

By F. M. KIMMELL.

ALL HOME PRINT.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Divine service at 10 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.

TERMS OF COURT FOR 1891.

Eleventh Judicial District of Nebraska. CHASE:—February 24, July; June 2, no jury; September 1, July. DUNDY:—March 2, July; June 8, no jury; September 14, July; December 7, no jury. HITCHCOCK:—March 10, July; June 11, no jury; September 21, July; December 9, no jury. RED WILLOW:—March 30, July; June 15, no jury; October 8, July; December 11, no jury. FURNAS:—April 13, July; June 17, no jury; October 19, July; December 14, no jury. HAYES:—April 23, July; September 8, no jury; November 9, July. FRONTIER:—May 12, July; September 10, no jury; November 17, July. GOSPER:—May 25, July; November 29, July. J. E. COCHRAN, Judge. McCook, Neb., Jan. 1, 1891.

Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by L. W. McConnell & Co., Druggists, McCook, Neb.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. J. E. Cochran, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 24 day of December, 1889, in favor of Plaintiff, and against James A. Porter, as defendant, for the sum of fifty-six dollars and forty-four cents, and costs taxed at \$20.83 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to satisfy said decree, to-wit: N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 and N. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 33, and S. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 and S. W. 1/4 of section 25, town 1, range 26, west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 7, 1891. W. A. MCCOOL, Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment rendered in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of December, 1889, in favor of Plaintiff, Nebraska Mortgage Company as plaintiff, and against Daniel E. Eikenberry et al as defendants, for the sum of one hundred and seven dollars and thirty cents, and costs taxed at \$35.43 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to satisfy said decree, to-wit: S. E. 1/4 of section eight (8) town 2, north of range twenty-nine (29) west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 6th, 1891. W. A. MCCOOL, Sheriff of said County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained before Hon. J. E. Cochran, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of December, 1889, in favor of Plaintiff, O. G. Glavin, as plaintiff, and against Henry Balthasar as defendant, for the sum of six hundred and forty-three dollars and thirty-one cents, and costs taxed at \$31.45 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to satisfy said decree, to-wit: N. W. 1/4 of section 11, township 1, north of range 30, west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 5th, 1891. W. A. MCCOOL, Sheriff of said County.

Isiah Smith and Mary M. Smith, defendants, will take notice on the 6th day of November, 1890, The Farmers Trust Company, plaintiff, filed its petition in the district court of Red Willow county, state of Nebraska, against the said Isiah 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 one principal note and ten interest coupon notes, all dated August 1st, 1889; the principal note for \$550.00 due August 1st, 1890, and ten notes each for the sum of \$25.00, 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 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 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 \$84.65, with interest at seven per cent, on \$550.00 thereof from August 1st, 1890, and on \$24.30 thereof from February 1st, 1890, at ten per cent, per annum, and on \$20.75 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 25th day of January, 1891. Dated December 11th, 1890. FARMERS TRUST COMPANY, Plaintiff. By W. S. Morlan, its attorney. 304ts.

LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB.,

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 Thursday, February 19th, 1891, viz: GEORGE E. ZIMMERMAN, who made H. E. Newell for the S. W. 1/4 of section 35, in township 2, north of range 29, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witness to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: James M. Kanouse, George Fowler, John Stalker and James Troy, all of McCook, Neb. S. P. HART, Register.

LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB.,

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 17th, 1891, viz: LUCINDA PIPER, widow of Joseph H. Piper, deceased, H. E. 922, for the North-East 1/4 of Section 3, Township 4, North of Range 29, West of 6th P. M. She names the following witness to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: John F. Miller, Mathew Stewart, Stephen Bolles, of Box Elder, William Wevint of McCook, Neb. S. P. HART, Register.

THE BIG WHISTLE.

I boarded the train at midnight In the darkness and the rain, And deeply bellowed the engine, And onward sped the train; Althwart my window, in showers, The sparks to rearward sped— The fiery breath of the monster Of steam and steel ahead.

Anon we neared a highway, And the hollow of the night Was stirred by the voice of the demon, And I shuddered in affright; And anon we neared a village, And the whistle's terrible roar Proclaimed the power of the engine And the speed at which we tore.

With a steed so strong and mighty, (Conductor said "Old No. 4"), I knew that we were flying A hundred miles an hour! And I grasped the seat before me, And braced my feet for a crash, With that whistle at crossroads howling In our mad, impetuous dash.

I elinched my teeth at the danger, And my heart like a plummet dropt; When, after an hour of terror, The train at a station stoppt; Then I found, to my consternation, That only ten miles we had gone— The demon, a "pony" engine With a great big whistle on!

RESUME. The steam at that whistle wasted Might have yielded far more speed; A man's imagination Is an easy thing to mislead; And there are engines human On a very similar plan, Who are blowing too much whistle, And showing too little man. —A. W. Bellow, in Detroit Free Press.

A WOMAN'S PRISONER.

And a "Sweet-Looking Object" He Was When Released.

It WAS down in Louisiana, not many years ago," to quote from an old song, that several companies of us wicked Yankees were posted in a small town, just far enough from New Orleans and other important points for it to be of no strategic consequence for its own sake; yet, being on a direct route from the enemy's lines to the Mississippi river, it was important as an outpost. The war was almost over, and the enemy knew it, and we knew they knew it, so we were not as vigilant as we might have been had we been stationed in front of Lee's army. The natives were loyally Southern, every man of them—perhaps I should say every woman, for the only men left in town were the few who had passed three-score years and ten, one physician and one preacher. But the natives did not allow us to be uncomfortable. The doctor disagreed radically with us on principle, and cursed Grant fluently, but he took professional and even friendly interest in such of us as had more malaria than our regimental surgeon could manage; the preacher gave us a sermon, and the old men would smoke and chat with us all day, so long as we did not say what we believed about the future of military events.

As for the women, they were very tenacious of their opinions, so far as the war was concerned, but otherwise hospitable and charming. They didn't mean to give us the entire of local society, but somehow we got there all the same. We did it so quietly that none of them knew how it began or who began it. We purchased enough supplies to set business booming, allowed no marauding, wore clean clothing, and were on our good behavior in every way, President Lincoln having specially ordered, through General Banks, that Louisiana must be "conciliated."

The consequence was that we officers soon knew everybody worth knowing, and were entertained with as much courtesy and self-possession as if the native coffee had not been burned dry or some other substitute, and the tablecloths had not long before been turned into lint or bandages for Southern hospitals.

The women never let us forget that they were Southerners to the heart's core, and that we were merely Lincoln's hirelings; still, they were women; they did not like to see any one appear careless of dress, and soon there was not a uniform coat with a loose-hanging button. To have a Southern woman, whether maid, wife or widow, or gray-haired grandmother, bring a needle and thread and tighten a button, while the wearer stood awkwardly in front of her, was to realize that Louisiana was not the only party to the war who was being "conciliated."

Every regiment had some officer, generally a young Lieutenant, whose ability, appearance and spirits compelled his comrades to pronounce him the flower of the flock. Ours was Will Glennie. He was officer of the first picket line we threw out, and so impressed was he with the defensive possibilities of the place that we were glad to have him relieve us of some responsibility by taking charge of the slight

earthworks it seemed advisable to erect. He spent a full half of every day outside the lines, looking for additional points of vantage, and as no enemy had been in the vicinity for weeks, he never cared for a guard.

Time passed on so delightfully for a fortnight that there was little but roll-calls and picket duty to remind us that we were soldiers. Every thing was too pleasant to last, so one day a rattle of musketry warned us that there was trouble on the picket line. By the time our bugles recalled us from our hospital lounging-places and hurried us toward the front, a soldier with a broken arm came in and reported that some cavalry had tried to force their way into town by the western road, and, being repulsed, had dismounted, and were disagreeing, in the usual military manner, with the pickets, who had fallen back to Glennie's breastworks.

"Bless Glennie for the breastworks!" exclaimed our Major in command, after he had shouted: "Double quick—march!" The resistance made by our entire force seemed to disgust the cavalry, for in a couple of hours they ceased firing. A special roll-call showed that none of our men had been killed, and only two or three wounded, but a Captain approached the Major and said that Lieutenant Glennie was missing. He had gone nearly a mile to the front, to a little elevation, where he had thought a howitzer might advantageously be posted—gone two or three hours before the enemy appeared.

"Captured, then, of course!" groaned the Major. "Confound it, gentlemen, for the good of the service I'd rather have been captured myself."

Most of us felt the same way, and we were too dismal for the remainder of the day even to rejoice at having repulsed the cavalry. The entire force went out as skirmishers for a mile or two, asking questions at every plantation-house and cabin, but no one could tell whether or not the cavalry, as they galloped away, had a Union officer with them.

We felt sorely at our loss that we feared to face the natives when we returned to town. What would they think of us, as soldiers, when they learned that the officer whom we all cheerfully acknowledged as the ablest soldier among us had fallen into the enemy's hands? The Major actually bit off the mouth-piece of his pipestem in a fit of anger; but this severe action did not return to us the flower of the regiment.

Just before sunset a sentry on the road startled all of us as we lay behind the works, by shouting: "Officer of the guard! Flag of truce coming!"

We all sprang to the parapet, and saw, emerging from the forest nearly half a mile away, a horse, a rider and a tiny white flag. The Major raised his glasses, peered through them a moment, dropped them and exclaimed: "That flag is carried by a woman!"

Then all of us wished we had glasses. The rider advanced slowly, until we could see that she was not armed; then that she had a good seat and a fine figure, and finally that she was young and pretty.

"Wants protection for her property, I suppose," growled the Major. "Those raiders are probably cleaning out the family's barn and smoke-house, there being nobody at home but women and children. What do they suppose a few infantry can do against nobody knows how many cavalry?"

Nevertheless, he went slowly out, alone, to meet her, at which Glennie's Captain exclaimed: "This isn't according to custom. Who knows but she's a young man disguised, and will drop the Major with a pistol. Come on, boys."

Several of us followed him. As we saw him twirling the ends of his mustache and tipping his hat slightly to one side, we followed his example in these respects also. We overtook the Major just as the rider halted, looking very pale, and said: "It wasn't his fault, sir—really it wasn't."

"Whose fault, madam?" said the Major, rising his hat. "Mr. Glennie's," said the girl. "Oh, confound it! I mean—so they got him, did they?"

"Oh, no, sir; but he wishes they had. And they would have done so, only—only—"

"Well, madam?" "Only they were prevented." "Indeed! How was that?" "Why, you see, sir, he stopped at our house just for a drink of water, and while he was standing by the well the Rangers—"

"Rangers?" "Yes, sir; the Texas cavalry—they came across the hill just then. He started to run this way, but—but—"

"Well?" The girl looked down a moment, colored, raised her head, and said rapidly: "I told him he would never get there alive. I said they were a hundred to one, and he'd surely be killed. I'm a true Southern woman, sir; my father is Captain Grayson, of the artillery battalion, but I don't believe murder is war, so I made him come into the house. He declared he wouldn't; death was nothing to duty. But I made him come in."

"Indeed! What arguments did you use, may I ask?" Again the girl looked down and colored deeply. Some of the young officers began to exchange winks.

"He declared he wouldn't," the girl resumed, "but I made him. He struggled with all his might, but—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting," said the Major, biting his lip, "but—he escaped, then?" "Yes, sir; but not a moment too soon. I hadn't more than got him into the hoghead—"

"Hoghead?" "Yes, sir; a big sugar hoghead in the cellar that we had meant to keep sweet potatoes in, when two of the Rangers came to the front door. They said they'd seen a Yankee at the well and wanted him. I told them he had seen them and made a dash for his own lines. He really did, you know, for a step or two, when—when—"

"When you warned him of his danger?" "Yes, sir. Well, they took my word when I told them who my father was and they went away."

"Ah! Where are the Rangers now?" "They went back—I don't know where—hours ago." "And caught him as they went?" "Oh, no, sir; they couldn't. But he was in a dreadful excitement. He said he had no right to be outside the lines; he could be court-martialed for it and disgraced, and may be shot if things went wrong in the fight. He went on so that I wouldn't listen to him, and I was afraid that some of the Rangers might come back and hear him, so I wouldn't stay and listen to him."

"But why didn't he return after they retired?" "Because he couldn't, sir. I wouldn't let him. I didn't want him to be court-martialed and shot, and all of those dreadful things; so I thought it would be only right to come and tell you it wasn't his fault."

"The enemy has been gone several hours," said the Major, turning with a suspicious look to us. "I'm afraid there is some ruse about this." Then he turned to the girl, and sternly said: "Young woman, if your story is true, he should have returned by this time. He knows there is nothing to fear, and

there is nothing to prevent his coming back, if he knows the enemy have disappeared."

"Oh, yes, there is, sir; there's a cover to the hoghead, and a padlock beside." "Oh—h—," said the major, with many inflections, "he's your prisoner, is he? But, heavens, madam, if he has been locked in a hoghead all this time he's probably suffocated. Confound—"

"Oh, no," said the girl, with an assuring smile. "There's a big bungalow to the hoghead, and I know he has sense enough to breathe through it, because when I went down and whispered through it that the Rangers had gone home again, he—"

"What did he say?" "Nothing—he—but I know he was alive and just like his old self." Then the girl suddenly dropped her eyes again and colored deeply, while a very young Lieutenant murmured: "Um!"

"I see," drawled the Major, very slowly. "Attention! First company, deploy as skirmishers. Forward!" The girl turned her horse's head quickly, looked backward, set her lips firmly, and exclaimed: "You're not going to court-martial and shoot him?"

"Suppose I were?" said the Major, as the men began to file from behind the "curtain" that commanded the road. "Then," said the girl, "I'll gallop ahead at the risk of my life, and let him escape on my pony."

"Madam," said the Major, lifting his hat. "I give you the word of a soldier and a gentleman that you shall be his sole judge."

The skirmish line advanced, and the officers of the other companies followed the girl and the Major. The latter should have ordered us to remain with our men, but he didn't. We reached the house—more than a mile outside the lines—without annoyance; and when the girl had lighted a candle we followed her and the Major to the cellar. The Major's suggestion that the girl should first whisper at the bungalow and see if the captive was still alive, was not acted upon. Instead, she said, cheerily, as she turned the key and raised the cover:

"You've nothing to fear, Will." "Will!" murmured the very young Lieutenant.

Just then Glennie's face appeared above the edge of the staves, and seemed somewhat disconcerted at the grinning faces before him. Several pairs of hands helped him out, and as he stood before us, with crystals of light brown sugar glistening all over his uniform coat, the Major remarked: "You're a sweet-looking object!" Miss Grayson smiled as if she thought so, too.

"You see, Major," began Glennie. "Yes," said the Major, "I certainly do. I see, also, that one of two things must be done for the good of the service. Either our lines must be extended a mile or two further into the country, or you must persuade this lady's family to move to town."

The family moved; Miss Grayson finally moving all the way to New York. The wedding present from the bridegroom's brother officers was a miniature sugar hoghead, in gold, with a rosebud for a padlock.—John Habberton, in Once a Week.

A Delighted Parent. Sanso (looking down the road)—An elopement, eh? (to girl's father) Hallo, old man! Are you trying to catch the young couple? Old Man (rushing forward)—Yes. Want to give 'em my blessing.—Munsey's Weekly.

—An exchange says that a poor man's wife who bought a quart of molasses at a Cincinnati grocery the other day found a diamond ring in it worth two hundred dollars. It is to be regretted that she didn't get a gallon of the precious sirup while she was about it. She might have found ear-rings and breast-pin to match.—Ram's Horn.

ALL HOME PRINT.

A MISTAKE.

It is only the one-ideaed, non-progressive merchant that considers advertising an expense. True, the papers that he pays his money to never pay it back to him as money; but they do better; they give him what his business lives on—publicity and trade.

Advertising is an investment, just as much as any commodity or goods the merchant buys. Not only that, but it is the best investment he can make. There is no line of goods, dollar for dollar, that gives him so large a return for the amount laid out.

If you, Mr. Merchant, are doing a small business, and would like to see it grow, there is only one way to make it—bring the people to your store, and when you get them there give them nice goods and the value of their money.

It is a great mistake to call advertising an expense.

AN OBJECTION.

The school book question is under consideration in the Missouri legislature as well as in the Nebraska and Kansas legislatures. The Alliance, through its president, has declared in favor of the state printing the books and distributing them to the pupils at cost, and it is not unlikely the farmers in the legislature will support that proposition.

What is believed to be a better method for obtaining cheap text books is suggested by Representative Coats of Platte county, who has prepared a measure providing for the appointment by the governor of a commission of five well qualified teachers to investigate the subject, and if they consider it advisable, to let the contract for publishing the books to the lowest bidder.

This plan would give the public the benefit of competition, without encouraging the principle of paternalism in state government, which is always open to serious objections.

STANDARD AUTHORITY.

"The Scientific American," published by the great patent agency firm of Munn & Co., New York, is the most practically useful publication of its kind in the country. Indeed, it occupies a field distinctively its own. Not alone for the machinist, manufacturer, or scientist, but it is a journal for popular perusal and study. It is the standard authority on scientific and mechanical subjects. It is placed at a very low rate of subscription, \$3 per annum, which places it within reach of all. Subscriptions will be received at the office of this paper.

HAS COLLAPSED.

The American Harvester trust has collapsed. The proposition to force up prices caused a number of the strongest firms to withdraw from the combine, and they will make it interesting for those which remain in the syndicate. It looks now as if the effort to form a conspiracy to put up prices would result in a war to bring them down. The revolt is headed by the McCormick company, one of the strongest firms in America. The farmers have waited a long time, but things are coming their way now.

Recommend THE TRIBUNE to your neighbor if he is thinking of subscribing for a local paper.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. THE BEST SALVE in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. McMillen.

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.

The Kansas City Star. DAILY AND WEEKLY. The Leading Newspaper of the West. DAILY CIRCULATION OVER 40,000.

The Star is the acknowledged leading newspaper published in the west. It contains in a concise form all the news of the world up to 6 o'clock, P. M. of the day published, giving its patrons the freshest news from twelve to twenty hours in advance of morning contemporaries. It publishes the produce markets and commercial reports of the trade centers of the world and the full and complete live stock and grain markets, including the closing reports from New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. The Star controls and publishes exclusively the full Associated Press Reports and a large line of special telegrams. The Star is not controlled by any set of politicians and is devoted to collecting and publishing all the news of the day in the most interesting shape and with the greatest possible promptness accuracy and impartiality. It will enjoy your confidence if you appreciate an honest, fearless and bold newspaper. The Star has the largest circulation of any newspaper published between Chicago and Kansas City. Never before in the history of journalism has so much first-class newspaper matter been given for so little money as we are giving in the weekly edition of the Star. Terms for the Star, by mail, postage prepaid: DAILY. One month, \$1.00. Three months, \$2.50. Six months, \$4.50. One year, \$8.00. WEEKLY. One year, \$2.50. Write for sample copy. Address, THE STAR, Kansas City, Mo.

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.

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.

MCCOOK STEAM LAUNDRY, CHARLIE YOUNG, Prop. First Door West of Arlington Hotel. 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.

KILPATRICK BROTHERS. Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder. P. O. address, Imperial, Chase 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 anywhere on the animal.

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