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The Leading Weekly in West-  
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### LONGBINGS.

I have tired of whispers and long for the full voice instead.  
The full voice to strengthen and guide soul, heart and hand;  
I am tired of shadows that give but a promise of light;  
The purple glimmer stretches its fingers far down the night.  
I am tired of starlight, filling the air with a mystical haze.  
And I long for the neontide glare, the light, the heat, the blaze;  
I am so tired of groping in the valley of unrest,  
And my heart's blood stands stagnant between the vale and the crest.  
I am tired of all the vain deceptions of practical life,  
The misunderstandings, the worry, the turmoil—aye, and the strife;  
More than all, I am sick of self, with all its weak desire,  
That burns in my heart like the flame of a funeral pyre.  
Speak, O voice divine, and bid this curious heart be still;  
Teach it to strive no more, to be satisfied with thy will.  
For how vain is human longing when measured by thy power!  
Let contentment gild my lips and fill with peace each lowly hour!  
—Mary Inge Hoskins in New York Sun.

### A SQUIRE'S ROMANCE.

Hop picking was always a gala time at Pendexter farm.  
Far away the golden haze hung over the hills like a quivering veil; the bland air was full of soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods, and wherever a dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and the masses of goldenrod and purple fringed asters held up their clusters of dazzling bloom. And in the hopfield merry voices echoed from morning until night.  
Will Pendexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver green leafage with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story—princely Boaz standing in his harvest fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to every one.  
"Isn't he handsome?" said little Fanny Dix to Miss Morgan, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dressmaker, with an incipient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hopfields, and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marier's daughters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsomer since he has turned gray! I do wonder why he never married."  
"Don't you know?" said Miss Morgan sagely.  
"No."  
"I can tell you, then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his first love jilted him."  
"As if any one would jilt Will Pendexter!" said incredulous Fanny.  
"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Pendexter then—and all this happened 20 years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clusters of pale green hops. "That was before he inherited Pendexter farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran away with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the New York stage."  
Fanny drew a long breath.  
"And what became of them?" said she.  
"Oh, they went to Italy, where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there now."  
Fanny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Pendexter as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered to hear him ask Mahala Bentley about her baby in the offhand, ordinary language of everyday life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "Good day," just as if there had been no Countess Caprivi in the world.  
But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet. She did not know how 20 years will bridge over the darkest gulf in a human life. There is no scar that will not heal in 20 years. There is not a grave on which grass will not grow—aye, and daisies bloom—in 20 years.  
"I do not know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Pendexter meditatively. "The field is crowded already."  
"What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer respectfully. "But this 'ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble mother dragging along on her arm. And a man don't like to say 'no' to such! So I thought I'd just speak to you before."  
"Where are they?" said the squire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking cane against his nose, and Simpson knew that the case of the forlorn strangers was safe enough.  
"Mother, don't fret. Here comes the gentleman now," said a clear, soft toned voice, and Squire Pendexter found himself looking into a pair of wistful, deep blue orbs—orb that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry she had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sparkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver bound gourd which always hung there.  
"Sir," without a moment's hesitation, "might I have a job of work in your hopfields? We have come from the city—mother and I—there's nothing to be picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles!"  
"I don't want you to work cheap," said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudge money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my housekeeper can put you up in one of the vacant back chambers over the kitchen, and there's

always enough to eat at Pendexter farm."

"Pendexter farm!"

The woman, who had been sitting on the mossy cattle trough, slowly lifted her head here and pushed back her worn sunbonnet.

"Where are we, Isora? Whither have we come? I knew a man named Pendexter once, who?"

"Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Caprivi! To think that fate should have brought us together again after all these years!"

The pale woman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim, strong arm.

"Let us go, Isora," said she. "We—we have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl, who scarcely as yet comprehended all this byplay. "Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter. Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!"

"I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We—we must go!"

"Clara," said the squire, he himself assuming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let bygones be bygones. You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face.

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said she.

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years ago. Let us be friends again, Clara."

For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was—how haggard were her cheeks, and how like smouldering fires the light burned in the sunken eyes.

She told him all that afternoon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself, how her life had been an aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor money; how he had left her with the baby Isora on her hands to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished, "why didn't you come to me?"

"Because I had wronged you so deeply," she faltered.

"You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well, it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you hear me, Clara? Must! Bless my heart! You'll grow strong in these country breezes, and that pale girl of yours will get color in her face."

So they staid at the Pendexter farm, and beautiful Isora Caprivi grew fairer to look upon with every passing day.

"Clara," said the blunt squire one day, "that girl of yours is prettier than ever you were."

"I know it," said Mme. Caprivi. And as she spoke the words a pang of jealousy struck sharply through her heart. Yet was it not natural enough that Squire Pendexter should take note of Isora's opening loveliness?

And in her room that night Clara wrestled with her own heart and conquered it.

"He will marry Isora," she told herself. "Isora is beautiful, and he is in the prime of life—it is as it should be—while I—I am only a wreck, waiting on the shore of time for the usual billow to come and sweep me away. God bless his noble heart! God bless my sweet souled girl! And God grant that they may be happy together for many, many long and happy years!"

The squire came to Mme. Caprivi the next day with rather an embarrassed face.

"It is coming," thought Clara; "I knew it would."

"Clara," said he, "I've a question to ask you."

She held out her hand with a smile.

"Ask it, then, freely," she said graciously.

"Should I be making a fool of myself if, at my age, I were to marry?"

"You would be doing the most proper and natural thing in the world," Clara answered, still smiling, although her heart seemed to stand still within her.

"Then, by Jove, I'll risk it," said the squire jubilantly. "Clara, will you have me? Shall we begin our disjointed lives over again, my girl?"

Mme. Caprivi grew pale, then red.

"Halloo!" said Squire Pendexter, "have I spoken too abruptly? Have you?"

"No," said Clara faintly. "But—but I thought it was Isora that you loved."

"Then you thought wrong," said the squire briskly. "I have never loved any woman but you, Clara, and I never shall."

So they were married quietly, and the autumn of life shines softly over them as the veiled sunlight hangs its golden haze over the picked hopfields of Pendexter farm.

And poor Clara is content at last.—True Flag.

Jay Gould in Iceland.

Marie Jonreau writes me that when she was traveling in Iceland she found that of all our great countrymen the only one who seemed to be familiar to the Icelanders was Jay Gould. One of the first questions her native guide asked her on learning that she was from America was: "You come from America. Perhaps, then, you know Jay Gould? And has he really more money than he can ever count?" Even far in the interior of the island, where the people could speak no English, they begged the guide to ask her if she really knew or had ever seen the wonderful Cressus, who to them was like some prince from the "Arabian Nights."—Boston Globe.

A Surprised Man.

### MRS. BUCK TUPPER.

My profession is that of civil engineering.

After a very unsatisfactory year spent in the employ of certain mushroom railroad companies I resolved to seek a shorter route to fortune by joining the strong that was just then rushing to the silver mines of the southwest.

But, alas, for the best laid plans of an unsophisticated tenderfoot! Six months later I found myself one day stranded in a wretched little mining town without a dollar in my pocket.

How I happened just then to meet and make friends with Colonel Dingler it is no part of my purpose to relate. Suffice to say that when he offered to send me 75 miles into the country with a party of men who were to take charge of one of his ranches I accepted without demur.

There were five of us, with all possible diversity of character and bringing up. Dennis O'Flaherty was a brilliant young Irishman, the son of a New York alderman. He had broken with his family because of his disposition to flirt with pretty girls rather than to "study for orders," as had been intended.

Si Larkins was a typical down easter, big and rawboned, and until six months ago had never been beyond the New Hampshire hills. His very opposite was Ross Harper, a dapper little fellow who, in spite of his sombrero and brace of pistols, looked very like one of the dummies that used to adorn the front of his clothing store back in Cincinnati, but for all that he was plucky and clear grit to the backbone. Then there was Buck-Tupper.

Just where he hailed from no one ever seemed to know.

He seemed to be a part of the wild west himself, and his knowledge of its bold, wicked ways was something marvelous.

He had a playful habit of galloping across the country, firing right and left simultaneously, or of dashing unheralded through shops and saloons on his Mustang. Buck was an inveterate gambler, though something of a bungler it seemed—at least his earnings went regularly into the hands of the faro bank dealer at Waho.

One afternoon as Buck and I were returning from beyond the canyon, where we had gone in search of some missing cattle, we came upon the trail of a company of horsemen.

From the broken bits of saddle, cooking utensils and papers that were scattered about the gorge, it was evident that there had been a runaway. As reading matter was at a premium just then, I was off in an instant and was gathering up the papers, which proved to be of recent date.

So absorbed did I become in their contents that it was some minutes before I noticed that Buck also had dismounted and was examining with great interest something that he had picked up from the roadside.

It proved to be the photograph of a woman—a fine, oval face, the slightly waving hair brushed simply back from the low, broad forehead. The eyes, that you would have sworn were a clear gray, seemed to look into your own with a sweet, trustful expression. Several times during the ride home Buck took the picture from his blouse, regarding it with an air of pleased ownership.

When I came into the house after putting away the horses, I found him busily engaged in fastening the picture to the smoked wall above the chimney piece.

"It ain't no place for such," he said, nodding his head at the picture and glancing apologetically about the room, "but Buck Tupper's proud to give you the best he's got."

Looking upon the matter as a great joke, when the others came in I led them to the picture, presenting them with mock ceremony to Mrs. Buck Tupper. The name seemed to tickle Buck's fancy, and he repeated it over and over to himself with a pleased chuckle.

From that time "Mrs. Buck Tupper" became a household word with us, but it was not until some weeks after this that we learned how much of a reality she had become to the eccentric fellow. One day, when one of his chums from Waho was in the midst of a somewhat doubtful story, Buck had interrupted:

"Gimpsey, I don't 'low that's jest the talk a right nice woman likes to listen to," glancing significantly at the face on the wall. Gimpsey stopped, disconcerted and astonished, but he did not finish the story. I think he went away believing that Buck was a bit touched; indeed I am not sure but that the rest of us shared the opinion.

It was evident that for some reason a radical change had taken place in him. He went no more on his boisterous crusades, and on Sundays, when he was off duty, I had found him several times trying to spell out the words in the little Bible I had carried with me in my wanderings.

For several weeks flaming bills had been posted about announcing that there was to be a great time at Waho on Christmas eve. However, when I mentioned it to Tupper he shook his head slowly:

"Naw, I did think some about it, but Mrs. Buck Tupper"—looking up at the picture with a half smile—"I 'lowed if she was here she'd rather I wouldn't."

Seeing that I was disposed to listen he went on: "I never had no bringin up, I reckon, but I sort o' felt from the first as though that picture was a token, an I says, some day you'll find that woman herself, Buck Tupper. Of course I never could be fitten fer such," sighing humbly, "but I made up my mind to be decent an' square anyway."

For more than a month we had been annoyed by cattle thieves, but in spite of the fact that we had been re-enforced by a daring company of men, they continued to elude us. One bright, moonlight night, however, we came down upon a party of them. Our men at once opened fire. At first they showed flight, but as we far outnumbered them their leader, with a signal to his men, put spurs to his horse and in a moment they were galloping down the gorge, with several of our party in pursuit.

They had gone but a short distance when a shot took effect, and the horse of one of the outlaws fell dead.

Larkins and I hurried forward to prevent the rider's escape, but as we lifted the saddle, by which the rider had been pinned to the ground, the long cloak and broad sombrero fell back, disclosing the fact that our captive was a woman.

At this moment one of the men came galloping back with the news that Buck had been shot. This of course put an end to the pursuit, and we hurried back to the ranch with the wounded man.

O'Flaherty and I took charge of him, while Harper was left in the outer room to guard the prisoner. From the first it was evident that Buck's wounds were fatal. He was conscious, however, though his mind seemed to wander at times.

"I reckon I'm goin shore," he said feebly. "I never was half decent; I never knowed how; but, Jim," with a pitiful, pleading look, "if you see Mrs. Buck Tupper, I wish you'd tell her—that—I tried."

I thought that the experience of these months had effectually hardened me, but this was too much, and on the pretense of wishing to relieve Harper I left the room.

It was not until I was alone with the woman that I looked at her. Then I was transfixed with astonishment. As she sat there, the lamplight falling on her cold, rigid face, it needed no second glance to convince me that she was the original of Buck's picture.

This then was the angel of purity at whose shrine the poor fellow had been worshipping!

My first thought was he must never know. And yet I reflected how much it would mean to him to see her face. Going over to where she sat I hurriedly told her the whole story.

"And you want me to go to him?" Her face was cold and unfeeling, but there was a singular sweetness in her voice.

"Yes, only that he thinks you are!"

"I understand," with a faint smile. After explaining matters to O'Flaherty I led her to the bedside of the dying man and left them alone together.

When I returned some minutes later, she sat beside him, and he was holding her hand.

A change that I could not describe had come over her countenance. There was a subdued light that only tears can give to a woman's face.

"You'll make a little pra'r for me," he was saying pleadingly.

"I—I can't!"

"Yes, little one," very tenderly. "I 'low you do feel broke up, but I never jest knowed how, an the angels'd hear such as you."

The woman turned a hunted look upon the rest of us, and then slipping from her chair dropped upon her knees:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

At first the words seem to choke her, but there was something so solemn about it all that I do not think it occurred to one of us that there was anything incongruous in the repetition of the childish prayer at this moment.

Buck repeated the last words over after her:

"I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
Yes, I 'low he will," and he was gone.

Of course we could not think now of dealing with our prisoner, so, after a hurried consultation, we put her on Buck's pony, and Harper and I rode out to the trail with her, and the last we saw of Mrs. Buck Tupper she was vanishing down the gorge in the gray morning mist.

The following summer I returned to Boston, and as the years slipped away my western experience became gradually an uncertain memory.

One evening late in December as I was walking up Duane street my attention was arrested by the sound of music that came from the Salvation Army barracks across the street.

I have a friend in Jesus;  
He's everything to me;  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul  
I crossed over and stood for a moment in the crowd that surged about the door.

The singing had ceased, and a woman was speaking. I could not see her face, but her voice was a singularly musical falsetto.

"Though your sins be as scarlet—do you hear that?" she was saying. "Scarlet—that means blood—an the Bible says no murderer can enter the kingdom. But he can wash the murder out of your heart, bless his name! He says, 'I will make them white as snow.'"

Seized with a sudden curiosity, I mounted one of the benches to get a glimpse of the speaker's face. A pale face, with clear, gray eyes and waving, brown hair—where had I seen it before? What was the vague memory that for a moment seemed only to tantalize me? I had gone back through the years and the same face—only younger and fuller—was looking at me from the smoked wall above the chimney piece.

"Mrs. Buck Tupper!" involuntarily the words came to my lips. At this moment the woman's eyes met my own. A confused look overspread her face, and she faltered in her speech. Could it be that she knew me? No, but she had seen the look of recognition in my face, and recognition to a woman with such a past must be always disturbing, I reflected, as I stepped down and joined the crowd outside.

"Who is she?" I questioned of a strapping fellow with a flaming badge upon his breast.

"That's Captain Mildred," speaking enthusiastically. "The devil hates that woman, I tell you! Why, she'd go through anything to get a poor wretch out of his clutches. Why, she's a!"

But I did not wait to hear the rest. Here, I mused, was a fit sequel to poor Buck's love story, and as I walked away the song floated out again, clear and triumphant:

And sweeping up to glory,  
To see his blessed face,  
Where rivers of delight forever roll,  
He's the lily of the valley—  
The bright and morning star,  
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul!

—Mattie M. B. teler in Cincinnati Post.