

HE PLAYED BARBER.

SHAVED A DEAD MOONSHINER, AND THERE WAS NO "NEXT."

The Job Tendered, With Some Emphasis, by Friends of the Deceased—The Traveling Man Accepted, but Now Settles Over Another Route.

"It was in Tennessee," said the traveling man, "it happened, on one of those back country roads which I was traveling on my way to a town where I had a fine list of customers. The night was closing in, and I was wondering how long it would take me to reach a place where I could spend the night. I knew that I was among the moonshiners, for the jug on a stump with the money under it was in evidence along the road. I had no thought of being molested in that country, where the only warfare is against the revenue officers, and no one would have suspected me of complicity with the government.

"A slight noise startled my horse, and I leaned out of the buggy to look into the chamber of a revolver. At the same time I saw two figures, one on each side of me, and, checking my horse, I tried to assume a bravado. I was far from feeling as I asked:

"Well, gentlemen, what is your will with me?"

"You can imagine my surprise when a boyish voice asked:

"Kin you shave yourself?"

"I answered that I always shaved myself. Without lowering his revolver he looked across me to his pal on the other side.

"He uns will do, Jim. Hop in an I'll lead the horse."

"Having made up my mind not to be dragged off in any such ignominious manner, I said:

"If you are going to shoot me, I suppose I must give up my life, as I am unarmed. If it is money you want, I—"

"Tell him, Jim," said the one who was leading my horse.

"You won't be killed nor robbed nor nothin', if yer don't try to give us the slip. Show your month now, mister, an you'll know more right soon."

"We must have gone a mile before we came to a turn in the road that brought me out in front of a cabin much larger than any I had seen that day in my travel. A woman stood at the door crying.

"Hev yer foun somebody, boys?" she asked anxiously.

"Yep, morn, an he'll do the job up slick 'bout askin much pay."

"I wondered if I was to be compelled to murder some one. The boys were headless mountain leavers—I had met their type often, but I never knew them to be desperadoes.

"I was shown into the cabin by the woman, one of the boys following with the revolver, while the other waited to fasten the horse to a scrub oak. I saw a figure stretched on a settle, and the idea flashed into my mind that I was mistaken for a doctor.

"I am not a medical man, I began to explain, when the woman cut me short.

"You uns 'nd a been terv iste of you uns was a doctor. He passed outen afore daylight, an it's better kind of job we wanter her done. Yer see, we uns is a goin tew bet the biggest fan' rel evah was in these yearh pahs, an we wanter hev the ole man shaved fob the first time, an thers ain't a man no-where aroun as shaves hisself, or cun-ny-body else."

"The revulsion of feeling which came over me was not altogether pleasurable, for I did not fancy the idea of playing barber to a dead man, but when I looked at the cadaverous countenance and tangled gray beard of the deceased I felt a sort of professional pride in unking him look more like a mortal being and less like a wolf. I had always been an abstainer from strong drink, but I filled up on crude spirits that would have killed me on an ordinary occasion and tackled my silent customer with a feverish and hysterical sincerity. This was in part due to the close proximity of the two boys and their revolvers. But as soon as I had the old mountaineer shaved the revolvers were laid aside and I was treated with the utmost hospitality. The work itself had not been half as gruesome as I had imagined, and I had to fight a ludicrous temptation to pour barter talk into the deaf ears. He was such an improvement over himself when alive—as I judged by the family lingo—that I wanted to ask him to look in a mirror. I declined the fee tendered me by the boy Jim, and, supplied with a jug of moonshine whisky, I was set in the right road and permitted to leave.

"I found it true that in all that community not a man had ever been shaved, and it was only in deference to a whim of the old mountaineer, expressed on his deathbed, that he was made such a curious exception. I did not mention my part in the transaction until I was far beyond that county line, for I was not sure that, a precedent being set, they might not again demand my services, and another salesman has that route."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Old Leprosy Laws.

In the earliest code of British laws now extant—namely, that of Hoel Dha, a famous king of Cambria (the present Wales), who died about the year 930 A. D.—we find a canon enacting in plain and unmistakable terms that any married woman whose husband was afflicted with leprosy was entitled not only to separation, but also to the restitution of her goods.

Queen Victoria Abandons the Postilion.

Queen Victoria now announces her intention to abandon the practice of postilion driving altogether, a picturesque custom which will be regretted greatly. She is becoming more and more nervous with increasing age, and save on ceremonial occasions of late has insisted on her carriage being drawn by a pair of horses driven from the box by her coachman, Harvey, who now, for the first time, has a footman seated by his side. The queen is of the opinion that the carriage is under better control when driven from a box. Besides it is far easier for her majesty to communicate her orders to him than to the postilions, who can be reached only by passing one of the equestrians cowering beside her carriage wheel to gallop forward with the reins. This, of course, entails loss of time, which sometimes is inconvenient and occasionally is even dangerous.—Chicago Record.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS

Interesting Topics That Engross the Attention of Europe.

So sensational have been the accounts published by the Parisian press concerning the Turin-Orleans duel that the 11 and 12-year-old sons of two socially prominent Parisians were moved thereby to do a little dueling on their own account. Having secured possession of a couple of dueling rapiers, owned by the father of one of them, they fell to fighting one another with quite as much vigor as the two princes, although they had no quarrel and were solely possessed by a desire to win fame and notoriety in the same manner as their seniors. The conflict terminated far more seriously than the ridiculous Turin-Orleans duel, for, whereas Prince Henri has already entirely recovered from his slight wound, one of the boys was run through the shoulder, while his own rapier pierced his adversary's eye, destroying its sight and narrowly avoiding penetration of the brain.

The Danube, like the Thames in England and the Hudson here in New York, is to have a tunnel beneath it. The Hungarian government has just completed the necessary arrangements for the construction without delay of a subway beneath the river at Budapest on the same principle as that of the new Blackwall tunnel under the Thames in London. There is to be a footpath for passengers and an electric railroad. The upper way will be reserved exclusively for vehicular traffic, and ventilation is to be provided by electricity.

Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal secretary of state, is now on his way back to Pretoria, his mission to Europe, avowedly undertaken with the object of securing the support of the continental powers in the efforts of the Boers to rid themselves of the suzerainty of Great Britain, having been a failure all along the line. Financial considerations are all important at Paris, and to this must be attributed the fact that the doctor met with so little encouragement from the French government. The economic interests of France are almost identical with those of England in the Transvaal, where both nations suffer from the treatment accorded by the Boers to foreigners. In Germany and at St. Petersburg Dr. Leyds was received with plenty of pleasant speeches, but could get no assurances of support that were of any practical value. Accordingly he betook himself to London, where, after some preliminaries, he became the honored guest of Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, and he has now returned to the Transvaal a sadder and a wiser man.

Enthusiasts of Wagnerian music will be interested to learn that a Richard Wagner museum has just been opened at Eisenach. Among the treasures contained therein are the original manuscript score of "Brienz" and of other of the great composer's operas, as well as the degree of arrest issued against him by the Saxon government as a "politically dangerous individual" and a "revolutionist" in 1849, when he was conductor of one of the leading orchestras at Dresden.

To what an extent the so-called Count Leontieff, who served as Prince Henri's second in the Turin-Orleans duel the other day, is looked upon as an adventurer by the czar's government is shown by the fact that in spite of the services which he has undeniably rendered to the Muscovite cause in Abyssinia it is not he, but Colonel Vlassoff, now consul general at Meshed, in Persia, who has just been gazetted as Russian minister to the court of the Negus. The colonel is to take up his place there in October.

Not only the municipality of Berlin, but also the faculty of the university of the metropolis has from time immemorial displayed a tendency to resent the disposition to despotism and arbitrariness which is so characteristic of the reigning house of Prussia. It is therefore in keeping with its traditions that the Berlin university has just elected as its rector for the coming academic year Professor Schmoller, who has recently incurred the wrath of Emperor William by the socialistic leanings which he displayed in his lectures while occupying the chair of political economy.

It is not often that the principal law officer of a government, while acknowledging the existence of a statute, publicly and officially declares in parliament that he does not propose to take any steps to enforce it. Yet this is precisely what the attorney general of England has done. In response to a question evoked by the increasing number of Roman Catholic ecclesiastical proceedings through public streets and thoroughfares he admitted that they were expressly forbidden by law, but added that he had just as little intention of taking any steps to enforce the statute as he had of enforcing the act of 1851 against the assumption of the names of English cities, towns and places as titles for Roman Catholic bishops.

When parliament meets again in England, attention is to be drawn to the unprecedented manner in which private telegrams have been seized and made public during the recent South African investigation at Westminster. There was so much protest raised in parliament years ago when Mazzini's correspondence was opened and examined by the authorities that it seems strange that so many weeks should have been allowed to elapse before anything was heard about the violation by the government of private telegraphic correspondence. In England the telegraphs belong to the state and are under the control of the postoffice, which is just as much bound to observe the sanctity of correspondence by wire intrusted to its charge for transmission as correspondence by letter.—New York Tribune.

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THE NEWSBOY'S DREAM.

It Was His Idea of What Would Be Absolutely Ideal Conditions.

The American newsboy can almost be said to have created a genus for himself. If he has any, he has certainly created it, for of all the inhabitants of this planet there is none who is so absolutely independent, so thoroughly confident of his own exertions. He has a self-importance, derived from his ability to support or partially support himself, which places him high above the rank of the ordinary gamin, and he generally possesses what is far more important in any community—ready money. He is the capitalist of our junior civilization, the Count Esterhazy of newsboys' alley. He can play craps for money when other boys are constrained to pursue this delectable amusement with only the studying of more intellectual pleasure of studying the fluctuations of fortune, or, at most, hazardous cigarette pictures.

He may swear a little more than is necessary, but in general is not half bad. His train of thought is usually healthy and vigorous and has a robustness born of the outer air in which he spends so much of his time. Physically he is agile and almost tireless. While apparently reckless in most things, he is on the whole, careful of his health—he is scarcely ever known to smoke a whole cigarette at a time. His intellect is as keen as a razor. He keeps it continually honed on the strap of experience. Everything carries for him a lesson. From the sale of the largest Sunday paper to that of the most unpretentious weekly there is nothing he does not profit by.

He is a born statistic, a self-educated strategist. He has the nice art of going far enough and yet never overstepping himself. On the eve of such an occasion he will vociferate: "All about the election," but don't ever expect of him until you buy the paper. Pleasure and other things occupy a fair proportion of his time, but with him the distribution of news is always uppermost. It even permeates his sleeping hours. One of them was heard to remark between sales to another a day or so ago: "Say, Jim, I had de finest dream I ever had last night."

"Was it about angels?" inquired Jim. "Naw," was the contemptuous response. "I dreamt dat der was a awful smashup, six fires, four double murders an tree suicides, all in one day."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE FAMOUS GIN LAW.

How It Was Received and Evaded by the English Public.

This famous "gin law," passed in 1756, is interesting as the earliest severe blow at liquor dealing among civilized nations. It levied a tax of 20s. a gallon on spirits, and a license of £50 for any one selling or dealing in them. And, being in advance of public opinion, it failed, much as other more stringent prohibitions have failed in our own day. For the cry was at once raised that it taxed the poor man's gin and let the rich man's wine go free. Every wit, every caricaturist, had his fling at it. Ballads were hawked around telling of the approaching death of Mother Gin. The liquor shops were hung with black and celebrated appropriately Mme. Geneva's lying in state, her funeral, her wake and so on. The night before the law went into effect, so the contemporary journals say, there was a universal revel all over the country. Every one drank his fill and carried home as much gin as he could get for the night.

To evade the law apothecaries sold it in vials and small packages, sometimes colored and disguised, generally under false labels, such as "Coffin Water," "Make Shift," "Ladies' Delight." There were printed directions on some of these packages—e. g., "Take two or three spoonfuls three or four times a day, or as often as the fit takes you." Informers were very prominent and exceedingly offensive, inventing snares to catch lawbreakers for the sake of the heavy rewards, and springing and sneaking around in a way particularly distasteful to the English mind. In consequence they suffered in their turn. The note cry, "Liquor law!" was enough to raise a mob in the London streets, and the informer was lucky if he escaped with a sound thumping and a ducking in the Thames or the nearest pond. Indeed, such an outcry was made about the matter that the ministry became very unpopular, and the law was not enforced after two or three years, and was largely modified in 1743, after seven years' trial.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Curious and Rare Book.

The most curious as well as one of the rarest books known to collectors is the edition of the Valgate issued by Pope Sixtus V. some time between 1585 and 1590. The book, as Distich describes it, "fairly swarmed with errata." So numerous were they that a number of printed paper slips containing the proper words were pasted over the blunders, and this device proving ineffectual on account of the immense number of mistakes, as many of the copies as could be found were called in and destroyed. Only a few remain, and the book with its paper patches commands an extremely high price.

Chalk.

All chalk is composed of fossils. If you take the tiniest bit and place it under a powerful microscope, you will see an infinite number of extremely diminutive shells, and no spectacle on a large scale is more beautiful than the varied forms of these tiny homes of animal life, which are disclosed by powerful glasses.

When Princes Are Sacked.

When a young prince of Japan wishes to learn the mysteries of chiropography, young maidens bring paper, others make the ink and prepare the paint brush. The master expresses admiration by gesture and face, for no words must be spoken by him to the prince, his mouth even being bandaged that his breath may not blow upon the face of the prince. The teacher must move about in the quietest manner and give commendation only.

How Dead Soldiers Look.

MISS-MISS SPARED.

HE CAPTURED THE GRIZZLY JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME.

How the Hudson Bay Tribes Dispose of the Old and Indigent Members—That Old Warrior Sought Another Death and Got a New Lease in Life.

"There is not one beast that the Indians are really afraid of," said Egerton Young, the Baptist minister who recently returned from a long sojourn among the Hudson bay tribes, where he was the pioneer missionary. "That is the grizzly bear, the tiger of North America. Only once have I heard of a grizzly being captured alive, and in that case the feat saved the life of a famous old warrior.

"Among many of the Hudson bay tribes it is the custom for the alcoholized to put to death the old men and women who are no longer able to do their share of the work. The old women are simply knocked on the head without ceremony. The process of getting rid of an old man is more elaborate. The Indians do not think it well to stain their hands with the blood of one who was once a warrior. So they delegate the task to their hereditary enemies, the wolves, to which they render all assistance in their power.

"When it has been decided at a solemn powwow that any particular old man is to die, instructions are given to a number of young men to take measures to get rid of him immediately. Among the executioners are always the sons of the condemned man. The day after sentence has been passed those executioners crawl on the veteran, attack him with staves and spears and drive him into the wilderness. There they leave him to his fate. A few days later they return and collect a few well gnawed bones, which they bring back with fitting ceremonies.

"Among all the warriors belonging to a tribe with which I made a long sojourn, none had a more glorious record than Miss-Miss. But Miss-Miss was getting old. His eyes were dim, his hands were slow, and rarely did he bring home a fat buck. Furthermore, food was scarce, and Miss-Miss retained an excellent appetite. One morning Miss-Miss got orders to be prepared to receive the next day a delegation of young braves led by his two stalwart sons.

"But Miss-Miss, though he had assisted in many such expeditions in his day, had not yet come to consider himself old and useless. He was very angry. Just as Miss-Miss had done reviling the ingratitude of the young a bear rushed in to say that a huge grizzly was feeding a short distance from the camp. Here was the veteran's chance. All the braves were away at the hunt. Children and squaws and Miss-Miss were the sole occupants of the camp. He knew that to face a grizzly single handed was certain death, but it was the death of a man. So Miss-Miss armed himself with his spear and tomahawk and went forth to seek the bear.

"He had not far to go. Within a few hundred yards of the camp he espied the largest and heaviest bear he had seen for years, making a scanty meal of dried roots. Crawling up as close as he could, he hurled his spear. The weapon struck the bear in the flank. As he had calculated, the wound had no further effect than to infuriate the brute and turn its attention upon him. Miss-Miss took his stand with his back to a tree, grasped his little tomahawk firmly and awaited death.

"Now, had it been an ordinary little black bear the peril of Miss-Miss would have been small. A black bear would have risen on its hind legs when it came to close quarters, and leaving its chest quite unprotected, tried to insert its paws between the man and the tree in order to hug him to death. All Miss-Miss would have had to do would have been to wait until it came within arm's length and plunge his hunting knife into its chest. One thrust would have been sufficient. But a grizzly is different. It strikes with its mighty claws. Miss-Miss awaited the onset. When the bear came to close quarters, it rose on its hind legs and made a mighty, sweeping blow at his body. Setting his teeth, Miss-Miss struck at its head with his tomahawk. The weapon was dashed from his grasp and he was hurled to the ground, but much to his surprise, unharmed. Instead of the sharp claws in his side he had felt a mighty buffet as if from a huge boxing glove. Miss-Miss scrambled to his feet. The next glance explained matters. Like himself, the bear was a veteran. It had lost its claws long since. Miss-Miss dodged round and round his tree and from one tree to another. The bear, whose sight was dim with age, aimed blow after blow, with no other effect than that of bruising its paws against the trunks.

The fight went on, and Miss-Miss' strength was giving way, when through an opening in the forest he espied the blaze of a campfire at hand. The bear saw it, too, and with a grunt of disgust and disappointment turned round and trotted back into the depths of the forest to resume its meal.

"Miss-Miss hastened back to the camp and called the eldest of the boys together. 'Take your lassoes,' he cried, 'and we will capture a grizzly alive.' So out they went. When the party arrived within range, Miss-Miss whistled. The bear raised its head and the boys cast their lassoes. One noose fell over the brute's neck.

"When the braves returned in the evening prepared to chase Miss-Miss into the wilderness, they found a huge, roaring grizzly tethered in the middle of the camp. No one of the tribe ever had done such a deed. They concluded the Great Spirit had willed that Miss-Miss should live, and Miss-Miss is alive today and in high honor with the tribe."—New York Sun.

Signs of Falltime.

Griffin close ter falltime—know it by the way The wind comes over the mountains at the breakin' o' the day. An the treethin' in my flutes is a most sadful in sign That they're tunin up the fiddle for the boys ter fall in line.

Griffin close ter falltime—know it by the way The smoke is curlin' up in the mornin's cool an' gray. You kin hear a whip-crackin' creak a clover field or two, An you think o' ridin by moonlight with a sweetest slow ter you.

Griffin close ter falltime. Let it come along! Springin' in a roop, an mornin's sweet with song. Every season's good enough, but give me frost an' fall. An balance ter yer partners an kin'er sweet, bear's all!

—Atlanta Constitution.

CURIOS INSECT.

A Butterfly That Enjoys Only Five Hours of Life.

It is in August that the naturalists observe the marvelous insect which is born, reproduces and dies in the period of a single night, on the banks of the Marne, of the Seine, and of the Rhine. It is the ephemere of which Strimmerdam has written and which is spoken of in Aristotle.

The life of this insect does not last beyond four or five hours. It dies toward 11 o'clock in the evening, after having taken the form of a butterfly about six hours after midday. It is true, however, that before taking this form it has lived three years in that of a worm, which keeps always near the border of water in the holes which it makes in the mud.

The change of this worm into the water to an ephemere which dies in so sudden that one has not the time to see it. If one takes the worm in the water, the hand cannot be taken away before the change is made unless by pressing the worm slightly in the region of the chest. By this means it can be taken from the water before the change takes place.

The ephemere, after leaving the water, seeks a place where it can divest itself of a fine membrane or veil, which entirely covers it. This second change takes place in the air. The ephemere assists itself with the point of its little nails as firmly as it can. It makes a movement similar to that of a shiver, then the skin on the middle of the back breaks apart, the wings slip out of their sheaths, as we sometimes take off our gloves by turning them inside out. After this stripping the ephemere begins to fly. Sometimes it holds itself straight up on the surface of the water on the end of its tail, flapping its wings one against the other. It takes no nourishment in the five or six hours which are the limit of its life. It seems to have been formed but to multiply, for it does not leave its state of a worm until it is ready to deposit its eggs, and it dies as soon as they are deposited.

In three days' time one sees appear and die all species of ephemeres. They last sometimes until the fifth day, for the reason that some prevailt has affected some of them and prevents them from changing at the same time as the others.—Exchange.

Gold and Silver Gospels.

"The Gold and Silver Gospels" is the name of a very peculiar book now preserved in the Upsala library in Sweden. It is printed with metal type, on violet colored vellum, the letters being silver and the initials gold. When it was printed, by whom or what were the methods employed, are questions which have great interest for the curious, but have never been answered.

Maid and Widow.

By the old Saxon law a maiden and a widow were of different value. The latter could be bought for one-half the sum which the guardian of the maid was entitled to demand. A man, therefore, who could not afford to buy a maiden might, perhaps, be able to purchase a widow.

The herd of European bisons protected by the czars of Russia in the forest of Bjelewick, Lithuania, numbered 1,900 in 1896, but is now reduced to 500 and shows no sign of increase. The dwindling of the herd is ascribed to inbreeding, due to the confined area of the reservation.

Eczema All Her Life.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithuania, Ga., says that his daughter, who inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve. Year by year she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition grew steadily worse. All the so-called blood remedies did not seem to reach the disease at all until S.S.S. was given, when an improvement was at once noticed. The medicine was continued with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is perfectly clear and pure and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.

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