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IRA L. BARE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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

THE Illinois republican platform truthfully characterizes the democratic party as "the same old thistle, always promising to bear figs, yet at every chance bringing forth and scattering more thistle seeds."

M. M. NEEVES, formerly receiver of the U. S. Land office, is now publishing the Record at Dayton, Wyo. The initial number of which reached this office last week. The Record is the fourth paper Mr. Neeves has established.

MANLEY, manager for Tom Reed and Tom Platt, boomer for Morton, are still busy at work attempting to discredit the strength shown by McKinley, but they might as well lay down. When the St. Louis convention assembles both Manley and Platt will be wondering where they are at.

THE organization for the West Nebraska Fair to be held at North Platte has been fully completed, and a vigorous campaign from this time henceforth can be looked for. Buffalo county is right in line for the project and our people will do their full share to make the fair a complete and satisfactory success. —Kearney Hub.

THERE are rumors in Washington says the correspondent of the State Journal, that cabinet honors await Senator Thurston in the event of McKinley's election. No one will doubt the Senator's ability to fill any cabinet portfolio, but we would rather see him remain in the senate, for the reason that he can be of more real service to the people there than in a cabinet office.

THE grand triumph of McKinley in the Illinois state convention Friday practically insures his nomination at St. Louis in June, and his rivals have thrown up the sponge in their efforts to defeat him. The fight on McKinley has been waged, not by the rank and file of the republican party, but by a few politicians of high standing in the party, and the nomination of McKinley will be a victory for the rank and file.

It is generally conceded that Hon. J. S. Hoagland will receive the nomination for the state senate at the hands of the republican legislative convention. Mr. Hoagland deserves this honor at the hands of the party, for he has been a tireless worker in the good cause. He is a man of recognized ability and a very upright and conscientious citizen. He will make a very creditable representative at Lincoln. —Cozad Tribune.

"EVERY mechanic," says John R. Tanner, who was nominated for governor by the Illinois republicans, "who trusts his idle hands into his empty pockets will know how to vote." It will certainly not require much campaigning this year to insure the election of a republican president. The experience of the past four years has proved a great boom for the republican party—the party whose administration of public affairs has always provided work for the laborer at good wages.

WHAT is needed to solve the currency question at present is not more money of any kind, but more business for the money that already exists, wisely says an exchange. Why should not the price of wheat be low when there has been a fall off in its consumption during the past year of one bushel for each man, woman and child in the United States? Why should not the price of corn be low when during the past year there has been a fall-off in its consumption equal to five bushels for each one of the 70,000,000 of people in the United States? What we need is protection to stimulate our industries, put idle muscle to work so that it can earn a living, and every man, woman and child can have their three square meals a day and a chicken on Sunday.

THE statistician of the New York Tribune discussing the Spanish reports of slain rebels that come in every day, concluded to look up the record of the last rebellion there that lasted a number of years and which was distinguished by the same sort of official reports of battles won and rebels killed by the terrible Spaniards. At the end of the war the totals of rebel losses, as given from day to day by the Havana authorities footed up, killed dead, 395,856; wounded, 726,490; captured 451,100 total 1,573,446. This was over a quarter of a million more Cubans killed, wounded and captured than there were men, woman and children on the island when the war began. The way the slaughter is progressing now in General Weyler's prolific imagination, the entire population of Cuba will be killed three times each by the time the hostilities are over. And yet Spain denies that the row in Cuba amounts to the dignity of a war and is only a sort of a riot. —Journal.

An investigation going forward in New York shows that of the Italian immigrants who have arrived in this country since the beginning of the year, 7,095 admitted that they could not read or write their own language. This is about 35 per cent of the whole number arriving during that period. Such additions to the illiteracy of the United States are highly undesirable, and if they continue will become a political danger. —Ex.

ROYAL WIDOWS.

One or More in Nearly Every Country in Europe.

It is just a thought astonishing to reckon the number of royal widows, regnant or unregnant, now more or less in public view. First, of course, comes her majesty, Victoria, empress of India, queen of England, Scotland and Ireland. Next to her one must rank her eldest child, Victoria, empress dowager of Prussia, more commonly known as Empress Frederick. Then, in the same family circle, there are the Duchess of Albany, born Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and widow of the English queen's youngest son, and the Princess of Battenberg.

Upon the continent there are a pair of widowed queens regnant—Christine of Spain and Emma of Holland. Both have won golden opinions from those they govern, no less than from impartial onlookers. Queen Emma is, by the way, sister to the Duchess of Albany, who is said to have been the first choice of the gay old reprobate, King William of Holland. She refused him, but her sister threw herself into the breach, inspired doubtless by the knowledge that reigning sovereigns, even though somewhat battered and the worse for wear, were not likely to come often a-wooing in starveling if princely households. So they were married, and there is a little queen of Holland to cheat the anticipations of the house of Cumberland.

But none of the queens or empresses can put out of count Dagmar, sometime of Denmark, now the widowed czarina, Marie Feodorovna. It must have gone hard with her, in spite of the splendors the change implied, to give over her Danish name, which means "day dawn," for an appellation so cumbersome. Feodorovna means, by the way, "daughter of Theodore," as does Paulovna "daughter of Paul." The termination "ovna," or "owna," has in all cases that significance in Russian names, just as the suffix "vitch" means always "son of." Thus Alexandrovitch is "the son of Alexander."

Austrian royalty has two widows out-right, between whom it is hard to say which has the more tragic story. All the world still remembers the tragedy of Mayerling—how the Crown Prince Rudolph shot himself and the beautiful Marie Vectorsa, leaving his wife, Stephanie of Belgium, by no means disconsolate, as the pair had been on the point of judicial separation. Still the shock and shadow of it all for the time overwhelmed her. But she has no continuing sorrow such as has driven to madness Carlotta, once empress of Mexico, who missed seeing her husband, Maximilian, shot only because she had gone to Europe asking help for him, where no help was. Yet it is a question if, in spite of all, she is not less unhappy than her sister, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who has been for long years widowed in all but name. Besides Empress Eugenie, widowed, childless, a withered shadow of her beautiful self, France has a Duchess of Orleans, whom the Legitimists rank as queen dowager—not to mention the wife of her murdered president, Carnot. And there is more than a Gallic trace in the youngest of royal widows, the Bonaparte princess, who married her uncle, the Duke d'Aosta, and since his death has set the Italian court wild with her freaks. —New York Journal.

The Musical Cat.

My blue Persian cat is a gentle, sentimental creature, slightly inclined to melancholy and, strangely, even troublesomely, affectionate to one or two select friends. She had been accustomed from the time I first had her—last summer—to be continually with me, generally on my lap or shoulder. When the winter evenings began to draw on, I took to playing the piano, which I had not done during the summer. The cat could not understand why, when this was going on, she was not allowed to take up her usual position. In order, I suppose, to show her disapproval of my occupation, she would continually climb up either on to me or the piano and put my hands with her paws, and pull them off the keys—very gently and without scratching at all. This became such a nuisance that I could not play unless I put her out of the room, but she would sit outside the door she would rush in and begin da capo. At last I thought of a way of treating her—viz, like a rational being. I placed a chair next to the music stool, as though for a duet, and put her on it, and explained the matter to her, and from that time I have had no further trouble, unless I forget to put her chair for her when I begin to play. —London Spectator Correspondence.

Boston Culture.

"Deliver us," says the Boston Traveller, "from the New Yorker's use of the letter r, as it occurs in 'church,' 'first,' 'bird' or as it appears when they pronounce the words Cuba or banana. The New Yorker speaks of his 'chubnic,' tells how he was 'faist,' loves the pretty 'buids' and believes in the cause of 'Cuber.' We must concede that we are a bit off in a few words, 'graker' being one of them. The New Yorker pronounces grass as it is spelled, the Bostonian draws it out as 'grasser.' For all our shortcomings there is less slurring in our pronunciation than in any other city, and it is a well known fact among our English cousins of the better sort that Bostonians speak clearer English than citizens from any other city of the Union."

A Division of Labor.

The statesman who is new to public life had been interviewed, and he felt nervous. "Now, you understand," he said, "that I don't want to be misrepresented in anything that I have said." "Of course. Do you want to be quoted literally?" "No. I don't know as I do. I believe in every man sticking to his particular line of duty. I'll put in the opinions and you put in the grammar." —Washington Star.

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Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

NYE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Introduction of the Hyphen on English Soil.

THE ADVENT OF THE ANGLES.

Rude Warriors Who Wiped Their Whiskers on the Tablecloth—Close Relation of the Pig and Nobility—Bibulous Proclivity of the Saxons.

(Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Company.) CHAPTER III.

With the landing of Hengist and Horsa English history really begins, for Caesar's capture of the British Isles was of slight importance viewed in the light of fast receding centuries. There is little today in the English character to remind one of Caesar, who was a voluble and epileptic emperor, with massive and complicated features.

The rich warm blood of the Roman does not mantle in the cheek of the Englishman of the present century to any marked degree. The Englishman, aping the reserve and hauteur of Boston, is, in fact, the diametrical antipode of the impulsive, warm hearted and garlic imbued Roman, who revels in assassination and gold carbols.

The beautiful daughter of Hengist formed an alliance with Vortigern, the royal foreman of Great Britain, a plain man, who was very popular in the alcoholic set and generally subject to violent lucid intervals which lasted until after breakfast, but the Saxons broke these up, it is said, and Rowena encouraged him in his efforts to become his own true enemy, and after two or three patent failings of wassail would get him to give her another county or two, until soon the Briton saw that the Saxons had a mortgage on the throne, and after it was too late he said that immigration should have been restricted.

Kent became the first Saxon kingdom and remained a powerful state for over a century. More Saxons now came and brought with them yet other Saxons with yet more children, dogs, vodka and thirst. The breath of a Saxon in a cucumber patch would make a peck of pickles per moment.

The Angles now came also and registered at the leading hotels. They were destined to introduce the hyphen on English soil and plant the orchards on whose ancestral branches should ultimately hang the Anglo-Saxon race, the progenitors of the eminent aristocracy of America.

Let the haughty, purse proud American—in whose warm life current one may trace the unmistakable strains of bichloride of gold and trichina—pause

The Danes or Jutes joined the Angles also at this time and with the Saxons spread terror, anarchy and common drunks all over Albion. Those who still claim that the Angles were right Angles are certainly ignorant of English history. They were obtuse Angles, and when bedtime came and they tried to walk a crack the historian, in a spirit of mischief, exclaims that they were mostly a pack of Isosceles Try Angles, but this doubtless is mere badinage.

They were all savages, and their religion was entirely unfit for publication. Socially they were coarse and repulsive. Slaves did the housework, and serfs each morning changed the straw bedding of the lord and drove the pigs out of the houndir. The pig was the great social middle class between the serf and the nobility, for the serf slept with the pig by day, and the pig slept with the nobility at night.

And yet they were courageous to a degree (the Saxons, not the pigs). They were fearless navigators and reckless warriors. Armed with their rude meat axes and one or two Excaliburs, they would take something in the way of a tonic and march right up to the mouth of the great Thomas catapult, or fall in the moat with a courage that knew not, reeked not, of danger.



ETHELBERT, KING OF KENT, PROCLAIMED "BRETWALDA."

Christianity was first preached in Great Britain in 597 A. D., at the suggestion of Gregory, afterward pope, who by chance saw some Anglican youths exposed for sale in Rome. They were fine looking fellows, and the good man pitied their benighted land. Thus the Roman religion was introduced into England and was first to turn the savage heart toward God.

Augustine was very kindly received by Ethelbert and invited up to the house. Augustine met with great success, for the king experienced religion and was baptized, after which many of his subjects repented and accepted salvation on learning that it was free. As many as 10,000 in one day were converted, and Augustine was made archbishop of Canterbury. On a small island in the Thames he built a church dedicated to St. Peter, where now is Westminster abbey, a prosperous sanctuary entirely out of debt.

The history of the heptarchy is one of murder, arson, rapine, assault and battery, breach of the peace, petty larceny and the embezzlement of the enemy's wife.

In 827 Egbert, king of Wessex and duke of Shandygaff, conquered all his



THEY WIPED THEIR COARSE RED WHISKERS ON THE SNOWY TABLE CLOTH.

for one moment to gaze at the coarse features and bloodshot eyes of his ancestors, who sat up at nights drooping their souls in a style of repenche that it is said would remove moths, tau, freckles and political disabilities.

The seven states known as the Saxon heptarchy were formed in the sixth and seventh centuries, and the rulers of these states were called "bretwaldas," or British welders. Ethelbert, king of Kent, was bretwalda for 50 years and liked it first rate.

A very good picture is given here, showing the coronation of Ethelbert, copied from an old tintype now in the possession of an aged and somewhat childish family in Philadelphia who descended from Ethelbert and have made no effort to conceal it.

For over 150 years the British made a stubborn resistance to the encroachments of these coarse people, but it was ineffectual. Their prowess, along with a massive appetite and other hand baggage, soon overran the land of Albion. Everywhere the rude warriors of northern Europe wiped the dressing from their coarse red whiskers on the snowy tablecloth of the Briton.

In west Wales, or Dumnonia, was the home of King Arthur, so justly celebrated in song and story. Arthur was more interesting to the poet than the historian and probably as a champion of human rights and a higher civilization should stand in that great galaxy occupied by Santa Claus and Jack the Giant Killer.



ROWENA CAPTIVATES VORTIGERN.

faces and became absolute ruler of England (land of the Angles). Taking charge of this angular kingdom, he established thus the mighty country which now rules the world in some respects, and which is so greatly improved socially since those days.

Two distinguished scholars flourished in the eighth century, Bede and Alcuin. They at once attracted attention by being able to read, coarse print at sight. Bede wrote the "Ecclesiastical History of the Angles." It is out of print now. Alcuin was a native of York, and with the aid of a lump of chalk and the side of a vacant barn could figure up things and add like everything. Students flocked to him from all over the country and matriculated by the dozen. If he took a fancy to a student, he would take him away privately and show him how to read.

The first literary man of note was a monk of Whitby named Cedmon, who wrote poems on biblical subjects when he did not have to work. His works were greatly like those of Milton, and especially like "Paradise Lost," it is said.

Gildas was the first historian of Britain, and the scathing remarks made about his fellow countrymen have never been approached by the most merciless of modern historians.

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STORY WITHOUT END.

MYSTERY OF TWO BEINGS WHO CROSSED THE NARRATOR'S PATH.

The Handsome Young Pathan Prisoner Whose Knife Was Stained With Blood, The Young Girl Who Presented a Silver Ring—Were the Two Connected?

It was on the 2d of January, 1870, that General Roberts left Haazir Pir Ziarat to subdue the Khost district, an unsophisticated country where the revenue had hitherto been collected in copper, and up to this date the semblance of the rape had not been known.

Haazir Pir Ziarat (the shrine of a thousand saints—literally old men) was hardly even a village, and only the day preceding some six or seven had been added to the number of saints, as a batch of murderous marauders had been executed, and dying in the faith, shouting the fatmah and acknowledging nothing but piety in their attempts on infidel life, their corpses had doubtless rendered their graves sanctified ground, and so added to the Ziarat—in these parts a holy grove, generally of olive, to fell which is desecration.

As the Tenth Hussars spread cheerily into order covering the advance, their bright pouch belts buckles (the last gilded left after even stirrups had been dulled) sparkling in the bright sunlight as they threaded among the camel thorn sprinkled over the plain, the writer diverged from the advance, having to convey with a small escort of cavalry and infantry a long train of some 900 empty camels ordered to the advance base to fill up with supplies. My way lay among hills bordering the right bank of the Kurram river, and I soon lost sight of the force moving on Matoun and finished the day's march without any adventure. On the 3d of January the incidents befell which I now seek to narrate.

In a lonely valley a party of my Sikh infantry brought before me a Pathan prisoner, saying: "Here is a man who has been caught concealing his arms. It has been ordered by General Roberts that all such shall be dispatched. May we kill him?"

Now, this was a hard saying. The young man appeared by his headgear to be a Waziri, a not unfriendly tribe, which, however, furnished not a few lawless depredators. His only arm was the long Afghan knife, necessary for his own protection perhaps, and in the cold weather it appeared not unmaternal that he should wrap himself in his thin outer colored scarf, worn somewhat after the fashion of a plaid. His face was handsome, open and fearless, but such was the mien of all Afghans—often seen on the most cold blooded fiends. I could not, however, though determined to fulfill the spirit of instructions, at once hand him over to the bayonet, and, saying, "Oh, his knife is only for harmless use or protection," I took it from him and drew it. It was thickly coated with fairly fresh blood.

For a moment I could have handed him over to death, but reason told me that this was no additional evidence of murder. He might have slain a goat or sheep, he might have met an enemy in fair fight—questions of course were useless. Finally, with some misgivings as to whether I was strictly obeying orders and amid the scowls and murmurs of the Sikhs, who were quite strange to my command, I gave the young man back his knife and sent him on his way.

He left gracefully and courteously, showing neither in his smiling face nor in his elastic gait one single sign of guilt or fear, and soon his crest figure was lost to my view over the brow of a low hill.

Some hours of march followed, and the care of massing the long, unwieldy line of camels in a column on each small plain, before again filing the next pass, a precaution necessary to enable my rear guard to be within hail in case of attack on so tamping and easy a prey, fully absorbed me and drove the preceding incident clean from my head.

Suddenly I became aware of a young Pathan girl running beside my horse and holding up to me a silver ring set with a turquoise. This seemed to me a very unusual act from a Mussulman and a Pathan, where seclusion is so strictly the rule, and I had no idea as to the meaning she wished to convey, my Pushtoo being unequal to the dialect she spoke, and indeed scanty enough at all times. However, seeing that I was meant to take the ring, I did so, the girl, about 17, showing that she meant I should take it from her. Even then she made no effort to leave, and so, imagining perhaps that she wanted money for some purpose, I offered her a few rupees, which she refused petulantly. I turned to the Hindoo sowars who rode behind me and asked what it all meant, but they only laughed unpleasantly, as if to say, "What can a Mussulman and a woman mean except what is contemptible?" so that, angry at their scorn and possible misconceptions, I flung the girl back her ring and bade her begone. She left, muttering and apparently still anxious to explain, but a troop of horsemen now appeared on the plain, and whirling their long lances round their heads centered shouting toward us. The Sikh infantry closed their files and prepared to receive them, and I went forward to reconnoiter them more closely.

They turned out to be a friendly "Jirgah," or deputation, seeking General Roberts, but this fresh incident drove the last again from my thoughts, and later on I concluded my march without further befal.

It was not till weeks after that I thought of connecting the act of the girl with a possible wish to express gratitude for the husband or lover who had such a narrow escape at my hands. But I never heard any further explanation, nor did those who knew best the Afghan character think this interpretation a likely one.

I suppose I shall never know more of the two beings who on that day only literally crossed my path.—United Service Magazine.

Sure Cure. He—I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?

Oh—Oh, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bath with orange blossom water and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month.—London Tit-Bits.

Honore appears in good humor while he censures, and therefore his censure has the more weight as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion.