

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. One Year, cash in advance, \$1.25...

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Judge of the Supreme Court. A. M. POST. For University Regents. C. V. KALEY, J. N. DRYDEN.

MEETING OF CENTRAL COMMITTEE. The members of the Republican County Central Committee are requested to meet in North Platte...

THE populist farmers of Lincoln county who last year so strenuously denied that supply and demand cut any figure in the price of wheat...

MEN intimately acquainted with M. H. Holcomb question his qualifications for the position of county treasurer and it was from such source that we learned of his lack of clerical ability...

WITH but one exception, not a republican has announced himself as a candidate for county office, and this, too, in a year when republican success is brighter than it has been for six years past...

THE Keliher-Holcomb-Haultman-Buchanan political trust froze out the other candidates in the populist convention as easily as the Standard Oil Co. freezes out the less important oil producers...

THE McKinley calamity which the silver shriekers and free-trade mongers were predicting seems to have come—the latest report of the comptroller of the currency shows the individual deposits in the national banks to be only \$1,770,480,563...

JUDGE NEVILLE, who was nominated for supreme judge by the populist state convention and then thrown over the transom to further the democratic scheme, takes his medicine as though he had always been accustomed to a diet of crow...

WITHOUT waiting to learn who the republicans will nominate for sheriff, Tim Keliher acknowledges that he has on hands the fight of his life. It is surmised that in this campaign Mr. Keliher will be perfectly willing to barter the remainder of the populist ticket if by so doing he can save himself...

It is learned that a number of leading democrats of the city and county have received letters from the state fusion headquarters intimating that they must withdraw the democratic ticket in this county or else make some arrangement for a fusion with the populists of the county...

Senator Foraker speaks confidently of the probabilities of the success of the republican party in Ohio this fall. The Senator says the situation has changed wonderfully within the last few months, and that while there was some doubt before congress adjourned of a big republican victory, there is none now...

HOT WORDS OF WAR.

STIRRING SENTENCES SPOKEN IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE.

Cesar's Epigrammatic Bullets—Napoleon's Pithy Sayings—Laconic Demands For Surrender—Putnam's Postscript-American Phrases That Will Live.

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ESAR'S famous epigrams, "Veni, vidi, vici," was not spoken to aggrandize the greatness of the Roman arms, but to signify the dispatch with which the great conqueror overthrew the army and kingdom of Pontus at the battle of Zela...

Perry's celebrated dispatch to General Harrison announcing his victory on Lake Erie was equally brief and pointed. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," Turenne accounted for the brevity of his dispatch announcing the defeat of the Spaniards at Dunkirk...

Napoleon set the fashion of laconic terms, and one of his generals demanded the surrender of Saragossa in a note of four words. He wrote: "Headquarters, Santa Euzrazia, Capitulation." The Spanish General Palafox, not to be outdone, answered: "Headquarters, Saragossa, War to the knife."

Foremost among dispatches with a business ring stands the telegram, "If any one attempts to land down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" sent by General John A. Dix on Jan. 29, 1861, to Lieutenant Caldwell in New Orleans...

Nelson's signal to the fleet at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," stands at the head of battle watchwords. "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry," has been placed in the mouths of many American generals of the old Continental stamp...

Wellington might not have said "Up, guards, and at them!" at Waterloo, as some say and others deny, but he was with the guards the very moment when they arose and dashed at the French, putting in that blow which most of all decided Waterloo...

Collected in the heat of battle were phrases that have done duty on many battlefields and will to the end of time. "I have not yet begun to fight," said Paul Jones to the captain of the Scorpion, who asked the Yankee viking if he had struck his colors...

War's pithiest sayings bear marks of the heat in which they were coined. If not the occasion, the man is stamped upon them. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," wrote Grant to the secretary of war...

THEIR QUEER WAY.

ACTORS AND SINGERS AND THEIR REMARKS ON THE CRITIC.

Callous Indifference or Ignorance the Commonest Refuge of the Artistic Nature. Several Cases Cited by the Innocent Reporter.

"There are many amusing things about the artistic temperament," said the innocent reporter, "but you have to know the disposition in order to tell how funny they really are. You must know enough not to believe them always and then through all your intercourse with the professionals there will flow an accompaniment of easy humor that gives acquaintance with those persons an added pleasure..."

"So long as they don't ignore me," she said, "I don't care what they write. Let them say anything so long as they say it, but it would be horrible to be left alone." "That was a very truthful statement of her own opinions and almost unparalleled in its frankness. Everybody knows that Mrs. Potter has never had very much to thank the newspaper for that was really pleasant, but she had plenty to be grateful for as long as she was willing they should print anything if it kept her in the public eye..."

"I have heard Mlle. Calve protest that she never saw any newspaper but the Paris Figaro, and declare that she really had not the slightest idea what New York papers were about her. She said this one day while waiting outside of Maurice Grau's office at the Metropolitan, and then turning suddenly to a reporter standing near her asked if he was the man that wrote she had signed a contract to give some concerts at \$2,000 a night when she was really to receive \$3,200. The man did not understand French, so Mlle. Calve's companion translated the question into English...

"With the actresses the case is very much the same. The celebrated foreigner, according to their own accounts, are quite unacquainted with anything that the American press may write about them. Agnes Starna said that she did not intend to read any of the criticisms of her work until she started home on the steamer. It didn't take a conversation of more than three minutes to show that she had a fairly accurate knowledge of everything that had been printed about her. It must have been some superior sort of clairvoyance that is possible only to the artistic temperament, for hadn't she said that none of them would be read until she had got on the steamer to go to Edinburgh? Sarah Bernhardt has them all translated to her and accompanies the performance with more or less emphatic reflections on the intelligence of the writers who do not agree with her own ideas of what she does. It is said that the atmosphere of the Hoffman House was heavily charged with bromine for several days after Mrs. Sarah had the New York accounts of her performance of 'Magda' read aloud to her in English. When the American actors read unfavorable accounts of themselves, they are always able to tell how they came to be written. There is always some specific cause for everything defensible. Either they ambushed the writer accidentally or said something disagreeable about him to one of his friends. There is never any explanation beyond their bold truthfulness for the flattering notices that appear.—New York Sun.

Effect of Diet Upon History. An eminent German scientist, referring to human history, asserts that we may trace the cause of many evils in the dietetic character of the people. The rejection of flesh would give a new direction to human culture and industry. Agriculture would be greatly developed. The numerous diseases now traceable to a flesh diet would disappear, and with them the manifold cruelties of the slaughter house. The expense of living would be greatly reduced, and thus the poorer classes would be elevated.

Blobbs—Poor Jards died hard. Blobbs—How so? Blobbs—He was frozen to death in the arctic regions.—Up to Date.

Big Difference. "What!" said the judge. "You expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flatirons at him and he only threw one at you?" "Yes; that's all right judge," said the irate Irish woman, "but then he one he threw hit me."—Harper's Bazar.

WEALTH OF ANCIENTS.

THE ENORMOUS SUMS THEY ACCUMULATED AND SPENT.

Patentees Who Disposed of Annual Income Reaching Into the Millions—Immense Works of Art and Skill Carried Out by These Rulers.

It would be polite fiction to assert that everybody who looks upon the great monuments of antiquity—the pyramids or the Coliseum, for example—thinks of the cost and wonders where the money came from. But when, by chance, a learned person suggests the inquiry only an idiot fails to be struck for a moment. It is so curious that while modern states, with all the accumulated wealth of the antique world at their back, and the treasures of Mexico, California, Australia, the Transvaal in addition, have to consider ways and means with anxious care before building a government office, the early monarchs raised palaces and temples by the hundred at will. The thoughtless have a ready explanation—slave labor did it all. But, in the first place, the slaves had to be procured somehow—by war or purchase—and either means was expensive. There is a reply to that objection equally facile—the war paid its own cost in loot. But this only leads us a step backward. The loot must have been enormous, and where did it come from? In the second place, those slaves had to be fed, and housed, and clothed, and the hard and fast sciences, together with a general indorsement of religion and good ethics, were sufficient factors in character building and all that the schools should supply. Music, literature and drawing, if they found any place in the curriculum, were merely practical to the requisites, nor was their more subtle and potent influence on the character and the higher development of the mind appreciated or perceived. Ornamental they might be, but they were not believed to be useful. Only a visionary sentimentality considered these arts as necessary to public education. Today art, in a broad sense, occupies a far higher place in the regard of every educator of note and of every man who is alive to the interests of well balanced and symmetrical education. In fact, the art influence in education is coming to be adequately appreciated, and art is no longer considered an incident in life, but rather the reality itself.

We are not attempting to detract from the nobility of labor. That education which founds industries, which adds to the comfort of mankind, which makes possible the cultivation of the arts, we must recognize, uphold and admire, but that education which tells us we are not altogether commercial machines; that to love something for its own beauty and not for its pecuniary worth is wise and good; that by loving harmony of sound we may come to love harmony of deeds; that tones which speak to us of others' sorrows, making us forget self, may be of more worth in the end than much positive science—such education we are beginning to revere and to see in it the most practical method of developing sweeter women and nobler men.—Philadelphia Times.

Tommy Atkins' Vanity. Curtis His Bangs and Fads His Chest, So This Writer Avers. "You'd hardly credit the vanity of some soldiers," said a sergeant major of the guards. "That perfect curl which you see on Tommy's forehead is more often than not the result of an hour's perspiration with his hair curl and a pair of curling tongs. Nearly all soldiers are deficient in this way. They use expensive hair oils and pomades—very often 'curlers,' the same as those used by women."

"When they have gilded and brushed and lathered and oiled, the curling tongs put the final 'shape' on. Any soldier who is a clever curl maker—and who cares to do so—can earn a few shillings extra weekly by putting his services at the disposal of these fastidious young men."

"Tommy is not quite so particular over his boots, but very nearly so. The fastidious soldier's dress coat does not have a pound for fresh luster, nor a colonial 2 shillings for a pair of shoes, but 'tens down' the leather with."

"Most Tommies warthly declare that chest padding is a fabrication, but I can assure you that it is done. Cavalrymen in many regiments are much more vain than women. Their mustaches are trained, many of them use face powder, and so perfect and beautiful do their tresses fit that they dare not sit down or bend the body without extreme caution. To add a charm to their walk the steel heels are taken care of by their spurs and 'sawd' spurs are inserted instead, the result of which is a lively musical jingle."

The following extract is from Haylock Ellis' look, "Man and Woman": "Again, until quite recent times it has been over and over again been emphatically stated by brain anatomists that the frontal region is relatively larger in men, the parietal in women. This conclusion is now beginning to be regarded as the reverse of the truth, but we have to recognize that it was inevitable. It was firmly believed that the frontal region is the seat of all the highest and most abstract intellectual processes, and if on examining a dozen or two brains an anatomist found himself landed in the conclusion that the frontal region is relatively larger in women, the probability is that he would feel that he had reached a conclusion that was absurd. It may indeed be said that it is only since it has become known that the frontal region of the brain is of greater relative extent in the female than in the male and has no special connection with the higher intellectual processes that it has become possible to recognize the fact that that region is relatively more extensive in women."

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man. Are you bilious, constipated, troubled with indigestion, sick-headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chill and fever &c. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act promptly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at North Platte Pharmacy, J. E. Bush, Mgr.

AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS—WORLD'S FAIR. GOLD MEDAL, MIDWINTER FAIR.

DR. PRICES' CREAM BAKING POWDER.

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD. WOMAN AND MUSIC.

The Two Are Bound Together In All Up to Date Education. If a few years ago music had been declared to be as necessary in education as in mathematics or physics, the statement would have been received with amazement, if not with derision. The early aim of common school education was the making of practical men and women, and by "practical" was meant a preparation for the ordinary bread-winning affairs of life. Not that the moral side of education was ignored, but it was believed that the three R's and the hard and fast sciences, together with a general indorsement of religion and good ethics, were sufficient factors in character building and all that the schools should supply. Music, literature and drawing, if they found any place in the curriculum, were merely practical to the requisites, nor was their more subtle and potent influence on the character and the higher development of the mind appreciated or perceived. Ornamental they might be, but they were not believed to be useful. Only a visionary sentimentality considered these arts as necessary to public education. Today art, in a broad sense, occupies a far higher place in the regard of every educator of note and of every man who is alive to the interests of well balanced and symmetrical education. In fact, the art influence in education is coming to be adequately appreciated, and art is no longer considered an incident in life, but rather the reality itself.

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THE CRATER OF RAINIER.

Experiences of a Night on the Summit of the Weirid Mountain.

Throwing off the life line, which had become almost an intolerable burden, I scaled the pile of bare rocks and gained the rim of the crater. The great bowl within was deeply filled with snow, but the black circle forming its rim could be distinctly traced. Descending the inner slope for about 100 feet, I found a place where steam was issuing from a scowled fingers. Soon my companions and I were taken to the edge of the many caverns that the heat of the rocks and of the escaping steam had melted in the lower portion of the snow and ice partially filling the crater. In these weird caverns one may descend far beyond the light of day. The white vapors drifting silently through the dimly lighted passages assume grotesque shapes and suggest to the imaginative visitor that spirits of the time when Pluto's reign was supreme there make their home.

By melting snow in our tin cups over the cracks from which steam was issuing we soon had water enough with which to prepare tea. In the absence of sugar and cream a little alcohol from the supply brought for fuel was added to each cup and proved a welcome stimulant. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we passed the night in the cavern of ice. There were no ledges broad enough to lie down on, and we were forced to stand or crouch against the hot rocks all night. The floor of our cavern sloped steeply and led down to an ugly opening of unknown depth toward the descending roof of ice and the rocks. To guard against accidents, the life line was stretched across the cavern and made fast to crags. This proved a wise precaution, as we were able during the night to walk up and down with the rope in our hands and avoid the stiffness and discomfort that came from remaining long in one position.—Israel C. Russell in Scribner's.

Size For Size. The company of one of the great houses, at the close of a London season, had arrived at Liverpool to embark for a continental tour. The musical instruments were being shipped with the rest, and among them was the double bass, or "big fiddle," as it is also called, not cased as usual, for this member of the string family will stand a little rough treatment. It soon attracted the attention of the jack tarts, three or four of whom settled round, scrutinizing it with keen interest. By the order of an officer they soon dispersed, but not long afterward another bluff seaman was discovered secretly watching it with wondering eyes. He was asked his reason for standing thus idle.

"Well, yer know," said Jack, "I'm just waiting for to see the length of the block's arm that can play that there fiddle."—Musical Anecdotes.

Nature's Rattleboxes. Near New Brunswick, N. J., says Minerals, are found hollow balls, or masses, of yellow iron ore which contain loose particles that rattle, when shaken, like the contents of a child's rattlebox. It is thought that when the concretions of ore were formed the central parts consisted principally of some material which afterward dissolved away, so that the interior space now contains only fragments of ore and sand. When these balls are broken, the fractured edges sometimes show beautiful bands of red and yellow.

The Good Out of It. Landlady—I believe in letting coffee boil for 20 minutes; that's the only way to get the goodness out of it. New Boarder (tasting his and leaving it)—You succeeded admirably, ma'am.—London Fun.

Milton's Wives and Daughters. Of Milton's three wives and his relations with them though has been written. It was a hard thing to be Milton's wife or Milton's daughter. He was stern, his imperious strength was purchased by a sublime and monotonous gloom, which is the name they give to selfishness in poets. Very child must have been the life of his girls in that Puritan house, reading to the unwrapped Puritan father from languages they did not understand and taking down from his lips poetry they understood still less. Milton found them undutiful. Poor little "undutiful" daughters! Fathers had terrible conceptions of duty in those days. Did any one ever want to know Milton? Did any one ever want to know Shakespeare? Doubtless there are readers of the Ex Libris Hall class who would have yearned for the gently company of the "great Christian poet." But, on the whole, how thankful one should be that Shakespeare was not a "Christian poet!"—Academy.

Matched. "Here are a few letters I wish you would mail for me, dear," said Mrs. Tespot to her husband, who was preparing to go out. As Mrs. Tespot took them he glanced at the stamps and asked: "My dear, why are you put 15 cent stamps on these letters? Two cent stamps would have carried them."

"I know it," replied Mrs. Tespot, "but how would a red stamp look on envelopes of that lovely violet shade? This new stationery is of an exquisite color, and I could not think of spoiling its effect with stamps which did not harmonize. These purple 15 cent stamps are the nearest match the postoffice keeps."—Harper's Bazar.

Nero and Big Noses. Nero never liked a person with a large nose. He frequently told the sorrowing relatives of Plautus—who, it is alleged, he killed—that it was only on inspecting the corpse that he discovered that Plautus had so large a nose, and if it had been pointed out before he would have certainly spared his life. "Life with such a nose," coolly added Nero, "would have been ample penance for any crime."

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