

CATALOGUE

Land and Legal Blanks,

—PUBLISHED BY THE—
TRIBUNE PUBLISHING CO.,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

LAND BLANKS.

OFFICE NO.	TITLE OF BLANK.	BY THE DOZ.	BY THE FIFTY.	BY THE HUND.
APPLICATIONS TO ENTER.				
4-007	Homestead Law	15 cts.	40 cts.	\$0.75
4-009	Timber-Culture Law	15	40	75
AFFIDAVITS.				
4-061	By Pre-emption Claimant	15	40	75
4-062	Non-Mineral	10	30	50
4-063	Homestead Entry	10	30	50
4-060	Commutation, Homestead	10	30	50
4-070	Final, Homestead	15	40	75
4-072	Contest, Homestead	15	40	75
4-073	Timber-Culture, Entry	10	30	50
4-076	Contest, Timber-Culture	15	40	75
NOTICES.				
4-345	Contest, Homestead Law	10	30	50
4-346	Contest, Timber-Culture Law	10	30	50
4-347	For Publication	10	30	50
4-348	Intention to make Final Proof, Homestead	10	30	50
4-349	Intention to make Final Proof, Pre-emption	10	30	50
PROOFS.				
4-300a	Homestead, Pre-Empt. and Commutation-Claimant	50	1 50	2 25
4-300b	Homestead, Pre-Empt. and Commutation-Witness	50	1 50	2 25
STATEMENTS.				
4-535	Declaratory, Unoffered	10	30	50
4-546	Soldier's Declaratory	10	30	50
MISCELLANEOUS.				
4-597	Relinquishment	10	30	50
4-594	Appeal, Notice	10	30	50
	Service—By Registered Letter or Notice	10	30	50
	Township Plat—Size 12x12	40	2 00	3 00
	Township Plat—Size 8x8	20	1 25	2 00
	Township Plat—Size 6x6	20	60	1 00

LEGAL BLANKS.

NO.	TITLE OF BLANK.	BY THE DOZ.	BY THE FIFTY.	BY THE HUND.
CONVEYANCING.				
801	Warranty Deed (half sheet)	1 00	1 50	2 50
805	Special Warranty Deed	1 00	1 50	2 50
806	Bond for Deed	1 00	1 50	2 50
809	Quit Claim Deed	1 00	1 50	2 50
812	Mortgage Deed (short form)	1 00	1 50	2 50
815	Mortgage Deed (with Interest and Insurance Clause)	40	1 50	2 50
818	Release of Mortgage (short form)	10	50	75
820	Assignment of Mortgage (short form)	10	50	75
821	Lease	1 00	1 50	2 50
822	Mechanic's Lien	25	1 00	1 50
MISCELLANEOUS.				
901	Chattel Mortgage (long form)	25	1 00	1 50
902	Chattel Mortgage	10	1 00	1 50
903	Chattel Mortgage (short form)	10	1 00	1 50
904	Chattel Mortgage	25	1 00	1 50
905	Bill of Sale	25	1 00	1 50
907	Articles of Agreement	25	1 00	1 50
914	Soldier's Discharge (two colors)	40	1 25	2 00
915	Power of Attorney (General)	25	1 50	2 50
920	Agreement for Building	40	1 50	2 50
974	Druggist's Permit	10	50	75
COUNTY CLERK.				
25	Certificates of Election (3 colors)	40	1 50	2 50
7	Petition for License to Sell Liquor	20	1 25	2 00
3	Official Bond	20	1 25	2 00
9	Liquor License	25	1 00	1 50
DISTRICT COURT.				
104	Summons (original)	10	50	75
105	Subpoena (original)	20	75	1 00
150	Declaration of Intention	20	1 00	1 50
151	Final Papers (one color)	30	1 25	2 00
COUNTY COURT--PROBATE.				
423	Marriage Certificate (three colors)	50	1 75	3 00
	Contract for Sale of Real Estate	25	1 00	1 50
NOTARY.				
701	Protest and Original	10	50	75
	Notary Public Fee Card	10	each.	
JUSTICE COURT.				
601	Affidavit and Undertaking for Order of Attachment	10	50	75
602	Affidavit for Garnishee	10	50	75
603	Appeal, Undertaking	10	50	75
604	Bail Bond	10	50	75
605	Complaint	10	50	75
606	Commitment for Contempt	10	50	75
607	Complaint to Keep the Peace	10	50	75
608	Court Wrappers	25	1 00	1 50
609	Estray Notice	10	50	75
610	Execution	10	50	75
611	Mittimus in Bailable Cases	10	50	75
612	Mittimus in Cases Not Bailable	10	50	75
613	Notice of Constable's Sale	10	50	75
614	Notice to Garnishee	10	50	75
615	Order of Attachment	10	50	75
616	Order for the Sale of Attached Property	25	1 00	1 50
617	Order of Arrest	10	50	75
618	Recognition to Keep the Peace	10	50	75
619	Recognition	10	50	75
620	Replevin Summons	10	50	75
621	Summons (original)	10	50	75
622	Summons (copy)	10	50	75
623	Summons Against Garnishee	10	50	75
624	Subpoena (original)	10	50	75
625	Subpoena (copy)	10	50	75
626	State Warrant	10	50	75
627	Search Warrant	10	50	75
628	Undertaking for Costs	10	50	75
629	Undertaking in Order of Arrest	10	50	75
630	Verdict of Jury	10	50	75
631	Venue for Jury	10	50	75
632	Warrant	10	50	75
633	Warrant on Complaint to Keep the Peace	10	50	75

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Lumber & Coal,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

TIME'S CHANGES.

[Swinburne.]
In vain men tell us time can alter
Old loves or make old memories falter,
That with the old year the old year's life
Closes
The old dew still falls on the old sweet
flowers,
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,
The old summer rears the new-born roses.

No time casts down, no time upraises
Such lines, such memories and such praises
As need no grace of sun or shower,
No saving screen from frost or thunder
To tend and house around and under
The imperishable and peerless flower.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

A Brief Sketch of the Intimate Mexican Massacre.

The annals of war furnish no bloodier picture than is recorded of the fall of the Alamo, on the 6th of March, 1836. The monument that marks the ground that drank the blood of those heroes tells the story when it says: "There were no survivors." The last one of the garrison went down under the violence of the Mexicans.

Col. Bowie, who was sick in bed at the fall of the fort, fired from his bed until his last shot was gone and he had a wall of dead about him; the Mexicans dared not approach, but shot him from a window, and as the enemy came to the bed, moving himself for a last effort, he dying Bowie plunged the deadly knife which bears his name to the vitals of the nearest foe, and expired. The gallant Col. Travis fell mortally wounded, but was able on the approach of the foe to sit up. A Mexican officer attempted to cut off his head with a sabre. Travis, with a death gasp, drew his sword, which he plunged into the body of his antagonist, both dying at the same moment.

Gen. Castrillon took Col. Crockett, who stood alone in an angle of the fort, the barrel of his own shattered gun in his right hand, in his left his huge bowie-knife, dripping blood. There was a fearful gash across his head, and at his feet a cordon of nearly twenty foemen, dead and dying. His captor, who was brave and not cruel, took his silvery-haired prisoner to Santa Anna, who flew into a rage, and at his command a file of soldiers shot down the dauntless Crockett. Santa Anna had given the most imperative orders that no prisoners should be taken. A few days afterwards Col. Fannin was induced by the most solemn promises on the part of Santa Anna to surrender his little band of beleaguered men into the hands of the Alamo butchers, and, as a result, on March 23, 412 Texans were led out at Goliad and shot down like dogs. It was through such deadly scenes as these that a republic was born.

John A. Sutter's Grave.

[Gath's Pennsylvania Letter.]
From Lancaster I rode across the country to Lititz, which has grown in the intervening years to be a finer, handsomer place, with some nice summer cottages. There was a picnic of dead and dumb people at the Limestone spring, on the edge of the town. I saw the tomb of John A. Sutter in the corner of the old Moravian graveyard, the only tomb in that inclosure much bigger than a page of letter paper.

Sutter was a native of Baden, who came out to California by way of the Sandwich islands, and on his ground they discovered gold while digging a mill-race. The discovery rather broke the old man up, leading him to restless hopes, and the rush of miners ate up his cattle and tramped over his fields. When I saw him at Washington years ago he was a systematic lobbyist there for a pension or claim for having let loose this gold on the globe. No single event in the modern world has so changed the destinies of the globe as the discovery of gold in California. It dispersed the races of Europe and, incidentally, those of Asia and brought them into new fields, face to face. It perhaps saved the earth from some kind of revolution and rendered it possible for scientific banking, such as our government has tried, to be adopted. Old Sutter who also loved his grog, retired to Lititz to educate his grandchildren and live cheap, after the German style. There he heard the trombones play in the Moravian cupola when people died, and one day the trombones rang out when he did not listen, for he, too, was lying still and cold; the gold of life glistened in him no more.

More "Odie" Force.

[American Queen.]
A London weekly is responsible for the report that there is a man in Paris who has discovered a secret, by means of which he can make any cage-bird settle on a tree after a few minutes of mysterious coaxing. To prove his power over the feathered tribe, the man in question recently drove from one end of Paris to the other in an open carriage, in the center of which a small shrub was set up. Round about this shrub some dozen of canaries fluttered and hopped and chirped as happily as if they were unconfined, and yet with no more idea of making their escape than if they had been confined in the closest boundary of a cage. The miraculous bird-charmer is prepared at any time to take charge of a couple of trees in the Bois de Boulogne, and to promise that they shall be inhabited by birds for any length of time, without the birds making the slightest attempt to quit their leafy prison.

Operating on the Brain.

[Chicago Herald.]
Efforts are now being made by distinguished surgeons in England to cure cerebral disease by operation. Secondary inflammation can be absolutely prevented, and there can be a good deal of diminution of the cranial hemisphere without danger. The seat of the disease can thus be positively ascertained and remedies used to modify or remove.

Oldest and Largest.

[Exchange.]
The oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut, near the foot of Mount Etna. It is hollow and large enough to admit two carriages driving abreast through it. The circumference of the main trunk is 212 feet. The Grizzly Giant, monarch of the Mariposa grove, measures ninety-two feet.

Sketch of a Novel Party.

[Waverly (N. J.) Cor. New York Express.]
Dickens parties, are the latest craze among the young ladies of this place. One was given not long ago for the benefit of a church here, and proved not only a financial and social success, but also showed in a striking manner how enjoyable an affair of the kind can be made with proper study and care. The largest hall of the city was hired for the occasion. Around the big room booths were constructed, each one representing a work of the author. No two were at all alike in their decorations or arrangement, but each was furnished to give a prominent picture of the book represented as nearly as possible. The characters were mostly taken by the young people. They were dressed in appropriate costumes to suit the leading characters of the book taken.

Interest in the entertainment was largely augmented by the fact that each person had carefully studied his or her part that the character was acted out in close imitation of Dickens' most striking and best known creations. First in order of the several booths was one representing the novel of "David Copperfield." At first glance there was recognized within it David, Dora, Agnes, Trieb Heep, Mrs. Heep, Betsey Trotwood, Barkis, and Jeggoty. David and Dora could be seen sitting close together, apparently engaged in their love-talk or discussing the difficulties of his school management. In Dora's arms was her favorite little black-and-tan over which she could not make enough fuss, feeding it candy most of the time. All these characters were especially well taken, the costumes having evidently been selected at much pains. Trieb Heep's "ma-e-up" was pronounced perfect. Little Emily was the only person notably missing from the famous group. It was said that the young lady taking the part was indisposed.

Calechax, a New Stimulant.

[Philadelphia Patriot.]
"Do you see that pale, emaciated young man leaning in a half-dazed condition against the lamp-post over there?" said a prominent physician to a reporter, in reply to the query, "Anything new?"

"Why, yes; he seems to be recovering from a prolonged spree. Is he much addicted to it?"

"Nothing of the kind. I doubt if he ever touched a drop in his life. He is a calechax-root eater."

"A what?"

"Why, an eater of the root of the calechax, a small shrub that grows on the table-lands of Mexico, and is found nowhere else. It is a species of opium, almost unknown, at least to the medical profession, until a short time ago. It is a deadly poison, and prolonged indulgence is certain extermination. The effects are something like that of an opiate, except that it is by far more powerful, half a grain being sufficient to cast one into a sleep that bears the closest resemblance to death. A pallor spreads over the features, and the heart beats almost imperceptibly. The limbs grow stiff and cold, and the whole body assumes the appearance of a corpse. It beats cigarette smoking, don't you think?"

London's Great Thoroughfares.

[Scottish American Journal.]
In London there are two "Houses," two "ows," two "lanes" and two "streets." In the west end "the House" means the House of commons; in the city the House means the stock exchange. In the west end "the Row" means the ride in Hyde park; in the city it means Waterloo, the headquarters of the book publishing trade of the world. In the west end "the Lane" means Park lane, the headquarters of upper tenor; in the city "the Lane" means the Lane Mince, the headquarters of the produce trade of the world. In the west end "the street" means Oxford street, a great shopping thoroughfare many miles in length; in the city "the Street" means Throgmorton street, a very narrow, very short thoroughfare, where outside speculators love to congregate. London's weak points are "hills." There is nothing loftier within hundreds of miles than the hills of Whitechapel, Hampstead, Corn, Snow, Richmond, Holburn and Ludgate, all of which are over-topped many times over by Lombardton castle, not to mention the Bens of Lombard and Nevil.

The Workingman in Chili.

[St. Louis Cor. Kansas City Journal.]
The manufacturing interests of Chili labor under the weight of fitful work. A gentleman long resident here says that it is a very significant factor in all projects, rendering business uncertain and expensive. A laborer thinks nothing of quitting work without a moment's notice and the slightest change of machinery, or mode of work, though a benefit to the workman as well as employer, is followed by cessation of work on the part of the former.

I have already mentioned the instability of workmen addicted to drink. A little money on Saturday gives the man enough to be intoxicated for days and often the factory will be without its full quota of help for three days, and then the operatives return slowly. And yet the people seem industrious and the credit of the republic is first rate.

The Race Has Disappeared.

[Exchange.]
The aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland were red Indians, or Brothies. They were originally doubtless from Canada, coming by the straits of Belle Isle. They are supposed to have belonged to the Algonquin branch. There is now in the museum at St. Johns a human skull, the last token of a once powerful but now extinct tribe. It is said that Cabot on his second voyage brought away three of the aborigines, and they were kept by the king in the palace of Westminster.

She Was Not Frightened.

[Detroit Free Press.]
A little 4-year-old girl was put to bed in the third story of her home, and left as usual, in the dark. A terrific thunder storm came up, and her mother, thinking the child would be frightened at the lightning, went to her. On entering the child called out with delight: "Mamma! the wind blew the sun up just now; did you see it?" Fear had no entrance there.

C. M. Observatory.

When a man dies in Andaman, Society islands, they paint him red, white and blue, so great is their respect for the American flag.

THREE PLAGUES OF NEW YORK.

A Park Policeman's Remarks—Miscellaneous Boys, Sparrows, and Cats. [New York Times.]

"Poys, cats, and sparrows—these are the three plagues of New York and of Central park," remarked Sergt. Meany, of the park police, to a group of officers and reporters the other day. "The boys steal birds' nest and squirrels and flowers, the cats prowl around the pigeons' houses, and the sparrows steal whatever they can lay their bills on. Why, only to-day we arrested a boy with a squirrel, which he had stolen, in his possession. How did he manage to catch it? Well, that is a mystery, a secret of his own which he would not reveal to us. He had caught several before; we knew it, and lay for him, and to-day we caught him trying to sneak out of the park with the squirrel under his arm. We asked him how he had caught it, and what do you think the young rascal replied? 'Oh, you want me to give away de racket,' so you fellows can go and catch them yourselves. I'll sell you as many as you want for 10 cents apiece, but I'll not tell you how it's done."

"And," continued the sergeant, "there is no one in this park who knows how to catch squirrels except with traps or a gun, and the boy did not have a trap or a gun. We locked him up, because there are few squirrels in the park now, and it's against the rules to kill them. Some time ago the park was full of them, and the people complained that they ate up the song birds' eggs and the newly hatched robins. I think there was some truth in the complaint, for these squirrels were often noticed fooling around the nests, while the old birds fluttered about and uttering cries of distress. So the commissioners gave orders to thin them out. Many were then shot and others were caught in traps. If the squirrels had only eaten up all the sparrows' eggs they would have been public benefactors, but the sparrows are fighters from lightsville, while the squirrels are not very brave, so the feathered thieves were able to hold their own."

"What do the squirrels live on, do you ask? They pick up nuts and eat them, and what they can not eat they bury in the ground for future use. You ought to see them hiding nuts. They will scratch out a hole in less than two seconds, drop in a few nuts and then cover them up again with earth. In winter, when the snow is on the ground, they are fed with corn. They are good builders, too, and build substantial nests. When the leaves will have all fallen you will notice shapeless bunches stuck in the upper branches of some trees. These are their nests. They are so firmly fastened to the branches that the strongest wind can not blow them off. They are made of twigs, moss, straw and other materials, and are perfectly waterproof."

"Well, what about the sparrows, whom you call thieves?" asked one of the reporters.

"The sparrows are good-for-nothing, lazy thieves and ought to be exterminated," continued Sergt. Meany. "Let the keepers go to feed the pigeons and the sparrows are there eating faster than the pigeons. A sparrow can eat nearly as much as a pigeon, and when a hundred sparrows invite themselves to breakfast with a flock of fifty pigeons there is not much left for the pigeons, and the keeper is obliged to issue double rations. Why, these sparrows have the cheek to go into the eagles' cage and try to sample the meat that is given to the royal birds. There were a couple of active male sparrows who had the impudence to pull the feathers out of the eagles' backs for their nests. Did it make the eagles mad? You bet it did, but they were too big for the sparrows and could not catch them. Why, the eagles had no more show with the sparrows than a bull has with a fly in summer."

"Sparrows are lazy loafers, who live by their wits upon the fruits of other birds' toil. You ought to take a ramble some evening in the upper part of the park, where there are not many visitors, and you may see the sparrows robbing the robins. These fellows have studied the habits of the robins and know when these birds go out foraging. A sparrow will mark out a robin and follow him at a distance. The robin will alight on the roadside and begin to peck away at the earth until he finds a delicate white grub, of which he is very fond. He will pull it out of the ground and fling it down to rub the dirt off. Down comes the sparrow like a rifle bullet, seizes the grub and swallows it, and then mockingly chirrup to the robin, as though to say, 'How's that for high?'"

"When the sparrows have gorged themselves and can eat no more they get up a fight among themselves. They can no more live without fighting than can a Dutchman without Limburger cheese and lager beer, and when they fight they mean business every time. You will first see the feathers fly, and then four or five, or perhaps a dozen, of the birds will clinch, and all will fall to the ground in a bunch. That is a good time to catch them if you happen to be near. Clap your hat upon them or throw your coat over them and you've got them. A male sparrow—his always has a black breast—is a fraud.

"As for the cats," added the sergeant, "they're not any better. If you give them plenty to eat they will not catch any mice, and if you do not give them what they want, they will steal your meat and your pigeons."

Sergt. England differed with his colleague, and thought that a cat when properly educated was a valuable animal.

Grief Made to Order.

[Philadelphia Times.]
Crocodile tears are things of ancient history, and tears produced with the aid of onions are equally well known, but it has remained for modern science to find a way to produce onion tears without betraying the presence of the aggressive onion itself. In fact, the aggressive onion need not be present at all. An essential oil is extracted from it which has all the tear-compelling qualities of the solid vegetable itself. One drop of this oil on a handkerchief is good for one flood of tears, two drops produce a persistent fit of sobbing, and three drops an appearance of utter abandonment to consuming grief.

Jud Lafagan: If a man can't learn by experience, he will make a poor fist with book knowledge.

THE BAKERS OF PARIS.

A Quiet Life—Severity of the Work—Worn Out at the Age of 50. [Paris Cor. Chicago Journal.]

Parisian bakers excel all others in the quality of their bread and yet its process of making seems to date almost from the time when Abraham commanded Sarah, to knead fine meal, and I make cakes to give a morsel of bread to his three angel visitors. The bakers are the most industrious of citizens; like the butchers, they will never be found to figure in political riots or revolutions. The baker's life passes away in silence; he works by night and sleeps by day. He is generally married, and his numerous family shows how he ignores Malthus. He leaves that philosopher to recruit his adepts among the wealthy.

Being only passing rich, on 5 francs a day, he can not enjoy the liberality of the new college tariff, which allows the parent having five sons boarders in the establishment, the fifth to pay nothing. That resembles the assistance tendered in early days by the pawn-broking institutions—which lent only to the rich. The baker is a living anatomy—pale, thin, prematurely old, a martyr to rheumatism, and ever suffering from a graveyard cough. He works in a cellar, from 7 in the evening till 4 in the morning, almost naked and between a current of air flowing from the street railings to the mouth of the fiery furnace. The work is so severe that no lad is taken as an apprentice till between 17 or 18; his life is worn out at 50 years, and I never heard of any insurance office accepting bakers' lives for any risk.

Listen to the