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THE VIKING, is the "biking", Best of cycles. THE ELDREDGE, strictly first-class. THE BELVIDERE, a high grade at a popular price. THE CRAWFORD, absolutely the best wheel on earth for the money. Choice of all kinds of handle bars, saddles and pedals. ALL KINDS OF BICYCLE ACCESSORIES.

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

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A Fine Line of Piece
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NEW LIVERY AND FEED STABLE
(Old Van Doran Stable.)



Good Teams,
Comfortable Rigs,
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Prices Reasonable.
ELDER & LOOK.
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Cesspool and Sewerage a Specialty. Copper and Galvanized Iron Cor-
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Locust Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,
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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, 75 Cents.
Entered at the North Platte (Nebraska) postoffice as
second-class matter.

MANY good words are heard for Mr. Abbott, of Deuel county, who has been endorsed by the republicans of his county as a candidate for representative. With Judge Hoagland as the senatorial candidate and Mr. Abbott for representative a winning fight can be made.

It is generally conceded that the defeat of M. A. Daugherty as a candidate for delegate-at-large was due principally to the resolutions passed by the republicans of Mr. Daugherty's county in convention assembled. The republicans of the state are not in favor of free silver by a large majority, as is evidenced by the state platform. No county convention is greater than its party.

The ambitious attempt of the bosses of the A. P. A. to advertise themselves in the guise of dictators to the republican party in the matter of a candidate for president will only make them absurd. The American people are weary of that sort of secret society horse play. The charge that McKinley, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and an American from away back in blood and patriotism, favors the pope in politics and appoints Catholics rather than protestants to office is so puerile and crazy that if the A. P. A. organization goes into the campaign on it, it is the association that will be swamped and not Major McKinley.—State Journal.

The candidates of the Sixth district for delegates at large to the republican national convention was turned down by the state convention and principally by the votes of eastern Nebraska, which already has the earth. The affront was uncalled for and the rejection of the Sixth district claim unjust. July first another convention will be held. At that convention the Sixth district should again unite on a candidate for governor, and give some of our eastern Nebraska "nibses" another opportunity to determine whether they propose to ignore and insult and abandon all of this great northwest territory to the enemy. The Hub has referred to this matter before, and will have something more on the same line before the July convention meets.—Kearney Hub.

With the fact patent that without the North Platte ring the populist party of Lincoln county would not be in existence, it is poor grace for the Era to refer to any supposed republican ring in North Platte. Messrs. Neville, Gantt, Buchanan and a few others in North Platte have absolute control of the populists in Lincoln county and among the members of this reform (?) ring snap their fingers the rank and file of the pop party bow their knee in gentle submission. The populists do not seem to possess the courage to resent the political lashes applied to them or to break the bonds which hold them as slaves to their political masters. Rob the members of the North Platte ring of their chance to retain or secure office and how long would they remain populists? Not twenty-four hours. They work to maintain the populist party solely that they may gather the political crumbs which accrue by reason of its existence. As for populist principles they care not a snap.

TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A MINUTE. The treasury deficit for the first eleven days of this month is \$6,084, 803. This, as our Washington correspondent observes, is at the rate of \$608,480 for each working day of the year; counting eight hours to each day, and eight hours make a business day at Washington, it is at the rate of \$76,000 an hour, and over \$1,200 a minute.

This comes of Democratic tariff tinkering, of Democratic currency tinkering, of democratic appropriation making, and of all the combined manifestations of democratic incompetency to administer concerning the finance and trade of the country.

The first twenty months of operation of the McKinley tariff resulted in a surplus of \$20,287,462 for the national treasury. The first twenty months of the operation of the Wilson tariff has resulted in a deficit of \$82,248,794.

The democrats denounced the surplus as "infamous," though it is a matter of common sense that a surplus of \$20,000,000 is no more than a safeguard against emergencies. But if a surplus of \$20,000,000 be "infamous," what adjective is fit to qualify a deficit of \$82,000,000?

When there was a surplus in the national treasury there was a surplus in nearly every house. The

building associations and the savings banks were receiving vast deposits of accumulations from the wage fund, merchants were enlarging their stores, manufacturers were enlarging their mills, wages were going up, and all manufactured things that wages buy were coming down. Strikes for higher wages were too common, but strikes against lower wages were unknown. The democrats have changed all this. Turn them out—Inter Ocean.

A GREAT CONVENTION

PROGRAMME FOR NEXT ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Y. P. S. C. E.

To Open at Washington July 8—Preparations Being Made to Accommodate 60,000 People—Opportunities to See the Sights of the Capital.

The general outline of the programme of the fifteenth international Christian Endeavor convention, which will be held in Washington July 8-13, is announced. It is expected that fully 60,000 people will attend. Every morning of the convention there will be held at 9:30 o'clock from 20 to 30 early morning prayer meetings in as many churches.

The formal opening of the convention will occur Thursday morning in three great tents upon the White lot just south of the executive mansion. Those will be called tent Washington, tent Endeavor and tent Williston and will seat about 10,000 persons each, including a chorus choir of about 1,000 voices. At these opening sessions, which will be held simultaneously at 9:30 o'clock, addresses of welcome, the annual report of Secretary John Willis Baer and the annual address of President Francis Clark will be given.

Thursday afternoon there will be held about 30 denominational rallies. The rallies of the Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists will be held in the three tents, and the others will be held in large churches. The topic for consideration Thursday evening will be "Christian Citizenship." The topic for Friday is "Saved to Serve." The morning meetings will be held in the three tents, and in the afternoon conferences for the discussion of Christian Endeavor committee work will be held in many churches. In the evening one of the tents will be given over to an evangelistic meeting for the citizens of Washington, while in the other two tents, Central hall and six churches programmes of great interest to Endeavorers will be provided.

Saturday will be outdoor day. At 9:30 an open air praise service will be held at the Washington monument. The Endeavorers will then march to the capitol, where it is hoped brief addresses may be delivered from the steps of the seat of government. The Junior Christian Endeavorers will hold an early prayer meeting Saturday morning and a grand rally in one of the tents Saturday afternoon, at which choir and orchestra composed entirely of children will lead the music. Saturday afternoon will be given up to sightseeing, while Saturday evening will be devoted to receptions of the state delegations.

Sunday afternoon an evangelist service will be held in one of the tents, and in the other two and in many churches there will be denominational missionary rallies. At the same hour there will be held in Central hall a meeting devoted wholly to the question of the American Sunday. The tents will be closed in the evening.

Monday morning the World's Christian Endeavor union, formed last year in Boston, will hold its first annual convention. The afternoon will be devoted to excursions, and in the evening the convention will close with the sermons and usual consecration services in each of the three tents, Central hall and five or six large churches.

IS THIS A SPECIMEN?

Congressman Crowley Tells How He Made His Maiden Speech. "Did I tell you fellows how I come to make my maiden speech?" asked Congressman Crowley of Texas. "No? Well, it was this way: A gang of newspaper fellows was gauding me as not making a speech. 'Speechmaking's no sign of a man's usefulness in congress,' says L. 'Better men than me are not making speeches, but if you're betting that you can't make a speech I'll just go you a ten.' 'It goes,' says one of the gang. 'You're afraid.' And he shows the long green. 'What's up in the house now?' says I. 'Caution is fighting an increase for a lighthouse keeper in your district,' says he. 'I'll go right now,' says I. And in I goes. Well, you know what happened. I told Cannon he didn't know as much about keeping a lighthouse as a porcupine does about Ascension day, and Cannon spread himself all over me. If he'd known how I come to jump on him, I'll bet he'd laughed. Then I goes out, and the stakeholder hands me the stuff. That's how it happened."—Washington Post.

Campos May Go Back. A rumor is current that Marshal Campos is to be sent back to Cuba. No confirmation of the story can be obtained in official circles.

Marshal Campos declines to be interviewed on the subject. His position just now is a delicate one. Contrary to general belief, he came back from Cuba a poor man.

It is declared there is a feeling of dissatisfaction in official circles with the policy of Captain General Weyler and that it is urged that he be removed and Martinez de Campos appointed to succeed him.—Philadelphia Press.

Follows Omaha's Example. Alderman Abercrombie of St. Joseph, Mo., introduced a curfew ordinance at the session of the common council the other night. It is modeled after the ordinance passed by Omaha and Lincoln, and will no doubt become a law, as the members of the council favor its passage.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

NYE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Cæsar's Invasion as Viewed by the Humorist.

INDUCED BY A BILIOUS ATTACK.

The Author Avoids Overpraise and Mawkish Sentiment—Early Britons Only Fit to Act as Ancestors—Ignoble Amusements of the Barefooted Nobility.

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CHAPTER I.

From the glad whinny of the first unicorn down to the tip end of the nineteenth century the history of Great Britain has been dear to her descendants in every land, 'neath every sky.

But to write a truthful and honest history of any country the historian should, that he may avoid overpraise and silly and mawkish sentiment, reside in a foreign country or be so situated that he may put on a false mustache and get away as soon as the advance copies have been sent to the printers.

The writer of these pages, though of British descent, will in what he may say guard carefully against permitting that fact to swerve him for one swift moment from the right.

England even before Christ, as now, was a sort of money center, and thither

came the Phenicians and the Carthaginians for their tin.

These early Britons were suitable only to act as ancestors. Aside from that they had no good points. They dwelt in mud huts thatched with straw. They had no currency and no ventilation—no drafts, in other words. Their boats were made of wickerwork plastered with clay. Their swords were made of tin alloyed with copper, and after a brief skirmish the entire army had to fall back and straighten its blades.

They also had short spears made with a rawhide string attached, so that the deadly weapon could be jerked back again. To spear an enemy with one of these harpoons and then, after playing him for half an hour or so, to land him

and finish him up with a tin sword constituted one of the most reliable boons peculiar to that strange people.

Cæsar first came to Great Britain on account of a bilious attack. On the way across the channel a violent storm came up. The great emperor and pantafa believed he was drowning, so that in an instant's time everything throughout his whole lifetime recurred to him as he went down—especially his breakfast.

Purchasing a four-in-hand of docked unicorns and much improved in health, he returned to Rome.

Agriculture had a pretty hard start among these people, and where now the glorious fields of splendid pale and billowy oatmeal may be seen, interspersed with every kind of domestic and imported fertilizer in cunning little hillocks just bursting forth into fragrance by the roadside, then the vast island was a quaking swamp or covered by imperious forests of gigantic trees, up which with coarse and shameless greed would scamper the nobility.

(Excuse the rhythm into which I may now and then drop as the plot develops.—Author.)

Cæsar later on made more invasions, one of them for the purpose of returning his team and flogging a Druid with whom he had disagreed religiously on a former trip. (He had also bought his team of the Druid.)

their motto was, "Never do anything unless you feel like it very much indeed."

Cæsar was a broad man from a religious point of view and favored bringing the Druids before the grand jury. For uttering such sentiments as those the Druids declared his life to be forfeit and set one of their number to settle also with him after morning services the question as to the matter of immersion and sound money.

Religious questions were even then as hotly discussed as in later times, and



ANCIENT SCARECROW.

Cæsar could not enjoy society very much for five or six days.

At Stonehenge there are still relics of a stone temple which the Druids used as a place of idolatrous worship and assassination. On gliblet day people came for many miles to see the exercises and carry home a few cutlets of intimate friends.

After this Rome sent over various great federal appointees to soften and refine the . . . Among them came General Agricola, with a new kind of seed corn and kindness in his heart.

He taught the barefooted Briton to go out to the pump every evening and bathe his chapped and soil kissed feet and wipe them on the grass before retiring, thus introducing one of the refinements of Rome in this cold and barbaric clime.

Along about the beginning of the Christian "Erie," says an elderly Englishman, the Queen Boadicea got so disgusted with the Romans, who carried on there in England just as they had been in the habit of doing at home—cutting up like a Halloween party in its junior year—that she got her Britons together, had a steel dress made to fight in comfortably and not tight under the arms.

Then she said, "Is there any one here who hath a calveia with him?" One was soon found and fired. This by the Romans was regarded as an opening of hostilities. Her fire was returned with great eagerness, and victory was won in the city of London over the Romans, who had taunted the queen several times with being seven years behind the beginning of the Christian era in the matter of clothes.

Boadicea won victories by the score, and it is said that under the leadership of her 70,000 Roman warriors kissed the dust. As she waved her scepter in token of victory the hatpin came out of her crown, and wildly throwing the "old hot thing" at the Roman general she missed him and unhorsed her own chaperon.

Disgusted with war and the cooking they were having at the time, she burst

into tears just on the eve of a general victory over the Romans and poisoned herself.

(N. B.—Many thanks are due to the author, Mr. A. Barber, for the use of his works entitled "Half Hours With Covered Heads" and "Thoughts on Shaving Dead People on Whom One Has Never Called," cloth, gilt top.)

It is to be regretted that the work which will be apparent to any one of moderate intelligence and especially to the Englishman—viz, that the tin discovered in England if any inaccuracy be permitted to creep in, even through the illustrations. It is disagreeable to fall out thus early with one's artist, but the writer knows too well and the sting yet burns and rankles in his soul where pierced the poisoned dart of an English clergyman two years ago. The writer had spoken of Julius Cæsar's invasion of Britain for the purpose of replenishing the Roman stock of umbrellas, topcoats and "loyalties," when the clergyman said, politely, but very firmly, that "England then had no topcoats or umbrellas." The writer would not have cared had there not been others present.—B. N.]

A Compromise Proposed. Little 4-year-old Florence was caught wading in a mud puddle in front of her home.

"Now," declared her mother as she led her in the house by the arm, "I am going to whip you first and then send you to bed, and you can't get up again till tomorrow morning, all because you disobeyed me and went outside in the mud."

After a deal of preparation that was intended to be impressive, Florence was duly spanked, and she boohooed lustily. "Now, then, I am going to put you to bed." "Oh, don't, mamma," begged Florence. "Whip me some more, mamma, please, and let me stay up."—San Francisco Post.

BRUIN AND THE BOAT

THE DEER STORY MAN SIGHED, BUT SAID NOT A WORD.

A Story of a Bear and a Hunter in a Canoe With No Weapon Except His Wits. It Was a Naval Battle Royal, and Bruin Won a Magnificent Victory.

They had been telling all sorts of hunting stories, some almost too miraculous to be believed, except by hunters who had had experiences and knew what strange things sometimes occur far away amid the forest wilds when there are no witnesses. The last man had told of deer hunting in the water, and a squat, heavy set man sitting in the corner seemed particularly interested in the tale.

"That reminds me," he said, when he had a chance to come in, "of an experience I once had up in the lake region of Canada. A party of us were in camp there, along in the fall, and were having great sport with the rod and gun. We had secured specimens of all the game and fish for which the section was noted except a bear, and of that tracks had been reported not far from camp, and we were to try for bruin as soon as we had made proper preparations.

The day before we were to start out on the bear hunt I had gone off up the shore of the lake in a light canoe and got a fry for supper. I had nothing with me in the canoe except my fishing outfit and no sort of a weapon unless the canoe paddle might be called one. But a man didn't need a weapon to catch fish with, so I gave no thought to it. I had found a nice cove up the cove about a mile from camp, and there I stopped the canoe about 50 feet from shore in deep water and threw out my line. Luck was good, and I had pulled in five or six fine fellows and was having more fun than anybody, except the fisherman, when I was startled by a splash from the thicket lining the shore, and the next minute a whooping big bear was making for me like a hippity split. To say that I was scared doesn't half express it. I was paralyzed. I didn't even have sense enough left to grab my paddle and try to get away. I simply caught it up and held it in my hand as I would a club and waited. But the bear didn't wait. He was very evidently hungry, or he never would have attacked me out there in the boat, and he was coming straight for me. I waited for him to get close enough to bat him one, and then I gave it to him with the canoe paddle square between the eyes. It dazed him a little, but it was far more disastrous to the paddle, and when I straightened up from delivering the blow I had only about two feet of the paddle left in my hand. The rest of it, splintered, was floating in the wake of the bear. He gave himself a shake after I hit him, and the next minute he had caught the side of the canoe with one of his big paws and was manifesting a violent desire to get aboard with me. As he weighed about 400 pounds and was as powerful as a horse it did not require a very strong hand to settle that part of the preceding arly, and instead of his coming aboard with me the canoe was upset, and I went into the water with him.

"By this time a portion of my wits had returned, and I had sense enough, as the boat went toward the bear, to get off into the water with the boat between the bear and me. I was a good swimmer and had a faint idea if I got headed toward the shore I could outswim my enemy and get away, so I turned, as soon as I got straightened out in the lake, and put back the other way. The bear in the meantime had started around the end of the boat, coming my way. I don't know what it was, whether inspiration or fear or bravery, but certainly it was something out of the ordinary, for as I went around one end of the boat and the bear was at the other or quite near it I was struck with an idea, and instead of trying speed with the bear for the shore I concluded to try wits with him right where we were. So I swung on to the end of the canoe, which was bottom side up, and as the bear came toward me, I tilted the other end up, and with a sudden jerk, dropped the inverted boat over the bear's head. The next minute I was on top of the boat with the bear under me. I guess he didn't know what had happened to him, for he didn't seem to do anything under there except to bump his head against the bottom and growl. I thought at first he might have sense enough to dive and come out on the other side; but, like turkeys that walk into a pen through a hole heading from the outside into it, and, never once looking down for the hole to get out at, run around in a crazy kind of a way till they are caught, that bear staid under the boat with me on top of it, bumping his head and growling. By this time I was feeling a good deal like Napoleon crossing the Alps, or like some other great hero, and felt still more like it as I noticed the bumping and the growling growing less every minute until finally they ceased altogether. I didn't understand that quite and began to wonder if the bear wasn't catching on to himself and thinking of the easiest way to get at his dinner, when over in the clear water of the lake, a dozen feet or so from the boat, I saw something big and dark slowly going toward the bottom and drifting away. Another look convinced me it was my bear, and another minute found me swimming for the shore at 40 miles an hour, more or less. Half an hour later I was on the spot again with three men in a big canoe, and still half an hour later found us on shore with the body of the bear, which we had recovered from the water. It was a clear case of human intelligence against brute force, with the intelligence the victor, of course, but when any more contests like that are backed I desire it understood that I am not competing."

The man who had told the deer story heaved a profound sigh and looked at the bear story teller with admiration.—New York Sun.

MECCA CATARRH REMEDY.

For colds in the head and treatment of catarrhal troubles this preparation has afforded prompt relief; with its continued use the most stubborn cases of catarrh have yielded to its healing power. It is made from concentrated Mecca Compound and possesses all of its soothing and healing properties and by absorption reaches all the inflamed parts effected by that disease. Price 50 cents. Prepared by The Foster Mfg. Co. Council Bluffs, Iowa. For sale by A. F. Streit.