

RHEUMATISM

Is caused by Uric Acid and other impurities...

CURED

"Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills have been the means of ridding me...

Dr. Hobbs SPARAGUS Kidney Pills.

FOR SALE BY A. F. STREITZ.

EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

Last Night of a Southern Soldier on the Battlefield.

"Don't leave me, captain! Oh, don't leave me!" were the words that came to me with an agonized shriek...

Well mounted, I was galloping back across that bloody field to report the duty I had performed...

Nature seemed to revolt at this scene of blood and carnage. Thunder and lightning and an avalanche of rain came in quick succession...

Without stopping to consider what I alone could do for the dying youth amid the chaos and confusion...

The boy was praying and called down God's blessing on me. His petition to heaven seemed to be heard...

He clasped my hand with hope and confidence and seemed to be happy and without pain.

ANCIENT WARFARE.

How an English Castle Was Attacked in the Fifteenth Century.

Sir John Pastoff had by his will devised his castle, called Caister, to John Paston. As a fortification it was an excellent defense against foreign invaders...

While Paston was trying to establish his title in the courts the Duke of Norfolk purchased a pretended claim to it, and sought to gain possession by force.

They are called and well armed, saving on them, whence is ballyd (bold) but yet he no brawler. Ye shall find them gentlemanly comfortable fellows...

Sawfitch—I tell you what it is, there's some funny things happen in this world. Keeser—That's a fact. How long ago I you happen in?—Boston Courier.

THE CATTLE KINGS.

ONCE A GREAT POWER IN THE WEST, THEY ARE NOW DISPLACED.

Small Stock Raisers Have Driven Out the Larger Ones—Big Ranges and Water Holes Fenced In—How the Bonanza Cattle Outfits Made Enormous Profits.

The great cattle ranges of western North Dakota and Montana, where for nearly 20 years, the bonanza cattle outfits have held complete sway...

The deathknell of the large cattle companies has been sounded by the insuperable settlers who have taken up vacant government land in the great grazing region, built "shanties" in the vicinity of every natural spring and water hole...

For 20 years nearly a vast region lying along the western part of North Dakota and the eastern strip of Montana measuring 100 miles in width and 150 miles in length has been entirely given up to the interests of the cattle kings.

Pierre Wiebaux, the Montana stockman, said to be the largest single owner of cattle in the United States, has numbered his total possessions of cattle at 50,000 head. The Berry-Boice Cattle Company has owned and grazed each year not fewer than 30,000 head, and there are numerous companies that have essayed to keep on the ranges an annual total of from 10,000 to 35,000 head.

To understand the situation that has existed up to the present time it must be remembered that this broad region which has been given up to the interests of the cattle growers has not been intersected by a fence, situated with a view to grazing with a herd of cattle in a few short years ago—nothing but miles but short nutritious grass, which cured on the prairie, as clover in a stack, and served equally well for food in dead of winter as in the heat of summer.

The presence of these smaller operators is the inevitable doom of the cattle kings. Their vast herds are no longer allowed to roam the ranges undisturbed. The small ranchmen have built fences and inclosed the water holes. The prairies have been made to yield to the mowing machine, and the former free grass lands come to be cut and stacked as hay, until the ranges in many places are bare of feed for the herds of the larger companies.

Accordingly an emissary was dispatched, with the usual oppressive oilage secrecy, to the village of S— where the suspected player resided when at home. The father of D— was a well to do farmer, and the spy, passing as a book agent, experienced little difficulty in getting him to talk about his son.

"Famous?" he said, with no great show of enthusiasm. "Was, I s'pose the boy is famous, but there isn't much in this football."

"But a fellow as famous as he is must get a good salary," the spy suggested, with a craftily assumed air of innocence. "None," said the farmer. "Football players don't get a salary."

"That's odd," continued the spy. "I heard he was kicking for cash."

"Was, that's right. He is," the father slowly admitted. The spy was secretly overjoyed. He checked himself and fairly begged himself with delight. In fancy the rival team was already deprived of her strongest player.

"So he's kicking for cash at college, is he?" he echoed. "Yes," the farmer said wearily, "yes, he's kickin for more cash 'most every letter I get."

And then the disgusted spy kicked himself, metaphorically speaking, all the way back to college.—Harper's Bazar.

COST OF SABLES.

How the Price Advances After the Skin Leaves Siberia.

Up in the great watershed dividing Siberia and Mongolia lives a peculiar race of people, half Chinese, half Tibetan. Few Europeans have ever seen them. In fact, with the exception of one or two enterprising explorers or geographical enthusiasts who have crossed the Altai range, European eyes have never gazed upon the aboriginal Svyots of northern Mongolia.

Sable hunting in the Siberian mountains and northern Mongolia is confined almost exclusively to the Svyots and other native races, and it would surprise a good many fur dealers in England to know the prices which are paid by the Siberian trader to these poor aborigines for the skins they collect.

The Siberian trader, knowing his market, makes periodical journeys into Mongolia. It is safe to say he does not take a kopek of money with him, but he drags behind him a well stuffed caravan loaded with tea, tobacco, gunpowder and shot, strings of beads for the women and roughly made moccasins for the men. In due course he will come across a Svyot encampment.

This small black one—well, a two ounce packet of tobacco is enough for that; that large black one—a handful of shot and an equal quantity of gunpowder; a packet of tea for a lovely skin with a long black stripe down the center; this one, a fine skin, but a little bit hurt by the coat entering the back—well, say a string of beads for that.

In their original undressed state it is safe to say that the skins do not cost the Siberian trader much more than a few pence each on the average. As the poor sable travels further westward, however, he gets dearer and dearer. In Tomak one can buy a very good sable for something like 5 or 6 roubles, about 13s. In Omsk furs are sold under 10 roubles—£1 1s. In St. Petersburg no one except the middle class or a functionary would wear a sable under £5. In Paris and London a real Siberian sable skin will fetch anything up to £20, but the imitation sables of the present day have done much to depreciate this wonderful trade.—London Mail.

HIS HIGH PRICED EYE.

How a Clever Bunco Game Was Played on a Son of Sunny Italy.

A well planned scheme was worked on a down town Italian confectioner the other night when he lost \$20. About 2 p. m. a man who had one good eye and one glass eye came wandering along the street and stopped at this Italian's fruit stand. He stooped over to look at some of the fruit, when unexpectedly his glass eye fell from its socket down among the bananas and oranges.

The pretending purchaser at once began a dilatory search for the missing eye, and when he had looked about him for a while, he dropped down there and that he wanted to get it.

The Italian became enraged and told the stranger to come around in the evening and he would get the other eye. The man explained he was a stranger and would not be here in the evening, but if he (the Italian) found the eye he should bring it to his hotel, where \$100 would be paid to him.

An hour later another man came along, pretending to make a purchase, and while lingering around in the fruit suddenly espied the wonderful glass eye. The man from Italy made a grab for it, but was too late, as his would be customer already had it. Both claimed the eye, and a quarrel ensued. The Italian patched matters up by giving the stranger \$50 for the eye, thinking he would get \$100 upon returning it and he would have \$50 clear.

He went to the hotel with the eye to get the \$100 that he was told awaiting him there. He found that no such man had been there and so \$100 was left there for him. He then saw how he was worked and notified the police.—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

SHADOWING A FOOTBALLER.

The Scheme of a Team to Down a Successful Rival.

Several years ago a young athlete named D— was conspicuous as a football player. He was a swift runner, a reliable drop kicker and an excellent all round player. He had proved such a tower of strength on his college eleven that rival teams feared him, and when runners to follow he had received money for his services were circumscribed steps were eagerly taken by the football authorities of an opposing college to investigate his amateur status. If he had received money, as alleged, he was no longer an amateur and could be debarred from a place on the team.

Accordingly an emissary was dispatched, with the usual oppressive oilage secrecy, to the village of S— where the suspected player resided when at home. The father of D— was a well to do farmer, and the spy, passing as a book agent, experienced little difficulty in getting him to talk about his son.

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A TRUE SHARK STORY

PATHEPIC ACCOUNT OF AN OCEAN MONSTER'S DESTRUCTION.

The Fatal Fate of the Little Blue and Gold Pilot—The Jump of Fat Pork With the Columbus Hook—Death by Torture With the Inevitable Finale.

"How very hard it is to provide for a young, fast growing family nowadays!" said the mother shark, turning for the hundredth time that morning, upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week she had been fasting—in fact, ever since she came hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the striped carcass of a recent whale. There, by dint of the energy of her massive flippers her 14 feet of length and fivefold rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proportion of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw as well as for the hoop of the 14 sharklings that were now restlessly darting in and out of her cozy cave at the far end of her capacious throat.

Within the immediate range of her glance a vast black shadow obscured a wide, irregularly shaped area of the blazing sunbeams. It was so calm that the shadow seemed stationary. In the direction of the cool panorama her gaze lingered earnestly, for hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the substance of such shadows came food dropping down, varied and toothsome, actually alive on rare occasions. Some- what impatiently she wondered at the long time that her little blue and gold attendants had taken to come.

He was an imbold absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute that she got quite uneasy, but while she shifted nervously, with many twitchings of her flexible "gaff topail," back came the pilot fish in a tearing hurry. "Now, then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can see this time that it is no bagful of cinders like that nasty muck that gave you the chestache so bad this morning." The latter part of this energetic exordium was lost upon mother shark, being drowned in the wash set up by her great tail fin, which was going in grand style, starting her off at such a rate that two or three sharklings of the family had to slip like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and lost.

Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into the shadow, where, sure enough, a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted aloft out of water every now and then. "Oh, do look, mamma! There's a big fish. Is he going to eat up that pretty little one, do you think?" "Oh, so, my little man," struck up the mate, "but you watch him now!" As he spoke the great grey body took a curve laterally, a dazzling glare of white appeared, and the shadow disappeared.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to cure. 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 and well. Her skin is perfectly clear and pure and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.

BRITISH HISTORY WRONG.

A Misleading Account of the Battle of White Plains.

In its series of supplements recounting "The Battle Honors of the Services The British Navy and Army Illustrated Once in awhile says something about the British forces in the Revolutionary war. When it does, it is pretty sure to be inaccurate.

The cover of one issue of the "Battle Honors" has a spirited picture of Bragg's grenadiers winning the battle of White Plains, where they won the name of the "Slashers," because they threw away their flintlocks and carried an intrenchment with their short swords. The picture is entitled "The Slashers at the Battle of White Plains, 1776."

The battle of White Plains was fought, as a matter of fact, on Oct. 28, 1776. It is stated in the publication that Washington sent 8,000 men to occupy a hill above the ford of the "Brunx," and that this position was carried by the "Slashers" with their swords. It is also said that "soon after this turning movement" General Washington, abandoning his stores, retired with his army toward Connecticut.

As a matter of fact the position referred to was held by 1,400 Americans under General McDougal and was carried by a British force of 4,000. One would think from reading the British version of the fight that the "Slashers" whipped the entire American army. There were other British regiments engaged in the work of carrying Chatterton hill, and it is unfair to give all the credit to the "Slashers."

Of what took place after the position was carried the version given by The Navy and Army Illustrated is deliberately misleading. The facts are that when the hill was carried General McDougal retired to Washington's camp with a loss of 80 prisoners and 100 killed and wounded. The British lost 239 killed and wounded. Howe did not dare to attack Washington, but sent for reinforcements, and on Nov. 5 moved his augmented army to Dobbs Ferry, Washington, being confronted by superior numbers, retired, not toward Connecticut, but across the Hudson to New Jersey on Nov. 9.

When a nation starts out to write its military history and distorts it in some particulars, it makes one doubt the truth of all. The truth about the battle of White Plains would redound just as much to the glory of the "Slashers" as does the perverted account published by the navy and army.—New York Press.

Testing Him. Bagley—Do you recollect that \$5 I let you have about a year ago? Bragg—Perfectly. Bagley—That's good. I see your memory is all right. How's your eye-sight?—Harlem Life.

Although Greece has an abundance of coacost, most of the fish eaten are imported, the imports of fish averaging 30,000 yearly.

Eczema All Her Life.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga., says that his daughter, Ida, inherited a severe case of Eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to cure. 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 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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