

The North Platte Semi-Weekly Tribune.

VOL. XIII.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA, TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 1897.

NO. 38.

REMNANT SALE at The Hub.

Commencing Friday, April 23d, consisting of Wash Goods, Silks and Dress Goods.

1200 pairs of children's Black Bicycle Hose, never sold less than 16c; they go at this sale for 10c per pair.

Mackintoshes—men's and ladies'—just in, a complete line. Bring your catalogues along. We can save you money.

These prices above mentioned are just a few of our many bargains new to the old time merchants who buy and sell on time. They will sell you staples at or below cost and then roast you to a "nice brown" on other lines. Our motto "Oward." We have all the confidence we want. The sensitive part of man is his pocket book.

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your patronage, yours for one price,

MINNAN CLOCK,
FRONT STREET.

THE HUB, W. T. BANKS, Prop.

First National Bank,

NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

CAPITAL, - - \$50,000.
SURPLUS, - - \$22,500.



H. S. White, - - - President.
P. A. White, - - - Vice-Pres't.
Arthur McNamara, - - Cashier.

A general banking business transacted.

SPRING PLANTING

will soon be here and we are ready to supply you with

Fresh Garden and Field Seeds

either in bulk or packages. These seeds come from one of the most reliable growers in the country and we can recommend them as fresh. We have also received our spring stock of

GARDEN TOOLS.

In the Hardware Line we carry a full stock.

A. L. DAVIS,

Who no one owes

F. J. BROEKER,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Cleaning, Repairing and Dyeing.

Attention is invited to our New Line of Spring Suitings

Suits made to order in a workmanlike . . .

. . . manner and perfect fit Guaranteed.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A. F. STREITZ DRUGGIST.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils,

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,

WINDOW GLASS, MACHINE OILS

Diamanta Spectacles.

Deutsche Apotheke.

Corner of Spruce and Sixth-sts.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

Below will be found the corrected and full programme for the sessions of the Western Nebraska Educational Association:

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 9:30 A. M.
Music.....Double Quartette.
Invocation.....Rev. Verner.
Music.....Misses Sorenson and Searle.
Address of Welcome.....J. G. Beeler.
Response.....Annie Gray Clark, Ogalalla.
Paper—Nature Study in the Country School.....G. W. Rhodes, Somerset.
Paper—Nature Study in the Grades.....Miss Holloway, Ogalalla.
Music.....
Paper—Science in the High School, One Year's Course.....W. P. Killen, Lodge Pole.
Paper—Science in the High School, Four Years Course.....J. C. Orr.

FRIDAY, 1:30 P. M.
Music.....Prof. Garlicks.
Lecture—Methods in History.....Miss Mary Tremaine, Lincoln.
Questions and General Discussion
Paper—How to Test the Quality of a Teacher's Work, L. L. Raymond, of Gering; Mrs. F. A. Franklin.
FRIDAY, 8 P. M.
Music.....Messrs. Bare and Doolittle.
Invocation.....Rev. Snavely.
Music—Drill, Miss Buckworth's School.
Recitation.....Miss Julia Felt, Wallace.
Lecture—On Common School System.....Chancellor George E. MacLean.

SATURDAY, 9 A. M.
Music.....Lutheran choir.
Invocation.....Rev. Foulk.
Music—Solo.....Fred Baker.
Paper—Reading in the Primary Grades.....R. R. Weis, Chappell.
Paper—Reading in the Intermediate Grades.....J. B. Soberman, Elsie.
Discussion.....J. T. O. Stewart, Gering.
General Discussion.
Paper—English in the High School.....Mrs. A. K. Goody, Lincoln.
Paper—Literature as a Factor in Public Thought.....J. A. Chisman, Elsie.
10 A. M. County Superintendent's Conference, State Superintendent Jackson presiding.

SATURDAY 1:30 P. M.
Questions Arising from Four Weeks Consideration of two Children.....Miss Lulu Woods, Ogalalla.
Children's Interests—Miss Sarah Ferguson, North Platte.
Some Practical Uses I Have Made of Child-study in My Work—F. N. Slawson, Paxton.
Child Study from a Mother's Standpoint—Mrs. W. W. Birge, North Platte.
Lecture—Child Study—Mrs. H. H. Heller, Omaha.
Business meeting.

SATURDAY, 8 P. M.
Music.....Music Com.
Invocation.....Rev. Beecher.
Music.....Misses Wright and Blanehard.
Song.....Pupils of First Ward School.
Recitation.....Adda L. Kooke.
Lecture—Mexico.....F. W. Taylor, Lincoln.

Irving and Florence Gilbert, brother and sister have astounded their friends in Sioux City, Ia., where they are well known, by starting for Newton, Mass., to buy a small farm and work out an independent future after a peculiar idea advanced by the brother. Their plan is to raise on the farm all that they need, and only what they need, to sell nothing and to do without whatever is to be had only by purchase. They are to cultivate the land themselves and make their own clothing. Miss Gilbert was graduated from the Sioux Falls High school and she taught in the schools there. She was active socially in the city life. Her brother became known in Chicago during the World's fair, where he was employed as an architect on some of the buildings. He is a victim of dyspepsia and nervous prostration and he believes that both, which he thinks came as a result of the high tension of city life, will disappear in a life of simplicity.

FAST TIME

THROUGH CARS.
To Omaha, Chicago and points in Iowa and Illinois, the UNION PACIFIC in connection with the C. & N. W. Ry. offers the best service and the fastest time. Call or write to me for time cards, rates, etc.
N. B. OLDS, Agent.



Absolutely Pure.
Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

JOHNSON'S LETTER.

LINCOLN, NEB., April 23th, 1897.

Of the active farmers now in Nebraska, most of the older set remember how we used to stand up in line before the teacher's desk at the district school and read from the old McGuffey's Fifth Reader. It was a sterling book and every "piece" was a gem. How proud we were when we had been promoted to the fifth reader class and could stand up with the big boys and girls, and read verse about the line. Some of us can even yet recite from memory the thundering lines of Byron describing the Battle of Waterloo, commencing "There was a sound of revelry by night." We can remember some of the stirring passages from Webster's great oration where he began, "Mr. President, I shall enter into no eulogium upon Massachusetts." We remember the story from Washington Irving of a buffalo hunt which occurred over a hundred years ago out in this western country somewhere, and the story of the beautiful Geneva, who in playful thoughtlessness locked herself in the great oak chest which held the secret of her death for fifty years. Life seemed very beautiful and romantic to us then, when our hearts were tender and impressionable, before these later disappointments had deadened our finer sensibilities.

"But we promised so much and we've gained so little.
We promised so much of glory and gold,
And we've gained so little
That our hands are cold.
And for gold and glory we've gained instead,
Hearts that are sickened and hopes that are dead.

There's as much beauty in the world now as there was then, but we don't see it. Love is humming the same old tunes, but the gentle music does not reach our ears.

"Time, that defaces us,
Places and replaces us,
Has put deep furrows and harsh looks upon the happy faces which we had then. If we had been content to keep in the broad highway where competency and content comes at last as a sure reward for honest toil and frugal living, if we had kept out of the side roads into which greed, speculation and fashion were forever beckoning us, we would now be looking at life from a different standpoint, and the distance between what we hoped to achieve and what we have achieved would not seem so great.

But speaking of how we sometimes see ourselves from the wrong standpoint and how the burden of each one seems to him heavier and harrier to bear than the burdens of his fellows, reminds me of another one of the "pieces" which we used to read in the old McGuffey's.

In a certain country the people came to the king each with a burden peculiar to himself, which seemed to him more grievous than the burden of any other, and which he prayed might be removed by some act of the king or some process of law.

One man had a scolding wife, another had a carbuncle on his shoulder, another had a cork leg, and still another had an undutiful son. Now, if that king had been a demagogue, he would have tried to fool the people, to take their minds off on a wild goose chase after some pretended reform. He would have called a convention and would have prepared some thundering resolutions. He would have organized a street parade of those who had grievances. There would have been banners and mottoes crying "Down with carbuncles!" "Down with undutiful sons!" "Down with scolding women!" and down with cork legs!" But the king was neither a demagogue nor a chump. He knew that life was no joke, that it was a serious matter, that thundering resolutions or flying banners never would do away with carbuncles, undutiful sons, scolding women or cork legs. He was philosopher enough to know that each man must evolve within himself sufficient individual strength to solve the problem of his own particular life and must keep his temper sweet enough, his mind clear enough and his eyes open enough to see whatever sunshine would fall upon his path. The king knew that each of these complainants had brooded over his particular grievance until he had become morbid and chronic in his discontent, and that the only way to cure him of this mind malady was to change off with the other fellow.

And so he appointed a day when each should bring his burden to the palace and exchange it for another. And now the man with the scolding wife came, dragging her in, as if hung her down before the king. The cork leg was thrown in a heap of discarded burdens and the undutiful son with his cigarette and tan colored shoes was tumbled in along with the carbuncle. And then there was a scramble each for what the other had discarded.

The carbuncle man had long had his eye on the scolding wife, for she had never scolded him, and he had seen her only in company where her manners were amiable and sweet. The father

HOUSE GLEANING ***** TIME IS HERE. *****

Housekeepers are looking for Carpets, Mattings, Chenille and Lace Curtains, Window shades and Brass Rods. We offer special inducements to buyers who are in need of these goods. As to quality, style and patterns and prices we are sure winners. We offer carpets at from 25 cents per yard up. Chenille curtains, large sizes, good quality, at \$2.25 per pair. We offer lace curtains at 65 cents per pair, worth one dollar. We also have ecru and white lace curtains as fine as you wish them, ranging as high as \$10 per pair. We also carry a beautiful line of these goods which we sell by the yard. Window shades in all colors, pure linen, plain or French, with all fixtures complete at 25 cents each. Brass curtain rods at 15 cents. Mattings 12, 15 and 25 cents per yard.

Persons contemplating the purchase of goods in the above line are invited to call and look over our stock.

Yours to Please,

THE BOSTON STORE,

JULIUS PIZER, Prop.

of the undutiful son was tickled to death to get the carbuncle, and the cork leg man was delighted at having an heir to his fortune and was willing to spend any amount of money on cigarettes and tan colored shoes for the undutiful son. But you remember, my old school fellow from way back, how each of these men returned in a day or two and begged for his old burden again. And now I am wondering how Nebraska people feel since they have exchanged republicanism for populism.

The taxes were a heavy burden under republican rule. The populist politicians told the people over and over again that they would reduce the salaries of those who lived on the public, that they would abolish the Secretaries of the Board of Transportation, would abolish a great many of the useless positions which absorbed the substance of the people and rendered no equivalent. They would abolish railroad passes and stop the private junketing of public officers. Enough of the people believed these promises and voted for a change to put the populists in charge of the state government. Now, what is the result? Has the burden been made lighter?

I have seen a gaunt mother pursued by a hungry pack. I have watched her to see if she would finally yield to the cries of the fat little rascals who were too lazy to root for themselves. I have seen her at last, as if overcome by importunities of the brood, lie down and turn up her dinner basket and I have observed how each little pig rooted his nose about to find the softest test, and how in their greedy scramble they crowded each other, how they sucked and pulled and grunted with satisfaction as the last drop was sucked from the poor old mother and how when she could no longer give down they jammed their little sharp hoofs into her flesh, rooting, pulling and sucking and squealing for more. Did you ever see pigs suck with more energy than these reformers who are sucking now? They have been jostling each other and quarreling like cats over the spoils instead of remembering the promises they had made to the people. Some of them have not only their noses but both feet in the trough, and some of them, hundreds whom I could name, are squealing all over the state because there was no test for them. If I should write it down that all these fine pretensions of reform were utterly false, that they did mean one word of it, that they intended to fool the people by this trick of pretensions just as Bryan fooled the people when he pretended to hate injunctions, and just as he advised the farmers and workmen to deceive during the last campaign, and if I would say that populism is only an organized appetite for office, then the governor would send out over the signature of his stenographer, another communication to the populist press denouncing me as a skunk. If the odor which republican writers give out is bad, it is the odor of populism uncovered and I don't blame them for holding their noses at the smell. Honest populists all over the state are turning their noses away when they see this mess of pretended reform reeking with wriggling political maggots whose only instinct is appetite.

They are grabbing passes as passes were never grabbed before. They were grabbing salaries as salaries were never

PURE LAKE ICE

I am again in position to supply the people of North Platte with a superior quality of pure ice frozen from well water. It is as clear as crystal and of good thickness; not frozen snow and slush. A trial order will convince you of its quality. I have plenty to last through the season.

W. M. EDIS.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb.,
April 24th, 1897.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on May 29th, 1897, viz:
CLARA M. STUMP,
who made Homestead Entry No. 3308, for the southeast quarter section 22, township 11 north, range 26 west. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Joseph W. Stump, of Wall, Neb.; Orrin A. Bacon, of Elkhart, Neb.; Action D. Orr and DeWitt VanBrooklin, of North Platte, Neb.

JOHN F. HUNMAN,
Register.