

- For Governor, T. J. MAJORS, of Nemaha. For Lieutenant Governor, R. E. MOORE, of Lancaster. For Secretary of State, J. A. PIPER, of Harlan. For Auditor of Public Accounts, EUGENE MOORE, of Madison. For Treasurer, J. S. BARTLEY, of Holt. For Commissioner, H. C. RUSSELL, of Colfax. For Attorney General, A. S. CHURCHILL, of Douglas. For Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. R. CORBETT, of York. For Congressman—Fifth District, W. E. ANDREWS, of Adams County. For Senator, 29th District, F. M. RATHBUN, of Frontier county. For Representative, JOHN J. LAMBORN, of Indianola. For Treasurer, HENRY H. BERRY, of McCook. For Attorney, HARLOW W. KEYES, of Indianola. For Coroner, DR. A. W. HOYT, of Bartley. For Surveyor, EDGAR S. HILL, of Indianola.

The farmers of this senatorial district will remember deserving Frank Rathbun handsomely, this fall. He is one of the most meritorious men in the district.

McKEIGHAN, the foxy, captured the democratic congressional convention at Hastings, Wednesday, by a vote of 57 1/2 to 40 1/2, after a bitter and exciting fight. But salt petre wont save McKeighan, this year.

The republican nominee for the office of county attorney has the qualifications in more than a common measure for making an able and successful and satisfactory officer. He should be remembered with the full republican vote.

MR. ANDREWS' popularity in this district is attested by the crowds of people who turn out to hear him wherever he goes to speak, and the cordial welcome accorded him at different gatherings. The people do themselves credit in thus honoring an honest, earnest man.—Hayes Centre Republican.

The successor to Manderson must be a republican—not necessarily a corporation counsel as our populist friends intimate—but a republican. One of the ways and the most effectual way for the republicans of this county to secure that desirable result is to elect John J. Lamborn as Red Willow county's representative in the next legislature.

W. E. ANDREWS will speak in McCook, Friday afternoon next, October 12th, commencing at two o'clock. Governor Crouse will also address the meeting. There may also be an evening meeting. Republicans of Red Willow county should make a special effort to be present en masse, and hear two of our most eloquent and convincing speakers.

News of the most cheering nature come from all over this district showing that W. E. Andrews is growing more popular with the voters. The opposition is much alarmed at the brightening prospects for his election. He is making a successful campaign and the people everywhere give him hearty welcome. Democrats by the hundred and also many populists are leaving McKeighan for him.—Hastings Tribune.

WHEN our own McKeighan enunciated the celebrated sentence at Holdrege, two years ago, "I mean no disrespect to the defenseless dead, when I say I am no democrat," we thought the saying as a rather cute sarcasm. In the light of present events it must be regarded as a prophecy which entitles the prophet to some honor—as a prophet—even in his own country. Today the democratic party in Nebraska is passing through the last throes of dissolution.—Red Cloud Belt.

THIS year of grace it will be the exclusive and delectable privilege of the republican party of Nebraska to make of fashion confusion, by administering to the demo-pop combination, this fall, a knock-out blow. We've got to do it to hold our job of standing up for Nebraska and being enumerated in her behalf 365 days annually. So peel your outer garments, brethren, and at them. You have before you the supreme effort of your party life. Victory under the present circumstances will be all the more glorious and grand.

FIRST AND LAST.

Hope smiles a welcome, though none other smiles Upon our entrance to this world of pain. And on each purpose of our youth again, With an inspiring sympathy, she smiles. She leads us forth to battle and beguiles Our anguish, if the long fight proves in vain, Till, pierced with countless wounds, among the slain We leave her, while the victor for reviles. But, even as we touch at ruin's verge, And hear the voices of despair, that urge The fatal plunge to chaos, hope, alone— How healed and how ransom'd none may guess— Rising again, in pallid loveliness, Resumes her sway, a thousand times o'er-thrown. —Florence Earle Coates in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

THE LAZY FIRST BASEMAN.

He Was Favored by Rain Until the Manager Drowned Him Out. The retired left fielder was telling the story. "Hank McGinnis," he said, "was the greatest first baseman I ever seen. He could play the bag outter sight when he was a mind to, but he was the laziest man in 27 counties, and he didn't play no ball when he could git outen it. He was allays turnin up with a spiked foot or a split thumb or something of the kind, an generally made out to lay off more'n half the time. The summer we were playin in the Western league we struck a manager who was onto Hank's curves. He took him to one side when the season begun an tol him that he wouldn't stand no grafts. He marked out to him that if he didn't play every day he would git laid off an lose his pay. Sore heels an thumbs was barred.

"Hank, bein lazier than ever that year, was considerable stirred up about this. He didn't have no likin to play, but he was hot after the long green, an he kep' playin along an kickin like a bay steer all the time. Finally he got a couple of days' lay off an went to see his mother, so he said. He got back on time an complained of being sick, but the manager tol him t' git inter th' game or lose 20 cold plunks, an he got in. Nex' day we couldn't play. There was a big rain. Jus' before the time t' call the game on the day after that it was another big rain. "An it went on like this for a straight 30 days. It would allays rain jus' before the game, whether we was home or away. Hank he got fat loafin around an was on first rate terms with hisself. Finally the manager had to let out some of the men to reduce expense, an Hank got the run. Then the rains stopped. Now, what to you think that man done so's he could git his money without workin? Seems he knew something about rainmakin, an when he took that t ip home he got his chemicals together an didn't do a thing but make rain every afternoon jus' before the game."—Buffalo Express.

St. Murphy. There is in one of the departments in Washington an old maid whom I call St. Murphy, not because she is so saintlike in appearance, for my saint has a jolly face, and in that woman, whose hair is sprinkled with gray and upon whose cheeks the roses of youth have ceased to bloom, I see a beauty that leaves nothing to be desired. She comes into the dining room accompanied by a little girl and boy. My woman's eye soon detects something a little out of the usual. The children look too young to be hers, so I make inquiries and find that they are hers by adoption. She found these children with a dying mother, whom she made happy by promising to care for them. Her faithful she is keeping her promise! She has taken them to her heart. They show, as children always do, that they have not only food and clothes, but love, and plenty of it. Do you wonder that I call her saint? Here is that woman, at the age when women soonest tire, going daily to her work, no matter what the weather, cold or rain, denying herself that she may make these children comfortable. When I see her in the evening, weary from her day's work, but her dear old face beaming with love, I say to myself, "There is a woman who has won heaven, and I am glad to have known her," and I murmur, "God bless you, Miss Murphy!"—Harriette P. Crabbe in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

Chemical Reaction. A French chemist has lately made some investigations in a field not hitherto so thoroughly explored as many others, and from them he draws the conclusion that chemical reaction cannot occur between 125 degrees and 150 degrees. Sulphuric acid and ammonia will not react at 80 degrees, while at 60 to 65 degrees the action is sudden and violent. Neither caustic soda nor caustic potash can be made to unite with the same acid below 125 degrees C. nor with carbonates below 80 degrees. With the latter, brisk effervescence sets in about 80 degrees. If nitric instead of sulphuric acid is used in such experiments, the temperature where reaction begins seems to be lowered in every case.—New York Sun.

A Cremation. Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln thus describes her feelings while watching a cremation:

"As we stood in silence watching the rosy glow which played over the white surface of the retort a feeling came to us of awe certainly, but also of peace and rest. There was something so spiritual, so elevating in the absolute purity of the intense heat that it seemed to all of us who stood there far less appalling than the blackness of an open grave."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Proverbs are the literature of reason or the statements of absolute truth, without qualification. Like the sacred books of each nation, they are the sanctuary of its intuitions.—Emerson.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

THE LANGUAGE OF FINGERS.

Their Silent Talk Is Important In Board of Trade Transactions. Thousands of visitors who yearly go to the board of trade and watch the traders on the exchange floor from the public gallery express surprise at the rapid manner in which business is transacted. As a rule, the wheat pit attracts them, and they do not understand how commodities change hands with such lightning rapidity, and how hundreds of thousands and millions of bushels are bought and sold in an incredibly short space of time to the novice a profound mystery. They do not know that the brokers do a great deal of their work by finger signs, seldom understood by the outsider.

It requires only the fraction of a second to buy and sell 50,000 bushels of wheat. "I'll sell 50 'Sep.' at an eighth," cries one of the brokers, and he has hardly finished speaking before another on the opposite side yells "Sold." The trade is put down on the trading card, and the transaction, which involves over \$30,000, has been completed. The number of bushels offered for sale is indicated by holding up one finger for each 5,000 bushels. So in selling 50,000 bushels the broker simply holds up both hands and waves them from him, which explains itself as wanting to dispose of the lot. In addition to this, brokers have a complete finger code by which the condition of the market is communicated. The signs generally used are as follows:

The first finger held up stands for one-eighth of 1 cent, as the traders all know the main price. If, for instance, the first sale of wheat after the market opened was made at 60 cents and the next at 60 1/8 cents, the trader simply holds up one finger for the advance of one-eighth of 1 cent. The upward position of the finger is to show the upward course of the market. Should the market be bearish and the price decline to 59 3/8 cents, the signal for this would be a closed hand, with the thumb pointing downward. This shows the price seven eighths of a cent and the status of the market downward.—Chicago Tribune.

AN ASENTMINDED MAN.

He Went Fishing and Forgot That It Was His Wedding Day.

The Rev. George Harv, st, minister of Thames Ditton, a great scholar and skillful fisherman, was one of the most asentminded men of his time. He was engaged to a daughter of the bishop of London, but on the day of his wedding, being gudgeon fishing, he oversteered the appointed hour, and the lady, justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. With Arthur Onslow, the speaker of the house of commons, Mr. Harv was on terms of great intimacy. Being one day in a punt together on the Thames, he began to read a beautiful passage from some Greek author, and throwing himself backward in an ecstasy fell into the river, whence he was with difficulty fished out.

When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the vice chancellorship of Cambridge, Harv, who had been his schoolfellow at Eton, went down to give him his vote. In a large company the two were joking together on their schoolboy tricks. The parson suddenly exclaimed, "Whence do you derive your nickname of Jimmie 'twitche'?" "Why," answered his lordship, "from some foolish fellow." "No, no," interrupted Harv, "it isn't some but every body that calls you so." When this gentleman's mind was not absent, it was, however, very useful to him. Having lost himself at Calais, and not being able to speak a word of French, he managed to convey to the inhabitants that he was staying at the Silver Lion by putting a shilling in his mouth and setting himself in the attitude of a lion rampant.—London Illustrated News.

Indians Tracking.

It was a most strange and interesting experience to see the Indian read all the signs of the different animals in the grass or among the woods with the same ease as we read an open book. The least disarrangement in the grass or sticks, however small, was enough. Glancing casually at it in passing, he would say: "Bear—a week old." "Yes-terday." "Deer—this morning." "Very old." "Caribou—last month," and so on. It was wonderful to behold this instinct in a man.

I had for a long time been following this trail of the moose, which I thought was a fresh trail, when I got sick of it and began to cross examine Mr. Big Partridge as to how far off our quarry was likely to be. Big Partridge then showed that he was sick of the imaginary moose hunt himself and owned up, "Old trail; all moose nipoh"—that is, dead. He had only been leading me about in this way to amuse me, knowing it useless the whole time. He exacted \$2.50 for that day's sport.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Lovers' Ink.

There are various kinds of invisible inks, but here is a method of making ink which can be wiped off a sheet of paper with a pocket handkerchief without leaving a trace: Dissolve some starch in water until it is as thick as cream. Then add to it a few drops of tincture of iodine, which will turn the starch to a dark red color. Now take a pen and write with this prepared ink upon a sheet of note paper. The ink will dry right away, after which you may erase the whole of your letter by simply wiping the sheet with a pocket handkerchief. It will disappear as easily as chalk from an ordinary black-board.—Boston Post.

A Unique Will.

Widow—Well, Mr. Brief, have you read the will? Brief—Yes, but I can't make anything out of it. Heirs—Let us have it patented. A will that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a blessing.—London Tit-Bits.

FELL INTO MILLIONS.

The Slip of His Horse Resulted In the Rider Discovering a Great Mine.

One of the most productive mines in California was discovered through an accidental fall of the discoverer. He was one of a hunting party that had gone out from San Francisco during the Christmas holidays. While passing along the side of a steep hill on a narrow trail his horse suddenly slipped, and with his rider went down into the gulch.

Happening to be the last in the line and some distance behind the others, he was not missed for some moments, but when his absence was noticed the party turned back to look for him, fearing some untoward accident. He was nowhere to be seen, but the place where his horse had slipped and fallen over the bank, together with the traces of the fall, was plainly visible. Following the tracks made by the falling horse and man, and when near the bottom, the men suddenly came upon an interesting spectacle. Just behind a clump of bushes which the man and his steed had crashed through on their way down stood the horse, apparently uninjured, while near by, on a slab of rock projecting from the snow, the man was capering like an Indian at a ghost dance.

The first impression of the rescuing party was that the man had gone suddenly crazy, but as he caught sight of them he suddenly ceased his gyrations and shouted for them to approach. They came, when he showed them several lumps of almost pure gold he had hastily knocked from the edge with a stone for a hammer and announced his discovery of a gold mine. The sliding horse had brought up against the ledge, and the restive animal, kicking vigorously in the efforts to rise, had struck off the moss from the stone and disclosed the fact that it was a gold bearing ledge of unusual richness. The find was appropriately named "The Christmas Gift," and a valuable gift it proved to be.—Chicago Times.

KYRLE BELLEW'S VANITY.

How It Was Once Sadly Disconcerted by an American Girl.

There had been lively discussions some years ago over a then seemingly important question theatrically, and indeed socially, "Was or was not Kyrle Bellew possessed of great vanity?"

I believe the matter has never been definitely settled, though in an individual instance I recall it would seem there was valid ground for a decision in the affirmative.

The occasion was an informal "evening" at Mrs. Lester Wallace's, and gathered about one of the tables were two or three young ladies, Mr. Bellew and other men. Bellew had some bits of paper in his hands, from which he was idly fashioning little boats. "I hear," he drawled, addressing no one in particular, "that your American navy is badly in need of ships. I propose to remedy the trouble by presenting you with a few." One girl spoke up quickly in slightly sarcastic vein, "I am sure we all render sincere thanks in the name of the American navy."

The actor favored her by an especially comprehensive glance, and finishing his boat penciled a few lines on it and rather patronizingly tossed it over to her.

The girl picked the boat up slowly (this was the first occasion she had met Mr. Bellew) and read: "My love to you. Kyrle Bellew." A rather vivid flush overspread her face, but looking the young man steadily in the eyes she said in tones sufficiently clear for comprehension, "The sentiment inscribed here (indicating the paper boat) is surely too much of an honor for any one woman to aspire to; so, with your permission, Mr. Bellew, I will take it home, raffle it and—send you the proceeds." She then rose, bowed and left the table, at the same time leaving Mr. Bellew sufficiently disconcerted to bite his lips and permit his brow the shadow of a frown.—New York Herald.

A Unique Affidavit.

The following affidavit was filed in court of common pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith that, on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked there several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance, whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket, or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket, or blunderbuss, at this deponent, threatening 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell,' which this deponent verily believes he would have done had not this deponent precipitately escaped."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Calendar Curiosity.

Divide the number expressing the year by four, taking no notice of the remainder. Next find the number of days inclusive from the 1st of January to the date in hand, reckoning February always as having only 28 days. Add together the sum, the quotient and the first numbers and divide this by seven. The figure of the remainder gives you the day of the week, one standing for Sunday, two for Monday, and so on.—Chicago Post.

Another Saw Hacked.

Statistics have upset another old proverb. We must no longer believe that "a green Christmas makes a fat churchyard." The figures for the last 30 years in England prove that a cold winter is unhealthy and a mild winter healthy. A hot summer is always unhealthy and a cold summer healthy.—London Million.

Advertisement for THE FAMOUS Clothing Co. featuring Clothing, Furnishings, and Hats and Caps. Located at McCook, Nebraska, managed by JONAS ENGEL.

Andrews AND Crouse!

OPERA HOUSE, Friday, October 12th. AFTENNOON—EVENING.

McMillen Brothers are headquarters for Harness, Saddles, Fly Nets, Dusters, etc.

Buy your tablets, ink, pens, pencils and stationery of all kinds at The Tribune office, next door to the post-office.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Cochran & Co. have on display a large line of carriages, phaetons, buggies, road carts, spring wagons, etc. Completest stock in Red Willow county. Inspect them if you want anything in that line.

The McCook Commission Co. is making very low prices on flour, feed and hay; and these prices will be good for the next thirty days. Go to them when you need anything in their line.

The McCook Commission Co. has 50 tons of alfalfa—splendid fattening feed—for only 45 cents a bale. Also 150 tons of fine hay at 50 cents a bale.

We have a large stock of the best eastern hard coal and we are selling it cheaper than ever before. BARNETT LUMBER CO.

Remember you can get the highest market price for stock hogs of from 50 pounds weight up at the B. & M. meat market.

NOTICE.

There will be a republican primary election held at the Frederick school house on Wednesday, October 10th, 1894, at 7 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination a republican precinct ticket for Driftwood precinct. J. H. WADE, Committeeman.

LOOMIS FLOUR.

Knipple has just received a car load of Loomis Flour, than which there is no superior on this market, that he is selling at the very lowest figure for such a high grade and popular article.

FOR SALE!

We have seed wheat, seed rye, and corn for sale at the elevator. H. H. EASTERDAY & Co.

Well Digging.

If you want a well put down in fine shape see Frank Nichols. He guarantees his work. Leave orders at S. M. Cochran & Co.'s.

Dr. A. J. Thomas, Dentist, office in Union block, over J. F. Ganschow's.

MRS. E. E. UTTER.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR—Piano, Organ, Guitar and Banjo. VOICE TRAINING A SPECIALTY. STUDIO 24 MONROE ST. McCook, Nebraska.

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. Includes list of shoe styles like \$5. CORDOVAN, \$4.35 FINE CALF, \$3.50 POLICE, etc.

You can save money by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Because we are the largest manufacturers of advertised shoes in the world, and guarantee the value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profits.

Advertisement for OREGON KIDNEY TEA. Claims to cure back ache, kidney troubles, gravel, constipation, inflammation of the bladder, and all kidney diseases.

Advertisement for SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the Best Cough and Croup Cure.

Advertisement for What Can't Pull Out? Why the Non-pull-out Bow on the Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases, made by the Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia. It protects the Watch from the pick-pocket, and prevents it from dropping. Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.