

FROM THE COUNTY SEAT.

(BY OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.)

Marion Cruzen has left for his home in Iowa.

Treasurer-elect Henton was in town, Monday.

Charley Beck was up from Bartley, Tuesday.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah Parkes was largely attended.

Attorney W. R. Starr journeyed to the Magic City, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Quick returned from Council Bluffs, Wednesday morning.

Fred. Beardlee is home during vacation at the Franklin Academy.

A. E. Lang transacted business in the county seat, fore part of the week.

Miss Flora Quick has returned to Franklin where she is attending school.

Jim McClung has written back that Great Falls is too tough for him. Great Guns!

J. Byron Jennings was in this educational hub and yellow ochre centre on Tuesday.

Rev. J. T. Roberts is actively interesting himself in securing aid for the needy ones.

The Indianola churches will have no Christmas trees, this Christmas eve, as customary.

J. F. Black talks of going down to the capital city to discuss the situation with the governor.

Indianola attorneys feel that Dodge-tem has in a manner gone back on the fraternity at this place.

The relief committee have secured the use of one of the Devol buildings in which to store goods.

It is reported that John Maiken, at one time the big hardware man of S. W. Nebraska, has gone down to Tenn.

Attorney S. R. Smith is getting rich, we judge, from the number of people that go up to his office every day.

We are told that the ladies of the M. E. church will give a pink tea party, Christmas evening—common Japan.

Mrs. Sarah Parkes, mother of Mrs. C. S. Quick, died Dec. 4th, in this city, at the advanced age of 79 years and six months.

It is currently reported that the Times-Democrat man didn't return to McCook, Sunday night, on the 10 o'clock train.

It has leaked out that the party who ordered ten cars of the Indianola ochre wanted twenty. Indianola will yet paint the world yellow.

Frank Fritsch is in town every day anxiously watching the sale at the Grange store. Frank thinks there will be some ribbon left.

Miss Lillian Knotts, one of the teachers in the Indianola high school, will visit her parents in Iowa during the holiday vacation.

Sam Parkes came down from Agate, Colo., Saturday, in response to a telegram announcing the death of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Parkes.

The remains of Mrs. Parkes were taken to Council Bluffs for interment, and were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Quick, Samuel and Ed Parkes.

The bar docket for the December term of court indicates a full fledged partnership existing between Col. R. M. Snavely and Cap. Frank Strout.

The editor of the Bartley Long-Felt-Want was in town, fore part of week. Since the election we have observed his hair fairly bristles with hay seeds.

Jim Conlon is having considerable trouble paping the Sargent house. He thinks the devil is in the paper. We think it the spirit of a former tenant.

Among the legal lights in attendance at district court, this week, were: W. S. Morlan of Arapahoe, Hart, Cole and Wells of McCook, and Col. Frank Selby of Cambridge.

The legal fraternity is under obligations to THE TRIBUNE for the neat and convenient bar docket, for December term. The improvement over the 10x16 affairs of the last two terms is very great.

At the Demorest contest, Thursday evening of last week, Pearl Shumaker was awarded the silver medal and Logan Roberts the second prize. The other six boys that took part were not far behind the prize winners.

The report is wafted about that J. S. Phillips will soon assume the editorial management of the Courier. In a long interview with Mr. Phillips, this week, he finally admitted that the report is the freshest kind of news to him.

The Heckathorn Relief Corps, of Tecumseh, have written county clerk Roper that it has forwarded to the drought sufferers at this point: 64 sacks of flour, 35 sacks of corn meal, 14 boxes, 3 barrels and 11 sacks of clothing.

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

Oh, what is life? A space so brief, We scarce distinguish joy from grief. A puff, a sigh, a breath of air, Hurts us from bliss to cold despair. And what are earthly wealth and fame But treasures only in the name. And honor, love and learned lore But houses built upon the shore? One heaving of old ocean's breast, And vanished are the things loved best. Death comes to claim his struggling prey, Man disappears from earth for aye.

And what is life? A waiting here Until we reach that heaven so dear. Each duty done each day aright Gives us a holy calm delight; Each work begun in fear and love Nears us unto our God above. To honor here his holy name Should be our goal of earthly fame. Oh, death is not the end of all, For since the very first man's fall A heaven is opened to our eyes, And after death comes paradise. —Lulu Wintzer in Brooklyn Eagle.

INGRATE WITH HORNS.

I was traveling among the mountains of east Tennessee, and one day about noon was casting about for a place where I might get something to eat when my eye was attracted by a number of horses that were tied near a ruinous old log house.

Curiosity and a hope that I might be on the trail of something to eat drew me to the house. Upon entering the doorway I found a justice of the peace holding court. It was a criminal case, and I discovered the prisoner to be a long, lank fellow, with a bony face and a complexion that proclaimed the clay eater. I fancied that having killed some one he was now on trial to determine whether or not he should be sent before the grand jury as a sort of sarcastic preliminary to being hanged, and had begun to pity his probable wife and presumable children when the judge said:

"This here court, bein' sorter tired, will now take a recess fur halfer hour. The court has sot here an' chewed now tobacco till the hide is about all took offen the inside of his mouth, an' I wanter say that if anybody has got any tobacco that is a little milder in its parts, pass a chew of it right up to the court."

The prisoner took out a twist of tobacco and handed it to the judge, whereupon the jurist remarked: "This court thanks you, Jeems, but at the same time reminds you that the law of this great land ain't to be bought for a mess of potage nor a chaw of tobacco. How's yo' crap, Jeems?"

"Sorter wallerin' with the crab grass an' rasslin' with the rag weed. I wonder had it all right, but this here trouble come on me. When a man is bowed down in the speret he ain't thinkin' of craps. He is a-thinkin' of the shame that mout fall on him an' take all the color outen his reputation."

"Yes, that's a fact, Jeems."

"What is all this about?" I asked, turning to a long haired fellow that sat near where I stood.

"Wall, he answered, leaning over and turning loose a squirt of tobacco extract that might have singed a cat, "Jeems Timberly he shot a sheep an' I reckon he's in fur it."

"They don't intend to hang him, do they?"

"No, wus'n that. They'll hit him about fifty lashes with a hickory an' then make him work a country road some day when thar's a hoss show in the neighborhood."

At this juncture the judge pounded on the table. "Come to order now. The court is about to put on the solemn garment of the law of this here free an' mighty land, an' if any man so fur fergits himself as to interrupt the proceedin's he'll fall under the witherin' displeasure of yourn truly. Now, let's git at this business, fur this court has other affairs on hand. This court must go some time this evenin' an' reprimand a man that pizened his dog. Jeems, as I said at the outset of this trial, I never was more shocked in my life. Fur many years we have know'd you to be reasonably honest, with generally a putty good dab of meat in yo' smoke house, an' we kain't see why you should have killed the Widder Dalton's sheep."

"Yes," spoke up the widow, who for the first time I noticed was present, sitting in a corner, "an' a finer man never blew his breath on a bunch of pynnyrile. But here comes Jeems an' shoots him, an' that, too, when he's got more meat than I have, an' he knows that I've got three son-in-laws to feed."

"Judge," said Jeems, "if you will jest let me have a minit I will fling a good deal of light on this here subject. I don't deny a killin' of the sheep."

"Well, then, Jeems, you neenter say no more. You've stated the very fact that we air tryin' to git at, an' thar ain't no use in foolin' along here no longer. The court lows that it will hear sentence you, Jeems."

"Not without givin' me a hearin', I hope."

"I don't see what good a hearin' will do you when you have made that confession."

"Wall, jest listen to my talk, an' then mebbly you'll see. I don't want to take up yo' time, so that you kain't meet the feller that pizened yo' dog, but I do insist on havin' a hearing."

"Wall, then, go ahead, but cut her short."

"Jeems" got up, roached back his long hair and thus addressed the assembly: "One cold winter night, when the snow come down faster than you ever seen chaff come outen a wheat fan, I heard a bleatin' noise, an' goin' to the door I thought the sound come from the valley not fur from my house. I told my wife that I had to go down in the valley, because I heard a lamb callin' for help, and let me say right here that I may be bad in a good many things, but no lamb ever called to me in vain. I thought of Simon Peter that was told to feed the Lord's sheep—thought of it as I stood thar in the door with the snow a-drivin' past me into the house. My wife said that I better not go out in such a night, 'specially as I wain't feelin' very well; but I lowed that I couldn't sleep with the pitiful cry of that lamb a-ringin' in my ears; so I took my lantern an' went

down into the valley. The snow was whirlin' so fast that I could hardly see whar I was goin', but at last comin' nearer an' nearer to the bleatin' I found a little lamb with his head stickin' out of a snowdrift.

"I took him out; his legs were frozen stiff as sticks. I took him to the house an' warmed him by the fire, got a bottle of milk and fixed it so he could suck. I built up a good fire so he wouldn't get cold durin' the night, an' every time he would bleat I would git up an' fix his bottle. The weather staid cold for a long time, an' once when the old cow got out of the lot and wandered off an' didn't come up in time to give milk for the lamb I searched for her on the mountain side an' way down in the valley. It was late when I got back home an' long before I reached the house I heard the lamb a-bleatin'. He seemed to be powerful glad when I came in with the milk, an' the thought I read in his eyes was: 'I never will forgit you.' Wal, to make a long story short, I brought up that lamb till he was as fine a sheep as you ever saw, an' in every look out of his eyes he said that he never would forgit me. We called him Bob an' he 'peared to like the name.

"One day the next fall Nat Sarschet, that I owed \$5, come over to my house an' lowed that he must have the money. I didn't have it an' told him so. Just then Bob, he come up. 'I'll take this sheep,' says Nat, 'an' he done it in spite of all my beggin' an' promisin' that I would pay him as soon as I could get the money. Last spring I heard that Nat had sold Bob to the Widder Dalton. So much for the first part, an' now for the second: A day or two ago I was goin' through the woods, carryin' a bag of corn on my back, an' all at once ker-blop! something took me an' almost knocked me lifeless.

"As soon as I could git up I looked 'round, an' thar, not more than ten feet away, stood Bob, a-shakin' of his head. 'Gracious alive! Bob,' said I, 'don't you know me?' He backed a little, an' jest as I expected to see the look that said he was never goin' to forgit me he shot at me an' gave me a biff that sent me sprawlin' on the ground. I think he hit me three times before I could git up, an' then he followed me to the fence, a-churnin' me every jump of the way—an' tickled! W'y, I never saw a ram enjoy himself so in my life. Well, when I got home I sot down an' thought a long time about the ingratitude of this life, an' then I thought I would teach that rascal a lesson; so I got my gun and went back down into the woods. I held the gun behind me an' poked about. Putty soon I saw Bob, an' he saw me about the same time. Here he come! I didn't say a word. He was so tickled that he thought he'd stop an' laugh a little before biffin' me, an' he stopped an' snorted with delight, an' jest then I ups with my gun.

"I never saw such a surprised sheep. When he saw that I was fixed for him he tried to look lovin', but I let him have it right between the eyes. That's my statement, judge, an' it shows that I wain't out after meat, but revenge, fur I didn't even skin the rascal; an' now, if you want to whip me an' make me work on the county road, all right."

"Jeems," said the judge, "any court that could have the heart to convict you oughter be hung. Widder Dalton, what have you did with that sheep's meat?"

"I've got it at home."

"Wall, you go home an' roast a hunk of it. This court an' Jeems air goin' to take dinner with you to-morrer."

—Opie P. Read in New York World.

Brooklyn Libraries.

In the parlors of the Hamilton club, in Brooklyn, the other evening a discussion arose about the private libraries in that city. One gentleman in the party made this statement:

"I maintain that some of the largest private libraries in the country can be found in Brooklyn. In the first place, there is Gordon L. Ford's collection, which mounts up to 50,000 volumes, and is particularly noticeable for the large number of books that it contains having reference to American history and to political science. Charles L. West has a splendid miscellaneous library of at least 15,000 books. James A. H. Bell has more than 10,000 volumes in his collection, and S. L. Elliott has an equal number, a majority of the latter being publications on American topics. Mind you, in giving these estimates, I refer to books, not to pamphlets."

Small libraries, running from three to four thousand books, are owned by Thomas G. Shearman, the Rev. John W. Chadwick, Laurence Kehoe, Mayor Chapin, Eugene G. Blackford, Daniel T. Treadwell, R. R. Bowker and Gabriel Harrison. The collections of the last named gentlemen, in many instances, are of books on particular subjects. Mr. Kehoe, for instance, collects works having special reference to Catholicism, and Mayor Chapin's hobby is treatises about the earlier history of the country.—New York Star.

Careful of His Hat.

Going uptown on a horse car one stormy night I saw a man who wore a new silk hat, but had no umbrella, a combination of circumstances which, as everybody knows, is quite unpleasant. The man seemed truly alive to the situation, and hung on the step of the car as he approached his street, having a grim expression upon his face which fully indicated that he was about to adopt desperate measures. When his corner was reached he alighted, took off his hat, turned it upside down and ran like a wild steer. He was baldheaded, and looking down the street you could see in the twilight the bare head bobbing up and down as the rain pattered on its devastated crest. "He thinks more of his hat than he does of his health," remarked a passenger, who also saw the bald head skipping down the street, and he was right by a large majority. When the man who was so choice of his hat gets laid up with the influenza, and the doctor gets the grip on him, he may wish that he had kept his head covered, and paid twenty-five cents for having his hat ironed.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

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1891.

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New story to commence first of the year, written especially for the Blade, by Oliver Optic. "Money Maker Series." A series of special articles on "Side Issues," written for the Blade. Blade China Tea Sets and Dinner Sets given to club members. Send for specimen copy of the WEEKLY BLADE and read our interesting announcements for the coming year.

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Perhaps one reason why the road of transgressors is so hard is because it is so much traveled.

Many dealers insist that turkeys shall be killed by bleeding in the neck and pickled while yet warm.

The reason for having washing day on the next day after Sunday is probably because cleanliness is next to godliness.

THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE, the most popular weekly newspaper of the United States will in a few weeks commence publication of a new serial story, now being written especially for its columns by Oliver Optic. Send postal card to Blade, Toledo, Ohio, for free specimen copy of the paper, and at same time send names of all your friends.

A Word in Season.

The barking of a pack of hounds may be music, but the barking of the human family is certainly discord. Stop that cough with Humphreys' Specific No. Seven.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this great discovery at A. McMillen's drug store. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.00.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from kidney and liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best kidney and liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50 cents a bottle at A. McMillen's drug store. 25-1mo.

Publication of Summons.

To George M. Fulkerson and Alta U. Fulkerson, non-resident defendants: You will take notice that on the 4th day of December, 1890, The Dakota Loan & Trust Company, a corporation, plaintiff, filed its petition in the District Court of Red Willow County, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the defendants, George M. Fulkerson and Alta U. Fulkerson to the plaintiff herein, upon the south half of the northwest quarter of section four (4) and the south half of the northeast quarter of section five (5), township 4, north of range 31, west 4th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska, said mortgage being dated the first day of July, 1889, and upon which there is now due the sum of \$242.00 interest from the 4th day of December, 1890. Plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the same or for a decree of foreclosure and sale of the premises. That the defendants be foreclosed and barred from all title in or other interests in said premises, for deficiency judgments and equitable relief. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 12th day of Jan., 1891. Dated December 5th, 1890. THE DAKOTA LOAN & TRUST CO. By its attorney, J. E. Kelley. 23-4ts.

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