

S. M. COCHRAN & CO.,
ARE AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
**Union Press Drills and
One Horse Hoe Drills,
WAGONS AND BUGGIES.**

ALSO KEEP REPAIRS FOR ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

Absolutely Rust Proof Tinware

Their prices on all goods are as low as the lowest possible.

S. M. COCHRAN & CO.,
West Dennison Street, McCook, Nebraska.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.

LIME, CEMENT, DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS.	LUMBER.	HARD AND SOFT COAL.
---	----------------	------------------------------

RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.

U. J. WARREN, Manager.

B. & M. Meat Market.



F. S. WILCOX, Prop.

Notary Public.

Justice of the Peace.

S. H. COLVIN,
REAL ESTATE,
LOANS AND INSURANCE.

Nebraska Farm Lands to Exchange for Eastern Property.
Collections a Speciality.

McCook.

NEBRASKA

DO YOU READ

THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE?

The Leading Weekly in Western Nebraska.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

PRICE REFUNDED IF

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

24 Fine Stock Engravings and hundreds of testimonials free at—Druggists, Grocers, General Dealers, etc., or direct from us.
Greatest Known Hog Cholera Preventive.
Sole agents wanted. International Food Co.
Write to—Sole owners of the Latest IMPROVED MEDICATED FOOD
INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD

NEBRASKA LOAN AND BANKING CO.

OF MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

CAPITAL - \$52,000.00.

FARM LOANS.

CITY LOANS.

LOANS MADE ON ALL KINDS OF APPROVED SECURITY.

P. A. WELLS, Treas. and Mgr.

Correspondent:—Chase National Bank, New York.

THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!
Abi who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection, tender morning visions
Of beautiful souls, the future pledge and band.
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!
O Land! O Land!
For all the broken hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beacons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed.
Into the Silent Land!
Every Other Saturday.

THE THREE SONS.

The house was to all appearances untenanted. There was not a sign of life visible from without, but in one of the magnificent rooms overlooking the Rue de Vannes sat three men anxiously awaiting the result of the consultation which was then taking place to know if there was the slightest hope not for the recovery, but for the prolongation of the sufferings of Gabrielle Anne Sophie, dowager Marquis de Guebranges, their mother.

The oldest gentleman, the marquis, was tall and thin. He might have been 80 years old, but his age was difficult to guess, his face being so utterly devoid of expression. His few remaining hairs did their best to disguise their scarcity, but in spite of their well meant efforts it was distinctly visible that this "glass of fashion" was bald. The marquis was a cold, heartless man, in whom none could feel the slightest confidence; he was egotistical to the last degree, with no superior intelligence to palliate his overwhelming selfishness.

The second son, Count Rene, was quite different. Full of life, with frank blue eyes that looked a man full in the face and a smile as winning and a nature as expansive as the marquis was reserved and repellent, he seemed to be of a different race, and his restless energy and keen intelligence had shocked the old marchioness and driven the late Marquis Hercule de Guebranges to the verge of distraction. "Rene is quite unlike the rest of the family," he often said, with a sigh. "I wonder from whom he inherits his disposition. Perhaps from your side of the house, marchioness; certainly not from mine."

The youngest son, the vicomte, was just 20, but his wrinkled face and bent figure made him look much older. He was one of those old young men who are so frequently met nowadays and so painful to see, who appear to be a growth peculiar to this end of the century.

At last the door opened, and the men of science stepped softly across the threshold. The famous specialists who had been summoned at the last moment began a long account of the case conched in terms which, though doubtless intelligible to his colleagues, conveyed no meaning at all to the young men. At last he came to the point, and with trembling voice and tearful eyes told them to prepare for the worst. The old lady was sinking rapidly. Then the physicians withdrew, and the brothers heard the old doctor invite his comrades to the theater in a voice which did not tremble, and, to judge by his cheerful tones, the tears were very far from his eyes indeed.

"Old hypocrite!" thought Count Rene. The others thought nothing at all. The three sons entered the darkened room and stood around the bedside of the dying woman.

The marquis asked her if she was suffering. She shook her head. There she lay, just alive, and nothing more. She seemed to realize what a slender hold she had upon life and to try and economize her little remaining breath, for she did not utter a word, and the blue eyes, so like her second son's, gazed wistfully upon her children, and two tears—the last she would ever shed—rolled slowly down her withered cheeks.

What a life hers had been! Full of the pomp and vanities of this world, brilliant and enviable without, but in reality one long martyrdom. She thought of all she had endured for her boys' sake, of the insults, of the neglect, even brutality of the husband of her youth, and she wondered as she lay there gasping her life away if half her punishment for her sins had not been meted out to her on earth. Instinctively, in this supreme moment, she turned to Rene, for he was the only one of her sons who had ever shown her any real affection, and now she remembered how she had always curbed his exuberant nature and received his caresses coldly enough and sent him away many a time with something very like tears to those bright blue eyes. She tried to extend her hand to him, but her strength failed her, and the hand fell wearily to her side.

"Do you know us, mother?" asked the marquis.

A low hissing sound issued from her lips, and the men leaned over her to catch, if possible, the words she was trying hard to frame.

The vicomte stifled a cough with his handkerchief. The marquis listened attentively, but on these two faces there was no sign of emotion. They might have been at the bedside of the merest acquaintance, while Rene, poor fellow, felt a lump rise in his throat and the tears stream down his cheeks. This woman was his mother, and she was dying.

"My sons," gasped the woman. "I know that I am dying, and before I go to my last account I have a confession to make. Don't weep, Rene; keep your tears for a better woman. God knows what you will think of me when you know all. I have been an unfaithful wife, and one of you has no right to the name he bears. It is—it is"—Here the voice died away, and she sank back among her pillows.

It was over, and one more soul had gone into the presence of its Maker. The brothers retired softly, and once in the adjoining room looked at each other

apart. "Which could it be?" At last the marquis spoke with more emotion than he had ever shown in the whole course of his self absorbed life.

"Death has cut short the painful revelation which has startled us all so terribly, and I am sure you will both agree with me in what I am about to say. To the dead we will pledge ourselves, and no human being will suspect that in the veins of one of us flows blood perhaps less proud than that of our mother's husband. Before the world we will continue our present relations, and in respect to the dead we will pledge ourselves never to seek to elucidate this mystery. But we must part. Each must go his own way, for with this fearful doubt in our minds we could never live under the same roof in harmony."

"I, Jean, am the marquis; you, Rene, the count, and Francois the vicomte de Guebranges. Thus the family name will remain intact, and the world will never guess our dishonor. What do you think of my proposition?"

"I think that you are right," said Rene. "You have expressed my own ideas exactly, and I am sure that Francois is of my opinion. But there is something I must say in spite of the pain the very thought gives me, and I hope that you will not be hard upon me. I believe my mother referred to me. Listen to my reasons."

His brothers started at his bold words, and like the loved gentleman he was the Count de Guebranges proceeded to do what he considered to be his duty.

"You, Jean," he continued, "are our mother's firstborn. You came into the world the year after her marriage, so you are out of the question altogether." The marquis smiled. Of course he was out of the question. "You, Francois, were her pet—the one upon whom she lavished all her love. You were born only a few months after the death of our sister Bertha, who was the pride of my mother's life and whom she has mourned literally in sackcloth and ashes for so many weary years. It would be an insult to my sister's memory to cast a slur on you, while I am different. God help me! I first saw the light in a strange land. The late Marquis de Guebranges was then ambassador to St. Petersburg. My mother was very young, very beautiful, fascinating and sorely neglected. Be lenient if she faltered in her duty. She was our mother, and she is dead. Her expiation has been long, and she has carried part of her secret with her to the world beyond the grave. I am convinced that I am the stranger, and I feel that I am giving her the supreme proof of my love and respect in telling you what I think to be the truth. Now, what am I to do?" The count turned from them and hid his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with the emotion he could no longer control. It was not for himself but the woman who lay dead in the next room had been the idol of his life, and he wept that she was no more. The marquis, voice cold and contemptuous, roused him.

"My brother and I thank you for your frankness. To the world you will always remain the Count de Guebranges, but you must go."

"When will you leave?"

"After the funeral," said Rene in surprise, and looking up he met the cold, implacable gaze of his eldest brother.

By tacit consent they returned to the chamber of death and reverently knelt beside the couch where the marchioness reposed. Suddenly they sprang to their feet as she slowly raised herself, and pointing to her eldest son gasped: "It is—it is Jean."

Then she fell heavily back. She had only fainted before, but this time she was dead indeed.

Rene said nothing, but his strong arms encircled his brother's tottering form, and in after years his true heart never wavered in his affection for his brother, nor in his respect and devotion for the dear martyr whose last breath had been his vindication.—From the French of Henri Lavedan in New York Journal.

The Commercial Traveler.
In some respects the American commercial traveler is a potent influence. He carries with him the latest city chit-chat, and if he be a young man perhaps the latest slang or the newest funny story. It has been said that a noted American after dinner speaker depends largely on that class for his humorous stories. At all events, the commercial traveler has studied the art of pleasing, and he is a welcome figure at the dreary country hotels where he pauses for a little time in his rapid flight through the sections remote from city influences. In some respects he is an oracle on mooted points, and his dictum on many phases of business or politics carries much weight.—Boston Advertiser.

Climbing a Cathedral Tower.
A most peculiar custom which has been preserved since the middle ages at Friburgen-Brigau is that of climbing the cathedral tower upon the anniversary of the birth of the reigning Duke of Baden. The tower is 400 feet high, and to scale it from the ground to the apex is a very difficult performance, attended with great danger. It is done by climbing from one projection to another, these being on the average one foot apart. A single false step means death. To descend is also no easy task. Each person who makes the climb and descent safely receives 5 marks from the state and a ticket of admission to the annual dinner given in honor of that day.—Chicago Tribune.

Doing Anything.
A sharp boy struck a Jefferson avenue merchant the other morning for a job. "So you want to be an office boy, eh?" queried the merchant good naturedly. "Yes sir." "What can you do?" "Anything." "That's the same old answer," said the merchant. "Do you expect to get paid for doing anything?" "You bet I do," snapped the boy. "You don't expect me to do anything without pay, do you? That's what the other man expected, and I got out." The boy took the job.—Detroit Free Press.

A SUN WORSHIPER.

Since no song bird's lyric gush
Breaks the gray and icy hush,
Since the meadows are in bond,
And white fetters chain the pond,
Since the barren boughs bewail,
And the bright hours swiftly fall,
Since the nights are one black blur,
I have turned sun worshiper.

Though my vision may not rear
Precepts Zoroastrian,
Yet have I some rapture caught
That the ancient Persians taught.
Winter prisoned, I am won
By the promise of the sun,
And I lift my prayer that he
Set the weary captive free.

He can chatter frosty bars,
Edge hillpaths with blossom stars;
He can heal the bare bough's grief
By the boom of bursting leaf.
Woo the solitude to song,
Right the wasting winter's wrong:
He can golden life confer—
I have turned sun worshiper!
—Clinton F. Hoiland in Youth's Companion.

A Pneumatic Coal Chute.
"The man who goes about with a big shovel and a big basket over his shoulder looking for a job at putting in coal finds less and less to do," said a citizen. "The coal wagons which have bodies that may be elevated and adjusted at almost any angle, and which are provided with extension chutes through which the coal is made to run straight from the wagon into the coal hole, appear to be multiplying. But of course coal won't run up hill, and when it is to be used above the first story it still has to be carried up stairs. But perhaps the next thing will be a telescopic tube with a flaring lower end big enough to fit right over the top of a coal wagon and provided at its upper end with an apparatus to exhaust the air. Then when the tube is in the window and you're all ready, zip! and there you are, 'Coal delivered on the fourteenth floor without extra charge.'—New York Sun.

Early Races in Russia.

Russia is so vast and includes so many races that it might seem well nigh hopeless to determine its most ancient inhabitants. Nevertheless this is a problem at which Professor Anatola Bogdanov has been laboring for the past 25 years, and which he attempts to solve in a paper read before the congress of anthropologists at Moscow. The kurgans or tumuli of central Russia contain relics of a tall, strong, dolichocephalic race, with light brown hair, as well as short, smaller brachycephalic race, with dark brown hair. The blond type preponderates in the southwestern districts, and the brunettes in the northwestern. Bogdanov considers the long heads to have been Slavs, and that the modern Russians of those parts are an amalgam of the Slavs with the broader headed race, which is probably Mongoloid.—American Register.

The Use of the Adjective "Old."

Some one has noted that the adjective applied by college graduates and students to their alma mater is always "old." It is "old Harvard," "old Yale," "old Dartmouth," and one enthusiastic admirer and attendant at the University of Chicago has been heard to refer to certain rules of that institution as "a way we have at old Chicago." There is certainly an affection conveyed by the word "old" that no other adjective carries, and like the terms of address "old man" or "old boy" it signifies that loving familiarity with which every one regards his college home.—Boston Journal.

A Suggestion.

Prison Warden—It's just been found out that you didn't commit that crime you've been in for all these years, and so the home secretary has pardoned you. Innocent Man—Um! I'm pardoned, am I?

Prison Warden—Y-e-s, but don't go yet. I'll have to telegraph for further instructions.

Innocent Man—What about?
Prison Warden—Seems to me that, considering you hadn't any business here, you ought to pay for your board.—London Tit-Bits.

Misplacement of a Comma.

A popular captain's wife was more than usually anxious over the safety of her husband, and accordingly handed a parish clerk a slip one Sunday morning bearing the words, "Captain Wilson having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf." Unfortunately, by the misplacement of the comma after the "sea," the congregation were told that "Captain Wilson having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation on his behalf."—Cornhill Magazine.

Of Course Not.

The day was a warm one, and the gentleman from Kentucky was coming up from the spring at the foot of the hill with a bucket in his hand.

"Ah, colonel," inquired an Ohio visitor sitting on the porch, "have you something to drink in that pail?"

"Oh, no," responded the colonel, "it's water."—Detroit Free Press.

An Egyptian scythe dug up on the banks of the Nile in 1890 and said to be as old as Moses is exhibited in a London museum. The shaft of the instrument is of wood, set with a row of fine flint saws, which are securely cemented in a groove.

A New York business man says: "The keystone of the success of the business man is in making other men work for him. That is the greatest quality. It is no mean accomplishment to get men who will earn their salary."

Many animals never take exercise for its own sake. The muscular system of animals is kept in the most perfect condition, however, by their search for food. With them exercise is natural, and therefore perfect of its kind.

When a woman tires of a man she has once truly loved, there is reason to believe he has outraged her affection and wounded her inmost self esteem.

Keep the mouth closed while chewing. Don't masticate food on the principle which controls the running of a sewing machine—the faster the better.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cents. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American. Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City.



C. M. NOBLE,
LEADING GROCER,
McCook, Neb.
SOLE AGENT.

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE.

The Great English Remedy.
Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Debility, Impotency and all kinds of Abuses or Excesses. Has been prescribed over 50 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask Druggist for Wood's Phosphorine. If he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave his dishonest store, and purchase of us. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will please, etc. will cure. Sample in plain sealed envelope, 2 cents. Address The Wood Chemical Co., 151 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

For sale by L. W. McConnell & Co., G. M. Chenery, Albert McMillen in McCook and by druggists everywhere.

CURTIS & BATES



For a Clean Shave or
An Artistic Hair Cut.
REAR OF CITIZENS BANK.

J. S. McBRAYER. MILTON OSBORN.

McBRAYER & OSBORN,

Proprietors of the
McCook Transfer Line.

Bus, Baggage and Express.

ONLY FURNITURE VAN
.....In the City....

Leave orders for Bus Calls at Commercial Hotel or our office opposite depot.

J. S. McBrayer also has a first-class house-moving outfit.

CANCER
Subjects need fear no longer from this King of Terrors, for by a most wonderful discovery in medicine, cancer on any part of the body can be permanently cured without the use of the knife.
MRS. H. D. COLBY, 2307 Indiana Ave., Chicago, says: "I was cured of cancer of the breast in six weeks by your method of treatment." Send for treatise, Dr. H. C. Dale, 365 34th St., Chicago.