

Gone Down With McGintie

To the bottom of the sea. Of course the reader will understand that we refer to the

PLUNGE OF PRICES

at Western Nebraska's Leading Clothing Store,

THE EAGLE CLOTHING HOUSE.

We carry a LARGE and WELL SELECTED stock of

New and Stylish Goods!

in the minds of the

Undersold

in PRICE and

SHIRTS,

particularly elegant,

HANDKERCHIEFS

FOR ONE DOLLAR

enough Corker

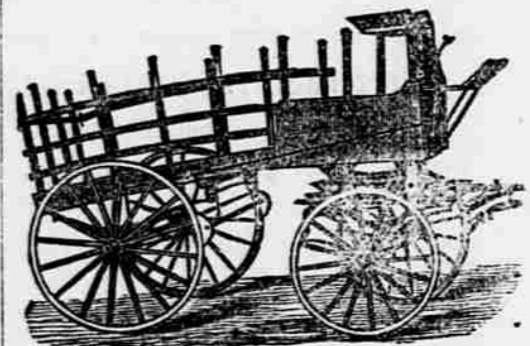
complete and extensive line of

PS and SACHELS.

KNIGHTS,

McCOOK, NEB.

ALLEN'S TRANSFER, Bus, Baggage & Dray Line.



F. P. ALLEN, Prop.
McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Best Equipped in the City. Leave on at Commercial Hotel. Good well water furnished on short notice.

F. D. BURGESS, PLUMBING, Steam and Hot Water Heating.

North Main Avenue,
McCOOK, - - NEBRASKA.

A stock of best grades of Hose, Lawn Sprinklers, Hose Reels and Hose Fixtures, constantly on hand. All work receives prompt attention.

J. S. McBRAYER, House Mover & Drayman, McCOOK, NEB.

House and Safe Moving a Specialty. Orders for Draying left at the Huddleston Lumber Yard will receive prompt attention.

SCHOOL BOOKS

The Tribune Office,



At Publishers' Prices.

BLANK BOOKS. LEGAL BLANKS

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

BROKEN FLIGHT.

I saw a bird, light winged, gay,
Leap from the earth in circling flight,
I saw it cut the clouds of gray
And dart into the drifts of light.

And I—I envied and I yearned,
Like it, to break the bars of fate—
While fierce the flame of longing burned
To do and dare—but not to wait.

I saw a bird beneath my feet,
Laid in the dust with broken wing,
All hushed the minstrel music sweet—
A crushed and wounded, dying thing.

Ah, me! not those who cleave the sky
Are safest when the storm gods jeer—
Not those who fret and fume to fly
Are always fitted for that sphere.

Ah! well that o'er our judgment weak
A heart of mercy throbs for all—
To hold from us the hurt we seek,
And, pitying, note a sparrow's fall.
—Mattie Bonner in Philadelphia Ledger.

DOCTOR'S INHERITANCE.

Two gentlemen, both past middle age, were seated beside a glowing grate fire, chatting as old friends will who have met after a long separation. The hour was late, nearly midnight, but no sign of weariness was on either face. The room was a library, with well filled bookcases on all sides, a large, business like table in the center and deeply cushioned chairs scattered about. One bookcase contained only medical works in substantial bindings, and with marks of service plainly visible.

Dr. Thornton, host and owner of the handsome house in which the room was situated, was a man past 40, with iron gray hair, strongly marked features, a tall, erect figure and an expression at once kindly and resolute. You read prompt decision in his dark blue eyes and a sympathy in the pleasant smile that often crossed his lips.

His companion, heavily bearded and bronzed by travel, was a far handsomer man, but with a weaker face.

"At last," he said, stretching himself lazily in his deep arm chair, "I find you alone and disengaged. Give me permission to stuff a towel into that obtrusive office bell of yours, so that no whining woman or squalling brat can summon you away and make me unhappy."

"Can't be done, Tom. Make the most of me now, for the claims of the whining women and the squalling brats cannot be denied."

"You know what I want to hear. I left you twelve years ago a poor man with a struggling, almost wholly gratuitous practice, a sworn bachelor, and almost a hermit outside of your professional duties. I find you wealthy, with a charming wife and a popular member of society, and yet your practice is, as before, almost entirely among those who could not fee you if they would. From what relative unknown to me, your own cousin, did you inherit your fortune?"

"Did it ever occur to you, Tom, that there are romances in real life all about us, quite as improbable as those found upon the shelves of the circulating library? My experience will convince you that I speak with authority. Twelve years ago—we are getting old, Tom—I was, as you say, a poor man, studying hard, living in a stuffy house in a poor neighborhood, hoping for better times, more profitable practice and a fuller purse. I was a bachelor because I could offer only poverty to a wife; a hermit because my studies were engrossing. In my small house I kept one old woman servant, who cooked for me and kept things tidy. Having no carriage I needed no boy, for Martha could write, and I had a much larger office practice than that outside.

"It was late, one bitter night in January, when I was roused by the office bell and the sound of excited voices under my window. Hastening down I found several men carrying upon a shutter the unconscious patient I was to aid, if possible."

"An old man, sir, knocked down by runaway horses and run over," said one of the party, as they gently deposited their burden upon a sofa. "Badly hurted, their thinking, doctor, but not dead!"

"Badly hurt, indeed, I found him, and my examination convinced me that any further motion would result fatally. Keep him I must, or risk his life by removal to a hospital. With the assistance of two of the men I undressed him and put him into my own bed, noticing then that he wore no coat."

"Somebody took it off," they told me, and apparently somebody kept it, as it never appeared again. In the trousers pockets were only some trifling articles, a bunch of keys and a handkerchief, but nothing to give any clue to the identity of my patient and uninvited guest."

"I will not enter into the details of the injuries that excited my interest as a physician and surgeon as much as they called for my sympathy as a man. There were complications in the case that called upon all my skill and knowledge, and the patient endurance of great suffering made me respect my unfortunate guest from the first."

"It was nearly a fortnight before he recovered from the brain injury sufficiently to speak distinctly. When the sufferer could speak he told me that his name was Fanshawe, but said nothing more of himself, and I supposed him unwilling to confess to poverty and the inability to pay me for my services."

"I do not take much credit to myself for my hospitality or devotion, because I was so deeply interested in the 'case,' professionally considered, that I would have lived on bread and water rather than have it taken out of my hands."

"As he became stronger my patient became my friend, and interested me deeply by the variety and depth of his information, his experience of travel and charm of conversation."

"Not until he was convalescent and had been an inmate of my house for four months did I know that he was a man of wealth, living in the house I now occupy."

"To cure him was beyond human skill, but through two years I attended him, alleviating great suffering and often accepting his invitations to 'spend an hour or two with a lonely old man.'"

"When he died he left me his entire

fortune, which I supposed to be mine only because he had no direct heirs or near relatives. He had never spoken but once of his family, and then said briefly that he was a widower and had lost his only child."

"I had enjoyed my inheritance for more than nine years when I fell in love. I, who had never cared for female society before, became deeply attached to the mother of one of my patients, a lady nearly my own age, the widow of an artist, who died in Rome some four or five years before I met her. She had sent for me to see her boy, an only child, slowly dying with an incurable disease of the spine."

"Mrs. Eastwell knew before she saw me that there was no hope of saving the child's life, but she thought I could ease the pain and restlessness from which he suffered. She was herself an artist, working in water colors for the large stores that dealt in fancy goods, and embroidering most exquisitely. But her child claimed much of her time and attention, and I knew she worked in hours when she should have shared the boy's slumbers."

"Patient, self sacrificing, gentle and refined, she filled my ideal of pure womanhood, and I loved her with all the strength of the first love of years. I gave her a man's devotion, not a boy's infatuation. But I knew that it was useless for me to speak while the child lived. She would have thought it a sacrilege to give my love consideration while the mother love in her heart was the ruling spirit. Love making while her child was dying! I could see how she would shrink from the mere suggestion."

"So I tried to be content with winning the place of trusted friend, delicately trying to make my presence a comfort and a help to her, and doing all that I could to make smoother the hard path the childish feet were pressing."

"One afternoon she came to my office to ask some questions about the little boy, and, as the waiting room was full, I took her through the parlor to the front door. As we passed by the mantel-piece of the front room she suddenly gave a cry of pain and surprise, stopping short before a life-size portrait of Mr. Fanshawe. Her face was white, her whole form trembling, and before I could catch her she gave one cry of 'Father!' and dropped in a dead faint."

"It was the old story, Tom. She had loved her husband better than her father, and eloped with him, never winning forgiveness. The home she had left was broken up, and Mr. Fanshawe removed to another city, so that for years she had not known where to find him, and had never heard of his death. Her husband had taken her abroad soon after their marriage, and she did not know whether her father had ever tried to trace or follow them."

"You may imagine how like a thief I felt when I could calmly consider this story and think of my inheritance—I living in luxury and she toiling for bread! And the money was hers by every claim of humanity."

"At once I commenced to arrange for restoring the property to her, and knowing her pressing needs instructed my lawyer to supply her with ready money and inform her that as soon as it could be legally done her father's fortune would be restored to her."

"Tom, she flatly refused to take it. She had offended her father and had accepted her punishment, and she would not listen to any proposal to accept his money. In vain I urged the justice of her cause, the burden that money so wrongfully will away from her would be to me. She threatened to leave the city and never return if I persisted."

"While nothing was settled her child died. She grieved as only the mother of an only child can grieve, and yet I think I comforted her. I dropped all question of the disputed inheritance in those long months, when her loneliness led her to turn to me, her true, loving friend."

"And so, Tom, when a year had passed, and the little life was a sacred memory, no longer a passionate pain to remember, I asked her once more to accept her father's fortune and let her hear with it."

"We needed no lawyer then to make the transfer, for I won my wife without losing my inheritance."

"And there goes that confounded office bell!" said Tom rising; "so I am off."—Anna Shields in New York Ledger.

Hotels and Housekeeping.

The other day I heard a prominent merchant say that the building of so many elegant hotels uptown would lead trade to follow them, and that the day was not far distant when Fifth avenue, below the Cathedral, must be given up wholly to stores and club houses. It was with this thought in mind that I went into the Plaza hotel and looked at its parlors and dining rooms, its cafe and restaurant. While wandering about I came to the conclusion that American women are fast becoming, indeed that they have already become, indolent."

The new hotels afford beautiful residences for people who can pay for the high cost of living in them—the management at the same time taking upon itself all the cares of housekeeping. Fashionable women, as a rule, detest housekeeping, for it interferes with their society duties, and I thought, while reflecting upon this subject, that the time may soon come when there will be hotel cliques composed of rich families that belong to the same set. Such family hotels will have no transient custom, but will be constructed solely with the view of meeting the needs of rich, indolent women, with a ballroom and private dining rooms at their disposal. In such a hotel a family could maintain a private establishment and pay only one bill—the landlord's—for which individual, by the by, society may yet invent a more elegant title.—Epoch.

Bottom Facts.

"That court house of yours is a credit to the town," remarked the stranger in Boomopolis.

"Humph!" returned the man-who-couldn't-get-away, "if you was payin' taxes here ye'd think it was a consarned sight more of a debit!"—Puck.



It is the Part of Wisdom

In making purchases of appropriate gifts for the approaching holiday season that the idea of usefulness be kept in view.

It is to this end that NOBLE so early calls special attention to the variety and richness of his stock of articles both

USEFUL & BEAUTIFUL

which will delight the heart of anyone and be ever useful in the home as well as ornamental. We have but to mention a few articles to fully arouse the reader's interest and centre his or her attention. As a starter, how would a : : :

Handsome China Set Suit You?

We have an assortment of plain and fancy sets that are reasonable in price, excellent in quality, pretty and stylish in decoration and design. We can show you a large variety of

CHAMBER SETS

From the handsomely decorated and more expensive to the plain and cheaper sorts. And best of all they are being sold at figures within the reach of the most modest pocket book. Besides we have an endless assortment of smaller articles, as

Decorated Cups and Saucers

And many pieces of toy ware for the children. In connection with our queensware and crockery we have a large stock of

GLASSWARE

Comprising many articles which would be very acceptable at this season. But we have not exhausted our list of attractions by any means. Our display of : : : : :

HANGING AND STAND LAMPS

has no equal in this section. You should make your choice early and thus secure the most attractive bargains. Our supply for the holidays, this season, of fresh : : : : :

CANDIES and FRUITS

will be all the markets afford—and this insures a variety and quality and quantity sufficient to meet every demand.

C. M. NOBLE.

