

# McCook Weekly Tribune.

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A. PROBST & BRO.  
PROPRIETORS.

WE KEEP ON HAND  
BREAD, PIES & CAKES,  
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Cakes Made on Order.

Lunch Room in connection, where you can get hot coffee, etc.

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Favorite Resort  
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Ice Cold Lemonade,  
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Choice Cigars, Candy, Nuts, Etc.

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Opposite Hotel on the hill.

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
SADDLES,  
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## RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

THE impression, which seems to have become rather wide spread, that the adoption of standard time will bring with it the adoption of the twenty-four hour system, is incorrect. The present system will continue to be used, and the two halves of the solar day distinguished by the terms A. M. and P. M. The only difference will be the turning ahead of the time pieces twenty-four minutes at all places east of McCook, and turning them back thirty-six minutes at all points west.

As an indication that the C. B. & Q. intends going it alone, they now run through cars between Omaha and Chicago, it being the only road carrying passengers between these cities without change of cars, and baggage is checked through from Omaha to destination. The "Q" has a flush hand, and can afford to run the solitary racket.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy is reported as intending to build into St. Paul at an early date. Such an extension of its system is not improbable and if the company is convinced of its value it will be constructed without delay.

## NEW MEAT MARKET.

## DUNGAN & SHEKELS,

DEALERS IN  
Fresh and Salt Meats

OF ALL KINDS. CURERS OF  
Ham and Breakfast Bacon.

Pure Lard of our own rendering. Highest cash price paid for Hides, Furs of all kinds, and Pelts. One door west of the City Bakery.  
DUNGAN & SHEKELS, Proprietors.

## BY OUR ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE editor of the Oxford Register laments the fact that a saloon is to be established in that burg.

THE Koran says: "God is with the patient." After the "medic" is called in the reverse is often the case—the patient is with his God.

THE Globe Democrat says: "The great art of running a newspaper is the art of guessing where hell is liable to break loose next."

A BANGOR, Me., young man broke his engagement, alleging that his sweetheart couldn't cook. She replied that she could "cook herrings," and "you know darned well them's all you can afford to pay for."

IN the ruins of Pompeii the remains of a man with a satisfied smile on his face and four jacks grasped in his dried-up hand has been unearthed. The workmen are now digging away vigorously for the other fellow to see what he held.

Mrs. McELROY, the President's sister, and Susan B. Anthony were seen walking together in Washington the other day. The newspaper correspondents have not explained the meaning of this public exhibition as yet, but it is presumed that the President is about to commit matrimony.

IN view of the fact that certain very distinguished disciples of the long since defunct Esculapius have recently given birth to the remarkable statement that "the surest way to take cold is to hug the stove," it has been pertinently suggested that young men who spend Sunday evenings with their lady friends would do well to remember this, and not put in all their time hugging the stove.

THE long fight against the saloons in Topeka and Lawrence, waged, with occasional intervals of apathy, during the past two years, has finally resulted in what appears to be a complete victory for the temperance people. The saloons are closed—not pretentively, with back door openings—but completely, and it would seem, permanently. The law has triumphed in these places.—Atchison Champion.

ONE of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. No one who has never feasted on the sweetness of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets "a pass" for a year, rides \$25 worth, and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a half-blown deadbeat. He puffs a concert troupe \$10 worth and gets \$1 in complimentaries, and is thus passed in "free." It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor. He passes "free," you know.—Exchange.

## CARRICO COOINGS.

Riders are out on the range driving in poor cows.

Hunting rabbit and duck is extensively engaged in by the boys.

Mr. Clifford is with his family in the eastern part of the state, where his children are attending school.

Father Keyler killed two fat hogs, the other day, that one further East might be proud of. S. J. Clifford and Uncle Sam Tate have also killed some fine porkers.

There is considerable talk of organizing Hayes county. Why not? High taxes are paid, and there are no public improvements in this county, save what the settlers donate on the roads.

Christmas was celebrated at Bro. Paxton's, our P. M. As to numbers, we were not large, but each knew the other, and from beginning to end, it was one grand simoon of mirth, dancing, playing blind-man's bluff, and singing. Bro. Paxton and lady mingled in the sport, the gayest of the movers. At 24 o'clock, Mother Paxton spread a feast from which it took the bachelors three days to recover and have a relish for their pancakes and fried potatoes.

An affair happened to me last night, which may be of interest, as adding weight to an old whim: Am at S. F. Clifford's on the Willow, two miles below Carrico. Am alone, Clifford being east with his family. Ate a light supper about 8 o'clock and retired about eleven. After midnight, a strange cat got into the house and fought with the two in the room. Things were knocked from the table, chairs upset and general carnage reigned. Put the intruder out and slept,—how long I do not know.

Awoke with a feeling of suffocation. A throbbing of the arteries each side the neck, which momentarily increased in violence. Heard the soft purring of a cat, and a lapping as if a cat were drinking milk or water. There was a strong odor, as if a cat were close to my face. The beating of the veins at my throat became terrific. I struggled and threw up an arm. At this the cat leaped to the floor and I heard her join the others by the stove. In a short time I felt as well as ever, except a heaviness at the lungs, which continued perhaps an hour. I went out in the snow next morning in front of the door and labored for a season to understand the meaning of Category. I now know.

"That it is better for 99 guilty to go free, than that one innocent one should perish," now reads: Let the 90 and 9 perish with the 1.

Carrico, Dec. 31, 1883. W.

VALLEY GRANGE ITEMS.  
Miss Lillie Leech is teaching in the Barns district.

George Fredericks gave a very enjoyable dance on Christmas night.

I am pleased to note that Miss Mollie Davis, who was thrown from her horse the day before Christmas, and quite badly hurt, is much improved.

Your correspondent, while in the Magic City, last week, noticing an individual wandering around in an absent-minded way, asked him what was the object of his search. To which he replied, "I am looking for one of the city fathers to hold my team—there being no posts to be found."

An individual of thieving propensities broke into Carey and Daniel's ranch, and stole a jug of molasses, a pocket-book, wagon hammer, etc., recently. He was about the size of, well, the boys say, if he don't return the articles they will describe him so accurately that there will be no necessity to mention his name.