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SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system, as will be seen by the accompanying cut.



The little white lines are the nerves which convey the nerve force from the nerve centers to every part of the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact; instead of treating the nerve centers for the cause of the disorder, they express sympathy arising therefrom for the treatment of the part affected.

Franklin Miles, M. D., L. L. B., the highly celebrated specialist and student of nervous diseases, and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, long since realized the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nerve is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the remedy amply prove.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve is a reliable remedy for all nervous diseases, such as headache, nervous debility, prostration, sleeplessness, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid.

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OREGON KIDNEY TEA.

THESE SYMPTOMS INDICATE KIDNEY DISEASE.

IF YOU HAVE BACK-ACHE, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, FAILING EYESIGHT, LOSS OF FLESH, SCALDING PAINS, COLD FEET, BAD TASTE IN THE MOUTH, SAD DREAMS, IRRITATION OF BLADDER, BRICK DUST DEPOSITS, A NERVOUS COUGH.

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OF HIS LADY'S TREASURES.

I took her dainty eyes, as well as the tendrils of her hair, And I made a Villanelle.

I took her voice, a silver bell, As clear as song, as soft as prayer; I took her dainty eyes as well.

"It may be," said I, "who can tell? These things shall be my less despair; And so I made a Villanelle.

I took her whiteness virginal, And from her cheeks two roses rare, I took her dainty eyes as well.

I said, "It may be possible Her image from my heart to tear," And so I made a Villanelle.

I stole her laugh, most musical; I wrought it in with artful care; I took her dainty eyes as well, And so I made a Villanelle!

—Ernest Dowson in Cornhill Magazine.

A HERO.

At about 2 o'clock on a raw, blustery March morning the inhabitants of the little village of Shickshinny on the upper Susquehanna were roused from sleep by hoarse shouts and by the violent ringing of the church bell. Men and boys dressed in haste, and a crowd soon congregated on the river shore.

There was good cause for excitement. The ice, which seemed comparatively firm on the previous evening, had broken during the night. The yellow tide, already swollen to many feet above its normal level, was almost hidden by the heaving, grinding cakes. And worst of all this unexpected event had placed an unknown human being in peril. From Scrub island came hoarse shouts for help and at intervals the discharge of a gun. The red flashes could be plainly seen.

Scrub island lay in midchannel directly opposite the village. It was hardly more than a bar, for nothing grew upon it but bushes. Near the lower end was a small cabin, which some of the village boys built for amusement out of driftwood. Here the castaway had probably taken refuge, and his situation was extremely critical. In a short time the cabin would surely be carried off by the rising flood and ice.

As the crowd were speculating on the unknown one's identity and discussing the hopelessness of rescue, Squire Tyson, the most wealthy and influential man of the village, came running down the shore.

"Jasper is on the island," he cried, wringing his hands in agony. "He went over this afternoon to shoot ducks and has not returned home. He must have fallen asleep in the cabin, and the ice has carried away his boat. Will no one save my poor boy? Are you all cowards?"

The unhappy man grasped a boat that lay bottom up on the shore and tried to drag it into the water.

Half a dozen men caught and held him. "You will only throw your life away," they cried. "No boat could move a dozen yards in that ice. We could save your boy if there was any chance at all."

The squire suddenly realized that this was true. He stood gazing mutely toward the island, his face rigid with despair. A groan of pity burst from the crowd as another gunshot was heard, followed by hoarse appeals for help. The tide rose higher and higher, but now clear spots were visible here and there, and all at once the river seemed to become free of ice.

The meaning of this was plain. The ice had formed a gorge somewhere up stream. Here seemed a chance of rescue, but no one was willing to take advantage of it. The crowd knew by past experience that the gorge would likely break in a moment or two, and then the freed ice would sweep everything before it like an avalanche. In vain the squire appealed to them. In vain the poor boy on the island cried for help. Not a man would risk what seemed certain death.

Suddenly a stoutly built lad of 16 separated from the throng, and running up the shore a few yards he hauled a light skiff into the water. He seized the oars that lay in the bottom and pulled steadily into the swirling current, heading in a diagonal course up stream.

A simultaneous cry of amazement burst from the crowd. Some cheered the daring lad; others warned him back. "God bless him!" cried the squire, bursting into tears.

Indeed, Curt Webb was the last one any person would have believed capable of such a brave deed. He was an orphan and worked hard for a livelihood in a grocery store. The village boys, headed by Jasper Tyson, despised and hated him because he had persistently refused to join any of their mischievous depredations. He could never be induced to fight his tormentors, though Jasper and others dared him to combat many a time. So the boys gratified their malice by calling him the "coward," and by this epithet he was known in the village.

But the "coward" was surely astonishing his enemies now, and his progress was watched with breathless interest. No one expected to see him come back alive. Steadily the boat crept toward the island. Curt bent to the oars with all his might and managed to hold his own against the fierce current. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder and was relieved to see no trace of approaching ice. The shore soon faded from view, and as he neared the island he shouted cheerily to give notice of his approach. Jasper shouted back and fired a bunch of grass to guide his rescuer.

The water had already reached the cabin, and just as Curt swung the boat into the little eddy behind it he heard a grinding noise up the river and saw a white mass looming into view. The gorge had broken, and the ice was coming down with sweeping force.

Jasper stood in the cabin door, and when the flaming wisp of grass showed him the face of his rescuer he blushed with shame.

"You!" he exclaimed, and that single word spoke volumes.

"Don't stop to talk," cried Curt hurriedly. "Jump in. Here comes the ice, and we have a slim chance of dodging it."

Too late. Even as Jasper sprang to the boat the water heaved and tossed, and the rumble of the dread avalanche deepened to a roar. Half a dozen cakes of ice swirled by, rising and falling with the waves. Curt pulled straight down stream, while his companion crouched in the stern of the boat, helpless with terror. But the race could end in only one way. The line of broken ice came grinding on like a race horse, growling with fury. It smashed the cabin to fragments and sped after the frail little craft that was striving so hard to escape. Jasper cried out with terror and held his hands before his face to shut out the awful light. Curt stuck to the oars, but he knew nevertheless that escape was out of the question. His brave heart sickened at the thought of what would happen when the crashing ice cakes reached the boat.

Suddenly he saw something that roused a glimmer of hope. Twenty yards toward the left shore and slightly in advance of the avalanche floated a huge tree, evidently torn bodily from the soil. Its broad end, bristling with snakelike roots, was turned down stream, and here and there it thrust out thick limbs that served to steady it, like outriggers on a boat.

The opportunity was a good one, for the tree looked sufficiently strong and massive to hold its own against the turbulent ice. If the castaways could reach it, they stood a fair chance of escaping death. Curt's resolve was instantly formed. He roused Jasper from his stupor of fear and briefly explained what he intended to do.

"Now," cried Curt.

Jasper caught the dangling roots and pulled himself to a place of safety. An agile spring landed Curt beside him, and the next instant the boat was whirled off into the gloom. As the lads crept higher up the trunk, Jasper slipped and was precipitated into the water. In his struggles to keep from sinking he seized one of the roots and clung to it frantically, crying for help.

At the risk of his life, Curt crawled down, and with some difficulty rescued his companion. They lost no time in choosing positions among the heavy limbs and then had barely settled themselves when down the shock came. The towering masses of ice surged around the tree, burying the trunk from sight at times and rocking it to and fro like a cradle. The peril was frightful and imminent for half an hour. The boys were beyond the reach of the ice, however, and happily the outriggers prevented the tree from rolling over.

The night wore on, and when it broke the tree stranded on one of the piers of the Catawissa bridge. Willing hands rescued the castaways with ropes, and when they had recovered from their exposure they were sent home by rail, whither the glad news had already preceded them.

It need hardly be said that Curt was never called a coward again.—William Murray Graydon in Hartford Courant.

In a German Workshop.

We had to be at work at 6 o'clock in the morning and to keep on till 8 o'clock at night. Even on Sundays we worked from 6 o'clock to dinner time. Some would keep on till it was dark on Sunday evening and content themselves with knocking off early, as they called it. And such work!

Everybody would work as if the house were on fire. It was all piecework. The man who stood next myself had made veneered chests of drawers for 30 years, and never had made anything else. He would turn out two veneered chests of drawers in a week, and the work was faultless. These chests would, I am sure, sell readily in Brisbane for from £12 to £15 each. He earned about 9 Prussian thalers per week. On the other side of me stood a man who made German secretaries. There were nine or ten men in the shop. The master was working too. He seemed just as poor as the men.

Whenever work was finished, some furniture dealer would come round and buy it. The men seemed all more or less askew in their bodies with overwork. If ever they had an ambition in their lives, it was to instill a proper sense of respect into the two apprentices.—"Adventures of a Danish Emigrant."

An Atmosphere In Outer Space.

That extreme cold paralyzes every vital function is of course a piece of everyday knowledge. But it has been left to Professor Pictet, who has been conducting some experiments on this subject, to discover that at a temperature of 150 degrees below the centigrade zero there is no chemical action between nitric or sulphuric acid and potash, between oxygen and potassium, though under ordinary circumstances the affinity of the latter metal for oxygen is so great that it will burn if thrown into water, owing to its combination with the oxygen in that fluid. But if the electric spark is played on bodies which have thus lost the power of chemical affinity some new and curious combinations result.

The latest investigations, the conclusions of which, however, have been theoretically presaged for some years past, may require us to reconsider the question of the temperature of outer space and the possibility of an atmosphere composed of gases in combination existing there.—London Chronicle.

Vegetable Whisky Shops.

One of the most curious plants in the White House conservatories is called by the superintendent "vegetable whisky shops," because their pitchers distill an intoxicating fluid that attracts all sorts of insects. Half a pint is contained in each of these receptacles, and it is said that the contents of three or four will intoxicate a man. The bugs fall into the fluid, and their substance is devoured by the plant. One variety attracts cockroaches, while another actually captures frogs that, once caught, are unable to escape because of two thorns extending downward which pierce them when they attempt to jump out.

CAPITAL AUTOCRATS.

OFFICIALS IN WASHINGTON WHOSE ONLY LAW IS THEIR WILL.

A Striking Example Is the First Comptroller of the Currency, Whose Decisions Cannot Even Be Vetoed by the President, Who Has the Power of Removal.

Among the most remarkable features of this government by the people is the extraordinary authority vested in certain subordinate officials at Washington. For instance, no man in the United States wields such power in money matters as the first comptroller of the currency. He is entirely independent of the secretary of the treasury, and even the president has no means of coercing him, as the following story shows:

When Grant was in the White House, First Comptroller Taylor refused to countersign a warrant for the payment of a big claim out of the funds of the treasury. The president summoned him and said:

"You must sign."

"I will not, Mr. President," replied the recalcitrant official.

"Then I will compel you to do so," said General Grant.

"You have not the power," rejoined the comptroller coolly and respectfully.

"We will see about that," said the president. "I will consult the attorney general."

The attorney general, on being consulted, stated that the comptroller was right—he could not be forced to countersign the warrant. Next day the president summoned Mr. Taylor and said:

"I find that I cannot compel you to countersign the warrant. However, I can get another first comptroller."

"Very well, Mr. President," replied the officer. "You can have my resignation, but not my signature."

In fact, the only way in which the president can override a decision of this powerful official is by dismissing him and appointing another man. All of the accounts of the government, except those which relate to customs and the post-office department, are settled by warrants countersigned by the first comptroller. Without his signature the payments cannot be made.

There are two autocrats in the post-office department. One of them is the assistant attorney general. It is his function to decide whether matter offered for mailing is immoral or not. He acts as censor for the people. Whenever a postmaster in any city is doubtful regarding the morality of a publication that is sought to be mailed, he forwards a copy of the suspected work to the third assistant postmaster general, by whom it is referred to the assistant attorney general.

Very likely the latter may be too busy to investigate the subject personally, in which case he turns it over to one of his clerks, who peruses it and marks any passage which he considers indecent. Thus the law lord has simply to glance over the selected tidbits of impropriety and pass on them. The assistant attorney general also determines what mail matter shall be considered fraudulent and be excluded as such from the post.

The third assistant postmaster general is himself an autocrat. He has authority to exercise his own discretion in depriving periodical publications of the advantage of second class postal rates. Publications intended for advertising purposes primarily are not allowed these rates. On account of the "Kreutzer Sonata" a wholeseries of books, of which it was one, was shut out of the mails.

Publishers commonly get out volumes in series, because in this shape they go second class as periodical publications so long as they are issued at least four times a year. The decision against that work did not actually exclude it from the post, because it could be and was sent at first class rates, sealed, so that nobody could lawfully open the package and find out what was inside.

The autocrat of the department of agriculture is the chief of the bureau of animal industry. He has authority to kill any animal he may choose anywhere in the United States. When one of his inspectors reports that such and such cattle are afflicted with an infectious disease, he orders them purchased and slaughtered. The value of the beasts is judged by two appraisers, one chosen by the owner and the other by the bureau. If they cannot agree, they appoint a third person to decide. In case a man refused to have his live stock thus disposed of, the police and United States marshals would be summoned.

The payment adjudicated is made by check. The chief of the bureau's authority in such matters is absolute over the territories and District of Columbia. For operations in any state he must have the consent of the governor, but the governor's consent cannot be withheld because he is in a position to coerce the state. If he chooses, he can quarantine the state, preventing all animals from going into or coming out for an indefinite period.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wire as a Strengthening.

The method of strengthening copper steam pipes by means of coiled metal wire has been quite generally adopted in the Italian navy. The practice is to serve the tubes with one or two layers of wire wound under tension. The method is not considered applicable to other than straight tubes. The wire is of sufficient strength to carry the full load of steam, and the tension used in winding is about 14 tons per square inch. The wire is put on in two or three independent spirals, and the ends of each are independently fastened to the flanges.—Safety Valve.

And Dick Said Nothing.

Mrs. New—Dick, dear, I'm glad you don't forget to execute any order I give you. The other day I told you to order some kindling wood, and you must have thought of it constantly, poor boy, that that night you kept saying in your sleep, "Give me a dollar's worth of chips!"—Music and Drama.

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

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In valuable Presents to be Given Away in Return for

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- 1,155 STEM WINDING ELGIN GOLD WATCHES.....\$34,000
- 5,775 FINE IMPORTED FRENCH OPERA GLASSES, MOROCCO BODY, BLACK ENAMEL TRIMMINGS, GUARANTEED ACHROMATIC.....22,000
- 23,100 IMPORTED GERMAN BUCKHORN HANDLE, FOUR BLADED POCKET KNIVES.....12,000
- 115,500 ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHARM ROTARY TELESCOPE TOOTH PICKS.....12,000
- 115,500 LARGE PICTURES (4x28 inches) IN ELEVEN COLORS, for framing, no advertising on them.....20,000
- 261,030 PRIZES, AMOUNTING TO.....\$173,250.00

The above prizes will be distributed, by counties, among parties who chew SPEAR HEAD Plug 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 we will give.....1 GOLD WATCH.
- To THE FIVE PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each, 1 OPERA GLASS.....5 OPERA GLASSES.
- To THE TWENTY PARTIES sending us the next greatest number of SPEAR HEAD TAGS, we will give to each 1 POCKET KNIFE.....20 POCKET KNIVES.
- 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.....100 TOOTH PICKS.
- 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.....100 PICTURES.

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.

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Very sincerely,
THE F. J. SORG COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

A list of the people obtaining 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.