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WE WISH TO SAY TO

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That as we have no high-salaried book keepers to pay, no bad debts to loose, and no large debts to carry at a heavy expense of interest, etc., and that by cutting down our expenses we are enabled to sell our goods at prices

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Per hundred weight..... \$2.25  
Arbuckles Coffee, 6lbs. for..... 1.00  
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LAWNS! LAWNS! LAWNS! Per yard..... 7c.  
TEA! TEA! Tea! From..... 25c. to 75c.

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**All Everybody Come and See Us. All WILCOX BROS.**

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I have for sale some of the **FINEST UPLAND** in **RED WILLOW COUNTY.** For terms and particulars apply to

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**The McCook Tribune!**

**SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 PER YEAR.**

**TIM POND.**

[M. J. Messer.]  
I love a man whose deeds are earnest,  
Whose heart is faithful, whose words are true,  
And little it matters where God has placed him,  
Or what is the work that is his to do,  
Whether he sits in the halls of marble,  
To make the laws for a mighty land,  
Or hears, in the forest, the wild birds warble,  
And grasps an axe in his brawny hand.

Just such a man was Tim, the hunter,  
A guide, with record without a stain,  
Who knew like a book each brook and river  
And loved every tree in the woods of Maine,  
For forty years, through the pathless forests,  
He followed the moose and the caribou;  
But never again shall we hear his rifle,  
Or pierce the darkness, his loud halloo.

For Tim is at rest, his life chase ended,  
He sleeps 'mid the scenes he loved so well,  
By the side of a tranquil mountain lakelet,  
Whose beauty with rapture the tourists tell,  
And his memory lives in that sheet of water,  
Though his spirit rests in the great beyond,  
And will live as long as the wavelets ripple,  
For 'tis known to the world by the name  
"Tim Pond."

**PLACING THE "BEAUTY SPOTS."**

Reviving the Custom of Face-Adorning with Court-Plaster.

[Chicago News.]

"The court-plaster market has a decided upward tendency," said a State street druggist. "The reason? Oh, that's plain enough. The ladies have taken to 'beauty spotting' themselves again. Look at that one," he exclaimed, as a well-dressed and aristocratic female swept past the store. Two small patches of court-plaster adorned her face, one near the lower lip on the right side and the other higher up on the cheek. The latter evidently covered a mole, or some other imperfection of the cuticle, for it did not lie flat upon the face, but had a convex appearance.

"She is one of very many," continued the druggist, "who are beginning this rather questionable method of enhancing feminine loveliness. Chicago ladies always keep up with the fashions, and now that black court-plaster has become an adjunct to the toilet they may be expected to do their part. I was at a theatre the other night and in looking over the audience I counted forty-seven ladies who were adorned with the spots. They wore a satisfied air as though proud of the new fashion. It is more generally used by blondes. Brunettes sometimes wear the spots to hide little imperfections of the face. They seldom use it, I imagine, to heighten their complexion, for that is dark and the contrast is not so great as in the case of the flaxen hair and pink cheek of a blonde. Light-skinned women have always used more skill in the art of making up than brunettes, and as their beauty, brilliant while it lasts, is more fleeting than their dark-haired sisters, they should be excused for creating as great a sensation as possible during their brief career.

"The custom, so far as I can learn, is a French one, and was introduced into England at the time of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. Addison speaks of the habit in one of his essays, and calls it patching. It was universal then among polite ladies. Partisan spirit in those times was very bitter, and the ladies, taking up the fight, 'patched' in the cause they adopted. The Whig ladies patched altogether on the right side of the face, while the Tories patched the other side. When a woman changed her politics her patches also. The custom soon became transformed from a political warfare to a system of facial adornment, and the name changed from 'patches' to 'beauty spots.' What has caused the present revival of the fashion? It would be impossible to give a satisfactory explanation, except that as now modes become exhausted old ones are hunted up and made to pass for fresh invention."

**One Tribe Well Provided for.**

[Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

The Crows are better off in every way than any other tribe in Montana. They are the richest and laziest Indians in the territory. They have an enormous reservation, nearly 5,000,000 acres of beautiful soil, which they are too lazy to cultivate; neither will they let anybody else do it. If this land was equally divided up among the 960 men, 770 boys, 1,100 women and 670 girls composing the Crow nation it would give exactly 1,473 acres to every man, woman and child of the tribe. Besides this they have over 15,000 head of horses, or rather ponies, \$50,000 worth of peltries and skins, 12,000 buffalo robes and at least \$350,000 worth of other property. They have many rich mines on their reservation, particularly in the Big Horn country. Some of the bucks occasionally bring specimens of gold and nuggets into the post trader's store at this military fort, which they barter in exchange for beads, calico, shells and other trinkets. When asked where they get the gold they smile an Indian smile, shake their heads knowingly and say: "Up in the Big Horn mountains."

**Factors of Progress.**

[Kansas City Journal.]

Every highway, every railway, every steamboat, every sail of a merchant marine, is a factor of progress of ideas, religious and moral as well as industrial. The only countries where bigotry, ignorance, misgovernment have full swing, are countries where you will find sheep paths instead of roads and railroads, and where there are no harbors or ships or commerce. An industrial age is not an age antagonistic of religion. Traffic is an evangelist. Had not Columbus discovered America, and Magellan circumnavigated the globe, we might all to-day be turning the thumb screw or sitting in the stocks—persecuting or persecuted.

**New York Newsboys.**

[John Swinton's Paper.]

There are about 300 little ragamuffins between 6 and 12 years of age in this city who live by selling the daily papers in the streets. Twenty per cent. of them die every year by exposure and hunger; but the supply is always far beyond the demand. Besides these there are a hundred little girls who from time to time try their hands in rivaling the boys. The income of these tatterdemalions runs from 20 to 70 cents a day.

Merchant Traveler: The coming era—cholera.

**UNDER A NOM DE PLUME.**

The Mistake Journalists Make in Not Signing Their Own Names.

[New York Journalist.]

Newspaper writers who furnish correspondence or other matter to which they are allowed to sign their names, make a very serious mistake in taking to themselves fanciful titles. The nom de plume is very decidedly played out, and it does the writer no more good, in any sense, than would be done him if he did not sign his contributions at all. The only object in putting a signature to an article at all, is to identify the matter with a given personality. The man whose nom de plume wins celebrity is just as badly off as he was before he began to use it.

Let us take a case in point. Mr. Blakely Hall, of the Sun, does a good deal of work for out-of-town newspapers. Of all his writings, however, the weekly letter which he sends to The San Francisco Argonaut is perhaps the most widely copied, and therefore, in a journalistic sense, the most successful. It has been Mr. Hall's custom to sign these letters "Flaneur," and by reason of that nom de plume his identity has been lost. It so happens that Mr. Hall's style of writing closely resembles that of another journalist, whose name has been rather more extensively known than the name of Mr. Hall. The readers of the Flaneur letters detected, or thought they detected, the other journalist's personality in these communications. The natural consequence of this fact was that until recently the other journalist has quite unconsciously been receiving the credit of having written Mr. Blakely Hall's letters to The Argonaut, and the editor of that paper now feels moved, in justice to Mr. Hall, to announce that he is their author.

Clearly it would have been a good deal better for Mr. Hall if he had from the first signed his full name to his letters. He would have received general credit for them, and in addition to that, the knowledge of who he was might have assisted in making a more widespread demand for his work. An editor requiring New York correspondence generally applies for it to some writer with whose work he is familiar. It would not be easy for him to find a man who was known only under a nom de plume.

The practice of signing the names of the writers of the newspaper letters has been growing rapidly within the past few years. The fashion used to be to put one's initials at the bottom of his nail contributions. Then the fancy name stepped in, and that in turn is being superseded. Joseph Howard, J. H. Haynie, W. A. Croffut, and other writers who make a business of newspaper correspondence, have for some time followed this system. It enables them to become widely known with much more rapidity than would be practicable under the old system. It took George Alfred Townsend a good many years to make himself known as the author of "Gath's" letters. If he had signed his name at the beginning, the matter would have been fully understood long ago, and Mr. Townsend's period of prosperity, which is now very large, would have begun long ago. The nom de plume is obviously a mistake.

**The Man Who Shoots Wells.**

[New York Sun.]

He was a medium-sized, slender man about 40 years old, and he had listened to the conversation for some time in silence. "Business is very good with me," he said, at last. "My expenses are about \$50 a week, and my receipts at least \$200. I am a well-shooter." "What's that?" asked a bystander. "You see, all over the country there are certain wells that supply so many gallons per day. When the demand exceeds the supply they send for me. I examine the rock to see whether it's limestone, sandstone or gneiss, and then lower what we call a shattering cartridge of dynamite or nitro-glycerine to the bottom of the well and there explode it with the electric spark. The explosion shatters the rock for yards, and opens crevices in every direction, so that the flow of water is doubled, and sometimes quadrupled. I have just shot a well for a brewery on Ninth avenue, near Manhattanville. They formerly had to pump the water. Now the water overflows, and for the \$500 they gave me for the job, they are saving over \$2,000 a year."

"Why haven't you competition?"

"The trade isn't healthy. When I started four years ago I had two partners. At Pittsburg we shot an artesian, but one of my partners happened to drop a cartridge. It was nitro-glycerine, and the building and my partner were blown to pieces. My second partner was a very careful man, but last August he left me in Philadelphia to shoot a well in Germantown. He had two cartridges in his coat pockets, and they must have been manufactured improperly, because just outside the latter place there was an explosion which broke every pane of glass for 500 yards. I identified my partner by the pieces of his watch, but there wasn't enough of him left for a funeral. I want a partner very much, and have advertised for one; but the moment they learn about the trade, they get out. Yet it's a perfectly safe trade. Here is a nitro-glycerine cartridge made after my own ideas. If—"

But at this point the crowd found the air too oppressive, and left.

**Tender-Hearted Nero.**

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

Nero was not the tyrant, at all times, that history has painted him. Naturally, he was a man of tender heart and compassionate impulses. He played the fiddle while Rome was burning. This reconciled the Romans to the conflagration, and calmly locking themselves in their blazing houses, they gladly perished.

**Yarn From the Nettle.**

According to Dr. A. Berghaus, the nettle was formerly extensively employed in Germany for woven fabrics and its use is being revived. The common stinging nettle may be made into good yarn, but the Chinese nettle gives the best results.

Washington Gladden: By far the most dangerous of the unsocial forces now threatening the destruction of society is the gambling mania.

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