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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, 75 Cents.

Entered at the North Platte (Nebraska) postoffice as second-class matter.

PAWSON county republicans have adopted the Crawford county system of conducting elections. The matter was brought up in the county convention last Saturday, the vote standing forty-six for and forty-two against.

THE republicans of Holt county in convention assembled endorsed Judge Kinkade for congressman in this district and gave him the privilege of selecting the delegation to the congressional convention to be held in this city August 19th.

REPUBLICAN conventions were held in a large number of Nebraska counties Saturday, and without exception they favored the nomination of McKinley. As time goes by the foolishness of attempting to start a Manderson boom becomes all the more apparent.

THE county convention Saturday afternoon proved the truth of THE TRIBUNE's assertion that the republicans of Lincoln county are for McKinley first, last and all the time. Every delegate in the convention was red-hot for the Ohio man, and every mention of his name brought forth thunderous applause.

READERS of the Lincoln Journal could not be otherwise than well pleased with the superb Easter edition of that paper, and the claim that the Journal is "Nebraska's greatest newspaper," has been strengthened thereby. The Journal is a good paper seven days in the week; and more than that it is republican 365 days in the year.

THE candidacy of E. B. Warner, of this city, as one of the four delegates-at-large to the St. Louis convention is meeting with approval in many sections of the state. Mr. Warner is the original McKinley man of the state, having voted for the Ohio statesman in the Minneapolis convention four years ago, and his admiration for the great protectionist is greater now than it was at that time.

J. H. ABBOTT, of Big Springs, has been endorsed by the Deuel county republican convention as a candidate for representative from this district. There are now two candidates for nomination in the field, Mr. Abbott and L. B. Carey, of Cheyenne county. In view of excellent work performed by the republicans of Deuel county last fall, their claim that Mr. Abbott should receive a nomination is worthy of consideration.

It is announced that the fight upon the nomination of Congressman Hainer in the Fourth district has been declared off, and a harmonious convention is confidently expected. Mr. Hainer's activity in the Manderson boom made the republicans of his district "hot under the collar" and it looked for a time as though an open revolt against him would occur. Mr. Hainer is a very hard worker in the lower house, a good man both for the party and for his constituents, and both are to be congratulated that the feeling engendered has healed over.

ACCORDING to the figure of the Philadelphia "Press," which is not unduly biased toward or against McKinley, the number of delegates to the St. Louis Convention chosen up to Monday night of this week was 396. These are divided in their preferences thus, as that paper figures: McKinley, 205; Morton, 65; Reed, 43; Allison, 38; Quay, 20; Cullom, 12, with 13 doubtful. This estimate places McKinley so far in the lead that there is, so to speak, no second. Not quite half of the delegates to the convention were chosen at that time, and McKinley had a little more than half of these, without counting for him any of the doubtful ones, some of whom probably will vote for him.

THE chairman of the Dawson county republican committee is sending out circulars formally announcing Jack MacCall as a gubernatorial candidate, and soliciting aid in securing his nomination. Two years ago THE TRIBUNE supported Mr. MacCall and regretted that he was turned down by the state convention, believing that had he been the nominee his election would have followed. Since that time there has been a change in sentiment to some extent, and there is a doubt if Mr. MacCall will command as much strength in the convention as he did two years ago. The votes in the convention this year will, however, be distributed among a greater number of candidates, and it may be possible that if Mr. MacCall leads on the first few ballots

he may be able to draw the votes of the weaker candidates to him. It is likely that the delegates from this county will be favorable to MacCall by reason of his location, though there are a number of warm admirers of Congressman Meiklejohn in Lincoln county.

The Mosque of Kербela.

In plan the mosque is almost a perfect square and covers a considerable area. The four outer walls face the cardinal points and have seven gateways—one to the south and two on each of the other sides. The names of the gates are: South, Bab el Kibl; east, Kathil el Hagat and es Sali; west, el Zeneb and es Sultan; and north, es Soddar and Sabna el Sir. Within the outer inclosure is a wide paved courtyard, and a second wall with seven gates, and hand some minarets surmount the southern angles. Another courtyard follows, on the western side of which are three holy spots—the place where Husain fell, the tomb of his child, Said Ibrahim, and the tomb of his banner bearer, Habib ibn Mazahir.

The third inclosure wall has five gates, and within it is the tomb of the 70 warriors who fell with Husain and the supposed birthplace of Jesus. Lastly, in an open space, stands the holy of holies—the great dome, an anamelson of Husain Shah, the sole entrance to which is by the Bab el Murael, or Gate of Hope.

Within are two tombs, that of Imam Husain and of his two sons, Ali Akbar and Ali Azrar. The dome is a magnificent and costly work of art, being tiled with slabs of pure gold and inlaid with Koranic inscriptions and other designs in various colored enamel. When we saw it, however, its beauty was partly concealed by a black drapery, on which was embroidered a verse from the Mohammedan Bible, while at its summit floated the black flag of mourning in honor of the martyr.—Blackwood Magazine.

Egg Caudling.

The business of egg caudling, or egg testing, does not look difficult and apparently requires no especial proficiency. The South Water street expert in that line paused in his work long enough to tell a different story.

"Egg caudling," he said, "is no fool job, and only the man who has been at it a long time can make good money. It requires keen sight and a practical eye, and just about one man out of ten is good at the business. You've got to have a steady hand, too, and the man who drinks much can't handle eggs very long. The breakage would soon take all the profit off every crate of eggs. In New York they have an egg caudlers' or egg testers' union and one of its rules is that no man who drinks steadily can be admitted. It is composed mostly of east side Hebrews and is very old, one of the oldest labor organizations in New York. Men in our business who are really first class get good wages. You can always tell a good man by the light, easy way he touches an egg. He can tell an egg that is added at a glance, where even people quite familiar with the article will say it is in first class condition."—Chicago Chronicle.

Socialism's Kant and Cant.

The German mind is of the type that loves to build imaginary schemes and to dream dreams of the regeneration of mankind. It revels in views, theories, philosophical systems and ideas. It is rather tentative and nebulous than precise and well defined. Dr. Mansel, in allusion to the proneness of the German to indulge in vague and shadowy speculations, has described his country as "The land which produced one Kant with a K and a great many Cants with a C." The Frenchman rushes onward to conclusions, the German feels his way. Moreover, the German socialist can plead in his defense that, after all, he is only bettering the instructions of his rulers.

State socialism is the recognized creed of the great majority of influential Germans. It is notorious that Bismarck himself used to take counsel of that eminent socialist, Lassalle. The reigning emperor is credited with having much the same ideas, and it is said that he wishes to become known, as his great prototype before him, as a true king of the beggars.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Leighton's Generosity.

The following story is characteristic of Lord Leighton's kindness to poor students: A young fellow, without friends or money, came to London to make his fortune with his brush. Orders for pictures were not forthcoming, however, and the young painter found himself reduced to pining on sunset effects. In despair he wrote to the president of the academy at his private address in Holland Park, stating his case, and forwarding at the same time some specimens of his work. Within a few days he received an answer, asking him to call at Sir Frederick's house. The president of the academy received him kindly, advised him to study more and gave him two letters of introduction.

As the young man was leaving Sir Frederick handed him an envelope, remarking: "Here is an example of the best kind of drawing. No doubt one of these days you'll be able to do as well, if not better." It contained a check for £50. The recipient is a long way up the ladder now.

A Downfall.

Wanderer—Yes. A few years ago I was just rulin in wealth. Kind Hearted Housekeeper—Poor man! Here is a shilling. Drink it'd it, I suppose? Wanderer—No'm. Religion. Kind Hearted Housekeeper—Religion? Wanderer—Yes'm. I was one of the most successful burglars in the country, but I got religion and couldn't work as I made no more. Thanks—London Tit-Bits.

The four podded lotus, in an exposed situation, makes a cover for its flower by drawing one or more of the leaves over the blossom and keeping them there during the heat of the day.

Rags for paper making are boiled under steam pressure. A hundred pounds of rags are mixed with from 6 to 13 pounds of carbonate of soda and half as much quicklime.

The famous savage clubs of Borneo were modeled after a thorny fruit which grows wild in that island.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

An Agreeable Waiter. They have been telling me about a famous head waiter in a great restaurant in this town, and I suppose all the men know of him, who has grown rich leading money. I never could get rich that way, I am sure.

This particular philanthropist is called Philip, possibly because that's his name, and any hard pressed individual whom he knows, or knows about, need never be short of funds.

Sometimes a man will forget to go to the bank or won't have his checkbook with him, while he has immediate use for some money, and that is an awkward state of affairs. So he hires him away to Philip.

"Philip, can you let me have a hundred until tomorrow? You know me, Mr. — of — street."

"Oh, monsieur, with pleasure." So the chasm is bridged.

But when the hundred is paid next day Philip expects to find it a hundred ten, and if he doesn't he does not look kindly upon the borrower or have the funds upon the second application. At least that is what I hear.

Of course no money is loaned to any one of doubtful credit, so I can easily see how Philip's comfortable fortune can have been acquired.—New York Recorder.

Women Four Hundred Years Ago. The home life of the upper classes in the fifteenth century was the achievement and possession of the women. They made it and they enjoyed it, and although the man was the lord, the master, the cause of the institution, it was not he who animated it or who stamped upon it the impress of his spirit. His life was passed in camps and courts. A succession of foreign and civil wars in both France and England kept the knights in the saddle during the greater part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the ladies, left with the children and the servants in the manor houses and chateaux, directed the domestic life of the time.

The Lady Joan Berkeley in the whole 43 years of her married life never made a journey of more than ten miles except in going from one of her mansion houses to the other. "She did not humor herself with the vain delights of London," or at least if she did it must have been surreptitiously, for there is no record of it in the account books of the family. One hopes, though, that the conscientious matron slipped away for at least one visit to the wicked capital, or from behind her veil witnessed with beating heart one gay tournament. There is such a thing as being too good.—Emily B. Stone in Lippincott's.

How to Yawn. Did you ever watch a dog yawn? For thoroughness and entire absence of affectation and mock sameness there is nothing like it. When a dog yawns, he doesn't screw his face into all sorts of unnatural shapes in an endeavor to keep his mouth shut with his jaws wide open. Neither does he put his paw up to his face in an apologetic way, while gapping in amazement. No; when he yawns he lets it perfectly willing that the whole world shall come to the show. He braces himself firmly on his fore feet, stretches out his neck, depresses his head, and his jaws open with graceful moderation.

At first it is but an exaggerated grin, but when the gape is apparently accomplished the dog turns out his elbows, opens his jaws another 45 degrees, swallows an imaginary bone by a sudden and convulsive movement, curls up his tongue like the petal of a tiger lily and shuts his jaws together with a snap.

Then he assumes a grave and contented visage, as is eminently becoming to one who has performed a duty successfully and conscientiously.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Competent Witness. A little girl was in the witness box, and, as usual, before she was allowed to be sworn, she was examined by the presiding judge, Mr. Judge Manle, as to her understanding the nature of an oath and her belief in a future state.

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth."

"If you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die?"

"Up to heaven, sir?"

"And what will become of you if you tell lies?"

"I shall go to the naughty place, sir."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Yes, sir; quite sure."

"Let her be sworn," said Manle. "It is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cracked Railroad. An engineer who formerly ran on the Decatur division, known among the railroad boys as the "pen vine" on account of its many curves, tells of a remarkable occurrence that happened near Brainard, where the railroad is said to be as crooked as anything to be found in the state. A freight train was being followed close by the passenger, both being off time on account of a washout. A headlight was placed on the rear of the caboose as a warning to the passenger train which followed. Suddenly the train came to a halt. The engine was reversed, and the engineer and fireman were seen to jump. The train was on a part of the road that was so crooked that the engine had turned around, and seeing the headlight on the rear end of the caboose they thought they were going to have a head end collision.—Masson City Globe-Gazette.

A Handy Man. People always seem to be more or less interested in seeing men at work on new buildings. On a building under construction up town there was a man up on the fourth or fifth story who was hoisting water from the ground. He had a beam rigged out, with a fall at the end of it, and a bucket attached to the fall. There was a barrel on the ground below, and when he wanted water he lowered the bucket down to the barrel, dipped it himself from above and hoisted away. He didn't want any help; all he asked was to have the barrel kept full, and he would do the rest.—New York Sun.

A Double Life. The scorching whizzed around the corner, and Ferris escaped getting run over only by an unguarded dodge.

"I wonder who that idiot was?" he said.

"He's the walking gentleman in De Hazime Mactor's company," said Hargrave.

"Well, he may be a walking gentleman, but he's an unmitigated hog when he's riding."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Piety of Washington.

The doubt has never been raised in any respectable quarter that Washington was not a man of strong religious faith. One would need to read hardly more than his farewell message to be convinced of that. In that document, it will be remembered, Washington distinctly says that religion and morality are indissoluble and that the two together constitute the main props of civil government. But a writer now comes forward in The Lutheran Quarterly to claim and to prove not only that the greatest of Americans was a religious man, but that his pre-eminence as a general, statesman and leader was due not to genius, which has never been claimed; not to learning, of which he had no large store; not to eloquence, of which he had less, but to moral excellence and especially to piety.

"Washington was a Christian," says this writer. "Study his private life among the shades of Mount Vernon. Contemplate his career as a soldier at the head of the army. Scrutinize the acts of his administration as chief magistrate of the republic, and you will constantly find proofs that he was governed by Christian principle. If we exclude the molding power of Christianity in the formation of Washington's character, we can neither account for it nor interpret it. Depraved human nature cannot bring forth, under the most favorable circumstances, such a man, such a hero, such a ruler, such a patriot and such a statesman. Heathenism in the highest stage of civilization attained in all ages and lands has produced no character approximating to that of Washington."

The Circulating Barber. Now it is the traveling barber. He is located on the upper west side and differs from the ordinary every day barber in that he calls at the homes of fairly well to do business men at fixed hours of the day, and for an extra compensation shows his ability as a tonorial artist. The class of customers that this visiting barber has is the envy of all the shop barbers for miles around his territory. How he does it is best explained in his own language. Here's what he told me: "The business of a visiting barber resembles that of a fortune teller in that it must be personal. My charges per week to each customer range from \$3 up. I number among my customers bankers, brokers, lawyers and young men of leisure. In all I shave and otherwise attend to 25 customers each day, three of them before dinner in the evening. I do not know if there are any other visiting barbers in the city, nor do I care. All that I know is that I make money enough out of it to keep a horse and rig to take my wife driving on Sunday. While I was a slave of the shop I never did that. The man who patronizes the visiting barber is sensible. It may be a little more expensive, but it is cleaner, more convenient and satisfactory all around."—New York Letter.

A Land Without Domestic Animals. Japan is a land, says The Popular Science News, without the domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows—the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of the foreigner. The freight cars in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch-dogs, beasts of burden nor in hunting except by foreigners.

There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular bears of an enormous size. One of these that Mr. Finck saw stuffed, in a museum, he describes as "big as an ox."

Canary Birds. A Chicago bird dealer, one of the most extensive in the country, says of canaries: "The idea is prevalent that canary birds either come from the Canary islands or are born in captivity. Of course some are received from the Canary islands, and a great many of them are raised from tame birds that have never been at liberty, or cage birds, as they are called. Still, many of the very best canaries are captured wild in the United States. Southern California is full of wild canaries, and there are no better singers in the world. In some sections the air seems to be filled with melody. They are so plentiful that the boys kill them in great numbers with sling shots, and they are little more thought of than sparrows. I prefer the American canaries to the imported, and there does not seem to be any danger that the supply will ever run short."

Prehistoric Literature in America. The only evidence that has ever been found going to show that the prehistoric cave dwellers of America had a written language was discovered for the first time in the year 1891. In the summer of that year Professors Shaler and Warren, the former of Yale college, made a thorough exploration of what is known as Falling Spring cave, in the Sequatchie valley, state of Tennessee, and therein found incontrovertible evidence that the prehistoric Americans were a race of civilized beings, possessing a literature and an alphabet. In one of the galleries of the cave they found the body of a human being, transformed to stone by the salts and silica in the drip-water, and near by a large oval slab, upon which were carved 467 words. In all these words, some of which contained nine and ten letters, only 32 different characters were used, proving conclusively that their alphabet was one of 32 letters only.—St. Louis Republic.

Watched Him Digest. The science of digestion received an important impetus from the knowledge gained by the case of Alexis St. Martin. He was a young Canadian who received a gunshot wound in the stomach. The wound healed, but left an open fistula, through which the process of digestion could be watched and ascertained from time to time. Through experiments made in his case the time of digestion was ascertained with some degree of correctness—that is, so far as his stomach was concerned.

Much the Same. A lady walked into a Boston bookstore in search of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Burglars in Paradise." But what she asked for was "Smugglers in Heaven."—Boston Transcript.

Wickedness may prosper for awhile, but at the long run he that sets all knives at work will pay them.—L'Espresso.

No Discrimination. Miss Lucy (to her cook)—Really, Aunt Chloe, it is dreadful of old Ned to bring up his children so badly. He lets them steal right and left.

Aunt Chloe—Yes, Miss Lucy, dat's what I always say. Folks does very wrong to let dey children steal, 'cause children, dey ain't got no judgment. Dey don't know what to steal.—New York Journal.

Raising Funks. "I'll give \$10," announced the man in the third pew from the front. The converted counterfeiter rose with emotion.

"And I," he exclaimed, "will make it \$100."—Detroit Tribune.