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DO YOU READ

THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE?

The Leading Weekly in Western Nebraska.

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THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain,
Alas, too quickly did they wane!
For such some boon, some blessing bore,
Of smiles and tears each had its store,
Its checkered lot of bliss and pain.

Although it idle be and vain,
Yet cannot I the wish restrain
That I had held them evermore,
The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain
That long within the mind has lain,
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,
"Nothing can e'er the past restore,
Nothing bring back the years again,
The sweet, sad years."
—Rev. Charles D. Bell.

Working on Mountain Tops.

Some practical facts are furnished by the experience of the workmen engaged in the construction of the new Central railway over the main range of mountains in Peru. The line starts from Lima, in latitude 13 degs. The summit tunnel of this line at Galeria is at the height of 15,645 feet, or a little under the height of Mont Blanc, but it must be remembered that the climatic conditions are very different and more unfavorable in Peru than in Europe.

Mr. E. Lane, the engineer in chief, finds that the workmen up to an altitude of 8,000 to 10,000 feet do about the same relative quantity of work as at sea level, provided they have been inured to the height or brought up in the country. At 12,000 feet the amount of work deteriorates, and at 14,000 to 16,000 a full third has to be deducted from the amount that the same man could perform at sea level. Mules and horses are found to do about the same efficient work proportionately as human beings up to about 17,000 feet in the district.—Nineteenth Century.

Remarks About Snow.

The snow was particularly light and fluffy, and it settled on the sidewalks like fine goose feathers. The janitor of a certain flat is a son of Ham, built like a Hercules. The janitor of the next flat is a son of Erin. The two recognize no color line, and are great friends. Before the sun they rose to clear the sidewalks of the snow ere it should be trampled down by pedestrians. Both were equipped with snow shovels.

"By golly, Pat," shouted the herculean son of Ham, after he had been working for a few minutes, "dis yar snow am so feadery dat shovelin it ain't no good no-how. 'Minds me of pushing fog."
"Well, begorra," replied Pat, without looking up from his work, "get a fan and fan it off."—New York Times.

Big Salvage in New York Harbor.

In 1889 the City of New York, on her first voyage to this port, ran ashore off Sandy Hook. A leading wrecking company of this city took a score of lighters down to take off her cargo so that she might be floated. A number of tugs aided in the work.

The wrecking company put in a claim for salvage and was awarded \$75,000. Including the compensation to the tugs which worked with the wrecking company the total amount of salvage awarded was over \$100,000.—New York Evening Sun.

His Retort Courteous.

A well known New Yorker, famous for his bon mots, was asked by a friend upon returning from Boston recently if he had renewed his acquaintance with a certain lady well known for her impressive style and blue stockish qualities.

"No," he replied with a smile. "She invited me one evening to 'meet some minds at tea,' but I had an engagement to meet some stomachs at dinner—at the St. Botolph club, and so I had to forego the pleasure."—New York Herald.

The Smallest Painting.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and in the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.—New York Press.

Working in Great Altitudes.

Owing to the absence of malaria the percentage of efficient labor at the greatest elevation is a very high one. Men coming from the coast are not found capable of doing efficient work for about two weeks on an average, when taken to high elevations. The capacity gradually increases and reaches its maximum in a few weeks or months, according to the constitution of the individual.—Nineteenth Century.

The Egyptians and Romans.

The Egyptians and the Romans among ancient nations present characteristic examples of inequality in the development of the different elements of their civilization, and even of the different branches of which each of these elements is composed.—Popular Science Monthly.

We are told by Livy that when Hannibal had vanquished the Romans in the battle of Cannae two women, seeing their sons whom they had supposed dead return in good health, died immediately from excessive joy.

Lenity will operate with greater force in some instances than rigor. It is therefore my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—Washington.

In public house signs three seems to play an important part, such signs as "Three Bells," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bears," etc., being often used.

A fast penman will write at the rate of thirty words a minute, which means that in an hour's steady writing he has drawn his pen along a space of 300 yards.

The Chinese women, who have coarse hard hair, though beautiful, use a curious mixture of honey and flour to cleanse and soften it.

NEW YORK'S POSTAL SERVICE.

Interesting Facts About the Growth of the Delivery System.

The fair of the postoffice employees was an incentive to resuscitate and revivify every postal article obtainable that was quaint, ancient, and antique, even to an exhibit of a picture of the building used for the first postoffice. In connection with this might have been mentioned the fact that it was in 1623, nine years after the construction of the first fort at the southern end of Manhattan Island, that the first postoffice saw its beginning. Previous to this, masters of vessels bringing letters from domestic and foreign ports brought them on shore and left them at a coffee house, where the merchants, the burghers and the loungers met to discuss the topics of the day. Here the letters were deposited in a rack, where they might be obtained by the persons to whom they were addressed.

In 1690, when New Amsterdam consisted of straggling groups of one story houses with peaked roofs and gable ends fronting the street, and when the city extended no farther north than Wall street, there was the town winding near the Battery, and the government house stood in Water street, near Whitehall. It was in this year that the letter carrier first appeared—the loungers who carried the mail to the merchant or burgher. It was not until 1692, however, that the first city postoffice was established, near Bowling green, the postmaster being Richard Nichel.

In 1710 the British postmaster general established the general postoffice in this city and ordered that all mails coming by vessels should be sent there. A year later post routes between New York and Boston and New York and Albany were established, and the mails were carried on horseback twice a month. In 1740 a similar route was established between New York and Philadelphia.

In 1753 Benjamin Franklin was appointed postmaster general of the colonies. Alexander Colden soon afterwards succeeded Richard Nichel as postmaster of the city, which office he held until the beginning of the Revolution, when the postoffice was abolished by the British officials and remained closed for seven years.

William Bedlow, after whom Bedlow's island was named, was the first postmaster appointed after the war, and in 1786 he was succeeded by Sebastian Barnum, at which time the postal revenue was \$2,750, and the city directory contained 926 names only.—New York Tribune.

Bound to Say Something.

Among other anecdotes of university life Dean Hole tells of an occasion when there was some doubt as to the locality of a city mentioned in a Greek text, and the lecturer addressed a youth who had just come up from the famous Shrewsbury school. "Now, Mr. Bentley, you are a pupil of our great geographer, Dr. Butler, the Atlas of our age, who carries the world not on his shoulders, but in his head, and you can probably enlighten us as to the position of this ancient town."

"I believe, sir," was the prompt reply, "that modern travelers are of the opinion that the city ought to be placed about ten miles to the southeast of the spot it now occupies on our map."

After receiving respectful thanks for his information, the informer told Dean Hole as they left the lecture room that he had never heard of the venerable city before, but that for the honor of Shrewsbury and the reputation of Dr. Butler he felt himself bound to say something.

Mr. Bement's Cabinet of Minerals. The largest and richest private cabinet of minerals in America is said to be that of Mr. Clarence L. Bement, of Philadelphia. His collection fills nearly a whole floor of his large house, which is lighted with special reference to seeing his treasures to advantage, and none of the public museums have specimens of a size, beauty and perfection to surpass those that he has been patiently gathering for the past twenty years or more. The leading dealers in this country have standing orders to send him the best of what comes to them, and they willingly do so, for he is prompt and liberal in his payments, being a gentleman not only of enthusiasm, but of ample fortune.

What he does not take is sent to the British museum as the second best buyer. While it is difficult to set a price on a scientific collection, it is said by those who should know that Mr. Bement's cabinet is worth at least \$125,000.—New York Sun.

The Old Way.

Mr. Halloran, an up river pilot of celebrity, who was studying the lower Mississippi river, told me that he remembered when it was the custom for the mates to hit lazy negroes on the head with a billet of wood "and knock them stiff." The other negroes used to laugh, presumably as the sad faced man laughed when the photographer clapped a pistol to his head and said, "Smile, or I'll shoot you." When the felled negro came to the others would say, "Lep up quick an git to work, nigger; de mate's a-comin'." They do not urge the help with cordwood now—so the mate of the Providence told me—because the negroes get out warrants and delay the boat.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

No Longer an Experiment.

The kindergarten is no longer an experiment. It is not now on the defensive, either on its educational or on its philanthropic side. It is rather for those who ignorantly oppose the kindergarten to show cause for their opposition in the face of the almost unanimous approval of experts and the enthusiastic indorsement of all that part of the general public who have had the opportunity of becoming familiar with its methods and results.—Century.

Invention Succeeds Invention.

The new hook and eye that are peculiar because the hook has a hump in it have been succeeded by a hook that is peculiar for two humps between which the eye is held in place. Thus rapidly does invention succeed invention in this land of novelties.—New York Sun.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS OF GIRLS IN TWO CITIES.

The California Young Maiden Is Claimed To Be Nearer Perfect as to Form Than Her Sister in New York—Interesting Comparisons as to Feet.

A sculptor's ideal of beauty is evolved on mathematical principles. A perfect woman is 7 or 7½ or 8 heads tall; her shoulders are two heads wide; her legs are 3½ to 4 heads long; her waist is 3 heads in circumference. But the size of heads varies in women who are equally perfect in shape; the head of the Venus de Medici is nearly one-eighth less in proportion than that of the Venus of Milo or the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, which was esteemed by the ancients the most perfect statue in existence. The Medici Venus is a slim, slender girl, whose proportions resemble the statues of Psyche. Living reproductions of her are more frequently seen in New York than here.

There fell into The Argonaut's possession a list of measurements of the proportions of a young lady of San Francisco, who is looked upon as being beautiful and having a fine figure—in short, a typical California girl. With these we have compared a similar ground plan of a New York girl which we secured at the time Professor Sargent was collecting statistics concerning the young women in eastern seminaries; likewise the measurements of Ballow's well known ideal beauty. They compare as follows:

	California	New York	Ballow's
	Actual	Ideal	Ideal
Height.....	5 5/8	5 5/8	5 6
Length of head.....	8 1/2	8	8 1/2
Circumference of bust.....	35	30 1/2	32
Circumference of hips.....	35	30	32
Circumference of waist.....	24	19 1/2	23
Circumference of neck.....	12 1/2	12 1/2	13
Width of shoulders.....	17 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2

The weights of the first and the last are between 130 and 135 pounds, while the New York girl weighs about 136.

Polycles, an old Greek sculptor from Licyon, left rules governing the relative proportions of the female frame. He said that twice the thumb was once round the wrist, which it is not, unless the thumb is unusually large and the wrist unusually slender; that twice the wrist is the size of the neck, which is about the case in a well proportioned woman; that twice the neck is once round the waist, which is about so. But he also says that the hand and foot and face should all be of the same length, which is very rarely the case, and that the body should be six times the length of the foot, which would limit most men, whose feet average ten inches in length, to a stature of five feet. The gentleman from Licyon is evidently not a trustworthy guide.

Referring to the above table, it will be observed that the waist of the New Yorker is much smaller than that of the other two. The fashion of small waists is the rage in the east, and the desired result is obtained by tight lacing, which is carried to such an extent that the physiognomist is lost in amazement as to where the lady has bestowed her vital organs. No statue in existence exhibits such a disproportion between the waist and those portions of the trunk which lie above and below it. The compression of the girth is a mere fashionable fad which good taste must condemn. Our California girl wears a 24-inch corset, which might easily be reduced to a 22-inch if the easterner saw fit to sacrifice comfort to eastern fashion. There are belles in New York who are not satisfied till they have squeezed themselves into a 17-inch corset. Such persons, it would seem, would have enjoyed the Scottish boot.

The bust and hips should, in a perfectly formed woman, be exactly the same in circumference. They are so in Ballow's ideal, in the Venus of Milo, in the Cnidian Venus and in the California girl. In the New Yorker the circumference of the bust is half an inch greater than that of the hips, which is probably the work of art, not nature.

Ballow does not give the dimensions of his ideal's feet or hands. He merely says that they are "in proportion," which is rather vague. The rule among sculptors is that the foot should measure one head, which is unsatisfactory, as some large women have small heads, and some small women large heads.

The female foot is probably smaller in New York society than here, for the simple reason that it has less to carry. Shoemakers say here that they sell more 4 and 4½ shoes than any others, but many ladies in society buy 3½, 3, and even 2½ shoes. The knights of St. Crispin do not believe in the sculptor's rule about feet. They say that small feet, like large wits, are a gift from heaven, and may be found attached to persons of any dimensions. Everybody has observed that there is no necessary connection between the hands and the figure; that some slim girls have large hands, and some girls with opulent figures small hands and fingers.

Take all the measurements together, and the conclusion is forced that the Californian girl more closely resembles the Cnidian Venus than the Venus of Medici, and that a representative Californian statue should be cast after a study of that masterpiece as well as of the Venus of Milo and the Venus Callipyge.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Worthy Novel.

The novel that is worthy of the name, and which is calculated to render a broader service than the pecuniary compensation of its author, is the one which takes the problems of life as they present themselves to us all, and by the example of the characters portrayed teaches us the way to their proper solution; that presents us with types of manly and womanly character that may inspire the reader to emulation of their excellences, and that is withal a natural, helpful, concrete story of a life of lives. Such a novel is worth all the literary freaks that ever have been or ever will be produced.—Donahoe's Magazine.

WIND WINDS A CLOCK.

An Ingenious Contrivance of an Inventor in Belgium.

The Garry de Nord, Brussels, has been fitted with a mechanical wonder in the shape of a clock, which, although constantly exposed to all kinds of weather, never gets out of repair, nor does it need to be wound by the hand of man. It is a perpetual timekeeper of the most unique and original design, the running weight being kept in constant motion either through the influence of gravitation, as when on the descending trip, or by the wind's action on a fan attachment which causes the weight to rise to a level with the top of the framework. The winding attachment is not a windmill of the regulation type, but is a fan placed in a common chimney, the paddles being acted upon by the natural "up cast" or "draft."

As soon as this fan has raised the "running weight" to its extreme height, the cord to which the weight is attached acts on a wheel which throws a brake into gear, and the more rounds of cord that are added, so much more strongly does the brake act to prevent the weight from rising any higher, the checking tendency being transmitted to the fan wheel with every revolution.

A simple pawl arrangement prevents the down draft from exerting any contrary influence on the fan wheel. There is not, as one might suppose on first thought, any necessity of having a fire in the stove or fireplace of the chimney to which this odd clock is attached. The natural tendency of air is to ascend through such vents, the draft thus created being always sufficient for weight winding purposes. The clock might be placed at the top of a hollow tree with a bottom opening, or any other cylinder from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height.

With its present attachments this clock runs but twenty-four hours after the winding fan stops, but by the addition of another wheel or two, might be made to run a month or two even though the up draft were not sufficiently strong to turn the winding wheel in the meantime. The inventor is a native of Belgium.—St. Louis Republic.

The Marriage Tie.

Said a brilliant woman, whom not one of the refined coterie who heard her thought of calling "immoral": "At eighteen I married, of my own foolish will, a man of fifty, who adored me. At twenty I had learned that it would be a sin to waste my full young life—the only life I could know this side of the grave—in so monstrous a union. He was a good man, and, according to his lights, a model husband. I could not but respect him, but we had not one emotion in common. We were wholly incompatible in feeling, sentiment, in nature. Upon this ground, and this alone, I obtained a divorce."

Tear away sentimental verbiage and this woman's case stands thus: Her husband's ideas and tastes were not, to her apprehension, favorable to the development of what she sketched as the life she ought to lead. Her individual happiness outranked all other considerations in her mind. The marriage vow, uttered of her own free will, because she then fancied that she was forwarding her selfish interests by the union, became a rope of sand when inclination veered to another quarter.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

A Prize Easily Won.

A set of toppers were carousing in the Old Boar, and relieved the monotony by cracking jokes and telling funny stories. After an interval of rest one of their number sprang to his feet and shouted: "I'll give ten bottles of wine to the man who shall most closely imitate the voice of any animal."

The offer was accepted, and there was a neighing, a croaking, a grunting, a quacking, a howling and a growling fit to deafen the hearers. The last man then stood in the ring, and—did nothing. After five minutes' silence he perceived that his companions were growing impatient, when he quietly remarked: "There, gentlemen, that was the voice of a fish!"

General hilarity. He won the wine.—Kalender.

Prosperous Negroes.

When the war closed there were about 600 negroes owned by the Creek Indians. When they were free the Indians attempted to drive them out of the territory. The government wouldn't permit it, but made them citizens of the Creek nation and clothed them with all the rights and privileges of a full blood.

The Indians were compelled to accept this state of affairs. For awhile they badly treated their black skinned brothers, heaping all sorts of indignities upon them, which were borne with patient fortitude. When the lands were divided the government gave them a pro rata share. They have increased in population, now numbering about 2,000, raised respectable families and are doing well.—New York Advertiser.

The Origin of an Expression.

Mr. McElroy tells this: A few years ago some one defined a Mugwump to be "a person who is educated beyond his intellect." The remark was credited to several leading New Yorkers. But one day, in reading Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" I came across this sentence: "The late Duke of Wellington said of a certain peer that 'it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities.'"—New York World.

Looking for Gold.

Mr. R. T. Imbrie, of Washington county, Or., found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens. He is now on a still hunt for the feeding grounds of that particular chicken, and is thinking of assaying the entire barnyard company.—New York Sun.

It Wouldn't Pay.

The North Carolina boy who went out to shoot birds with a gun made of a brass tube shot himself of course. And we don't know that we are even sorry for his parents. It would not pay to raise such a fool.—Buffalo Express.