

# 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.

### TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME—LEAVES.  
No. 6, local passenger, 4:15, A. M.  
No. 2, through passenger, 6:10, A. M.  
No. 4, local passenger, 5:40, P. M.  
No. 12, way freight, 5:30, A. M.  
No. 13, way freight, 10:10, A. M.  
GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME—LEAVES.  
No. 3, local passenger, 4:40, A. M.  
No. 1, through passenger, 10:40, A. M.  
No. 5, local passenger, 9:30, P. M.  
Way freight No. 127 arrives from the east at 7:30, P. M., central time.  
Way freight No. 128 arrives from the west at 5:15, A. M. Returned, arrives at 9:15, A. M. Runs only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. A. CAMPBELL, Supt.  
J. HULANISKI, Agent.

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, JNO. H. 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 Office. 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.

Isaiah 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 Isaiah Smith and Mary M. Smith, to enforce a certain mortgage given by said defendants to said plaintiff, and to secure the payment of one principal note and ten interest coupon notes, all dated August 1st, 1890; the principal note for \$500.00 due August 1st, 1891, 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 said principal note, 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 northwest 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 \$24.30 of the note maturing on the first day of February, 1890, and the plaintiff is now due on said notes the sum of \$204.05, with interest at seven per cent. on \$200.00 thereof 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 26th day of January, 1891.  
Dated December 5th, 1890.  
FARMERS TRUST COMPANY, Plaintiff.  
By W. S. Morlan, its attorney. 30-4ts.

Publication of Summons.  
To George M. Fulkerson and Alta U. Fulkerson, co-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 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 \$42.60 and interest from the 4th day of December, 1890. Plaintiff prays 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 12th day of Jan., 1891.  
Dated December 5th, 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 and Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, January 3d, 1891, viz:  
JAMES ARNOLD,  
H. E. No. 5152 for the N. W. 1/4 of section 11, in town 5, north of range 29, west of 6th P. M. in the North-East 1/4 of Section 3, Township 4, North of Range 29, West of 6th P. M. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Samuel Godard, Sanftford T. Godard, Squire W. Godard, of Indianola, Neb., and Robert Duncan of Box Elder, Neb.  
S. P. HART, Register.

LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB., December 6th, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final five year proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at McCook, Neb., on Saturday, January 17th, 1891, viz:  
LUCINDA PIPER,  
widow of Joseph B. Piper, deceased, R. E. sec. 2, for the North-East 1/4 of Section 3, Township 4, North of Range 29, 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, Mather, art. Stephen Bolles, of Box Elder, William Wegint of McCook, Neb.  
S. P. HART, Register.

### WHOM OTHERS ENVY.

Through years of patient toil and sacrifice He climbed fame's ladder round by round, Nor rested till his hand had grasped the prize For which he toiled. Self made, self crowned He stood among his lofty dreams and weighed Their worth, together with the price he paid.  
A millionaire! He bartered love for this. Love binds the wings of him who would arise. He rose unfettered. Now with famished eyes He gazes on another's Paradise. While memory taunts him with a shy, sweet kiss, A frightened, fluttering thing, the first, the last. No childish voices echo through his past; He wears his laurels, but he paid their price.  
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe in Lippincott's.

### MIRIAM GUNTER.

As I was hurrying homeward from my office one evening in October I was detained on a fashionable thoroughfare by many carriages. A society wedding reception was taking place.  
I watched a few ladies pass out of their carriages to the awning, and thence into the residence. It was rather interesting to a novice—the begowned men were so thoroughly conversant with the minutiae of attending to the wants of the fair ladies. From my position I could look into the vast drawing rooms.  
There stood the "happy couple," a handsome pair. He tall and dark, but with eyes and mouth that spoke of a will it would be dangerous to cross. She was also tall, with a winsome face of unusual brightness.  
It was a face that changed with every breath. The blue eyes would grow black with excitement. The merry looking little mouth disclosed most of the time a set of beautiful white teeth. A wealth of brown hair ruffled and curled all over the well shaped head.  
Yes, she was a very bonny bride, and I did not wonder the young man looked at her with such an endearing gaze. No one would dare monopolize her attention with him around.  
I finally moved on, considering I had sentimentalized long enough.  
Six months later my circumstances were materially altered. I was in a position to enter society if I so wished, and at the urgent request of my uncle I did so. It being known that I was heir to considerable wealth, I had no trouble in securing plenty of partners.  
One evening at a large ball given by Mrs. Fred DeFancy, I was introduced to Mrs. Clarence Gunter, in whom I immediately recognized the bride of a few months before.  
The face was the same, yet changed. The eyes seemed larger than ever. This was probably owing to some dark lines under them.  
When the flush of excitement would go the face looked rather pale. It was an interesting face, and looked as though it held a story.  
Her husband stood near her, jealously guarding her. At least it looked that way. I asked her for a dance, but she glanced nervously at her card and said: "You must excuse me this evening; Dr. Warren, but the little I dance will be with Mr. Gunter."  
"At least I may sit out a few," I murmured.  
"Oh, certainly," with a bright smile. Well, that was the beginning of the end. I forgot that she was married, forgot everything except that I was sitting by the side of the sweetest woman I had ever met. Her husband had left us with a scowl.  
I wondered if she was in the habit of using those blue eyes to such deadly effect on all the gentlemen she met. If so, how many slain there must have been.  
That evening I never forgot. Many more happy ones were passed by her side, but they never seemed the same.  
All that season I met Mrs. Gunter. I called frequently at her house, became friends with her husband, whom I soon got to like exceedingly. He was very fond of his wife, although he had a peculiar way of showing it.  
She was never sure of her position. At a dinner party he would sharply reprimand her until at times I felt like choking him.  
She never showed by a sign that she noticed it. A laugh would turn the conversation, but I knew it cut like a knife.  
I met her once alone, after such a time in the hall. She did not see me at first. Her face was ashy white, and her blue eyes were dilated and looked like coals of fire. No one would ever have dreamed of calling them blue; her hands were clasped convulsively, and in a hoarse whisper I heard:  
"I hate him! I hate him! Oh, God! take him or me!"  
I stepped quickly forward, and in my excitement unwittingly used her first name.  
"Don't, Miriam, don't! You know not what you are saying."  
"I wish I didn't," she sullenly replied, and pushing by me hurried into the drawing room, and there I found her brightly discussing the merits of some of Whistler's etchings.  
I sat by her side and endeavored to converse rationally, but my heart's cry would not be stifled.  
"Oh, Miriam, Miriam, why did I not meet you first!"  
She caught the passionate look in my eyes, and involuntarily shuddered. I collected myself and arose, saying I would take a turn in the gardens.  
As I did so there was a report and a bright flash, and there lay Miriam, white as death.  
I rushed to her, and although nearly wild with excitement managed to use my medical knowledge to advantage, and she soon opened her eyes.  
By this time the gentlemen who had remained in the dining room rushed into the room, and upon seeing Mrs. Gunter lying senseless the wildest excitement reigned.  
Her husband could not be calmed, and insisted that he should shoot himself if anything happened to Miriam.  
We calmed him finally by frequent assurances that she would recover. I had her carried to her room, and asked Mr. Gunter what medical attendance I should summon.  
"Why, Warren, I'll trust her to you, of course. If any one can pull her through you can."

My heart throbbed at the thought of holding her life in my hands, but I was determined to prove worthy in thought and deed of the responsibility.  
In the mean time the police had been summoned and the place ransacked, but no trace of the would-be murderer. I had had no time to speculate on that, being fully occupied in writing prescriptions to be filled and ascertaining the exact amount of danger Miriam was in.  
I found that the ball had entered her left side, just escaping the heart. When my instruments arrived I probed for the ball and soon extracted it, leaving her free from danger.  
For several weeks I tended her, and she gradually gained strength until at last she could sit on the piazza for an hour each bright day. During all the weeks the detectives had been at work, but no clew could be found. No reasonable theory could be formed.  
I questioned her if she knew of any one who would have any motive for such a deed. She only shuddered, and it seemed to retard her recovery every time it was spoken.  
So finally it became accepted as a mystery.  
I had called one afternoon and found her sitting in her boudoir. She held out her hand and said:  
"I am glad you have come, doctor. I want to talk to you."  
"I am always glad to be talked to," I inquired, wondering what was coming.  
"You overheard some words one night that require an explanation," she began, and her face was bright scarlet. "They were wicked words, I am afraid, but I have thought them many times."  
"I met Mr. Gunter when I was 17, and the fascination he had for me I mistook for love, so that when he asked me if I would marry him I said 'Yes.' In a few months I saw my mistake, but knew not how to communicate the fact. I threw out a few hints, and he immediately became of ashy whiteness, and said if he should lose me he never would live an hour, and rather than see me another man's wife he would shoot me."  
"I was very young and believed him. In fact, I believe still he spoke the truth. I had no courage to face these facts, so gave myself up to the inevitable. I soon learned, even before marriage, that he had a violent temper. No one ever crossed him."  
"I have been humiliated time and time again by that cursed temper. God knows, I am naturally of a happy nature, and I tried to make the best of it."  
"I thought marriage would soften him, but no, it hardened him, and I had no love to help me bear it. I knew he loved me with a wild, selfish love, but it was not the kind to make me nappy. You will wonder why I tell you all of this; no, don't interrupt—I cannot help knowing your feeling toward me, and I think it best that we should part."  
"One thing more," as I tried to interrupt. "I have my suspicions about that horrible night. Don't, for God's sake, ask me any questions. Now will you be merciful and go?"  
I was shivering.  
The mere thought of going away, never, perhaps, to see her again, was almost beyond my power. But I saw to cross her would be detrimental to her health. So I said, "Yes, I will go."  
"Thank you, Bentley," she said, using my Christian name for the first time.  
"You see you could not stay here after knowing my story. It would not be right."  
"I shall try to see you again. Good-by, good-by, Miriam, God bless you, child!" and rushed from the room.  
A week later I sailed for France. For months I traveled through Europe, then I went into the Holy Land and thence through to Japan. For nearly two years I thus wandered about.  
One day while at Cairo I received my European mail, which had chased me for some time. I noticed a letter with a strange handwriting and immediately opened it. It ran thus:  
"Dear Warren—When you receive this I shall be among the 'gone before.' I am tired of life. But first I must ease my conscience, as all sinners on their dying bed are wont to do. When you were first introduced to us I noticed that you lost your heart to Miriam, and I was wildly jealous, but I finally got to liking and also trusting you. The night of the dinner party I worked myself into a passion after you left the table, and leaving the room on the pretense of speaking to my man I crept around to the drawing room window and saw you two close together.  
A passionate glance passed from your eyes, and I imagined that she returned it. The demon was aroused in me, and I lifted my revolver and fired at you.  
My hand was unsteady, and it passed you as you know. I hurried in, and my horror was terrible when I saw Miriam. I gave her into your charge, because I knew if any one could bring her through you could.  
The remorse has been gradually wearing me away. You will hear I died of heart disease. Don't contradict it, and let Miriam think the same. Take care of her, and forgive me if you can. I liked you, Warren, and I leave Miriam to your care."  
CLARENCE B. GUNTER.  
Oct. 8, "The Vetner."

I could not believe the letter at first. It seemed as if it must be a fabrication of my brain; but no, there was the letter to prove the truth of it. Gunter had tried to kill me, and now had committed suicide.  
It was nearly a year later that I arrived home. I called on Mrs. Gunter at once, and she looked very pale and sweet in her mourning garments.  
Before I left she had promised to leave them off for a wedding gown a year from that day. I never told her the truth about her husband's death. She had no suspicion about that, though.  
I always thought she knew who fired the shot that nearly deprived her of life.  
However, that is a subject we never discuss in our happy married life.—T. C. W. in Burlington Globe.

Eastern Trees in California.  
California is nearly destitute of the trees and shrubs which furnish the brilliant autumnal tints of eastern hills and vales. A few venturesome spirits, however, have introduced from the east the sumach, dogwood, swamp maple, sassafras, red and white oak, etc. They are all growing satisfactorily in various portions of the state. In autumn they are gorgeous in color, making strangely beautiful contrasts with evergreens, palms, arbutus, pepper trees, acacias, etc.—H. H. H. Herald.

# DRYSDALE

—THE—  
**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

—TO—  
LANDS AND TOWN LOTS IN RED WILLOW COUNTY.

FURNISHED ON APPLICATION BY  
**J. B. MATHER,**  
BONDED ABSTRACTER  
(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.

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.

## 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

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Sold by all Druggists.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

**CAMP LIFE.**  
The one thing you'll always find in every cowboy's outfit when he goes on the spring round-up is a "Fish Brand" Slicker. They make the only perfect saddle coat, and come either black or yellow. They protect the whole front of the rider's body, being made to fit round the outside of the saddle entire. When used as a walking coat, the extension pieces neatly overlap each other, making a regular overcoat with a double storm-proof front. When riding, the saddle is dry as a bone, from pommet to pommet, and the rider is entirely protected in every part of his body. These "Slickers" being of extra width, make fine blankets for camp. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered with out extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.  
A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.