "without whom there would have been no Revolution," although in affected scorn of him, a British officer, writing to his people at home, had assured them, "There is no need to be alarmed by all this noise in the colonies, which is mainly made by a boy named Tom Johnson."

"That pestilent rebel" of the British war office was the trusty, loving friend of Washington, whom he nominated to be commander in chief of all the armies of the United colonies; member of the first congress and of the convention which adopted the constitution of the United States; first governor of Maryland, and an associate justice of the supreme court, and he was twice urged to accept the portfolio of secretary of state. He was in his day the first citizen of Maryland, and in all the colonies the Revolution disclosed no wiser, stronger, sweeter character than his who joined the fortune of the warrior with the foresight of the statesman in the temperament of an eager, dauntless boy.—John Williamson Palmer in Century.

No English Better Than English. A new argument against college athletics has been invented—the deplorable effect which they have on "good English" by grafting upon it "the coarse language of sports." The plea, says the New York Times, is truly amusing. What on earth is "good English" anyhow? So far as we know, there is no English better than English, and no writer thereof has ever hesitated to use new words from any source, provided they expressed an idea more clearly, or even more picturesquely, than did those which formed the vocabulary of his grandfather. Shakespeare is full of "language of sports," ranging from falconry to pugilism, and if he lived today it is absolutely certain that he would glean words from the football fields—and that college professors would denounce him for it. Really great men are like the common people, in that they never make a fetish of the parts of speech, never imagine that dictionaries or grammars settle anything, and never make the mistake of confounding a live tongue with dead ones.

Decision Reserved. "Don't you think the mince pie is good, Willie?" asked the housewife who prides herself on her culinary accomplishments.

"Yes—I think it is, probably."

"But you have eaten three pieces."

"I know it. But I can't tell for sure till tomorrow morning. I had some mince pie last year that I thought was pretty good, but it didn't make me dream a bit."—Washington Star.

The most graceful of domestic animals is the cat, while the most awkward bird is the duck, but it won't do to use these facts for a basis if you want to call a woman pet names.

The factories of Indiana furnish employment 40,134,349 persons, the output being \$230,825,082.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Surroundings Over Which Conductor Not Passenger Had Control.

"Thirty-ninth street!" called the conductor of the Alley "L" car. "Thirty-ninth street!" exclaimed the woman who was sitting next to the door, jumping up. "Yes, ma'am," replied the conductor politely. "This is where you want to get off."

"Oh, that's a nice way to try to get out of forgetting me," she returned excitedly. "You know very well that I told you I was only going to Thirty-eighth street. What do you mean by carrying me by it?"

"Why, madam, the"— "Oh, it's no use trying to excuse yourself; I know all about it. You thought you could impose on me because I'm from the country, but I'd have you understand that you can't do it."

"Oh, you admit that you can stop there, do you?" she said triumphantly, as she stepped on to the platform. "I thought you would as soon as you found that you had a determined woman who can't be imposed upon to deal with."

"Yes, ma'am, I admit it," he replied, as he closed the gate and rang the bell to go ahead. "We don't usually stop there, but we can. But," he added, as the train pulled out, "if you intend to leave the car there, I would advise you to wear your bloomers. It's no easy job to climb down those posts."

She tried to reach him with her umbrella, but it was too late.—Chicago Post.

FASTNET LIGHT. A Welcome Glean to the East Bound Atlantic Voyager.

The first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse. It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is, perhaps, more storm beaten than any other around our coast. The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the seas frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and, fortunately, the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 58 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

The Conversation Interrupted. "I beg your pardon," said the man with the slightly bald head, who sat in a paragon seat near one of the boxes in a down town theater the other evening.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated, "but would you mind looking at the figures on this check and telling me what they are? I'm a little nearsighted."

The youngest member of the noisy box party, an amiable looking youth, with highly plastered hair, suspended his conversation with the interesting blond in the green dress a moment, leaned over the front of the box, and in answer to the questioner, who had risen to his feet and was smilingly holding out for his inspection the check end of a ticket, he said:

"Certainly, sir. The figures are \$1.50."

"Well," rejoined the questioner, "that's exactly what I paid to hear this play tonight, and I'm going to get the worth of my money or I'll lift my voice right now and raise a fuss and make a scene! You'll oblige me by telling the rest of them."

He was not disturbed again during the evening.—Chicago Tribune.

Witty Wales. A good reply was given to Mme. Patti by the Prince of Wales, who had paid a visit at her magnificent castle of Craig-y-Nos. The weather was awful. The hostess in receiving her princely visitor stated to him that she had prayed fervently to heaven for good weather.

"Oh," said the prince, "you must certainly have made a little mistake, for if you had sung your prayer instead of saying it, it surely would have been granted."

Smooth Roadway. Quick Time. Perfect Passenger Service. Uniformed train porters for the convenience of first and second class patrons. Through sleeping cars between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Unexcelled dining car service. No change of cars for any class of passengers between Chicago and New York City via the Nickel Plate Road. J. Y. Calahan, Gen'l Agent, 111 Adams Street, Chicago.