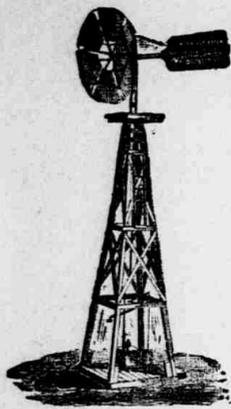


C. E. McPHERSON & CO.

U. S. LAND ATTORNEYS, And Real Estate Brokers.

OFFICE: West Dennison Street,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA



Challenge Wind Mill.

Superior to any on the market, being Heavier, Stronger Built, and therefore a more Durable Mill. It is the only absolutely safe Mill built; and out of

Thousands Erected During 12 Years past, not one has ever blown away and left the Tower standing. A record no other Mill can show. We offer to put up any of our PUMPING MILLS

ON THIRTY DAYS TRIAL,

And if they don't give satisfaction, will remove Mill at our own expense. Also Manufacturers of the Celebrated Challenge Feed Mills, Corn Shellers, Iron Pumps with brass cylinders, Iron Pipe, Tanks.

For estimates, catalogues and prices, apply to

G. B. NETTLETON, McCook, Neb.
Agent for Southwestern Nebraska and Northwestern Kansas.
Office and Salesroom in the McCook Feed Mill, Railroad St.

Republican Valley Lands.

NO.	DESCRIPTION	SECTION	TOWN	RANGE	COUNTY	STATE
47	S. E. S. W. Sec. 20, E. 1/2 N. W. N. E. S. W.	21	2	21	Red Willow	Neb.
10	N. E.	24	1	30
11	S. W.	10	2	26
12	S. W. N. W. Lots 2, 3, and 4.	4	4	27
13	S. W. Sec. 5 and N. 1/2 N. W.	5	5	27
14	W.	1	1	27
15	E. E.	1	1	27
16	E. E.	1	1	27
17	W. N. W. Sec. 23, and W. 1/2 S. W.	4	4	26
18	S. E.	6	4	35
19	S. E. & S. W. S. E. Sec. 11 & N. W. S. W.	12	6	35	Frontier	Neb.
20	W.	12	6	35
21	S. W.	9	6	35

These Lands were carefully selected, are of an excellent quality, and are for sale on easy terms.

J. C. McBRIDE, Lincoln, Nebraska.

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Makes First Mortgage Loans on Farm Property.

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WAGONS, BUGGIES, WIND MILLS AND PUMPS.

Having re-opened my establishment in McCook, I will be pleased to see all of my old patrons and many new ones, as I will sell better goods at lower figures than ever before offered in McCook. Call and see me.

CORNER MAIN AND RAILROAD STS. - McCOOK, NEB.

The Howard Lumber Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Lumber & Coal,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

LOUISIANA ROCK SALT FOR CATTLE.

Rain Does not Affect It.

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ONLY \$2.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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KILPATRICK BROTHERS.
(Successors to E. D. Webster.)



Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder.

P. O. address, Estelle, Hayes county, and Beatrice, Neb. Range, Stinking Water and Frenchman creeks, Chase Co., Nebraska.
Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and sides of some, or any where on the animal.

JOHN F. BLACK.
Breeder of IMPROVED SHEEP



Delano, Merino and South-down. Personal inspection and correspondence solicited. Address him at Red Willow, Nebraska.

HENRY T. CHURCH.



Postoffice, Osborn, Neb. Range, Red Willow creek in southwest corner of Frontier county.

Cattle branded O L O on right side. Also, an over crop on right ear and under crop on left. Also, run O brand on right shoulder. Horses branded O on right shoulder.

GEORGE J. FREDERICK.

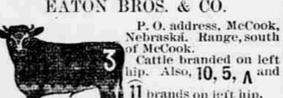


Postoffice address, McCook, Nebraska.

Range: Four miles southwest of McCook, on the Driftwood. Stock branded AJ on the left hip.

SPRING CREEK CATTLE CO.

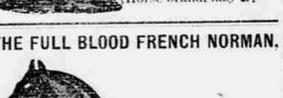
J. D. WELBORN, Vice President and Supt.



P. O. address, Indianola, Nebraska.

Range: Republican Valley, east of Dry Creek, and near head of Spring Creek, in Chase county, Nebraska.

EATON BROS. & CO.



P. O. address, McCook, Nebraska. Range, south of McCook.

Cattle branded on left hip. Also, 10, 5, A and H brands on left hip. Horses branded the same on left shoulder.

STOKES & TROTH.



P. O. address, Carrico, Hayes county, Neb.

Range: Red Willow creek, above Carrico. Stock branded as above. Also run the following brands: S, J, U, X Horse brand, lazy O, L

THE FULL BLOOD FRENCH NORMAN.



VOLTAIRE.

Will make the season at the barn of B. F. OLCOTT in McCook, Neb., commencing April 1st, and closing July 1st, 1886.

A. H. BALLER.

The Fine Clydesdale and Sweet Briar,

BIRD OF THE WEST.



BONNIE SCOTLAND,

Will commence the season the 1st of April. Will be found at my barn south of the Badger Lumber Yard, McCook, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. At W. K. Lynch's barn, Indianola, on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. See bills. A. J. PATRICK, Prop.

BURT LEFRIN, Groom.

THE RED WILLOW MILL

Is now in operation and will do

General Custom Work.

The Mill is complete and we

Guarantee Good Work.

J. W. PICKLE & CO.

A GIFT

Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you a royal, valuable, sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money at once, than anything else in America. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Capital not required. We will start you. Increase pay size for those who start at once. 425-lyr. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A CURE FOR SNAKE-POISONING.

Inoculation as Practiced by Bushmen—
"Nothing New but the Forgotten."
(Chicago Times.)

Let a new discovery in science, art or mechanics be announced, and some one comes forward to show that it is very old and has long been used in some part of the world. The like is true in relation to alleged new discoveries in remedial agents. The report of Pasteur's discovery in regard to the prevention of hydrophobia by inoculating the sufferer with virus obtained from an animal that had died in consequence of having been bitten by a rabid dog has been published but a few days before Mr. Farini, a distinguished Oriental traveler, stated in an English journal that the natives of many parts of Asia and Africa used dried snake poison as an antidote for the bite of a serpent. He states that there a dozen varieties of snakes in Asia and Africa which have the power to inject deadly poison into the animal system by means of their fangs.

The subtle poison is certain to produce death in a man or beast in a very short time unless an antidote be immediately administered. All beasts of burden as well as human beings are in constant danger of being bitten by these poisonous snakes. As the natives generally go naked, they have no protection against them. Still they exhibit no fear of them. Every man going out in the forest or jungle or upon the desert carries in a pouch hung to his side either the dried body of a poisonous reptile, called N'ambou, or poisonous sticks of the puff adder, yellow cobra, or capello. As soon as they are bitten they make some slight incisions in the flesh close to the place where the poisonous fangs entered, into which they sprinkle some of the dried and pulverized virus. The swelling, which commences immediately, very soon subsides and the person becomes sleepy. After a few hours' rest and sleep he is able to walk, and in a day or two is as well as ever.

Mr. Farini states that while exploring the Kalahari three of his oxen were bitten by poisonous snakes. He supposed that he would lose them all, but a Bushman, who was their driver, informed him that there was no possible danger. He proceeded to inoculate them, and after a short rest they were able to continue their journey. This Bushman was constantly stating that he had no fear of the bite of any snake. One day as the traveler was walking in advance of the wagon train he discovered a full-grown capello lying under a bush. He called his driver and asked him to catch it if he was not afraid of being bitten. He replied that he would catch it and allow it to bite any part of his body for a plug of tobacco. Mr. Farini refused to promise it to him as he did not wish to be an accessory to his death.

While he went to get a whip with which to kill the horrible creature, the Bushman coolly went up and kicked it with his bare foot, into which the poisonous fangs were thrust. He then sat down, drew from his skin pouch some poisonous sacks, cut a little piece from one, reduced it to powder in his hand, pricked his wounded foot near where the swelling had begun to appear, and rubbed in some of the powder. While he was doing this another Bushman killed the snake, extracted the poison cysts, squeezed a drop out, mixed it with water, and handed it to his companion to drink. The bitten man fell into a sort of torpor that lasted several hours. At first the swelling increased, but in a short time it began to abate. The next morning the inoculation was repeated, and before night the swelling had almost entirely disappeared. On the third day the man pronounced himself as entirely well, and demanded his roll of tobacco. Mr. Farini brought home to Europe the poison of several snakes and a portion of a N'ambou, all of which he has sent M. Pasteur to use in experiments in cases of snake-poisoning.

Probably the expression "The hair of a dog will cure the bite" is older than "Similia similibus curantur." Quite likely homeopathy was practiced by ignorant savages in the wilds of Asia and Africa centuries before Hahnemann was born. Solomon informs us that "there is nothing new under the sun," and a French proverb declares that "there is nothing new but the forgotten." No one should be astonished that the discovery of some empiric Bushman in regard to inoculation antedates that made by the great French savant.

Burmese Lady's Cigar Case.

(Cor. St. James' Gazette.)

The Burmese smoke to a man, to a woman, I might almost say to a child. I was physician-in-chief to those under me, and I soon learned to rely upon it that when a patient gave up smoking he or she was really ill. The Burmese ladies have a very peculiar cigar case. But there are two objections to its ever becoming popular here, of which the less important is that each cigar case only holds one cigar. And then the cigar case is the lady's ear. Instead of wearing ordinary earrings, the Burmese women have a large hole in their ears and wear a cheeroot in it till wanted. The really great advantage of this cigar case is that it is never left behind. The men would think it beneath their dignity to carry cheeroots in this manner; but they do not mind helping themselves from the wife's case. When the king of kings wants to keep his women folk together or to punish them, he strings them, so to speak, by the ear. A long cane is passed through the holes made for cheeroots, a dozen women or even more going to one case.

How Prairie Dogs Are Caught.

(New York Star.)

A prairie dog's trap is ingenious. Place a headless barrel over the prairie dog's hole, and half fill it with fine sand. The little burrower will soon scratch his way to the top of the sand. But the fine sand falls into the hole and fills it up, and it can not dig another through the half-fluid particles, neither can he climb up the sides of the barrel. All he can do is to reverse the familiar lines of Virgil, and exclaim: "The ascent to the upper air is easy, but to recall one's steps and re-enter Avernus how hopeless the attempt!" This is without doubt the way in which the prairie dogs in Central park were captured.

A man in Crowley, Tex., claims to have the biggest hog ever raised in this country. It weighs 900 pounds.

AUSTRALIAN ARGONAUTS.

Recklessness of High Old Times When the Rich Yellow Was Plentiful.

"I've digged for gold, and I've found gold wherever gold was to be digged for and found," obstinately remarked an old Australian, in reply to some observations just made by a California gold miner. "I've digged in California as hard as you have, and I've digged, for my pains, in Ireland, when a fellow 'salted a hole in Galway and raised a company to plough up the gold that he had sowed. But there was more gold, and redder gold, and maybe better gold in Australia in 1852 than there has been in any other part of the world before or since. And there was more fun in getting the gold than you could shake a stick at."

"The harbors of Melbourne and Sidney were crowded with ships that couldn't get away, because their crews had deserted them and run off the diggings and the towns were crowded with the sailors, and lots of others, too, come back with their pockets full for nobody seemed at that time to be tryin' to make a fortune and go home. All they wanted to do was to raise enough money for a good spree in one of the towns; and their notions of what a spree meant would, I think, have astonished a Californian. A dozen times I've seen a fellow walk into a liquor saloon with a crowd behind him, call for drinks for all the rest, and issue a special order for a dozen of champagne and a tub for himself. Selfish! Oh, no, there was nothing selfish about it. He merely poured the champagne into the tub, pulled off his shoes and stockings, and washed his feet in it. Of course he was crazy; but doesn't gold make nine out of ten men crazy, whether they dig it out of the earth or get it in Wall street?"

"Every thing had to be paid for in gold dust, and every bar had weights and scales to test the value of the dust, which was then current coin. For what a miner then carried for an ordinary round of drinks he could now buy a heavy gold ring, but such a ring then would have been of small value in Australia compared with the worth of a pint of whisky. The eccentricities of successful miners coming to the cities to spend their gains extended to their clothing. Almost all of them were fond of tall silk hats, but their tastes varied as to the part of the hat that was most becoming, some preferring the top and some the bottom, and a common sight was a man walking in a crowded street wearing the highly polished crown of a silk hat, followed or accompanied or preceded by a man whose head showed itself above the low walls encircling the rim that had thus been cut off from the upper portion of the hat."

"Elaborate weddings took place every day. As often as not the bride and bridegroom sat together on the driver's seat of a furniture van, both drunk, and still drinking health and long life to the crowd that was cheering them on their way, and exchanging oases with the long procession that drove or rode after the happy couple. I don't know whether such weddings resulted well or not, but they were celebrated very often."

"Brasseries, Humouristiques" of Paris.

(London Truth.)

What are called "brasseries humouristiques" are all the vogue in Paris. They began with "Auberge des Adrets," where the garçons wear knee-breeches and doublets. Then came the "Chat-Noir," whose customers are served by elderly men dressed as academicians. After this a needy revolutionist started the "Taverne du Bague," with waiters in convict uniforms. Finally, another enterprising publican was about to open the "Abbaye de Theleme," with barmaids got up as nuns and barmen as monks, but the government, although great admirers of Rabelais, thought this was carrying "humor" a little too far, and, therefore, refused the license.

"Old Probs" in China.

(Frank Leslie's.)

Regarding typhoons, the government astronomer of Hong Kong states that the signs of these phenomena in the China seas are clouds of the cirrus type, looking like fine hair, feathers, or small white tufts of wool, traveling from east to north, a slight rise in the barometer, clear and dry, but hot, weather, and light winds. These portents are followed by a falling barometer, while the temperature rises still further. The air becomes oppressive from increasing dampness, and the sky presents a vaporous and threatening appearance.

An Anti-Cholera Specific.

(Demorest's Weekly.)

Borax, as an anti-cholera specific, is recommended by an Italian physician, in doses of five or six grammes—about seventy-seven grains—a day. He believes that it destroys the microbes in the intestinal canal and even in the blood, and grounds his faith on the experience in several contiguous borax factories in an Italian village during the terrible epidemic of 1864-65. The workmen in these establishments were quite free from the disease, which carried off a third of the inhabitants in and about the village.

Americans in Mexico.

(Cor. Boston Herald.)

The American who comes to Mexico is responsible for his behavior, not only to himself, but to the American people. I cannot blame the Mexicans for having a general idea of the United States as a country peopled by a rough, discourteous, aggressive and rather unscrupulous class of humanity. A gentleman, once minister of the United States here, said very truly that almost every American arriving here seemed to be waving an invisible American flag, and defying the sentiment of the country.

A Ground-Squirrel Making a Ho.

In Santa Clara county, California, there is a rat allied to the ground-squirrel making species, which climbs small trees and makes a compact nest of twigs among the branches, something after the manner of a gray squirrel.

Russian Cataract Cure.

(Chicago Herald.)

Russian physicians cure cataract by the application of ice-cold water to the extremities, which are then rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel.

There is an artesian well in France in which water was reached at a depth of 3,000 feet.

The McCook Tribune.

SUPPLEMENT.

THURSDAY, MAY 20th, 1886.

F. M. AND E. M. KIMMELL,
Editors and Publishers.

BONDVILLE GOSSIP.

A. McGriffin spent Sunday in this burg.

Miss Burns spent Saturday with her aunt—Mrs. Downs.

Robert Bond is setting out a fine lot of trees on his claim just south of the P. O.

Miss Katie Collings of this place and Mr. Peter Gidden of Indianola were united in the bonds of matrimony, Tuesday last.

The season for "spring chickens" will soon be here, and then the editor of this sheet will be as happy as any other preacher.

We notice a large number of our farmers have sown timothy and clover this spring. This move is right, more grass, more stock and more money will be the results.

GOSSIP.

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY began business in April, 1864, and is still managed by the men who started it. It is not only the oldest, largest and strongest Accident Company in America but the only one of any considerable size. Its Cash Assets have steadily increased year by year, and now reach \$7,826,000, the liabilities being \$5,879,000, leaving a surplus to policy-holders of \$1,947,000. It has written nearly 1,100,000 General Accident Policies, and paid cash benefits to over one in nine of the insured, amounting to over \$7,300,000. No better or surer investment of the small sum required can be made than in a Yearly Accident Policy in THE TRAVELERS, which secures the principal sum in event of accidental death, or a weekly indemnity for injury causing total disability and loss of time. Any agent will write a policy at short notice. R. S. COOLEY, Agent. McCook, Neb.

The gray haired sage of the McCook Democrat undertakes to point out the line of duty for the Faber and endeavors to parry off the effect of a certain reference to McCook, made in a late issue of their paper. McCook is a flourishing town—none better in Western Nebraska and no other so beautiful; but its name abroad would be greatly magnified had it a few less of such scabs and scavengers as the editor of the Democrat to besmirch its fair name. The Faber said nothing but the truth and that with no intention to do injury to a town it holds in as high esteem as it does McCook.—Frontier County Faber.

Lonsdale or Fruit of the Loom must in 10 cents a yard at Wilcox & Fowler's.

Judd Babcock, recently of Pontiac, Illinois, has purchased Bill Stumbevan's residence property and will engage in some kind of mercantile business at this place soon. The Kaleidoscope in behalf of its many readers welcomes him and his family on becoming one of us.—Cambridge Kaleidoscope.

By the way the McCook Democrat dishes up scandalous eruptions it will soon be the envy of the Police Gazette.—Cambridge Kaleidoscope.

THE boycott is fast following the distinguished precedent established by Herr Most, and seeking seclusion by creeping under the bed.

THE indications are that the proposed Department of Agriculture and Labor will become a reality. This will give Grover another cabinet advisor.

JUDGING from the reports already in, with a number of rural districts to hear from, the politicians of the valley want the earth. Such a whole hog or none policy will doubtless result in—none.

THE first of the hoodle aldermen, Jaehne, has been convicted of bribery in New York, and Jake Sharp is trembling in his boots as he awaits the inevitable call of "next" from the district attorney's office.

THE Justice of Bloomington seems to be energetically circulating Van's speeches, these days. Just what Cole will realize out of his devotion to our aristocratic-granger senator does not appear on the premises.

EVIDENCE seems to be accumulating that Van Wyck is going over to the Democracy bag and baggage. Vide:

Mr. Wells, who has been postal clerk on the Missouri Pacific since its opening, was removed the other day and one Sinclair appointed in his place. There were no charges against Wells, he being an efficient clerk, but his place was wanted. The boys naturally supposed that Sinclair was a democrat, but on questioning him he said, Oh! no, he wasn't a democrat, he was a Van Wyck man. Comment is unnecessary.—Nebraska City Journal.