#### WARON THE HIGH SEA

EXCITING TIMES ON BOARD A SWIFT BLOCKADE RUNNER.

No. 1 - Dodging the Federal Warships Wind's eye, commenced. In and Out of Wilmington.



flect was defied by daring sailors who land cotton had to go first, a dead loss risked life, liberty and fortune in their of £800 or more. speculative ventures. Mr. Thomas E. "Having got rid of our deck cargo. Taylor, a principal in numerous bold we slowly but steadily began to gain in smuggling trips, tells the story of his the race. It was an extraordinary sight experiences in making that port with a to see our gallant little vessel at times notorious little steamer called the Ban- almost submerged by green seas sweep-

of blockade, but also of marine archi- ther of us for a moment slackening one of my comrades made the remark, tecture," says Mr. Taylor. "With the speed, a course we should have thought "If it were not for their long hair and exception of a boat built for Livingston madness under ordinary circumstances. peculiar way of talking, they would be of African fume, she was, I believe, the Murray Aynsley stood with his sextant exactly like ourselves." I was very first steel ship ever laid down. The new taking angles and reporting now one, young then and suppose that I had not blockade runner was a paddle boat, now the other, vessel getting the best given much thought to the subject. I built of steel, on extraordinarily fine of it. lines, 214 feet long and 20 feet beam, "Suddenly a fresh danger arose from and the masses of the people of differand drew only 8 feet of water. Her the bearings of the engine becoming ent sections were strangers to one anmasts were mere poles, without yards heated, owing to the enormous strain other. My idea of the enemy had been and with the least possible rigging. In put upon them. Erskine said it was ab- gained from platform war crations and order to attain greater speed in a sea- solutely imperative to stop for a short burning editorials. They were "rebels" way, she was built with a turt'e back time. But, by dint of loosening the and therefore terrible. It is useless to forward. She was of 217 tons net regis- bearings and applying all the salad oil make any words at this time to show ter and had an anticipated sea speed of procurable, mixed with gunpowder, they that the antagonists were of the same 11 knots, with a coal consumption of 30 were gradually got into working order race and faith, but a nearby view of tons a day. Her crew, which included 3 again, all in the engine room having as- the southerners in the bivouacs is alengineers and 12 firemen, consisted of sisted in the most energetic manner at | ways interesting. The sketches which

ever crossed the Atlantic.

Banshee would be weariscine. I made and covered nearly 200 miles, was con- you later," and marched across the Teneight round trips in her, each one of sidered one of the most notable inci- nessee border. which had its peculiar excitement, dents connected with blockade running Looking back, it seems nothing short f during the war, and we heard a good a miracle that she so long escaped the deal about it afterward. At the time numerous dangers to which she was ex- we had been struck by the fact of the posed. In the earliest stages of blockade James Adger not opening fire on us running we used to go well to the north- when so close. The explanation was that ward and make the coast some 15 or 20 she had no 'bow chasers' and was so miles above Fort Fisher, thus going certain of capturing us eventually that round the fleet instead of through it. she did not think it worth while to By this means we were the better en- 'yaw' and fire her breadside guns, and abled to strike the coast unobserved, as the weather was so bad she did not stearning quietly down just outside the care to cast them loose. surf, until we arrived close to Fort Fisher, where we had to go somewhat Banshee on which anything of note ocseaward in order to avoid a certain curred. She made eight round trips in shoul called the North Breaker. Al. all, and I then left her. She was capthough this generally trought us in tured on the ninth, after another long close contact with the blockaders, still chase off Cape Hatteras, her captain and we knew exactly where we were as re- crew being taken to Fort Lafayette, gards the bar. Subsequently the north- where they were detained for about erners stopped this maneuver, as we eight months as prisoners in a casemate,

"One very dark night (I think it was overcrowded. Steele spent some weeks ment. either on the fourth or fifth trip of the Banshee) we made the land about 12 miles above Fort Fisher and were creeping quietly down, as usual, when all at once we made a cruiser out, lying on our port bow and slowly moving about 200 yards from the shere. It was a question of going inside or outside her. If we went outside, she was certain to see us and would chase us into the very jaws of the fieet. As we had very little steam up we chose the former alternative, hoping to pass unobserved, and success seemed within our grasp till we saw her move in toward us and heard her hail us as we came on, 'Stop that steamer, or I will sink you!"

"Old Steele, the captain, growled out that we hadn't time to step and shouted down the engine room tube to Erskine to pile on the coals, as concealment was no longer of any use. Our friend, which we afterward found out was the Niphon, opened fire as fast as she could and sheered close into us-so close that her boarders were called away twice, and a slauging match went on between us, like that sometimes heard between two penny steambeat captains on the Thames. She closed the dispute by shooting away our foremast, exploding a shell in our bunkers and, when we began to leave her astern, by treating us to grape and canister.

"It was a miracle that no one was killed, but the crew were all lying flat on the deck, except the steersman, and at one time I fear he did the same, for, as Pilot Burroughs suddenly cried: 'My God, Mr. Taylor, look there!' I saw our boat heading right into the surf, so, jumping from the bridge, I ran aft and found the helmsman on his stomach. I rushed at the wheel and got two or three spokes out of it, which hauled her head off the land, but it was a close

"It was, I think, on our sixth trip out in the little Banshee, when soon after daylight we had got safely through the fleet, and I was lying on a cotton bale aft, that Erskine, the chief engineer, suddenly exclaimed, 'Mr. Taylor, look astern! I looked, and not four miles from us I saw a large side wheel cruiser, with square sails set, coming down on us hand over fist. This was an instance of cross carelessness on the part of the lookout man at the masthead (he turned out to be an American whom we had shipped in Nassau on the previous erip and about whom both Steele and I bad our private suspicions). At such a critical moment as the approach of daylight the chief officers should have choen a picked man for the lookout. After this we were more careful, either the thief officer or I myself, when on board,

that particular hour.

form as they stood on the bridge, each nighest companient that mother love dier who shared my mattress was in great one, doubtless, counting his share of the can pay you is to call you my dear pain, and when this dear, good woman would prize money to which he would soon be- boy."

"This will never do. ' said Steele, who, although it put us off our course ed, so as to bring us up to the wind. We then soon had the satisfaction of seeing our enemy obliged to take in sail

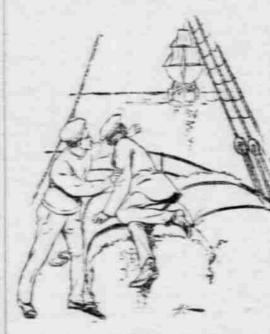
"The freshening breeze and rising sea now seemed to increase the odds WING to the fa- against our (the smaller) boat, and so vorable ship critical did matters become and so cerhannels at the tain did capture appear that I divided mouth of Cape between Murray Aynsley, who was a Fear river, the passenger on this trip, Steele and myentrance to the self 60 sovereigns which I had on board, port of Wilming- determined that when captured we ton, N. C., that wouldn't be penniless. As the weather point was a pop- grew worse we found ourselves obliged ular one for to throw overboard our deck cargo, in blockade runners order to lighten the boat. This was carrying on a done as quickly as possible, heartbreakcontraband trade ing though it was to see valuable bales, with the south- worth from £50 to £60 apiece, bobbing ern Confederacy. about on the waves. To me more espe-The strong Fed- cially did this come home, for my little eral blockading private venture of ten bales of sea is-

ing her fore and aft, and the James ered around them, staring as at so many "The Banshee may claim to be a Adger, a vessel of 2,000 tons, taking museum exhibits from a foreign clime. landmark not only in the development beaders into the huge waves, yet nei- When we went back to our quarters,

this critical moment.

"Steel ship building was then in its "The chase went on for 15 weary the Fourth Kentucky Confederate regiinfancy, and the Banshee was the first hours—the longest hours I think I ever ment, one of these composing the faof a fleet that was soon to become fa- spent-until nightfall, when we saw mous "Orphan brigade. mous. Early in 1863 I had the satisfac- our friend, then only about five miles | The "Orphans" were all of the first tion of finding myself steaming down astern, turn round and relinquish her draft of stalwart Kentuckians who begthe Mersey in the first steel vessel that pursuit. We heard afterward that her ged to differ with their fathers, brothers

stokers were dead beat.



"COMING DOWN ON ES." in Ludlow Street jail. When he was released, he found, to his delight, that another boat had been built expressly for him, which was christened Banshee

Some idea of the vast profits accruing from the blockade running at this time can be gathered from the fact that, notwithstanding the total loss of the Banshee by canture, she carned sufficient on the eight successful round trips which she made to pay her shareholders 700 per cent on their investment.

Her captors turned her into a gun-GEORGE L. KILMER.

# To Change the Climate.

A Boston man says he can change the climate of New England and the maritime provinces of Canada by building a dam across the strait of Belle Isle, blecking it and diverting the northern currents. The dam would have to be 10 miles long and about 200 feet high and strong enough to resist the ocean. He thinks this could be done for \$9,000,000 and that it would give the territory was comfort in having him near you in buttle, named a climate much like that of hern New York and New Jersey.

# A Mother's Argument.

life," says a lieutenant commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about 17 years of age, company was called to meet danger. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I fact that these Kentucky Confederates Enquirer. was a man, or very near it, and wrote were really orphans in the sense that saving that her constant addressing me they were expatriated and without a as a 'boy' made me feel displeased. I state, cut off from home by a wall of received in reply a letter full of re- bayonets stretching across the state of proaches and tears. Among other things Tennessee. Jovce gives a pathetic incishe said: 'You might grow to be as big dent of the campaign in Georgia, where as Goliath, as strong as Samson, and the Kentuckians found ministering as wise as Solomon; you might become angels of their own blood and faith just ruler of a nation, or emperor of many paking it a point to occupy this post at | nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted "Erskine rushed to the engine room, mother you would always appear, in and in a few moments volumes of smoke memory, in your innocent, unpreten- Reed's bridge, where Heim's briggele hospital issuing from our funnels showed that tious, unseif conceited, unpampered ba- was established. In the room with me were we were getting up all the steam we byhood. In those days when I washed General Helm and Major Rice E. Graves, and could-almost too late, as, with the and dressed and kissed and worshiped on the same mattress, brid on the floor, was a freshening breeze, the chaser (which we you, you were my idel. Nowadays you was shot through the upper part of the body. afterward found out to be the well are becoming part of a gross world by The passage and yard were full of greaning known James Adger, a boat subsequent- contact with it, and I cannot bow down and dying soldiers. Mrs. Reed was passing to ly sent to cruise in search of the Ala-bama) so rapidly overhauled us that we manhood and maternal love transmitted could distinctly see the officers in uni- to you, you will understand that the Major Graves was mortally wounded and safform as they stood on the bridge, each highest compliment that mother love fering the most intense agony. The young sol-

# THEY WORE GRAY.

to Naesau, ordered the helm to be alter- STORIES OF THE CONFEDERATES OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY.

and a Glee Club.

the civil war was

me by chance re-

at long range,



took some pris- tive: oners and gathknew that the country was very large

and consins enlisted in the Union army, "To give in detail every trip of the "This chase, which lasted 15 hours shook hands with them, saying, "See

follow were written by a member of

were organized by Colonel Robert W. "Orphan brigade." In the attack on the second day at Shiloh, when the southerners started on their memorable charge, the Kentuckians sounded their war song: "Cheer, boys, cheer! We will march away to battle." On that bloody field a father in the Union Fourth Kentucky and a son in the Confederate Fourth lay dead side by side, "This is the last trip I made on the evidently having killed each other. In a sketch of the Irish members of his company Fred Joyce of Company D tells this incident of Shiloh:

Hugh McVer, a real veteran of Waterloo, was over 70 years of age, but was always in trim and ready for battle. I have often heard him crooning songs of other days, and genera ly concerning Waterloo. His bair and close cropped beard were snowy white. At the batbadly fed and clothed and of course the of Shiloh Uncle Hugh was in his ele-

> The first day he was struck with a bullet and could have easily gone to the rear, but he refused to go. On the second day, while a spund solid shot ricochetted and struck about five feet above our heads. A fragment of rock or wood struck him in the temple and produced quite a painful wound, from which the blood ran freely down over and through his white beard. His captain and comrades urged him to go to the rear, as this wound, added to his injuries of the day before, and his old age had almost rendered him helpiess, but he set his head steadfastly against it and swore he intended to "die on the field." In a few minutes we were marched, in fouble quick, to a new pest tion, where the enemy got us in short range of their muskets. Uncle Hugh went briskly to work, leading and firing and excouraging these near him. In this deathly place he was instantly killed. Our loss was very heavy, but no truer or braver spirit was released that day than Hugh Mc Vey's

> Another character of Company D described by Joyce was known as the "Si-

> In the year 1862 we "swapped" Crit Ireland, one of our men, for two of his. Our man wanted to join Crit's horse company, and he had two mer who wanted to go into "webfoot." One of the men we received in exchange was Frank C. of Owen county-only 18 or 10 rears of age, 6 feet 3 mehes high, angular, breast sunk in, smooth faced, eyes inclined to be sore prett- much all the time and hair the color of a carrot. He chewed tobacco, but did not drink. He was possessed of that emineut and rare virtue known as silence to a degree I have never seen equaled. He had an occasional outburst of words, and generally in the shut your mouth and tend to your own business style, for you know a boy of his appearance attracted and continually tempted the wit flends of Company D.

But I saw the man to him very soon after we got him, and no soldier will ever forget him that has passed through the fire with him. Bless you, Frank, wherever you are! You let your enfield rifle do your talking, and, while others would be banging away, you would take deliberate aim and fire and load as coolly as if von were shooting squirrels. At the battle of Chickamauga, Frank never fired his gun because he could not see the enemy, declaring that he would not waste his ammunition on

I have not the slightest doubt that Frank was a real "mother's boy" at home, driving up he cows, helping to milk and nursing the baby, but, I tell you, in a fight he was every inch a man, and a very tall one as that. There and, as he and I fancied each other very much. we were pretty close together. He could not sing funny songs and winstle like the other boys, but of all the music nature ever heard the sound of his rifle was the sweetest. His "The most to be regretted act of my jacket sleeves struck him between the wrist and the elbow, and his haversnek dien't reach half way to his hip, but his tall form and his beaming eyes were always in the line when his

> The reader should keep in mind the as the morthern boys did in Pennsyl-

> and carried to the Widow Reed's house, at young man from the Ninth Kentneky, who come to our bed he would take her hand and

hold it and caress it and call her mother, telling her that she reminded him so much of his own loved mother in Kentucky. This blessed nother would kneel down on the mattress over him and do all her poor, broken heart could to soothe him in his excruciating suffering and

had two boys in that same battle, from whom Thomas E. Taylor's Thrilling Narrative of after sail, and a ding dong race of the the Cruises of the Notorious Banshee most exciting nature, right in the Stirring and Pathetic Incident Told by a this poor boy had kissed her wrinkled hands Survivor - Odd Characters, Camp Pets and addressed her as mother, "I am only doing for you, my son, what I hope some other mother is doing for my boys, if they need it,

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E SAY now that

E SAY now that awful night was passed in silence in that chamber of death. When morning came, I a war between awoke to find Mrs. Reed kneeling over a corpse brethren, but at my side. The gentle young Kentucky solthere was a time dier boy had given his all for the land he loved, and, though his own mother was not there to when the most of kiss his cheek and sob out her heart over his us didn't view form, the Reed boy's mother dropped her tears the subject in unconscious as I was, the scene was impressed upon me so I will never forget it, Graves nearlight. The truth by gone, Helm and this bright lad already at rest, and only I of the occupants left. The mother had not remained long after I awoke until she started at some sound familiar mark on the bat-tlefield. We had had her in their arms. Her boys had come back

> met the enemy safe. The unique feature of the bivouacs of these Kentuckians campaigning "far, come face to face | far from home" was the glee club of with individuals | the "Orphan brigade." Nine of the 11 who were the artists in the band belonged to the about his footgear appeared recently he gray. Finally we Fourth Kentucky. Says Joyce's narra- has been so pestered with funny remarks

> > When one is far away and alone in the When one is far away as only a step in solemn hours of night, it is only a step in Home." So imagination to hear "Sounds From Home. now can I hear the old giee club of the First Kentucky brigade. Again, from the hills of Tennessee and Georgia and the pines of the Mississippi and South Carolina come the wel-come strains of "Neapolitan," "Of: In the Stilly Night," etc.

> > All along the campaigns our club was ready to sing and play, but our real, unalloyed pleasure commenced when, weary and worn and scarred and discolored by the soil of the intrenchments and four months' incessant fighting, the joyful news came that we were to be



The Fourth Kentucky Confederates mounted. What glad shouts went up from rank and file! What happy notes went from throat and fiddle and flute and horn! The gies club sang and played from Barnesville, Ga., to Dorn's gold mine, in South Carolina. We met with cordial receptions everywhere. The soldiers vied with each other in pointing out fine looking houses in our vicinity. Even our general would often ask us: "Boys, ain't you going out tonight? I saw a splendid looking house over there," indicating the direction by a motion of the arm. A citizen was heard to say to him one day, "General, I wish you would send them singin boys over to my house tonight.' The general sent us and went along with his

These Kentuckians had camp pets which shared their fortunes and their dangers. A Company H soldier made a pet of a young dog that followed him into the battle of Shiloh and remained at North Platte, Net., on August 17th, 1897, viz. by him, close to a battery in action, until he was killed. A dog named Frank, which belonged to Company B, was a favorite with the whole regiment, and although he was many times wounded served until near the close of the Atlanta campaign, when the soldier of us were sitting under a very large tree, a dog, like many a noble soldier boy, passed into history, "fate unknown."

At the battle of Resuca the "Orphans" fought behind breastworks near an abandoned farmhouse. A kitten strayed between the lines when shot and shell and bullets were flying like hail, but one of the brave Kentuckians sprang over the works, caught the kitten and bore it safely inside. It became a pet of the battery attached to the brigade, and on the march was to be seen perched on the caisson or across the shoulder of an artilleryman.

When Atlanta fell, the Kentucky remnant was mounted to re-enforce Wheeler's cavalry in opposing Sherman's march to the sea. The men lived on rice and fed their horses rice straw, Cross country scouts and "rail pen" battles daily and almost hourly furnished plenty of excitement and equal hardship until one day in April, 1865, word passed along the line of the "Orphans" engaged in a skirmish that Lee had surrendered and shooting must be stopped. They notified their formen, shook hands and laid down their arms forever-defeated, ruined, ostracized "Orphans," GEORGE L. KILMER.

# A Cruel Reflection.

An old country gentleman belonging to Lancashire, returning home rather late, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a cousting.

"Come a-what?" cried the irate gen-

"A-courting, sir. I'ze courting on August Wh. 1897, at 1 p. m. JAMES M. BAY, County Judge "It's a lie!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What do you want a lantern

for? I never used one when I was a "No, sir," was the yokel's reply; "I don't think you did, judging by the missis,"-London Tit-Bits.

Anent the Vampire, "I wonder," said the landlady, "just what Mr. Kipling meant by 'a rag, a bone and a hank of hair?" "

"It sounds to me," said Asbury Peppers, "as if he were attempting the description of a plate of hash."-Cincinnati The Bunaway.

She softly stole up to his side. Her footsteps made no sound. He stood as if he'd been entranced And never looked around. And so she caught him by the hand

And swiftly yanked him hence, And played a tattoo on him with A piece of picket fence.

—Cleveland Leader

Caught. "Oh, say, Proudly, I was very sorry to hear that you had lost all your money.' "Lost all my money!" snorted Proudly, and he produced a roll that filled his fist. "Let me take twenty till tomorrow, old man."-Detroit Free Press.

Another Injustice "Where's yer brother got to lately man down.

Pick Me Up.

Inquest on a Small Dead Dog.

An inquest was held recently before Judge Stiner in New York to determine the cause of the death of Cliquot, a blue and tan terrier which perished under suspicions circumstances on Feb. 7 at the age of 4 mouths. The preceeding took the form of a suit for \$99 damages, brought by Burton Harley, Cliquot's owner, against Samuel K. Johnson, the proprietor of the New York Veterinary bospital.

Mr. Harley, who was once a minstrel, but now raises dogs, said that Cliquot's appetite fell off in February and an eruption broke out on him. He took him to the hospital, where Dr. Rosenkranz gave him a prescription containing arsenic, opium and two ounces of nux vomion. He was directed to give the pup three spoonfuls a day of the mixture. The druggist advised him to give only half a dose. He administered half a speenful. Cliquot was seized with tremors, and in one minute was dead. Harley thinks the medicine did it. The defense contended that distemper caused death. - New York Herald.

Cannot Drive Him From Mushrooms Representative Updegraff of Iowa no longer wears boots. Since the paragraph that in self defense he has taken to wearing shoes. But nothing could drive Mr. Updegraff to relinquishing his devotion to the mushroom. Out in Iowa he is known as "Toadstool Tom." He knows every variety of musbroom from the plain black and white variety to the gorgeous orange colored beauty that springs up in a night in the dark, dank woods. As for distinguishing between the edible mushroom and the poisonous toadstool, which is so difficult to most ference with his eyes shut. - Exchange.

Into Futurity. Tis an era of achievement. We have had the

In spite of all the doubt and the derision that were shown The genius of progression plodded on without dismay

And mechanics, linked with lightning, took control and came to stay.

the power of steam made the locomotive more substantial And who shall say what mighty things may not be swept in reach When the member from Hawaii takes the floor to make a speech?

the lifting of a kettle lid that showed

There are problems which we've handled apto date with seant success. If the new state does no more with them, it scarcely can do less. Tis said a distant view oft makes relation-

ships more clear Than a microscopic study through a glass that's held too near. Perhaps these myst ries of "hard times" clouds will clear away When the man from Honolulu takes

New hope, at all events, will hang on what he has to teach When the member from Hawaii takes the floor

to make a speech.

### Legal Notices.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, Land Office at North Platte, Neb., } Notice is hereby given that the following name: settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Beceiver WILLIAM W. JOLLIFF. who made Homostead Entry No. 15389 for the northwest quarter of section 32, in township 11

north, range 51 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his confinuous residence upor and cultivation of said land, viz: Martin H. Me-Dermott, John McConnel, George Miller and Cecil Tuell, all of Somerset, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

July 13th, 1897. final proof in support of his claim, and that said

proof will be made before Register and Receive at North Platte, Neb., on August 21st, 1897, viz: CHARLES A. LOKER, west half of the northwest quarter and northeast quarter of the northwest quarter and northwest ship 14 north, range 31 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Ahlborn, Leonard Laubner, Charles W. Keys and August Murphy, all of Sutherland, Neb. 61-6

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF LINCOLN COUN-

To Peter B. Wykoff, John Dillon, James M. Ham,

12th day of July, 1897, the Suburban Irrigation District of Lincoln county, Nebraska, plaintiff. fied its petition against you in the County Court of Lincoln county. Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are that the Juoge of said court shall appoint five appraisers, disinterested free-holders of said county, to ascertain the compensa-tion to be paid by the plaintiff to said defendants for a right of way for a lateral canal across the following lands of said defendants, to-wit: The northeast quarter of the southwest quarter, the west half of the southeast quarter of section 3, and lots I and 2 of section 16, township 13, range 30) west of 6th P. M., in Lincoln county, Nebraska. Said petition will be heard in said court on the 13th day of Angust, 1897, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at which time you and each of you are required to show cause, if any there be why the prayer of said petition should not be

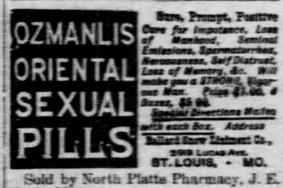
Duted North Platte, Nebraska, July 12th, 1897. SUBURBAN IRRIGATION DISTRICT. By T. C. PATTERSON, Its Attorney.

PROBATE NOTICE. istruments purporting to be last wills if Charles J. Johnson, one dated August 21, 1894, and the other dated August 22, 1884, in each of day sled for protote. The same are set for hearing in county court of Lincoln county, Nebraska,



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Northwest Corner Court-house Square



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and competent attendants will supply all your wants. Sold by North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. KEITH'S BLOCK, OPPOSITE A'HE UNION PACIFIC DEPOT