

UNBELIEF.
There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod
He trusts in God.
Whoever says the clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.
Whoever sees "neath winter's friend of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow
His power must know.
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to look each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.
Whoever says, "tomorrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts the power above
His dawns discern.
The heart that looks on when eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woe
God's comfort knows.
And day by day and night, unconsciously,
The heart that lives by faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.
—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

ALL FOR LENKEN.

When Meyer came to Pineville, he gave his name as Wilhelm Windmeyer, and it was promptly changed by the citizens to Bill Meyer.
He came direct from the fatherland to make Pineville his home. He thought it was his duty, too, to tell everybody he had left a sweetheart behind, and that it was for her sake that he was working to make a home. Her name was Lenken. She was very beautiful, he said, and so good that it seemed almost a miracle she had lived to the age of 20.
It was this loyalty to the girl he had promised to marry and who was so far away that made Meyer a favorite with everybody in Pineville.
But Meyer was a slow, easy going fellow, and the one thought about Lenken seemed to occupy every cranny of his thinking apparatus to the exclusion of every other thought. He was a very small man, and that and the wooden leg he wore, he said, had saved him from doing duty as a soldier.
Meyer found employment with Judge Peterkin. The wages were low, but was a steady job, and that was what Meyer most desired.
During his first year in Pineville Meyer gained a little sum of money and lost four fingers and part of his nose. He was trying to whistle "Die Wacht am Rhein" down the barrel of an old musket when the gun went off accidentally and carried away part of his nasal organ. The fingers were cut off with a small circular saw used for cutting firewood.
Two fingers on one hand were cut off first. When the wounded hand had been tied up, Judge Peterkin, his daughter Molly and Aunt Phyllis, the cook, followed Meyer out to the woodshed to be shown how the accident had occurred.
"It must have been a piece of pure carelessness on your part," said the judge, looking very severe. "Now show me how it was done."
"I was singing 'Over Die Garten Vall,'" said Meyer. "Den I pick up a stick of wood like dis"—picking one up with his un wounded hand—"and den I hold it like dis, and den de stick shlep like dis, and den my fingers was cut off like dis." And that was how Meyer came to lose the second two fingers.
The second year Meyer hid up another small sum of money and was divested of part of an ear, two toes and a good deal of his hair. The ear and toes were lost accidentally and the hair incidentally from natural causes.
"Why, Meyer, Lenken won't know you when she sees you again, you are such a wreck!" said Molly to him one day.
"Well, maybe so!" he sighed, but in a moment the confidence in his sweet heart's steadfastness returned. "Oh, she was so good, Miss Molly, and so beautiful," he said, "dat it makes no difference to her how I look! She was true all de time."
Then Molly thought she would see if Meyer would not pay her a compliment.
"How does Lenken look, Meyer? Does she look something like me?" she asked.
"Like you?" he exclaimed. "Lenken don't look like nobody. Miss Wiggin look like you maybe, but Lenken was different."
Miss Wiggin was Molly's rival beauty in Pineville, and the reference to her made the latter flush very red in the face. Meyer laughed merrily.
"You don't look pooty ven you look like dat, Miss Molly," he said.
Then there came changes, and Meyer did not profit by them. Judge Peterkin died, Miss Molly married, and Meyer had to look out for himself as best he could. True, Molly still interested herself in him as much as possible, but she had new cares and new duties now that claimed her attention most of the time.
But Meyer was always hopeful and in good humor. His every thought, act and deed was to accomplish something to bring the day nearer when he could write to Lenken and tell her that he had made a home for her. It was all for Lenken.
"How long since you heard from Lenken?" Molly asked him one day.
Meyer thought awhile.
"A little over two years ago," he replied.
"And when did you write to her?"
"Oh, dat was three years ago."
"Meyer, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Molly. "You must sit down here right now and write Lenken a long letter and tell her that you are still alive. Why, don't you know that she is grieving all the time and imagining that all sorts of accidents have befallen you?"
"Maybe so. I never tink of dat."
"For all you know, too, she may have got tired waiting and married some one else."
That brought Meyer to his feet and made him prance around on his wooden leg pretty lively for a minute.
"No, no," he cried. "Lenken would not do dat. Lenken is true. Vy, she

"I tink I was married, too, maybe." The thought seemed to tickle him greatly. "You tink I would marry anybody but Lenken?" he asked.
"No, Meyer, I don't suppose you would or could, but with a woman it is different."
"No, it was all do same," Meyer persisted.
"But are you going to write to her?"
"Maybe so, maybe not," doggedly.
"Why?"
"I want to buy dat land you sell down on de river," he said. "You sell me dat land. I write pooty soon maybe."
The matter was not settled just then, but a few days later it was, and Meyer became a landowner in Pineville.
"What are you going to do now?" asked Molly.
"I make a fine farm, one big garden, and build one little house, and Lenken and me live dere and get rich like everything."
"But suppose when Lenken sees how crippled you are that she won't marry you?"
"Und suppose ven I see how pooty she was I say, 'Come, Lenken, I love you all de time. I lose one leg for you long ago, and I give all de rest for you afterward to make you happy.'"
"Did you lose your leg for Lenken, Meyer?" Molly asked, greatly interested.
"Maybe I did, but some odder day ven Lenken come you ask her."
For once Meyer was rushing things. In a short while he had cleared several acres of land and a little later began to build the house. When the house was completed, he came to Molly in high spirits.
"Lenken is coming next week!" he cried. "Ach, Gott, I was so glad!"
Molly inquired the day, but Meyer could not tell her. He said he was going to watch every incoming train until she arrived. Molly, too, somehow managed to be at the depot at train time and watched Meyer.
"I am so curious to get a first glimpse at Lenken," she said to herself. "I have wondered so long what she looks like and have heard her praised so much by Meyer that the curiosity is almost killing me."
One evening when the train came in she saw Meyer rush forward and knew that Lenken had come at last. She peeped around the corner and saw a woman looking around bewildered. That woman had beautiful eyes. Molly looked straight into them for a moment, and everything else in the woman's appearance was forgotten.
"Come, Lenken," Meyer whispered, touching her hand. "Ach, du liebliche!" he murmured as their eyes met. Then both turned, holding each other by the hand like children, and started to walk away.
As Molly looked after them there was a soft moisture in her eyes. Then she roused herself and, smiling, murmured, "Why, she must weigh at the very least 200 pounds!"
The bell of the locomotive rang out a warning. There were puffing and wheezing, and the train was in motion. Then there came a piercing scream, and the train stopped suddenly.
When Molly looked through the crowd that gathered in a moment to see what had happened, she saw Meyer lying on the ground, and Lenken was bending above him.
Molly pressed up closer. Meyer looked up and saw her. "It was for Lenken," he said, his eyes twinkling merrily. Then he added, "But I tink it was only de wooden leg dis time."—And it was.
—John P. Sjolander in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A CATCH.
[From the tract-comedy of "The False Astrologer."]
We know what is, but what will be
We know not. No one ever knew.
The gods themselves cannot foretell
Of gods there be that can say so.
Prophecies are arrows shot in the dark
At an unseen mark.
If they miss it, we let them go;
If they hit it, as sometimes they will
When the night winds thither blow,
We magnify the skill
Of the hand that held the bow.
The only thing we know
Is that we live and die,
Not the inscrutable why!
Pooe poppetts of crumbling clay,
The world goes round and round,
And we go with it—L.A.S. 10, 25.
Tomorrow underground!
—Richard Henry Stoddard in New York Independent.

A MILD MANNERED PIRATE.
An Ex-Clerk Who Joined the Pirate Sea Rovers of the Spanish Main.
"The Buccaneers of Our Coast" is the title of a series of narrative sketches that Frank R. Stockton is writing for St. Nicholas. In speaking of John Esquemeling, who joined the buccanniers and became their historian, Mr. Stockton says:
It must have been a strange thing for a man accustomed to pens and ink, to yardsticks and scales, to offer to enroll himself in a company of bloody, big bearded pirates, but a man must eat, and buccannery was the only profession open to our ex-clerk. For some reason or other, certainly not on account of his bravery and daring, Esquemeling was very well received by the pirates of Tortuga. Perhaps they liked him because he was a mild mannered man and so different from themselves.
As for Esquemeling himself, he soon came to entertain the highest opinions of his pirate companions. He looked upon the buccanniers who had distinguished themselves as great heroes, and it must have been extremely gratifying to those savage fellows to tell Esquemeling all the wonderful things they had done. Esquemeling might have earned a salary as a listener.
It was not long before his intense admiration of the buccanniers and their performances began to produce in him the feeling that these great exploits should not be lost to the world, and so he set about writing their lives and adventures.
He remained with the pirates for several years and during that time worked very industriously getting together material for his history. When he returned to his own country in 1672, he there completed a book which he called "The Buccaneers of America; or, The True Account of the Most Remarkable Assaults Committed of Late Years Upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers, etc. By John Esquemeling, One of the Buccaneers, Who Was Present at Those Tragedies."
From this title it is probable that in the capacity of reporter our literary pirate accompanied his comrades on their various voyages and assaults, and although he states he was present at many of "those tragedies" he makes no reference to any deeds of valor or cruelty performed by himself, which shows him to have been a wonderfully conscientious historian. There are persons, however, who doubt his impartiality, because, as he liked the French, he always gave the pirates of that nationality the credit for most of the bravery displayed on their expeditions, and all of the magnanimity and courtesy, if there happened to be any, while the seriousness, brutality and extraordinary wickedness were all ascribed to the English.

How a Chameleon Changes Color.
The chameleon is a little lizard who possesses the wonderful power of changing his color to suit his own convenience. Florida produces several species of these lizards in abundance. This is the process by which the little lizard effects his changes:
Certain colors through the medium of the optic nerve produce a contraction or expansion of the pigment or color cells. The result is a protective tint or one which resembles that upon which the animal is resting. The eye receives the stimulus or impression, which passes through the optic nerve to the sympathetic nerve, so reaching the various series of the lizard's little color cells under the skin.
The pigment cells are distributed all over the body with more or less regularity, and upon their contraction and expansion depends the prevailing color of the animal.
The scientist discovered this by blindfolding a lizard and found that when it could not see the color of the surrounding foliage it ceased to change its own color.—St. Louis Republic.

It Was Only the Old One.
A rough, awkward handed Lancashire girl was broken in by a benevolent lady, who tried to do a good turn for everybody, and in an evil moment she was given to clean two very ancient openwork silver salt cellars with those rich and rare old royal blue glass covers inside. One was over 100 years old, the other had been broken and recently patched, of which fact the girl was aware. She broke the other old one, and when she told her mistress she said she was "glad as how it was only the old 'un."
A Startling Declaration.
Wife—Richard, I am afraid we must part.
Husband—Good gracious! What for?
Wife (calmly)—Your hair in the middle hereafter. You are getting bald.—London Fun.

The Mexican torch thistle, growing to a height of 50 or 60 feet, looks more like a candelabrum than a tree. Another variety of the same species has long gray bristles, which give it the appearance of the head of an old gray haired man.

Newspaper duty was invented by Queen Anne. It was originally a penny on each sheet, afterward raised to fourpence, and abolished in 1855.

There are sixty different kinds of wood grown in Arkansas.

Two Millions a Year
When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for every body the year round. All drug stores, 10c, 25c., 50c. a box, cure guaranteed.

TALL BUILDINGS.
The Skyscraper Considered as a Device For Saving Labor.
In the tall building it is emphatically "a condition, not a theory," that confronts us. The many storied office building is a necessary product of certain economic factors which have operated in spite of the architects, and more intensely in the United States than elsewhere. This is what has made it so peculiarly an American product. Of these economic factors the cost of land, so commonly alleged as the controlling one, has really been the least important. Land in parts of Paris and London is as costly as in New York and Chicago, but the 15 story office building has never come into vogue there, while, on the other hand, buildings of 10 or 12 stories are not uncommon in American cities of the second and third rank, where land is relatively cheap. The cause causes of the skyscraper monstrosity is to be sought in the drive and hurry of American business life, and in the accompanying American propensity to save time and labor. The skyscraper is a huge labor saving and time saving device.
Each building is almost a complete city, often comprising within its walls banks and insurance offices, postoffice and telegraph office, business exchanges, restaurants, clubrooms and shops. The business man can provide himself with clothes, shoes, cigars, stationery and baths; receive and dispatch his mail and his telegrams; speculate on 'change, consult his lawyer and his architect in their offices and transact his own business—all without leaving the building in which his office is located. The express elevator which shoots him up to the sixteenth story or drops him with breathless speed to the basement is a product of this same American haste and economy, and without the elevator the tall office building would be an impossibility. It is the triumphant success of the skyscraper as a time saving invention which has made it so conspicuous and insistent an element in our American architecture.—Engineering Magazine.

WHISTLING WELLS.
Natural Barometers Which Foretell Storms in Wisconsin.
A freak of nature which is attracting considerable attention is a series of blowing or "whistling" wells located in the northern part of the town of Eureka, in Polk county, Wis. There are six of these hysterical wells, ranging in depth from 120 to 160 feet. The one owned by James Cottin exhibits most remarkable features. This well is 120 feet deep and was dug 15 years ago. The first 20 feet was hardpan and the rest coarse gravel.
Before a rainstorm the wind blows out of this well with great force, making a roaring sound that can be heard a long distance. The wind is so hot that well will boil. The wind blows out only before a storm, and the severity and duration of the storm are always in exact proportion to the force of this current and its duration before the storm commences. It is therefore an accurate and trustworthy barometer, or vice versa, with equal accuracy, but remains quiet in settled weather.
In winter a current of air is drawn in before a change of weather just as forcibly as it blows out in hot weather. This current will freeze the water 120 feet from the surface of the earth as quickly as it would at the surface, and though many attempts have been made to use a pump in the well, they have all failed, and a number of pumps of various kinds and makes have been destroyed by the water freezing and bursting the cylinders and pipes.
The other five wells, which resemble this one in many respects, are all located within the radius of about one mile and vary in depth from 130 to 160 feet. All sorts of theories have been advanced concerning an underground passage, but no outlet has ever been discovered, and if there is one it must be a great distance away in order to foretell the approach of storms so long a time in advance.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Borrowed Plunage.
A Syracuse woman was in Boston some time ago, and she had occasion to get a check cashed, being without ready money. She had no friend who was easily available, but she went to a bank and presented her check. Of course she was told she would have to be identified. The cashier of the bank suggested that she might have one of her cards. She took out her card case, but the card she produced proved to be that of one of her friends. This caused her a great deal of confusion, but the accommodating cashier suggested that she might prove her identity by the initials on her card case. But these, alas, proved to be those of her mother. Her confusion continued to increase until she thought of the initials on her handkerchief. The marked article was produced to be put in evidence, but when it was examined it was found to bear the initials of another friend. She was thwarted in every direction, but the cashier was "easy." Boston cashiers are apparently not so strict as those in this part of the country, for this particular one said he "guessed" that it was all right, and he cashed the check. Conductors of film-film and three card monte games are directed to Boston for a good field of operation.—Syracuse Post.

One of Max O'Rell's Experiences.
Once when Max O'Rell was staying at a hotel he had occasion to complain of the marked incivility and neglect of a waiter. The proprietor apologized, assuring Max O'Rell that no such complaint had ever been made before. When the waiter was reprimanded, he explained himself thus: "It's not to be expected that a self respecting Sotsman would wait on him with civility. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"—London Telegraph.

Missouri has the greatest lodes of lead ore in the world.
The kaiser and the czar are said to be lovers of bric-a-brac.
The governor of Idaho, Frank Stennessburg, never wears a necktie.
We are anxious to do a little good in this world and one thing of no pleasure or better way to do it than by recommending One Minute Cough Cure as a preventive of pneumonia, consumption and other serious lung troubles that follow neglected colds, North Platte Pharmacy.

Maine people are shipping pine cones to the treeless plains of the west.

Springtime is Sick Time
It is impossible for the system to withstand the demands made upon it just at this season, without the assistance of a good purifying and strengthening tonic. The changes which Nature decrees shall take place each spring are so severe that a breakdown is almost sure to come. It is wise that all possible assistance be given during this period, as upon this purifying process depends the health for the entire summer. Everybody just now should take a thorough course of Swift's Specific.

S.S.S. For The Blood
which thoroughly cleanses the blood of all the accumulated impurities, tones up and strengthens the entire system, and aids Nature in renovating and renewing the body so as to render it healthy and strong. Those who purify their blood with S. S. S. at this season are well fortified against the many forms of disease so prevalent during the dreaded heated term, for it has been demonstrated that the system that is thoroughly purified in the spring is well prepared to resist disease all summer.
No other remedy on the market is equal to Swift's Specific as a spring medicine, because it is the only purely vegetable blood remedy and is guaranteed absolutely free from potash, mercury and all other minerals. It cleanses, purifies, builds up and strengthens. Insist on S. S. S., for there is nothing half as good.

Tone Up With Swift's Specific
NEW TIME CARD.
EAST BOUND—CENTRAL TIME.
No. 6—Local Passenger.....7:05 A M
No. 2—Fast Mail.....8:30 A M
No. 4—Chicago Special.....11:40 P M
No. 28—Way Freight.....7:05 A M
Trains No. 2 and 4 stop only at Lexington and Kearney between North Platte and Grand Island.
WEST BOUND—MOUNTAIN TIME.
No. 5—Colorado Special.....6:10 A M
No. 1—Limited.....11:20 P M
No. 3—Fast Mail.....11:50 A M
No. 23—Way Freight.....7:40 A M
No. 21—Fast Freight.....3:15 P M.
N. B. OLDS, Agent.

Legal Notices.
Docket 251. No. Q.
MASTER'S SALE.
In the Circuit Court of the United States, for the District of Nebraska.
KNEEN FIVE CENTS SAVING BANK, Complainant, vs. JOHN C. HUFFER, ET AL., Defendants.
In Chancery.
FORFEITURE OF MORTGAGE.
Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance and by virtue of a decree entered in the above cause on the 23rd day of May, 1898, E. S. DUNDY, Jr., Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Nebraska, will on the 15th day of March, 1898, at the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the front door of the Lincoln County Court House building in the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, State and District of Nebraska, sell at auction for cash the following described property, situated in the County of Lincoln, and State of Nebraska, to-wit: The south half (S 1/2) of section thirty-three (33), in township fifteen (15) north, and the north half (N 1/2) of section five (5), township fourteen (14) north, all in range thirty-one (31) except twenty five acres in a square form in the south-east corner thereof, west of the Sixth Principal Meridian containing 615 acres, more or less, according to Government Survey. E. S. DUNDY, JR., D. M. VINCIGUERRA, Master in Chancery. Solicitor for Complainant.

ORDER OF HEARING ON ORIGINAL PROBATE OF WILL OF NEBRASKA.
LINCOLN COUNTY. In said County Court, held at the County Court Room, in and for said County, February 11, A. D. 1898.
Present, A. S. Baldwin, County Judge.
In the matter of the Estate of Nelson F. Donaldson, Deceased.
On reading and filing an instrument in said Court, purporting to be the last will and Testament of Nelson F. Donaldson, deceased, in which Lizzie L. Donaldson is named as Executrix it is ORDERED, That March 12th, A. D. 1898, at 10 o'clock P. M., be assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County, and show cause why said instrument should not be admitted to probate and the said Lizzie L. Donaldson be granted Letters Testamentary therein and that notice of the pendency of said matter and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested therein by publishing a copy of this order in THE TRIBUNE A Semi-Weekly newspaper printed in said County, for three consecutive weeks, prior to said day of hearing. [A true copy.] A. S. BALDWIN, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at North Platte, Neb., February 19th, 1898.
I hereby give notice that the following named 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 Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on March 25th, 1898, viz: LORENZO D. GREGG, who made Homestead Entry No. 10994, for the lots 1 and 2, section 7, township 14 north, range 31 west, 13 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon said cultivated or improved land, viz: Loren Sturges, Hans J. Hansen, William Stahel and Louis Peterson, all of North Platte, Nebraska. J. E. HINMAN, Register.

In the matter of the Estate of George W. Dillard, Deceased.
It appearing by the petition of James M. Ray, Administrator of said Estate, filed this 21st day of February, 1898, that there is not sufficient personal property in the hands of said Administrator to pay the claims and charges allowed against said Estate, and that it is necessary to sell the realty of said Estate, to-wit: Lot 3, in block 119, and lot 4, in block 119, all in North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said Estate appear before me on any day of the month of March, Nebraska, on the 7th day of March, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, to show cause why a license should not be granted said Administrator to sell so much of said realty as shall be necessary to pay the charges against said Estate. Notice thereof will be given by publication for four consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing in THE TRIBUNE, a legal newspaper published in our said county.

No. 3496

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P. A. White, Vice-President.
Arthur McNamara, Cashier.

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All Prescriptions Carefully Filled by a Licensed Pharmacist.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union Pacific Railway is respectfully solicited.

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