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Tobacco Cigars,
Fruits and Nuts of all kinds

The North Platte Tribune.

C. L. WILLIAMS,
We are making Fresh Candies
daily. Come and see.

VOL. X.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1894.

NO. 2.

Great : Clearing : Sale

— AT THE —
BOSTON : STORE.

Our first annual clearing sale will commence on
SATURDAY, JANUARY 13th,
and continue the balance of the month. Every article in our store will be sold regardless of value in order to close out all our winter goods before going to the eastern markets for our spring stock.

READ OUR PRICE-LIST.

The very best Outing Flannel, in dark colors, worth 12 1/2 to 15 cents, at this sale at 8 1/2 cents; real indigo blue prints, worth 8 cents, at this sale for 5 1/2 cents; the genuine German blue prints, yard wide, at this sale for 5 1/2 cents; 2,000 yards unbleached muslin, worth 8 cents, at this sale for 5 1/2 cents; all-wool scarlet flannel, worth 30 cents, at this sale for 22 1/2 cents; extra fine scarlet flannel, worth 50 cents, goes at 35 cents; all-wool beaver shawls, worth \$5 to \$6, at this sale for 3 1/2 to 4 cents; all-wool children's hose, worth 35 cents, at this sale for 25 cents; ladies' wool hose at 20 cents and 30 cents, worth one-third more. To close out our children's underwear we make two lots, one lot worth 35 to 50 cents, your choice for 25 cents; second lot worth from 45 to 60 cents, your choice for 35 cents; all our ladies' natural wool underwear, worth from 50 to 65 cents, your choice at 38 cents each; 20 dozen fine linen damask towels, worth from 25 to 40 cents, your choice for 20 cents; \$1.50 ladies' shoes, former price 2.00, reduced to 1.25; all our ladies' fine shoes, worth from 3.50 to 5.00 your choice at \$2.95; children's school shoes, former price 1.00, reduced to seventy-five cents; 1.25 shoes reduced to 1.00, and 2.00 shoes reduced to 1.25; men's natural wool gray underwear, worth 65 cents, reduced to 40 cents; 1.25 underwear reduced to 85 cents, fifty boys' overcoats to close out at 1.50 on the dollar, 500 men's pants at 75 cents and 1.00, the very best overalls, warranted not to rip, any size, at 60 cents, suits and overcoats at fifty cents on the dollar, all-wool scarlet blankets, 10 and 11 quarters, sold all over for 5.00, at this sale for 3.25 per pair. Nothing will be reserved, everything will be sold at prices that will astonish the people of Lincoln county. Yours for bargains,

THE BOSTON STORE.

J. PIZER, Prop. The only cheap store in Lincoln Co. Grady Block.

Happy Greeting to All!

Davis, the Hardware Man,

Has just received the

Nicest Assortment of Lamps

to be found in the west. Also a nice line of silver-plated Tea and Coffee Pots and Tea-kettles; something new, combining beauty and durability. We handle the

ACORN STOVES.

cook and heating, for either soft or hard coal, which will be sold regardless of cost for the next three weeks. Remember we carry a full line of Hardware, Stoves and Tinware and would be pleased to have you call and see us.

A. L. DAVIS, - - - CASH STORE.
Repairing Promptly Executed.

North Platte National Bank,

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Paid up Capital, - - - - - \$75,000.

DIRECTORS: O. M. CARTER, D. W. BAKER, C. F. IDDINGS, M. C. LINDSAY, M. ORBERT, A. D. BUCKWORTH, A. F. STRATZ, H. OTTES, A. D. BUCKWORTH.

All business entrusted to us handled promptly, carefully, and at lowest rates.

C F IDDINGS,

LUMBER,

COAL,

AND GRAIN.

Order by telephone from Newton's Book Store.

Dr. N. McCABE, Prop. J. E. BUSH, Manager.

NORTH PLATTE PHARMACY,

[Successor to J. Q. Thacker.]

NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA.

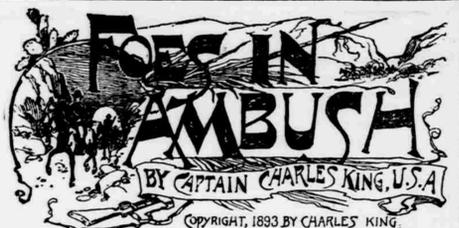
WE AIM TO HANDLE THE BEST GRADE OF GOODS,
SELL THEM AT REASONABLE PRICES, AND WARRANT
EVERYTHING AS REPRESENTED.

Orders from the country and along the line of the Union
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LARGE STOCK OF PIECE GOODS,
embracing all the new designs, kept on hand and made to order.
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE
Spruce Street, between Fifth and Sixth.



BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.
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Drummond looked curiously about him so far as possible without moving his position. He was lying in a deep recess in some dark and rocky canyon whose sides were vertical walls. Tumbling down from the wooded heights above—rare sight in Arizona—a little brook of clear sparkling water came tawling and splashing over its stony bed at his feet and went on down the gorge to its opening on the sandy plain. There, presumably, it burrowed into the bosom of the earth. No vestige of running water could be seen in the Caball valley south. The walls about him were in places grimy with the smoke of cook fires. Overhead, not 50 feet away, a gnarled and stunted little cedar jutted out from the edge of the cliff. A soldier was clinging to it with one hand and pointing out toward the east with the other. Drummond recognized the voice as that of one of his own troop when the man called out.

"Two of our fellows are coming with the old yellow ambulance, sergeant, but I can't see them."

"All right, Patterson. Try to see where the rest have gone and what they're doing. I'll send the glass up to you presently. What I'm afraid of, lieutenant, is that in their rage over Donovan's death, and Miller's, and all the devil's work done there at Moreno's, and your mishap, the men will become uncontrollable and will never let up on the pursuit until they have killed the last one of that gang. These two who are coming in with the bodies of the Morale brothers probably are wagon-mounted horses or perhaps Lee ordered them to stay and guard the safe. The last I saw of any of the gang they were disappearing over the desert to the south, striking for Sonora pass."

"I wonder they don't all come in here," said Drummond.

"Well, hardly that, lieutenant. They knew they would be followed here, panned up, where their capture would only be a question of time. A hundred cavalrymen would be around them in a very few hours, and we could send to Lowell for those old mountain howitzers and just leisurely shell them out. Then when they surrendered—as they'd have to—the civil authorities would immediately step in and claim jurisdiction—claim the prisoners too. We'd simply have to turn them over to justice as a matter of course, and you know, and they know, that the only judge apt to sit on their case would be that of our eminent frontiersman and fellow citizen—Lynch. They are scattering like Apaches through the mountains and will reassemble and count noses later on. Thanks to you and your troop, they have lost all they had gained and their leaders besides. No, sir, they won't stop this side of the Mexican line."

"There's one, Wing, I hope to heaven they'll never lose sight of till they run him down."

"Who's that sir?"

"The fellow who was enlisted in C troop last winter at Tucson and deserted last night to join this gang. He drove for the stage company last year and was discharged. He gave his name as Bland."

"Bland? Henry Bland?" exclaimed Sergeant Wing, leaning to his feet in excitement.

"That's the name, sir. He looks like a mean it, sir? Had he enlisted? Do you mean that he was the man Miss Harvey spoke of—the disguised soldier, she called him?"

And Drummond, amazed at Wing's emotion, gazed up to see the sergeant's features working almost convulsively, his face paling, his eyes full of intense anxiety.

"Why, I cannot doubt it, sergeant. He ran away from us at the discovery of Donovan's body and rode straight for Moreno's, beating us there probably by an hour or so, for no one happened to miss him."

Wing's hands were raised on high in a gesture almost tragic, then dropped helplessly by his side. With a muffled groan the tall soldier turned abruptly away and went striding toward the opening of the canyon, leaving Drummond wondering and perplexed.

When a quarter of an hour later, the sergeant returned, bringing with him some improvised splints and bandages, and Drummond believed it his duty to make inquiry as to whether he knew Bland and what was the cause of his excitement. Wing turned his grave, troubled face and looked his young superior straight in the eye.

"Mr. Drummond, I have known that man for good and for ill many a long year. If our fellows have killed him, let his crimes die with him. If he is brought in alive—brought to trial—I may have to execute him, but not now, sir. Bear with me, lieutenant—not now."

"Was Drummond dreaming? He could have declared that tears were starting in the sergeant's eyes as he turned hastily away, unable for the moment to continue the setting and bandaging of the broken arm."

"Take your own time, Wing," said the young officer gently. "Speak or keep silent as you will. You have earned the right." And the sergeant mutely thanked him.

The primitive surgery of the frontier took little time, and with his arm comfortably and closely slung Drummond lay impatient for the coming of his men, impatient perhaps to hear a softer voice, to feel again the light touch of slender fingers, yet in his weakness and exhaustion dropping slowly off to sleep. All efforts to keep awake proved vain. His heavy eyelids closed, and presently he was in dreamland.

Meantime Sergeant Wing had busied himself in many a way. First he had gone to loosen old Moreno's bonds—enough, at least, to relieve his pain, yet hold him securely. The soldier sitting drowsily on the rock beside the prisoner gladly accepted permission to put aside his carbine and go to sleep.

"I'll watch him, Mat," said Wing.

"You lie down there, Moreno, and see to it that you make no effort to slip a knot while I'm at work here. How

"What's up, sergeant?" queried another, springing out from the willows. "Lee told us to wait here, or wherever we could find shade and water."

"Wait? How long and what for?"

"Blessed if I know how long. None of 'em ain't in sight from here coming back, but what for 'is easy to answer. The paymaster's chest."

"The paymaster's chest?" cried Wing.

"Why, isn't that here in the ambulance? Lost away into dreamland."

"Not a thing of it. Those greasers swapped it onto an apparaj while we were all running for Harvey's daughters. The money's half way to Sonora by this time."

Peaceful as was his rest, Drummond slept only an hour or so. For months he had lived in the open air. "On the morrow," said his captain, a veteran who had won his spurs in the wars of the rebellion and declared himself quite ready to take his ease now and let the youngsters see for themselves the hollowness of military glory, "I'll have a physical examination had here by the doctor, and despite bruises and many a pang, despite the realization of the presence of the fair girls whom his dash and energy had rescued from robber hands, the young man, before dropping off to dreamland, why not? The object of his mission was accomplished. Fanny and Ruth Harvey were safe. All that was left for the party to do now was rest in quiet until another month, then it would be quite possible to start on the return without waiting for the coming of their friends. Before sunset his men would be reassembled. They could have a long night's sleep, and with the rising of the sun, conveying their three wagons and their captured treasures, the little detachment would take the back track for the Tucson road, confident of meeting "old Harvey" and probably a doctor on the way.

Still, he could not sleep for any great length of time. The instinct of vigilance and the sense of responsibility for the lives of his men, and the fact that he had a long and painful journey ahead of him, and a moment's hesitation, he stepped to the projecting rock that seemed to divide the cave into two apartments and called in lower tone, "Miss Harvey."

"Here, Mr. Wing. What is wanted?"

"At the instant, prompt, alert, even smiling, Fanny Harvey appeared before him. The pallor was gone. The disheveled hair had been twisted into a bun. Posture, relieved from dread and misery and that little appreciated beautifier, fresh water, had wrought their transformation here. Wing's handsome eyes glistened as he removed his hat.

"I'll see to it that no one interferes with him, Mr. Wing. What has happened to the others?"

"The doctor, the doctor, I'll have to be here when they get back, but you can't see them now. They're sleeping. How is Miss Ruth?"

"Sleeping like a baby, bless her heart."

"Well, I have promised Mr. Drummond that I should bring his message. He says he's all right. He's sleeping too. No fever yet, I can thank to say."

"Ruth will be ready, and so will I, to help in any way we can. But when you get up, if you may ask me, I'll be there. I don't know. He's sleeping too. No fever yet, I can thank to say."

"What do you see? What is it like? How far away?"

"Six or seven miles, sir. The valley is broad and open, and three of our fellows were riding slowly back on the wagon, while Wing was galloping as though to meet them, and when they were a while more than a mile apart Wing's horse went back—looks no bigger than a black speck—and the other three sneered off away from the rocks on the side and seemed to be scattering apart."

The words were long spoken so as to reach only his ear. Now it was no easy scramble for a man in Drummond's condition to make, but it took him only a little time to clamber to Patterson's side.

"There's something back of all this, and you know it, Patterson. What Apache sign have you seen?"

"None, sir, on the outside. But we agreed, the sergeant and I, that the young ladies mustn't be alarmed nor hurried in any of our fellows who were in sight and warn them to keep out until we had been needed here. You see they're working around toward the horses, as though they were lying behind it, and they appear to be firing mounted."

What was Drummond to do? To leave his charges here, unprotected, was out of the question. Fail to go or send to Miss Harvey's relief he could not decide he must and decide quickly.

"Patterson, that party of Apaches can't be over a dozen strong, or they would have made a dash for their cover by this time, yet they are too strong and too securely posted to be driven by that little squad, especially if Wing is wounded. I can't stop now, but I can ride and direct. Every man who can shoot may be needed here. You have four now and can stand off 40 Apaches—Tonto or Chiricahua—in such a position as this, so I leave you in charge. You have everything to help you stand a siege. Now see to it that those horses are kept well under cover, and I'll hurry back with Walsh and what men I can find."

Then down he scrambled, giving one look at Moreno and his sleeping guard, and as he went gave a low toned order to Walsh:

"Saddle your horse again and ride just to the other side of that rock yonder and wait for me."

Well he understood that it would be impossible for him to ride away without Fanny Harvey's knowing that something of a serious nature was impending, and that he could not get away at all without their knowing it. What he desired was to conceal from them that there was any danger from Apaches.

Just as he expected, both girls were eagerly awaiting him at the entrance to the cave. His revolver was in their hands, and the rifle on which he had leaned so peacefully.

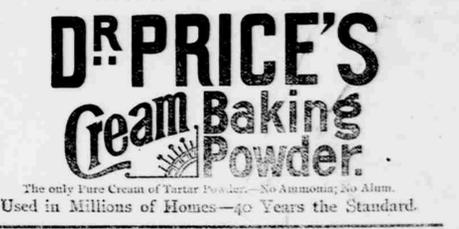
"Now are you ready to return to hospital and proper subjection?" asked Miss Harvey laughingly. "It is high time. What could have tempted you to climb to that high point?"

"Why, it's the first chance I've had of a look around," was the answer. "This is an awfully strong spot for a place of refuge. You are safe here, safe from any one between Yuma and Tucson now that the former possessors are scattered. But did you hear what took Wing off?"

"No, he didn't stop to explain matters. He simply dashed away without even a saddle. Something I must look after, was all he vouchsafed to say."

"Well, the men just in tell me the paymaster's safe was spirited off. Confound that little green box of greenbacks! Some shrewd packer among

Awarded Highest Honors--World's Fair.



Morales' people whisked it out of the wagon and onto a burro, and now we are all back to get it back. Of course I can't sleep again until we know. Some of our people are coming slowly up the valley, and Wing went on down to meet them."

"But all the time he talked so airily with the older sister, he stood watching him with suspicious eyes."

"Mr. Drummond, please do not go, she broke forth. "You have no right to now." And James, the dissemler, found himself trapped.

"I know you will not blame me or detain when I tell you, as I feel forced to tell you now, that Sergeant Wing is hurt. His horse has fallen with him far out on the desert. I'll be back very soon."

Then with sudden impulsive movement he bent, kissed her forehead and turned as suddenly away.

When the sisters looked into each other's eyes a moment later, one face was blushing like the dawn, the other was pallid with a new and deep anxiety.

And now we, too, must follow Wing. He was a total stranger, it is to be remembered, to the regiment when, after its years of battling in the Army of the Potomac, it was sent into exile on the far Pacific coast and speedily lost sight in the deserts of Arizona. The type of noncommissioned officer most familiar to the rank and file as well as to their superiors was the old fashioned "plains raised," "disciplin' first and rayson afterward" class of which Feeny was so prominent an exponent. Brave to rashness, and faithful to the very death, they had reason to look for respect and appreciation. They were men whose only education was that picked up in the camps and campaigns of the famous old regiments to which, when more recruits, they had been assigned. They were invaluable in the army and would have been utterly misjudged and out of their element anywhere else. That "book learning" and soldiering could ever go hand in hand no man in the old dragoons would ever have believed for an instant. Such soldiers as had drifted into the ranks were, as a rule, irreclaimable drunkards, but to any chance of redemption at home, and only tolerated in the service in the rough old days because of their meek and uncomplaining performance of the most menial duties in the troop or regimental offices when, their whisky and their money alike exhausted, they humbly went back to their deals, asking only to live in the hope

only close to a number of sheltering rocks. Intent only on them and still wishing to attract their attention, he swung his hand brimmed hat, waving it off to the left, but with no apparent result. Confound them! Were they sound asleep? Could they never be made to strike a feeble crier, so utterly he was used up, and just when Wing, looking only to the front, was thinking that he might as well discontinue the spur and let his poor horse rest, they lurched forth from the sheltering shade full upon the tawny, sunlit sand. Then, while the sergeant's eyes were temporarily blinded by the glare, there came from the side and to his right a crash, a flash and report. He felt at the same instant a stinging pang in the leg. He had just time to grasp his own carbine and to attempt to swing off when the second shot echoed loudly from the rocks. He felt poor Dick start and swerve; he felt him going headlong, and the next thing he knew he was vainly striving to peer into the face of the evening sun from over the quivering body of his faithful trooper. When the moment to see the faintest sign of an enemy, and then the blood came welling through the little hole in his worn cavalry trousers, midway between the hip bone and the knee, and he knew he had received a serious, perhaps desperate wound.

For the moment, therefore, he could do nothing more but look for succor. A glance down the desert told him his fellows were at last rudely awakened. True the two who were in the front, and instant fire was opened from the rocks each man had put spurs to his horse and dashed away to a safer distance with such speed as was possible with their jaded mounts, each for his own part, but the sergeant's position was so scanning the dark line of the forest in search of the foe and striving as he rode to unfasten the flap that held his carbine, in the fashion of the day, athwart the pommel of his saddle, and now, creaking farther out upon the plain, in wide sweep, with carbines advanced, they were hastening to the succor of their comrade. Presently one of their number suddenly drew rein, halted his startled broncho, aimed to the left of the horse's head and fired, crumpling a cartridge into the chamber, came riding farther. The others, too, followed suit, shooting at some object apparently among the rocks in front of the sergeant's position. One of the men threw himself from his saddle, and kneeling on the sands drove two or three shots at long range. Eager to add his own fire to theirs, Wing pulled his hat from over his eyes, threw for-

ward three forward the barrel over the top of his head, and peered eagerly up the ravine in search of some foe whom to aim. Blindly he searched for dusky Apaches skulking from rock to rock. There was no moving thing in sight. But what was this—this object that suddenly shot out from behind a ledge, and turning sharply to the left vent clattering into the depths of a dark and frowning gorge? Could he believe his eyes? Did the Chiricahuas, then, have horses and wear trooper hats? Bending low over his steed and spurring him to the utmost exertion, a tall, even soldierly, form had darted one instant from view and then gone thudding out of sight. Up to this moment Wing never had lost full control of his faculties. Now his brain reeled. Before his eyes rose a dense

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