

IRA L. BARE, Editor and Publisher

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TUESDAY, DEC. 30, 1902.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN announces that he has forever parted company with whisky. Had John taken a seat on the "water wagon" a dozen years ago, he would probably not have dropped into that oblivion from which he now seeks to escape.

COLONEL BILLY BRYAN is down in Mexico hobnobbing with the government officials who are showing him much courtesy by reason of his friendliness to the Mexican standard. Why should the Colonel will to be one of the "people," and become a naughty capitalist.

TO THE average Nebraskan it doesn't matter who is elected speaker of the legislature so long as that body repeals a law which is obsolete and insufficient to pass a number of "good bills" among the latter one which will compel a property owner to pay his real and personal taxes promptly or suffer a penalty that will make him wish he had paid them promptly.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says that a strong effort will be made at the present session of congress to secure the repeal of the desert land law and the commutation clause of the homestead law. This course is deemed necessary by the activity of the land sharks since the passage of the irrigation bill, who are taking every advantage of the commutation and desert land acts to secure control of tracts which may become valuable through irrigation.

LINCOLN special to the Bee says that a bill has been prepared for introduction in the coming legislature for disposing of delinquent lands and lots similar to the plan that has been followed for several years in a number of Nebraska counties, but which has recently been declared illegal by the supreme court. The bill proposes that lands on which taxes have been delinquent for five years may be sold to the highest bidder, subject of course to the constitutional provision for redemption within a period of two years.

Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, wife of General Fremont, died at her home in Los Angeles, Cal., Sunday at the age of seventy-eight. It is related that during her younger days, Mrs. Fremont was a great social favorite in Washington and had great influence among the members of congress. She had unlimited faith in her husband and it was her influence which secured him permission from the army authorities to make the explorations which later proved of such great benefit to his country. The order once secured General Fremont tried to put his plans into effect, but his enemies would not let him at last had it not been for his faithful wife, who was a wedge of the fact that the order had been revoked and hastened a messenger to St. Louis, where the general was outfitting, warning him to cut loose from civilization at once. She did not give the reason why, for she well knew that the general's ideas of military duty would induce him to abandon the project. She knew even indirectly that his order had been revoked. The general knew, however, or receiving the word from his wife that it was urgent and acted on the advice without hesitation, though his preparations were not yet complete. Thus it was that this woman's wit saved for the United States a vast empire.

This Omaha Bee says: It is definitely announced by the beet sugar interest of the United States that it proposes to continue its opposition to the proposed tariff concession on Cuban sugar and there is no question that it has a stronger position now than it had a year ago, for the reason that Cuba is very much better off than when this question was first presented for consideration. As a matter of fact Cuba does not now need any help industrially or commercially, the truth being that the new republic is getting along very nicely and with every prospect favorable to its continued progress and advancement.

THE RETURN OF BILL CARVER

By David H. Talmadge

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Conductor Wilson of the "Electric Flash," a term applied in kindly derision to the passenger train on the Goose river branch of a certain great western railway, was called upon one morning to apologize in behalf of his engineer, and his apology, from end to end, including stops and slowdowns, as the saying is, was not entirely devoid of entertaining features. "The truth of the matter is," said he, addressing the principal kicker, a traveling salesman from Milwaukee, "that there's only one man on earth who understands the teakettle that we use in place of a real locomotive on this line, and his name is Bill Carver. Bill knows her from the track up. He gives her a pat here and a jab there, and she settles down to her piece like an old family horse. But let a new man take her, and she either gets on to her hind legs and goes crazy or else she sulks and won't go at all without mentioning. She's sulking this morning."

"I should think so!" growled the Milwaukee man, looking at his watch. "We're forty minutes late now, and I'll miss my train on the other road. Where is Carver, anyway? What do they let him go away for without taking his hauged old steam pot with him?"

"He's at Geneva Lake by this time," replied the conductor. "He came down with us last night. He's on his wedding trip. By George! You wouldn't have known him, fogged out as he was in the regulation black, with his hands in kid gloves and his feet in patent leathers. He could hardly drag his gaze away from his bride long enough to recognize the teakettle; that's a fact. He was simply soaked full of love or whatever it is, and he was purring like a kitten. I'd never have believed it of him, for of all the mean things I ever heard any one say about women as a sex and about marriage as an institution he'd said the meanest. He never had any patience with idiots who repose confidence in petticoats. He said women were all false as hades and foolish as barnyard fowls. He was married to his ridiculous old engine, he was, and he never wanted anything better in this world. Of course we married fellows knew when he spouted that sort of stuff that he'd been disappointed in some love affair and that he didn't really mean all he thought he meant, but none of us was ever able to pump him out. So we just laughed at him and told him that sooner or later he'd meet something in petticoats that would jerk him over the line and into the roundhouse as a mogul jerks a sick switch engine. It made him smart to tell him that, but it's precisely what happened. If I ever saw a man who'd lost the last vestige of his power of resistance, it was him last night. He was coal in the scowp of the fireman, nothing else."

"How did it happen?" asked the Milwaukee man, glancing again at his watch and settling resignedly into his seat.

"Well, as near as I can make out from what I was told at Whippleville yesterday by a chap who lives next door to Bill's bride's folks up at Correy Center it was mostly Bill's fault that he didn't get spliced long ago instead of going away in a huff and turning himself into a make believe woman later. The girl liked him all right, but she was like most girls—she didn't like to seem too easy. Bill might have understood her if he hadn't been so lacking in ordinary—what do you call it?—presumptuous. He sized up a woman just as he did an engine. He expected definite results. When he pulled the throttle, he expected her to go, and when he put on the air he expected her to stop, and when she didn't do these things he got mad. Furthermore, he gave the girl to understand plain enough that he was another mistake. He's fair, square and aboveboard. Bill is, and he has mighty little patience with any one who tries to take advantage of him. He's up to his eyes in a string, he says."

"Now, there never was a healthy girl, I suppose, who wouldn't play with a chap after she was sure she had him hooked. It's the nature of 'em. And this girl did things just to make Bill mad. She flirted with other fellows, and she had little spells of false agony, when she made him think he'd done something she didn't like and wouldn't tell him what it was, and she twitted him on his looks, which aren't specially handsome, and altogether she carried

on in a way to drive an honest man to desperation, although most men in Bill's place would have brought her up with a round turn. And at last, one night four years ago, Bill reached the limit, and for about an hour he read the riot act to her. He was like a life or death special on a new track—simply shut his eyes and made her run. Then when he'd got through he slammed his hat over his eyes and booted, never looking out her hands to him and trying to get her talk pipe to work. A woman can tell usually when she's gone too far, and almost always she'll come down from her perch peacefully enough if she's given the right sort of a chance.

"He didn't go back to Correy Center after that until about two weeks ago. He wouldn't have gone then only that his mother was sick and wanted to see him before she reached the end of her run. So he got a ten day's lay off and set his teeth together as if he was going into a den of lions or a baby show or something like that and went. The old lady was better when he got there. Within a week she was sitting up, and Bill's excuse for staying in the house with her were pretty thin. He saw the girl go just several times and he noticed that she looked in with an expression on her face that resembled anxiety, but it never occurred to him that she was so anxious to make up with him that she couldn't eat nor sleep. And I expect he'd have gone back to his dear old teakettle without finding it out if it hadn't been for an accident.

"He was standing in front of the village postoffice one morning, waiting for the mail to be distributed. He was keeping his eye peeled for the girl. He didn't want to meet her. He was afraid. He reasoned that it couldn't be so good and would be confoundingly embarrassing. He never carries a false face with him, Bill doesn't. And then, too, he wasn't absolutely sure of himself. He knew down deep in his steam chest that he had about as much affection for the girl as he'd ever had, and he rather suspected that if he met her face to face he'd make three or four kinds of fool of himself. He could see her house from where he stood—a pretty place in a regular snarl of roses and honeysuckles and dower beds, and he had a notion that he looked at it with something of longing and regret. It was only natural that he should.

"Well, while he was standing there an old friend of his came up on horseback and asked him if he wouldn't do a favor for him. He wanted Bill to take the horse home. Some business had unexpectedly claimed his immediate attention, and he didn't like to leave the horse standing on the street. He thought Bill might like a ride anyway. Of course Bill said he would. He didn't know any more about riding horseback than a woodchuck knows of dairying, but he never hesitated to accommodate a friend. He got his mail and climbed into the saddle and in less than three minutes something was doing in his vicinity. The horse was a spirited beast, with a habit of shying at everything which seemed to offer an excuse for it, and every time he shied Bill stuck in his heels, and every time Bill stuck in his heels the beast took it as an invitation to make speed. Half way down the street he was galloping right merrily. A little further and he was giving a tolerably correct imitation of Garry Herrman, and Bill was honking like a rubber ball. He said "Whoa," but it didn't seem to have any effect. His mail, which he had tucked under his arm, was scattered broadcast.

"It dawned on Bill presently that he was being run away with, but he didn't lose his head. Bill never loses his head. Said he to himself, 'I've got to shut off steam.' And he stretched himself on the beast's neck, reaching for the nose, and he got a grip on it, and the first thing that horse knew he couldn't breathe, and something was on his neck, for Bill had bounced clean over the shoulders, and he stopped dead, stiff legged as a sawhorse.

"But Bill didn't stop—not at once. He went on, and he landed plump on a pany bed in the yard at the end of the street, and when he opened his eyes he was looking square into the face of the girl, who had been sitting under a tree reading. Neither spoke for a moment. The girl's color came and went, and Bill's breath did likewise, but pretty soon the girl's wits, which were in working order, it seems, asserted themselves. 'Oh, Will,' she said, 'I'm so glad you've come back to me!'

"Bill raised himself on his elbow in a dazed sort of way and tried to say something, but his breath wasn't quite equal to it. And the girl went down on her knees and wrapped her arms about him. 'So glad, dear,' she murmured. 'They got married. That's all there was to it. And we're doing the best we can till they get back from their honeymoon trip.'

"The semblance of a smile appeared upon the Milwaukee man's face. 'I suppose that under the circumstances we'll have to forgive him,' he said. 'But, by jingo, I'm sorry we're going to miss connections at Whippleville. I'm to be married myself tonight if I can get to Carlinburg.' 'Pshaw!' said the conductor. 'You don't say?' Then he chuckled. 'Guess you'll have to go horseback, won't you?' 'Not on your silver plated punch!' replied the Milwaukee man decidedly.

"Different Than."

More than one of our contemporaries, says the Westminster Gazette, stand rebuked by the editor of Notes and Queries for using the expression "different than." No one of course would dream of using it as between noun and noun—of saying, for instance, "This is a different kind than the other." The question is whether it can be used when a verb follows. "They met in a wholly different manner than we do." If one may not say this, how may it be said? "Different manner from what we do" is clumsy and inelegant. Every writer has at one time or another found himself in desperate straits for a means of hitching "different" on to a verbal sentence, and the use of "than" so obviously supplies a felt want and is in itself so logical that we believe it to be justified. The verb "differ" as well as the adjective "different" is a trap for the unwary. Even the most careful writers and speakers habitually talk about "differing with" when they mean "differing from." "I beg to differ with the honorable gentleman opposite" is the most familiar exordium of a speech in the house of commons, and, though examples can be quoted from the best writers, it is a solecism which offends against logic and instinct.

Still Believe in Witchcraft.

A belief in witchcraft still prevails in parts of Lancashire, England, also in the Isle of Man, and still more strongly in the Hebrides. A writer in Chambers' Journal gives some interesting anecdotes of the superstitions which persist among the Hebrideans. Belief in witchcraft is said to have a "strong and living hold" on some of the people of those outer isles. An instance is given of a case heard before the Stormoway sheriff's court so lately as November, 1899, in which witnesses deposed to there being several witches in the township, one of whom was charged with so bewitching cows that

the substance of their milk passed into the milk of the witch's cow. The husband of the alleged witch stated in court that when he heard the rumors about his wife he got three of the constables of the township to come and examine his cow's milk to see if it were any richer than usual, as would be the case if the substance of Mrs. A's cow's milk were present in it. Other evidence of this remarkable transubstantiation was given. The sheriff ridiculed the notion of witchcraft, but the Stormowayans stuck to it with absolute faith.

Perique Strong as Poison.

In many of the tobaccoists' shops perique tobacco chopped into granulated form is displayed for use by pipe smokers. This is the same perique that has been grown by Frenchmen and Spaniards in Louisiana since before our Revolutionary war. It is a jet black, intensely strong tobacco, famous for its flavor and its ability to wreck the nerves.

It is grown and made in St. James parish, Louisiana, and the crop only amounts to about 100,000 pounds a year. The makers follow the primitive processes which were in use 150 years ago. The stems are taken from the leaves and the latter put into a box under a heavy gradual pressure. This causes the juice to run out, even through the wood of the boxes. A gradual process of fermentation and curing takes place.

At the end of three months the tobacco is rolled into "carrots" and wrapped in cloths tightly bound with ropes. It is left in that way for a year before it is ready for market. The flavor of perique is considered delicious by all pipe smokers, but is too strong. The tendency of smokers is continually toward lighter and lighter tobacco, and perique is now used almost solely for mixing with very mild tobaccos to flavor it.

TIMBER CULTURE, FINAL PROOF—NOTICE FOR FIDELIATION. LAND OFFICE at North Platte, Neb., December 13th 1902. Notice is hereby given that James Cronin has filed notice of intention to make final proof before register and receiver U. S. land office in North Platte, Neb., on Wednesday, the 22d day of January, 1903, on timber culture application No. 13,181, for the Southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, and lots 3, 4 and 5, of section No. 6, in township No. 10, north range No. 20 west of the sixth P. M. His names as witnesses: O. C. Mulliken and P. O. Mulliken, of Stormoway, Neb.; Jacob E. Cusins and William Jones of North Platte, Neb.

ORDER OF HEARING. PROBATE NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of John Eli Seal, deceased. In the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, December 13, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the executor of said estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, at the county court room, in said county, on the 12th day of June, 1903, at 9 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the executor to make estate, from the 10th day of December, 1902.

PROBATE NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of Francis Bacon, deceased. In the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, December 13th, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the executor of said estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln county, Nebraska, at the county court room, in said county, on the 12th day of June, 1903, at 9 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the executor to settle the estate, from the 10th day of January, 1903. The executor will make final settlement of said estate July 17, 1903, at 10 a. m.

Sheriff's Sale. By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein Samuel H. Hammett and William Dickenson, Jane Dickenson, Charles Alfred Robinson and Albert Roscoe are defendants and to me directed, I will on the 27th day of January, 1903, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section 10, township 16, range 20, west sixth P. M. Lincoln county, Nebraska. Dated North Platte, Neb., December 22, 1902. L. CARPENTER, Sheriff.

Editor of A. O. U. W. Guide Editorially Endorses MATT J. JOHNSON'S Harmless Cure. It Cures all Kinds of Rheumatism. 6088 It Cures all Kinds of Blood Troubles and Chronic Constipation. We guarantee 6088 to be free from all opiates, narcotics, iron, cocaine, calomel, and all poisonous drugs. The readers of the A. O. U. W. Guide, who may be afflicted with rheumatism, are hereby informed that we have used this remedy (6088) in our family for two years, and that a single bottle cured rheumatism of the arm of six months' standing, and rheumatism of the foot of a year's standing, after experimenting with several regular prescriptions, and receiving no relief. DAVID RAMALEY. Use half a bottle and if not satisfactory return the bottle and your money will be refunded, if bought from our authorized agents. A FREE TRIAL For Sale and Guaranteed Only By A. F. Streitz, North Platte, Neb.

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE CALIFORNIA With its lovely seaside resorts, orange groves, beautiful gardens, and quaint old mission towns, is visited every year by thousands of tourists who travel..... OVER THE UNION PACIFIC Because it is the BEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE, and the only line running through trains from..... North Platte to California. It is also the only line running Four Personally Conducted excursions to California from North Platte with choice of routes. Full information cheerfully furnished on application to E. H. GENGE, Agent.

Good Taste is invariably found in every glass of GUND'S Peerless Bottled Beer THE BEER OF GOOD CHEER Because the best of materials and the greatest of care enter into the brewing of it. The ideal beverage for table use. JOHN GUND BREWING CO., LaCrosse, Wis. Send 15c for pack of fine playing cards. H. SCHLESINGER, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

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NOTICE OF SALE. State of Nebraska, Lincoln County. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a distress warrant issued by C. F. Scharmann County Treasurer of Lincoln County, Nebraska, for taxes due and unpaid said county, against Neils Peterson for the sum of \$91.98 principal and \$14.90 interest, together with costs and accruing costs, to be directed, I will at one o'clock p. m., on the 29th day of December, 1902, at the residence of E. A. Crosby on Section 21, Town 4, Range 23, in Nebraska precinct, in said county, offer for sale at public auction the following goods and chattels or as much thereof as will satisfy said taxes and costs, to-wit: Thirty head of horses of all ages, taken as the property of Neils Peterson on the said distress warrant. Dated this 15th day of December, 1902. L. CARPENTER, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS. North Platte, Neb., Nov. 30, 1902. Bids will be received at the County Clerk's office up to noon of December 31, 1902, for the following books, blanks and stationery for the use of Lincoln county, for the year 1903, as estimated by the county clerk. CLASS A—BOOKS. Records, 8 qr. medium, plain ench. Records, 8 qr. medium, printed heads, each. Records, 8 qr. medium, printed page, each. All records to be full bound, extra ends, bands and fronts and to be made from Byron Weston 36 lb. medium ledger linen paper. CLASS B—LETTER HEADS AND ENVELOPES. Letter Heads, per hundred. 20 H. Demy Magic City paper or equal per M. Envelopes, printed, No. 1 rag, size No. 6 1/2 white, per M. Envelopes, printed, No. 1 rag, size No. 10, white per M. CLASS C—BLANKS. Legal Blanks, full sheets, per hundred. Legal Blanks, 1/2 sheets, per hundred. Legal Blanks, 3/4 sheets, per hundred. CLASS D—STATIONERY. Sanfords, Carters or Aracoe writing fluid per quart. Spencerian, Gluincorn or Tullia pens per gross. Canadian pens, per gross. Falcon pens, per gross. Perfection pencil or equal round rubber tips per gross. A. W. Faber pencil box per gross. Numbered Legal Cap per gross. Unlined type writing legal cap, cut ends, per quire. All work and material to be first-class and the successful bidder or bidders to enter into contract with good and sufficient bond. The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids. FRED. R. GINN, County Clerk.

DR. J. F. SHUTE, DENTIST. All Branches of Dentistry scientific and Gas administered. Pennsylvania Co. Dentists Office over J. H. Store. Phone