

The Semi-Weekly Tribune.

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ACCORDING to revised statistics just published by the bureau of agriculture, Nebraska led all the states last year in her production of corn, with the grand total of 241,268,490 bushels.

THE failures last month in the United States were less than during any January since 1881, while the actual payments through the clearing houses of the country were thirty-six per cent greater than last year.

The treasury of the trans-Mississippi exposition is said to be about two hundred thousand dollars short of the amount necessary to complete the buildings that have been projected. It is claimed, however, that the funds can be raised.

If the German government keeps up the crusade against American farm products she may some day have a rude awakening when Uncle Sam takes a hand in the game and places extra tariff on all German imports or excludes some of her articles, such as wine, altogether from entering American ports.

KENTUCKY's legislature demanded the resignation of Senator Lindsey because he voted against the Teller resolution, and a resolution has been introduced in the New York legislature demanding the resignation of Senator Murphy for the reason that he voted for the Teller resolution. Honors are therefore even, upon to date.

THAT there are still people and in fact whole nations on this earth who dread dire consequences as a result of an eclipse of the sun is best illustrated by reports from Hyderabad, India, where recently on the occasion of the luminant becoming obscured a governor liberated fifty prisoners besides giving them money and clothes—no doubt to ease a guilty conscience. The remaining prisoners very likely wish for an eclipse every day until all are liberated.

THE bureau of agricultural statistics at Washington has just made an announcement of its figures on last year's agricultural crops of wheat, corn and oats, by states. The total of wheat grown in the country was 530,149,168 bushels; of corn 1,902,967,933; of oats 698,767,809. Nebraska produced of wheat 27,452,647 bushels, being the eighth state in the amount raised. Of corn this state grew 241,268,490 bushels, leading all other states in the union in its total production. Illinois coming next with 232,927,085 and Iowa third with 230,089,149. In oats this state stood fourth with a yield of 51,751,094 Iowa producing double that amount, Illinois and Wisconsin also leading.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Union Pacific reorganization committee called on President McKinley and Attorney General Griggs in relation to the forthcoming sale of the Kansas Pacific. The committee desired that the president modify the amount of the government bid from the full value of the road, but as reported the president adheres strictly to the plan as laid out to protect the government's interests. As there are other roads in which the government has large amounts involved, any deviation from the present sale would leave the possibility of showing other roads the same leniency. The people in general will approve of the action of the president in forcing the delinquent railroads to put up in full.

FRANK SAUTER, of Milwaukee, Wis., and Thomas A. Edison, Jr., the latter a son of the Wizard, claim they have at last solved the airship problem and made air navigation possible. They departed from the old style balloon principle and built a boat with regular mast and sails only that the material for the sails is dappel, admitting of inflation by gas. While Mr. Sauter invented the boat young Edison discovered the new gas which made

the plan feasible. What experiments they have so far made proved highly successful. Now we expect the gentlemen to have patriotism enough to go after the North Pole and bring it down in time to be placed on exhibition at the coming great show in Omaha.

DIPLOMACY between the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey has become somewhat strained lately. The Czar appointed Prince George, of Greece, as governor of Crete, to which the Sultan emphatically objects, while the Czar just as stubbornly insists that he shall. The other powers evidently have left the sick man on the Bosporus in the hands of Doctor Nicholas to be put through a sweating cure.

To One He Writes Legibly.

A well known musician, who writes a very illegible hand, once sent an unusually hopeless scrawl to a friend. The latter studied it a minute, gave it up in despair and then sat down and wrote in reply: "I shall be most happy to dine with you tomorrow at 6. Kindest regards to your wife," etc. In less than half an hour his friend appeared breathless at his door.

"There's some misunderstanding," he said anxiously. "I wrote you a note asking you if you could play the piano part of the trio at Brown's recital, and here you've sent me an acceptance of a dinner invitation, but I didn't invite you to dinner."

"Well," returned the other blandly, "I didn't suppose you'd really sent me an invitation to dinner, but I couldn't read a word of your note, and in that case hereafter I mean always to take it for granted that you're asking me to dine."

For one of his correspondents at least the offender now writes legibly.—Chicago News.

The Treating Habit.

It was Pope Telephorus, who died before the year 150 A. D., who instituted Christmas as a festival, though for some time it was irregularly held in December, April and May. But for centuries before there had been a feast of Yule among the northern nations, whose great enjoyment was in drinking the Wassail bowl or cup. Nothing gave them so much delight as indulgence in "carousing ale," especially at the season of short days, when fighting was ended. It was likewise the custom at all their feasts "for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." This may have been the origin of that popular American custom known as "treating." It is certain that upon our Christian observance of this glorious day have been ingrafted habits peculiar to rude and barbarous people.—St. Louis Republic.

Reform In Ancient Stuttgart.

The question of the nightly illumination of the old city was always a contested one, and fiercely waged the warfare between the dukes and the town authorities. It was Eberhard Ludwig who finally defied the doughty magistrates and ordered that a number of lanterns should be supplied. The lanterns were provided, but the magistrates would not allow them to be lighted. A hot contest followed between the duke and the chief magistrate. The latter had but one response for all the angry remonstrances of the duke, "When people should be brought into view before the eyes of night thieves, how easy it would be for them to drag their victims to a dark place, plunder and kill them!" Eberhard was obliged to give up his project.

Duke Carl insisted that the streets should be lighted and carried his point, but no sooner had he removed his residence to Ludwigsburg than complete darkness once more nightly settled over the streets of Stuttgart. Iron pillars, to which shallow pans were attached, were stationed at regular intervals along the streets. When, on extraordinary occasions, illumination was allowed, resin and pitch were lighted in these pans, and the flickering flames only added weirdness to the darkness that they were intended to dissipate.

As late as 1770 lanterns hung in the places designated by Duke Carl, but they burned not. The security of the citizens was above all else.—"Stuttgart," by Elise J. Allen, in Harper's Magazine.

Morals and Sex.

Whatever the Turveydrops of the moral world may have to say about the necessity for elevating moral deportment on the part of "woman, bewitching woman," I have never been able to see any indubitable intent in nature herself toward binding them over to any higher moral standards than she does men. Both men and women seem to me to be compounded of the same average morality, though with certain unlike manifestations, largely the result of circumstances and opportunities.

I see no special cause for believing that the average woman under like temptation would do very differently from the average man—a belief which is not lessened by Bishop Potter's recent accusation before the women's auxiliary of the Civil Service Reform association that they put their relatives into office whenever they got the chance, "without any evidence that they are fitted to fill the places they applied for." Possibly women were intended by their Creator to stand for the reformatory interests of life, but I think there is not as yet sufficient evidence thereto, either in the nature of things or of women, to warrant any special abrogation of other distinct and more familiar duties in favor of interests mainly moral.—

THE DEACON'S PIETY.

IT WAS EQUAL TO ALL OCCASIONS AND LASTED OVER EIGHTY YEARS.

Suspended Religious Services Indefinitely to Nurse the Victims of a Smallpox Epidemic—An Example in This Case He Was in Devotion to the Flag.

Deacon William Trowbridge was a small farmer living near Sheboygan Falls. He went there over 50 years ago.

Besides tilling a little patch of ground the deacon, who was indeed the very soul of honor and ever had the respect and confidence of all in that community, was in the habit, before regular preachers were sent there, of reading a sermon or exhorting. There was no sham about Deacon Trowbridge's piety. He was sincerity itself.

Five years ago the little village was visited by a smallpox epidemic—an old fashioned, widespread and spreading epidemic—and they didn't know how to stanch it as well as they do now.

The first Sunday after the dreaded disease made its appearance the deacon's congregation was quite large. At the end of the service he made an announcement in about these words:

"These services will be postponed until after the smallpox disappears from the community. From this I shall give my services to the stricken families. I shall minister to their wants, help to nurse them, and when they die follow them to the grave. It may be a long term or it may be a short term, but however long or however short, it is my plain duty to help my distressed neighbors."

The word was well suited to the action which followed. The good old deacon hurried to his home, changed his clothes, bade his family goodby and at once began his work of mercy. What a work it was! The epidemic lasted nearly all winter. Large numbers died. Few in the village escaped the disease. The deacon's example was followed by others. Men went to their homes, told their wives and children what the deacon had said and was doing, arranged their business, provided fuel and provisions, kissed their dear ones and went to the aid of the unfortunate. Like the deacon they went without reward or hope of reward. Like him they spent weeks and some of them months in that service without daring to go home lest their dear ones catch the disease.

The strangest of all this strange experience is the fact that neither the deacon, the good souls who imitated his example nor their families were overtaken by the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the watchers, helpers and nurses were almost constantly in the presence of the suffering patients and notwithstanding the fact that they laid out and helped to bury the dead.

Nearly half of the deacon's congregation had disappeared when, the next spring, he resumed services in the schoolhouse. It was a sorrowful Sunday. Those in the audience who had not lost members of their family had lost neighbors and dear friends. When the good old Christian had read a chapter, prayed and talked a practical sermon, he referred feelingly to the scenes through which the community had passed. I think every man, woman and child in the room, including the deacon, wept. At the close of the talk he asked all present to join him on their knees in asking that the community might escape such visitations for all time to come. It was a most earnest appeal. I believe that that prayer has been answered. There may have been a few cases of smallpox there since then, but there has never been an epidemic.

The Sunday after Sumter was fired upon, and while Deacon Trowbridge was conducting services in the Baptist church, the denomination to which he belonged for over 80 years, he and his congregation were disturbed by a great commotion in the street right in front of the church. There were beating of drums and sounds of fife much out of tune. It was so uncommon a thing that most of the congregation walked or ran out of the church. Finally the deacon closed the Bible and slowly followed his fleeing flock. When outside, he asked the cause of "this unseemly disturbance on the Lord's day." Some one told him that the president had called for soldiers to uphold the honor and flag of the nation and that they were going to raise a company right there and then.

The old deacon's eyes flashed as he walked out onto the street, where a young fellow was irregularly pounding a bass drum, and said: "Nathan, I know it is Sunday and that all but the Lord's work should be abandoned, but the saving of our country and the shielding of its flag from dishonor is the Lord's work. Give me that drum." And that model of piety strapped on the big drum and went to pounding, greatly outdoing Nathan in two respects—he made more noise and kept perfect time. He drummed as no one before had never drummed in the little village. As it had gone on lighting wings, word flew through the community that Deacon Trowbridge had left his pulpit to beat a drum, and on Sunday too.

Within half an hour nearly every one in town and many from the outskirts had gathered around the old drummer, all cheering him, and on Sunday too. That night Nathan Cole, who had been relieved as drummer by the deacon, went to Sheboygan with enough men to make up what became Company G of the Fourth Wisconsin.—J. A. Watrous in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Great Find.

Lady of the House (to servant girl applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K. Why were you sent away?

Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors.

Lady—Ah, then I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

THEY DON'T LIKE PAPER.

Savages at First Contact Regard the Fabric With Suspicion.

When savage people first come in contact with the whites, none of the wonders that they see is regarded with more suspicion than large sheets of paper. The native is apt to regard paper as a sort of cloth, and the fact that it tears easily and is worthless for most of the purposes to which cloth is put convinces him that it is a fraud.

One or two Kongo travelers told of the disgust with which the natives at first regarded paper. The Kongo tribes, by the way, are on the lookout for sharpers, and it is exceedingly hard work for anybody to sell them a bad quality of cutlery or cloth. Savages soon find, however, that paper is not intended to serve the purposes of cloth. Then they cease to look upon it as a fraud, but they do not think it ranks high among white man's manufactures, and they have little use for it.

Some time ago a well known explorer was traveling in the interior of Queensland, Australia, where he met many natives who had never seen a white man before.

One day a crowd of natives was in the white man's camp carefully inspecting the explorer and his baggage when a newspaper happened to drop out of his pocket.

The natives unfolded and spread it out on the ground. They decided that it must be an article of wearing apparel, and one of them tried it on. He wrapped it round his shoulders like a shawl and sat down on the ground, arranging his covering this way and that and watching the faces of the crowd to see what they thought of his elegant garment, covered as it was with thousands of curious marks.

Presently, however, an accident happened. While the savage was rearranging his shawl and trying to bring the corners together in front of him the garment began to tear at the nap of his neck. A howl from the crowd called attention to the disaster. The blanket, or whatever it was, was evidently made of the poorest sort of material.

The savage took his covering off, examined the mischief he had wrought, made the tear a little longer and then with his finger poked a hole through the paper.

That settled the fact that the article was worthless. The newspaper suddenly lost all interest for the natives, who turned their attention to less destructive objects.—Person's Weekly.

BREAKFAST CEREALS.

They Contain Essential Elements For Perfect Nourishment of the Body.

"Cereals and fruits should form the base of breakfast foods," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on "Breakfast Cereals and Fruits" in her cooking lesson in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They will support muscular action, preserve the heat of the body and strengthen the brain in its nervous activity. Whole or steel cut oats and whole wheat, from which our nineteenth century bread should be made, contain the essential elements for the perfect nourishment of the human body. The great objection to cereal foods is their difficulty of digestion, not from any fault of the foods, but, first, from lack of proper mastication. Raw starches are indigestible. The first step, then, toward the digestion of starches is over the fire. Each little cell must be ruptured, and for this long and careful cooking is required. The second step to the digestion of starches is in the mouth. They are there converted from the insoluble starch to soluble sugar. If they are swallowed quickly, without mastication, they miss this digestion, entering the stomach as strangers. This organ not being prepared to receive them, they are cast out into the small intestines to be entirely instead of partly digested. This organ, now compelled to do, in addition to its own duties, the work of the mouth, soon becomes overtaxed, and we have, as a result, the disease most common in this country—intestinal indigestion.

"Of the breakfast cereals steel cut oats head the list. Any of the wheat grain preparations are good. After these come the rolled wheat and barley and rice preparations. All these foods, however, must be thoroughly cooked and eaten without sugar."

Why He Left the Stage.

There is in Philadelphia a man who abandoned the theatrical profession because he could not lift Fanny Davenport. He was a member of one of the local stock companies about 20 years ago, when Miss Davenport came to Philadelphia with one of the men of her company sick. She applied to the manager of the theater in which the young man referred to was employed for some one to take the sick man's place, and as the young actor was not in the cast of the play then running his services were loaned to Miss Davenport. He was cast for the part of Caius Lucius in "Cymbeline," and the business of the part required that he should take Miss Davenport in his arms and carry her off the stage. The lady weighed considerably more than he did, and when he attempted to pick her up he found that his strength was not equal to the task. His struggles caused the audience to laugh, and that spoiled a good scene. He was so humiliated that he left the profession after that engagement.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Rival Citizens.

Johmny's face was smeared with dirt and tears, there was a lump on his left cheek, and one knee projected through a jagged rent in his trousers leg.

"Johmny, Johmny," exclaimed his mother, "have you been fighting again?"

"Yep," he replied. "Me an' that boy from New York had a scrap. He looks wors'n I do, too, you bet."

"You'll break my heart, you willful boy! What were you fighting about?"

"About the jography of Chicago. I said it hadn't any bluffs, an' he said it was all bluff, an' I chugged him."

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

A GEORGIA HEN COOP.

It Was Sure Proof Against the Inroads of Outsliders.

"There isn't a more faithful being on earth," said a Georgia business man to a reporter, "than one of our Georgia darkies. Neither is there one more superstitious, nor yet again is there one who loves better the products of the hen coop. And Cartersville isn't any different from any one of a hundred southern towns. When I was down there some time ago, a customer of mine who had a fancy for chickens and who had always had more or less trouble in maintaining ownership of them told me he had a remedy and asked me to go around with him and see it. I wanted him to tell me what it was, but he insisted on my seeing it first, so I went along with him, and in a few minutes was standing in his back yard before what was to me the oddest chicken coop I ever saw. It was constructed of large timbers and there were a dozen places in its walls where a hand could be run in and everything cleaned out within reach. Then there was no fastening on the door, nor was there any kind of protection to the fowls. I couldn't understand how such an inviting snap could be of any use to the owner and said as much.

"The charm is in the timber," said he.

"No," said I.

"Fact, just as the same," said he. "You don't see it on the outside and you don't know it, but the darkies around here do, and they won't come within 100 yards of that coop if they can help it. I don't care how full of chickens it is. 'Cause why? It is built of the timbers of a gallows on which a man was hung about three months ago in another county. It cost me something extra to get it, but it has more than paid for itself since I have had it, and I am in the market now to buy all the secondhand scaffolds in Georgia. If you run across a scaffold any place with one for sale, let me know by next mail, won't you, please?"

"It was a true bill," concluded the traveling man, "for I saw a darky tried on it, and he refused a big silver dollar to go down to the coop to get a chicken for breakfast."—Washington Star.

TEAS AND TEAS.

Things Once Used or Now Used as Substitutes for the Chinese Herb.

Of course every one knows that we drink a good deal that isn't tea when we drink a cup of tea. We drink—or are supposed to drink—some tea, some lead and some straw. But there are several "teas" that the drinkers know are not made from tea leaves or tea roots, but from dried flowers, roots, bark, stems, leaves, seeds, etc. These are often called tea leaves and are made from different varieties of the tea. In Labrador they make a tea from two species of lepidium. Oswego tea was made from the scarlet monarda, and mountain tea from the dwarf