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THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

Patience, falling on the home-tops, With music quiet and rare, Like the sound of human heart-throbs, On the silent midnight air, Or the tears of angels falling When they weep with those who weep, Or the lullaby of mothers When they rock their babes to sleep. Like the drowsy wine of poppies With its weird, enchanting powers, Coming to the weary listener, Like the dew to drooping flowers; Like calm sleep to those who suffer, Or like tears to those who mourn; Like remembered words from loved ones From our aching bosoms torn. Strangely sweet, bewitching music, All entranced my senses lie, As I watch the mystic Future With the shadowy Past go by, While a calm and holy quiet Steals upon my heart and brain, Then I fall asleep, still listening To the murmur of the rain. So, maybe, sometime hereafter I shall lay me down to rest, Over weary, and shall listen For the music I loved best; When, its gentle cadence falling Through the twilight silence deep, Softly soothes my troubled spirit While it lulls me into sleep. When at last my soul has fallen Into sweetest, glad repose, That on earth sunshine nor shadow No waking eye can see, Like the voice of waiting angels, Or the vesper bells in toll, May the softly falling rain-drops Chant a requiem for my soul. —Abe Kinna.

Beecher and the Stenographers.

A great deal is said about newspaper inaccuracy, and most of the complaints are unfounded or are only based on trifling errors. It is an affectation in many public men, and a silly one, to discredit wholesale the reports of their utterances. On the other hand, the pretensions to infallibility by shorthand writers are not borne out by the facts. No stenographer alive can take down verbatim the utterance of a rapid speaker. Take Beecher for a conspicuous test. It is an object to him to have the fullest possible reports made of his sermons, for the purpose of issuing the best of them in pamphlets and books. He has during his long pulpit career tried numerous experts, and there is a notion that Ellingwood, who has for years been his accredited reporter, is master of the job. So far is it from being so that two other rapid men are employed each to make a separate report, and from the work of the three a copy is written out. But the fallibility of this system is that all are likely to fail simultaneously in the extremely rapid passages. Like impulsive speakers generally, Beecher speaks so slowly at times that his words can all be taken down in long hand. But for the next ten minutes he will rattle away at a rate that defies stenography. Last Sunday he was forty-two minutes delivering his morning sermon. One of the most competent shorthand reporters in the city took every word of it that he could get, and the total was about 6,000 words, or two and a half times the amount of this letter. And this was not a solitary accurate, many sentences having to be completed by guess work. Probably the sermon entire would have been nearly two thousand words more. Beecher is so sensible a man that he recognizes the difficulties of reporting, and never grumbles at anything which adequately reproduces his sermons and speeches. "As a rule," he says, "the reporters make good a hiatus in their notes so well that no violence is done to the sentiment. Occasionally some blunder has made me ridiculous, but much oftener, I imagine, my language is improved by the misrepresentation. I do not assert positively on this point, for the reason I am unable when I see a sermon of mine in print, to tell how nearly accurate it is. Of course, I can detect any departure from important meanings, but can't recall my words to any great extent.—N. Y. Letter.

Jesse Pomeroy, the Boy Murderer.

A correspondent, while in Concord, Mass., recently, visited the prison in which Jesse Pomeroy is confined. The boy has reached man's stature now. Under the condition of his sentence he is kept in solitary confinement. He has no intercourse whatever with the other prisoners, and the visitor was not permitted to speak to him. Solitary confinement in his case does not mean the utterly cheerless condition that one could imagine. Pomeroy, it is said, has developed into a young man of more than ordinary intellect, thoughtfulness, and reasoning powers. He is allowed to have all the books he wants, and with these companions his mental life is not wholly devoid of comfort. Since he has been in prison he has acquired enough knowledge of several languages to read them well. His cell is spacious and well lighted and ventilated. Young Pomeroy remains to-day what his crimes showed him to be—an abnormal character. While more intelligent and intellectual than the average, he is destitute of a moral nature, and hasn't the slightest conception of the enormity of the acts by which he took the lives of several little children.

Pure Sympathy.

"What have you got for dinner?" inquired a disgusted drummer of the waiter. The drummer had been in the town twenty-four hours without taking an order. "Roast duck, sir." "Ah! was the duck shot on the wing?" "I guess so." "Trying to get away from this cussed place, wasn't he?" "I presume likely enough, sir." "Good bird; sagacious fowl; rara avis. I admire his pluck and pity his misfortune. You may bring me that duck. I'll take the whole of him. I'll help him along on the road."

—The Railroad Commissioners of California were in lazy session, pretending to investigate abuses in the freight traffic affecting the farmers of the State, when a venerable rustic asked permission to address them. They told him to go on, and he did so until his direct charges of corruption displeased them, and they ordered an officer to eject him. "I was prepared for an interruption," he said, "and I didn't mean to be turned out without making an impression on you." Then he drew a handful of eggs from his pocket and petted the Commissioners with them.

CONSTANCY.

Part, oh part, But not from Love, ah! no, For, though it blooms in sorrow, 'Tis Heaven's flower below. Part, oh part, But not from Hope, ah! no, It is the star of sorrow, God's sweetest gift below. Part, oh! part, But not from Faith, ah! no, It is the crown of sorrow Our lives must wear below. Part, oh! part, Yet not from Pain, ah! no, Who knows not Love in sorrow Knows naught of Love below. Ecstatic Deathbed Visions.

"Have you ever observed the visions and ecstatic delights that are often spoken of by religious writers?" was asked Dr. L. L. Seaman, one of New York's leading physicians. "Certainly. They are quite common, and not at all confined to religious persons. Experienced physicians testify that most persons die in a state of trance. Although they are apparently conscious, they pass away in a state of dreaming. Often they seem to be listening to musical sounds. Sometimes they seem to be beckoned to by angels." "And do you regard such exhibitions as purely physical?" "Just as much so as a dream. They are controlled by the ordinary thoughts and feelings, the every-day life and education and imagination of the subject in precisely the same way as a dream is so controlled. Generally a dream is a reproduction of a waking thought. The curious jumble of subjects in a dream is the result of the absence of volition. There is a suspension of the functions of the motor tract of the brain. The same thing occurs in the mesmeric trance. The suspension may be temporary, and then the person may not only return to consciousness, but remember some of the curious things seen in the vision. Something of the same nature occurs in taking opium. In the earlier stages of opium eating the subject appears to have two mental operations going on at once. One is fantastic and odd, the other normal and regular. In such a case one is able to keep up a running comment on the visions passing before his eyes."

Shingling Women's Hair.

"Oh, no, it ain't the dudes that have their bangs shingled," said a Philadelphia barber. "Some dudes wear bangs, I know, but they don't have 'em shingled, and all the shingled customers I have are ladies, who ain't able to shingle their own heads." "Wot's shingling? Well, it's just taking the hair from the middle of the head and letting it fall over in front and then cutting it so that it looks like a shingled roof; that is, in layers, each one a little shorter than the one in front of it, so that when the job's finished the lady's bang is nice and fluffy, and looks as if it was bubbling up from the top of her head and running down to her forehead in little ripples. Oh, its most becoming, I tell you, and I do a big business in shingling." "Do the ladies come here or do you go to them?" asked the scribe. "Well, most of them get me to come to their houses, but I have some customers who don't seem to mind coming to the shop and going through the operation seated on a chair with a towel around their shoulders, though there may be three or four gentlemen getting shaved at the same time.—Philadelphia Record."

The Danger of Being a Natural Orator.

I met an old friend the other day and says he: "I just wish you could see my boy. I'm fixing him up for college and he is just the smartest boy in all this country. He is a natural orator. He has got gifts, he has. He speaks now like Henry Clay. He took the medal in declamation. I wish you could see him on the stage. He is just splendid, he is." I looked at him mournfully, and says I: "It's sad, very sad. I never knew a natural orator to be any account. I was a natural orator and it ruined me. I've never been any account. I took a pewter medal when I was young and have never gotten over it. It was speaking for a speech. I thought then that I had whipped the battle of life and there were no more worlds to conquer, but I've had to fight on ever since, and my medal didn't do me any good. I wish you would guard your boy against medals and being a natural orator. There is but one remedy for a natural orator, and that is to marry rich and settle down and wait for invitations to make speeches at college commencements. They are right useful that way."—Atlanta Constitution.

Girls.

A stroll on Washington Heights revealed to a correspondent a fashionable girl fashionably playing lawn tennis. She had more than the average height of her sex, and was symmetrically perfect. Her figure was encased in what he supposes was a jersey bodice. At all events, the fabric was elastic, woven and seamless. In his opinion there was no corset under it, else she could not possibly have been so supple, nor would every movement of the muscles below her shoulder blades have been visible. He does not like to think that she was consciously on exhibition, and that her poses and action were studiously careless, for she made too fine a picture to lack honesty. Women may like to know that her skirt was short, striped and scant; that her stockings were black; that her shoes were alligator skin, cut low and that, as to her hat, their fancy must construct it out of the bare assertion that it was big, and so eccentric in shape that no architect could give an idea of it on paper without at least a hundred cross-section views.

A Pretty Plaintiff Deprives a Jury of Common Sense.

A young woman in England was slightly hurt in a railroad accident, and in her suit against the company was awarded a ridiculously heavy verdict. The Judge granted a new trial on the ground that the plaintiff and her sister, who appeared as a witness in her behalf, were so beautiful that the jury, in contemplating them were deprived of common sense.

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