

GANSCHOW,

THE OLD RELIABLE

BOOT & SHOE MAN,

Either wants to make a fair profit or tell the reason why. All business centers around profit. It is the life of trade, the ambition of all, the object of your work and ours. But profit has more sides than mere percentage. To us a good reputation is a distinct profit, and thus square dealing enters into every transaction. We have, however, an assortment of odds and ends in

BOOTS AND SHOES Etc.

which we are enabled to sell

REGARDLESS OF PROFIT.

These are, moreover first class, substantial goods, well worth one-half more than we are asking for them. We have an unusually large and attractive line of

Fancy Slippers and Felt-Lined Goods,

which would be "the thing" for a present to your husband, your brother or someone else's brother. We are making very attractive figures on these goods, also.

BARGAINS

We are prepared to sell you goods as cheaply as any house in this city. From now until we invoice we will give you EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS.

Ladies' Cloaks and Jackets,

at from one dollar to ten dollars each—worth fully DOUBLE THE MONEY!

New Dress Goods, Notions Etc., Etc.,

ARRIVING DAILY.

BOOTS AND SHOES

LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

We are the only house that sells the Celebrated HONEY DEW CANNED GOODS.

GARLOAD GREELEY, GOL, POTATOES.

GARLOAD OF MINNESOTA POTATOES.

The best 50c. tea ever sold in the city. A big stock of

HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, MITTENS ETC.

Come and see us and we will use you well.

WILCOX & FOWLER.

Fine Fabrics--Stylish Productions.

A. KALSTEDT, THE TAILOR.

Carries the latest and most fashionable goods of the fall and winter season, in suitings, pantings, and overcoatings. He guarantees satisfactory, stylish work, and reasonable prices. In rear of the First National Bank Building, McCook, Nebraska.

The White Line Transfer,

Wm. M. ANDERSON, Prop.

The McCook Tribune.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Divine service at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7:30, P. M., every Sabbath. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, A. M., central time. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evenings at 7:30, central time. All persons are cordially invited to these services. P. S. MATHER, Pastor.

A. F. MOORE. J. H. HART. MOORE & HART, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts and before the U. S. Land Office. Office over Famous Clothing Co. Store.

C. H. BOYLE, LAND ATTORNEY, Six years experience in Government Land Cases.

Real Estate, Loans & Insurance. NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office over Bank of McCook.

J. BYRON JENNINGS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in the State and United States courts and before the U. S. Land Offices. Careful attention given to collections. Office over Bank of McCook.

HUGH W. COLE, LAWYER, MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Will practice in all courts. Commercial and corporation law a specialty. Money to loan. Rooms 4 and 5 old First National bld'g.

DR. A. P. WELLES, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Special attention given to diseases of women and children. The latest improved methods of electricity used in all cases requiring such treatment. Office over McMillen drug store. Residence, North Main street.

B. B. DAVIS, M. D. C. H. JONES, M. D. DAVIS & JONES, PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Office Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9, p. m. Rooms over First National bank.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, GEO. E. JOHNSTON, PROP., MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

This house has been completely renovated and refurnished throughout and is first-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Isalah Smith and Mary M. Smith, defendants, will take notice that on the 8th day of November, 1891, The Farmers Trust Company, Plaintiff, filed its petition in the district court of Red Willow county, state of Nebraska, against the said Isalah Smith and Mary M. Smith, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain mortgage given by said defendants to said plaintiff to secure the payment of a certain note and ten interest coupons thereon, all dated August 1st, 1890; the principal note for \$500.00 due August, 1894, said ten notes each for the sum of \$20.00, the first maturing on the first day of February, 1890, and one note maturing every six months thereafter, until the maturity of the last of said ten notes maturing on the first day of August, 1894. Said mortgage was given upon the west half of the northeast quarter and the east half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight, township two, range twenty-nine, west of 6th P. M., Red Willow county, Nebraska. Default has been made in the payment of the \$20.00 of the note maturing on the first day of February, 1890, and in the payment of the note maturing on the first day of August, 1890. That by the conditions of said mortgage said principal note has become due and there is now due on said notes the sum of \$904.05, with interest at seven per cent per annum thereon from August 1st, 1890, and on \$24.30 thereof from February 1st, 1890, at ten per cent per annum, and on \$23.75 thereof from the 1st day of August, 1890, at ten per cent. That unless said sum and interest is paid said mortgage will be foreclosed and said premises sold and the proceeds of said sale applied in payment of said debt. You are required to answer this petition on or before the 20th day of January, 1891. Dated December 11th, 1890. FARMERS TRUST COMPANY, Plaintiff. By W. S. Morlan, its attorney. 30-4ts.

Publication of Summons. To George M. Fulkerson and Alta U. Fulkerson, 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, 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 30, west 6th 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 \$442.00 and 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 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 20th day of Jan., 1891. Dated December 6th, 1890. THE DAKOTA LOAN & TRUST CO. By its attorney, J. E. Kelley. 28-4ts.

LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB., November 14th, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, January 24, 1891, viz: JAMES ARNOLD, H. E. No. 512 for the N. W. 1/4 of section 11, in town 5, north of range 20, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Samuel Godard, Sanford T. Godard, Squire W. Godard, of Indianola, Neb., and Robert Duncan of Box Elder, Neb. S. P. HART, Register.

LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB., November 14th, 1890.

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LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB., December 6th, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, January 11th, 1891, viz: LUCINDA PIPER, widow of Joseph B. Piper, deceased, H. E. 982, for the North-East 1/4 of Section 3, Township 4, North of Range 20, West of 6th P. M. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: John F. Miller, Mathew Stewart, Stephen Bolles, of Box Elder, William Weigint of McCook, Neb. S. P. HART, Register.

THE OTHER EXTREME.



"Dear me!" said Santa Claus as he came down the chimney feet. "I've heard of coals heaped on the bed, but these are on my feet."

HER MERRY CHRISTMAS.

She wandered down Rivington street crying softly. She was hungry, and it seemed more pitiful for her to be hungry on Christmas eve than it was for the dozens of other children on Rivington street to be hungry. The year before she had not only not been hungry, but she had had a Christmas tree. The other children had always been more or less hungry and they had never had a Christmas tree. She shuffled her partly bare feet along on the icy sidewalk. Snow had frozen on what was left of the uppers of her shoes. Her feet were very cold, but she did not mind the cold so much as she did the hunger, nor the absence of the Christmas tree and the daddy and mam to jump her up and down and watch the sparkle in her eyes as she saw their poor little presents. They had not been a very interesting daddy and mam to other people—daddy had been a hod carrier and mam used to take in washing. But they had been all she had—everything!

A comfortably dressed stout woman stopped her. The woman was probably a shopkeeper's wife, and had a heart more or less kind. She had intended to give the girl something to eat and perhaps some money; but she asked her if she was a good girl and gave her some advice first of all. This made the girl angry, and she answered her saucily. The comfortable woman turned away with a comfortable expression of horror on her face, and turned back into her comfortable doorway. The girl passed on, lonelier, hungrier, colder than before.

Midnight came. She had lost consciousness of details—her loneliness, her hunger, her shivering had ceased to impress her. She knew only that she was miserable. But still she walked. At 3 o'clock on Christmas morning she had to stop walking, however. She was on a deserted East river dock, and she laid down where an eddy of wind had left a soft bed of snow—left it for her perhaps; and the wind gave its gift without giving any advice first. Her eyes closed. Her shivers ceased. She lay very still. She was asleep. She did not move again until a red ray from the crisp winter sunrise touched her face.

Then she sat up and gazed solemnly at the sunrise for a moment. Slowly her expression became a happy one. She really looked almost like a pretty child. She raised her arms and held them out toward the glow. Her lips moved. "Daddy! mam!" she said. Then she dropped back into the bed given by the wind. The girl had a merry Christmas after all. MERRY MARSHALL.

The Next Thing in Order.



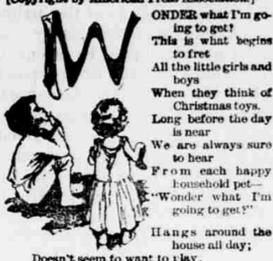
Husband (displaying handsome check, a pair of solitary earrings and a sealskin robe)—Here are a few trinkets for your Christmas, dear. Wife—Oh, you darling old thing! I could just—um, um—love you to death. But say, dear, please answer me one question. Husband—Certainly, darling. Wife—Do tell me what you are going to give me next year?

A Question of Weight.



Young Housewife—How much is this turkey? Marketman—Twenty-one cents a pound. Young Housewife—And this? Marketman—Eighteen. Young Housewife—What a difference. I suppose it is because one is so much smaller than the other. ERNEST JARROLD.

WONDER WHAT I'M GOING TO GET?



ONDER what I'm going to get? This is what begins to fret All the little girls and boys When they think of Christmas toys. Long before the day is near We are always sure to hear From each happy household pet— "Wonder what I'm going to get?" Hangs around the house all day; Doesn't seem to want to play. Writes, with dirty little paws, Begging notes to Santa Claus; Hangs his stockings on a chair So's to find the biggest pair; By this question always met— "Wonder what I'm going to get?"



Up the chimney quick he goes, Softly rubs his ruddy nose; Yet methinks I hear him sigh As he nods a last good-by, And methinks I hear him say Ere he vanishes away, "With just the least regret— "Wonder what I'm going to get?" TOM MASSON.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN IRELAND.

Christmas eve in the mountains of Ballyculman, in the County Cork, Ireland. A blazing turf fire on the hearthstone. In the chimney corner sat Daniel Donovan, 70 years old, who could talk nothing but Gaelic. He was twisting a little wooden wheel which connected by a passage under the hearthstone with the middle of the fire, which flickered and flared as the current of air swept through. Next to the old man sat Biddy, aged 20, with her hair brushed smoothly back from her forehead and tied in a Roman knot at the back of her head. Close to Biddy sat Mary, who had never seen a black man or a Chinaman. Sandwiched between Mrs. Donovan and Mary sat the American visitor. The old woman was smoking and crooning, and a little grandchild with cheeks like ripe peaches stood with her golden head resting on her grandmother's knee. The firelight danced and gleamed over the little group as the December wind came down the wide monthed chimney. The scene was so suggestive of peace and rest that for fifteen minutes no one spoke. Then Mrs. Donovan said: "And mebbe the Yankee gentleman'll sing us a song?"

He would indeed have been an ungrateful fellow who should refuse such a request under circumstances at once so homely and so hospitable. And in that grateful atmosphere he felt some of the old time sweetness come into his voice as he sang of the harp that once the soul of music shed in Tara's halls, and told in song the story of how two eyes of Irish blue looked up at Pat Malloy. And as he sang a look of rapt wonder and admiration came into the face of his homely listeners. He forgot that his audience was a few Irish peasants, and his standing upright he clasped the back of his chair and poured out into the lowly thatched cottage that wonderful aria by Moligue, "Pour Out Thy Heart Before the Lord." He had sung it before in a massive cathedral accompanied by a great organ, and had heard the tones of his voice go ringing down the echoing nave, but never had he felt the sweetness and beauty of it as on that Christmas eve in the lowly little cabin in the mountains. And when he had finished the aria and resumed his seat, Mrs. Donovan suggested: "Mebbe the gentleman will sing us a song about home?"

Almost before he knew it the visitor had begun, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" He reached the third line, "To know at this moment some loved one were saying, 'I wish he were here,'" when he began to choke. The memory of his own home in far off America came to him. What was the baby doing? Did the children have the usual Christmas tree? Was everybody in good health? Was any one wishing for the absent one? And before the lines were out of his mouth he went all to pieces like a slip on the rocks. He was a strong man who prided himself on his cynicism and materialism. He could not remember the time when his eyes had been wet before. But sitting there upon a chair with a seat made of straw rope, and surrounded by as simple and ingenuous people as the sun ever shone upon, he placed his hands over his face, and the tears ran through his fingers and fell upon the hearthstone. An awestruck silence fell upon the little group, broken by the moaning of the wind in the chimney. Mrs. Donovan, her face shining with sympathy, gently tapped the stranger on the shoulder and whispered in his ear: "If ye were to take a cup o' the Congo [tea] ye'd feel better, sir!" He took the "Congo" and felt better. Then he went outside, and looking up at the stars wondered why it was necessary for him to go 3,000 miles away from home in order to make a fool of himself. ERNEST JARROLD.

DRYSDALE

TAILOR,

From New York City, has the most complete stock of Fall and Winter Goods, for men's wear, between Lincoln and Denver. His store is just replete with the latest novelties from New York and Chicago, and as he buys strictly for cash he can afford to give you first class clothing at very reasonable prices. He has guaranteed every garment he has made up in McCook for nearly six years and has never had a misfit in that time. Call and see him. One-door north of the Commercial House.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE

LANDS AND TOWN LOTS IN RED WILLOW COUNTY. FURNISHED ON APPLICATION BY J. B. MATHER, BONDED ABTRACTER. (SUCCESSOR TO C. D. CHAMBERLAIN) Office in Court House with County Clerk. Down town office with A. J. Rand, Indianola, Nebraska.

FALL GOODS.

R. A. COLE, LEADING TAILOR, Announces the arrival of his fall stock, comprising the latest and most fashionable goods of the season. His prices are lower than any tailor's in McCook. Don't fail to see his line.

LOO-LAH!

MY SON'S A DAUGHTER. Having recently returned from business visits to Denver and Lincoln, at the request of my many patrons I have decided to remain in McCook until MARCH 1st, 1891. When I shall go to Lincoln to accept a position in a leading carpet house. In the meantime I am better prepared than ever before to do House Cleaning & Carpet Laying. Leave orders at THE TRIBUNE Office. FRANK HUBER.

MCCOOK STEAM LAUNDRY,

CHARLIE YOUNG, Prop. Corner Dennison and Macfarland Sts. I guarantee to do as good work as any steam laundry in the state of Nebraska. Give me a trial. You need not send work out of the city. I can do it satisfactorily. CHARLIE YOUNG.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites. PALATABLE AS MILK. Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute. Sold by all Druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

Throwing a Switch



is tough work in stormy weather, and the switchman cannot be too well protected if he wishes to preserve his health. Every railroad man's life is full of hardship and exposure. The only garment that will fully protect the man whose business calls him out in stormy weather is the "Fish Brand Slicker." They are light, but strong as iron, hand-made throughout, and good for years of service. They are worth ten times their cost, and will save you many a sickness. No other article of clothing will stand the wear and tear. Rubber is frail; will rip, tear, and let in the wet. Therefore get the right sort of coat. The "Fish Brand Slicker" is the only one for your purpose. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.