

TO BE worthy of being called the very best store in town requires plenty of **Brains.**
TO SELECT a large stock suit-able for your needs requires **Experience.**
TO BUY the goods right—which means strictly for cash—requires **Capital.**
TO SELL them to the universal satisfaction of our large and increasing trade requires **Tact.**

We have these Requisites.
They are at your Disposal.
We Request your Trade....

S. M. COCHRAN & CO.,

Dealers in—

Farm Implements, Hardware, Wagons, Buggies, Etc.

WEST DENNISON ST., McCook.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.

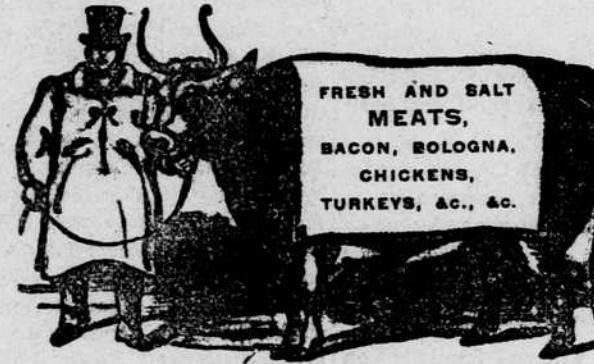
LUMBER.

HARD
AND
SOFT
COAL.

RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.

J. U. J. WARREN, Manager.

B. & M. Meat Market.



F. S. WILCOX, Prop.

F. D. BURGESS,

PLUMBER STEAM FITTER

NORTH MAIN AVE., McCook, NEB.

Stock of Iron, Lead and Sewer Pipe, Brass Goods, Pumps, and Boiler Trimmings. Agent for Halliday, Eclipse and Waupun Wind Mills.

GREAT SPEAR HEAD CONTEST.

CHEW

SPEAR
HEAD
THE P. J. SORG CO.

SPEAR HEAD

AND

SAVE THE TAGS.

One Hundred and Seventy-Three Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars,

\$173,250.00

In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for

SPEAR HEAD TAGS.

1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES.....\$34,650.00
5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, BLACK & CAMEL TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC.....28,875.00
23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES.....23,100.00
115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS.....57,750.00
115,500 LARGE PICTURES (4x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them.....28,875.00
261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO.....\$173,250.00

The above articles will be distributed, by counties, among parties who chew SPEAR HEAD Plus Tobacco, and return to us the **TIN TAGS** taken therefrom.

We will distribute 226 of these prizes in **this county** as follows:

To THE PARTY sending us the greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS from **this county** we will give.....1 GOLD WATCH.

To the FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give.....5 OPERA GLASSES.

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE.

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM TOOTH PICK.

To the ONE HUNDRED PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 LARGE PICTURE IN ELEVEN COLORS.

Total Number of Prizes for this County, 226.

CAUTION.—No Tags will be received before January 1st, 1894, nor after February 1st, 1894. Each package containing tags must be marked plainly with Name of Sender, Town, County, State, and Number of Tags in each package. All charges on packages must be prepaid.

READ.—SPEAR HEAD possesses more qualities of durability than any other plug tobacco produced. It is the sweetest, the strongest, the richest. **SPEAR HEAD** is absolutely, positively and absolutely the finest in flavor, fragrance and tobacco.

A trial will convince the most skeptical of this fact. It is the largest seller of any similar article and style on earth, which proves that it has caught the popular taste and pleases the people. Try it, and participate in the contest for prizes. See that a **TIN TAG** is on every 10 cent piece of **SPEAR HEAD** you buy. Send in the tags, no matter how small the quantity.

THE P. J. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLETON, OHIO.

A list of the people who received these prizes in this county will be published in this paper immediately after February 1st, 1894.

DON'T SEND ANY TAGS BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1894.

SWEETHEART, FORBEAR!

"Sweetheart, forbear!" Thus said I to my dear. She, with mellious grace, The smile of love, her fancy on her face, And some half smile, half tear; "Nay, silence is not peace; 'Twere better far than this wholly to cease! If I should know no more The rapture of revolt, the joyous strife, The free, unfettered air I breathed before."

So long time assailed with hot debate, And kindling voice and word, Deep problems which a myriad souls have solved; For knowledge, freedom, fate. Till wearied out at last, Hand clasped in hand, without a word we twain, Gazing at a moonrise on the silvered main, Knew a strange calm enfold our doubt with sleep, And all the stress and conflict stilled and past.

—Lewis Morris in Black and White.

STEAMBOAT FRANK.

"What place was that?" asked a tall, aristocratic planter, as the steamer pulled away from the landing into the dusky river.

"Kerry's Landing," said the man beneath the black slouch hat, who had just stepped aboard. "Good place to leave; nothing but swamps."

"How far to 'Davy' plantation?"

"'Bout three hours. Another durned swamp. Stop there?"

"Yes. Got a plantation back from the river a piece. Swamp is right through Three hours, eh?"

"Yes. Didn't suppose there was land enough along there to plant one."

"Oh, it's all right when you get to it. Going to be dark, ain't it?"

"Should say so. Got a good pilot, though."

"First rate. Do you play?"

"Sometimes, if the game's good. Who's in it?"

"'Nobdy much. Drummers and such like. Oh, Wheeler of Richmond. Know him?"

"No; who is he?"

"Not much; cotton edger. Safe game."

"All right; I'm in. That spray's little wet, ain't it?"

"Rather; let's go inside."

"What's the limit?"

"Two hundred. Have a cigar?"

"Yes, thanks. Here we are."

"Any room here, gents? Whew! it's cloudy."

"Yes, lots of room. Hello, colonel: come in," says a voice from the smoke. "Bring out the drink, nigger. I say, colonel, what you're going to have?"

"Little whisky—rye."

"Rye whisky there, nigger. Hold on, there—I want another card. All right. Don't your friend take anything?"

"Don't know; you had better ask him."

"I'll take the same, stranger," from beneath the hat."

"All right. How do they run, colonel?"

"Fair to middling. Haven't been up for some time. What's the news?"

"Nothing much. Queer about Nichols, wasn't it?"

"Yes; how did that happen?"

"Well, there are several stories going around. Some say they put up a job to do Steamboat Frank, and he got the best of them. Comin' in, colonel?"

"Yes."

"You, stranger?"

"Yes."

"All right. Never did think much of that feller Nichols anyway."

"Same here; bad eyes."

"You're right. How many do you want? Three. Frank killed two, didn't he? Who was the other fellow?"

"Don't know. Some one from Texas, I think."

"I raise you 50," here broke in a Spanish accent from the lower end of the table.

"Hello, Sir! Right in it, eh? I'll have to raise you. How did that killing come off anyhow? Know anything about it, Wheeler?"

"Oh, easy enough, from what I hear. They got to playing a pretty stiff game, and Frank took all the money. They were hard losers and tough men generally. They accused him of cheating and started the row, and he simply wiped them out."

"And they were not the first ones that he has wiped out either."

"No, you are right. If all the reports are correct, he has a pretty long list there, but they do say that know him that he is as square as a die and wouldn't kill a chicken without he had to, but when some one comes along and takes him for a mud flat or sand bar the way things jingle around that locality is a caution to Christmas bells in a great city."

And then he branched out into several amusing anecdotes regarding him; of his heavy games and ugly scrapes; of his cool nerve and ready wit; how upon one occasion a Texas ranchman had, by his loud and braggadocio manner, contrived to offend the more quiet tastes of Steamboat Frank; had been backed over the tail of a boat with a cocked revolver uncomfortably near his nose, and after being towed for a mile or two was at last hauled aboard again and contained less starch and more gentleness of manner.

"But there is one fellow who has got in on Frank, who don't allow any time for fooling. He is a big New Orleans gambler called Blazer."

"Blazer? You don't tell me," said the colonel. "I know him; hard lot, they say."

"Yes, you're right, and they say he is the man who has driven Frank from the river."

"What, Blazer? How is that?" asked the colonel.

"Well, you see it is a long story. There was, as is usual, a woman in it. She sort of liked Frank best, I suppose. Can't blame her much, after seeing Blazer, eh? Face like a Chinese funeral, only more so. Frank must be a coker if he looks worse than she does. Well, anyhow, Frank got the girl, and Blazer has been trying to down him ever since. Frank had asked him to come out and settle it two or three times, but Blazer's pecuniary gift doesn't seem to lie in that direction. He lies some other way better. You see, he has a strong pull down at the Crescent, and Frank's case don't have time to settle down as any other man would. The fellows Frank settled were great friends of Blazer's, and I heard a rumor that the whole thing was a job cooked up to do. Frank, but don't know as there is anything in it. If there was a job, it failed in its object anyhow. Your deal, stranger. Bad for Frank, though, just the same."

Thus pleasantly amused the time flew by unnoticed, until presently the whole party were aroused to the consciousness that the quiet man at the far corner of the table, whose face was concealed beneath the brim of his hat, was winning all the money in the crowd.

"You are playing great luck," remarked the colonel.

"Yes, easy money. First I've seen lately."

The party became slightly nettled, and the colonel proposed extending the limit. They all agreed, and the stranger still kept at his old gait.

"I'm done," said one of them presently as he threw down his hand.

The stranger was still playing in the same easy, half careless manner, his bets being made without any apparent thought, while the others were more deliberate and played with the greatest caution.

"I think we had better let out a few more laps in this limit," said the colonel as he warmed to the music.

"Suppose we cut loose altogether," suggested the Spaniard in a tone of feigned calmness, although his eyes blazed with excitement. Some of them assented, the rest dropped out and watched the battle.

"Who's in this time?" asked the stranger as he began to deal. "All right, hero you go. What's up, gents?"

"Five hundred," said the colonel as he threw a note in the center of the table.

"I'll have to raise you 500, colonel," said the stranger as it came to him.

"One thousand above you," said the colonel.

"Fifteen hundred," shouted the Spaniard as he threw down the stuff. The rest here dropped out.

"Two thousand better, my friend," said the stranger.

They raised him again, and things were growing interesting when the stranger quietly mentioned 10,000, and taking up a rubber purse that had been lying upon the table counted out the money.

"I'm done," said the colonel, throwing down his hand.

"I, too," echoed the Spaniard in a decided manner.

"Ah, well, so it goes," said the stranger, as he reached for the pot, throwing down his hand, containing only a pair of jacks.

"Well, I be —," said the Spaniard.

"Me, too," said the colonel.

Suddenly there was a loud knock at the door, and a rough voice shouted "Open up!" Every one started in surprise except the stranger, who was busy stuffing the money into his rubber wallet.

"What do you want?" asked some one as he opened the door.

Three burly forms pushed hurriedly in, but all stopped simultaneously when their eyes fell upon the stranger, who was standing quietly with two big revolvers trained upon them.

"Good evening, gents. Your peremptory entrance seems to be a little rude. Suppose you drop your guns."

The clatter of several heavy articles was heard upon the floor.

"You might put up your hands—sorry to trouble you."

Six hands were at once seen in the neighborhood of the ceiling.

"Lucky the game was done; ha, colonel? These officers are always troublesome. Bout face, there, you fellows; keep your hands up if you don't want to know how it feels to get hurt. Forward, march! Look out for the stairs; that's good. Right dress (as the men stood by the rail upon the boiler deck). Now, then—one, two, jump!"

A heavy splash immediately followed his words. The boat was just rounding the bend and not more than 20 yards from shore.

"Bon voyage," said he, sticking the revolvers in his pockets.

"Captain, land me at the nearest wood-yard on the other side."

"All right," said he, making a signal to the pilot. Immediately the faint, far-away jingle of bells was heard, and the boat turned her nose toward the opposite bank.

"Good night, gents," he called to the crowd hanging around the rails as the gangplank was slammed into place. "I always did prefer this mode of landing."

"Who was it?" asked the Spanish architect, as the boat swung out into her course again.

"Steamboat Frank," said the captain.

"I thought so," muttered the colonel.

—Philadelphia Press.

Cardinal Newman at Dinner.

On an occasion when Cardinal Newman was dining at a friend's house, a noble lord among the guests, wishing to draw him out with respect to the upshot of political contests in the Roman states, said, "Things are sadly disturbed just now in Italy, Dr. Newman." Staring into space in