

UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1895.

25 CENTS.

If you are not already a JOURNAL subscriber that is all you will have to pay us for the

Semi-Weekly Journal

from now until January 1, 1895, if you will at the same time pay a year's subscription in advance to the TRIBUNE.
The Semi-Weekly Journal is the greatest paper in the west, published Tuesday and Friday, giving two complete papers each week with markets and telegraphic news of the world.
Send in your orders at once to the

TRIBUNE.

W. C. BULLARD & CO.

LIME, CEMENT, DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS.	LUMBER.	HARD AND SOFT COAL.
---	----------------	------------------------------

RED CEDAR AND OAK POSTS.

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.

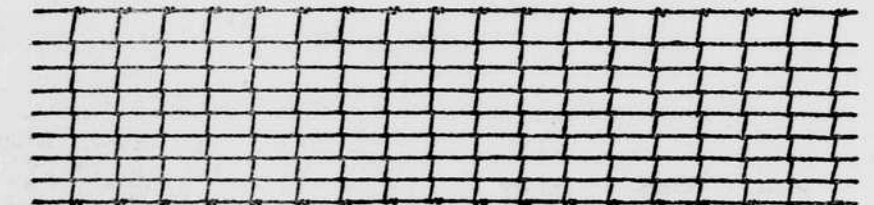
Allen's Lung Balsam

Are you at all Weak-chested or inclined to be Consumptive, with just a touch of Cough now and then? "Try this Wonderful Medicine." The Cough and Weakness will disappear as if by magic, and you will feel a strength and power never had before.

HAVE YOU A COLD? A Dose at Bedtime will Remove it.
HAVE YOU A COUGH? A Dose will Relieve it.

Bronchitis and Asthma it relieves instantly. The Spasms of Coughing so dreadful in Whooping Cough become less with each dose of medicine. It is an old adage, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." So let it be in your case, who read this, and keep on hand ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. Directions accompany each bottle.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25cts., 50cts., AND \$1.00 A BOTTLE.



CABLED FIELD and HOG FENCING, 24 inches to 58 inches high; the best all-purpose fence made. Also STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE for yards and lawns, and STEEL WIRE FENCE BOARD and ORNAMENTAL STRIP for horses and cattle. The most complete line of wire fencing of any factory in the country. Write for circulars.

DE KALB FENCE CO., De Kalb, Ill.

DO YOU READ

THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE?

The Leading Weekly in Western Nebraska.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

AN AWFUL IMPOSSIBILITY.

The soaking rain is pouring down—
How it would fill your cup
With bitterness if some day it
Should start to pouring up!
Umbrellas then would be no use,
And men in rubber boots
Would have to go, while all the girls
Would put on bathing suits.
You'd have a fountain on your lawn
Beside each blade of grass.
To keep your cellar warm and dry
You'd need a floor of glass.
If you were camping in a tent,
You'd have to sleep on top,
And all night you'd be praying that
The cursed rain might stop.
In fact, great inconveniences
Too numerous to state
Would follow if the falling rain
Should cease to gravitate.
So let us hope there'll be no change,
At least in our town,
And that instead of pouring down
The rain will still pour down.
—Somerville Journal.

THE CABECILLA.

The good father was finishing his mass when they brought him the prisoners. It was a wild spot among the Arichule mountains. A fallen rock in which a fig tree had plunged its twisted trunk formed a sort of altar, covered in guise of a cloth with a silver fringed Carlist standard. Two cracked water coolers took the place of vases, and when the sacristan Miguel, who was assisting the priest at the mass, arose in order to change the position of the holy books, the cartridges were heard jingling in his cartridge box. All around the soldiers' guns slung across their backs and one knee on the ground upon the white-beret.

The bright sun was concentrating its dazzling heat in this burning and sonorous rocky hollow, where the flight of a blackbird alone, from time to time, disturbed the psalmody of the priest and the servant. Higher up on the jagged peak sentinels were standing, forming motionless silhouettes against the sky.

What a singular sight it was—this priestly commander officiating in the midst of his soldiers! And how plainly the double existence of the Cabecilla showed itself upon his countenance—the ecstatic air, the hard features, further accentuated by the bronzed complexion of the soldier in the field, and asceticism without pallor, in which was lacking the shadow of the cloister; small black, very brilliant eyes, the forehead traversed by enormous veins which seemed to bind the thought as with ropes, to fix it in an inextricable obstinacy.

Every time he turned toward the spectators with open arms to read the Dominus Vobiscum, one saw the uniform beneath the stole, and the butt of a pistol, the haft of a Catalonian knife up-lifting the ruffled surplice. "What is he going to do with us?" the prisoners asked themselves in terror, and while awaiting the end of the mass they recalled all the acts of ferocity which had been related of the Cabecilla and which had won him a special renown in the royalist army.

By a miracle that morning the father was in a clement mood. The mass in the open air, his success of the previous day, and also the cheerfulness of Easter, yet felt by this strange priest, cast upon his face a ray of joy and kindness. As soon as the service was over, while the sacristan cleared off the altar, fastening up the sacred vases in a huge box, which was borne on the back of a mule in the rear of the expedition, the cure advanced toward the prisoners. They were a dozen of republican carbiniers, exhausted by a day of battle and a night of anguish in the straw of the sheepfold, where they had been penned up after the action. Yellow with fear, wan with hunger, thirst and fatigue, they clustered together like a flock of sheep in the courtyard of an abattoir.

Their uniforms full of hay, their belts in disorder, pushed up in the flight and in sleep, the dust which wholly covered them from the tufts of their caps to the points of their yellow shoes, all contributed well to give them that sinister look of the vanquished in which moral discouragement is betrayed by physical dejection.

The Cabecilla glanced at them for an instant with a little laugh of triumph. He was not sorry to see the soldiers of the republic humble, wan and ragged amid well fed, well equipped Carlists, Navarre and Basque mountaineers as brown and hard as carob beans.

"Viva Dios! my children!" said he to them with a good natured air. "The republic nourishes her defenders very ill. Why, you are all as thin as the wolves of the Pyrenees, when the mountains are covered with snow and they come into the plain to sniff the odor of the table by the lights which shine under the doors of the houses. One is treated otherwise in the service of the good cause. Would you like to make a trial of it, hermanos? Cast off those infamous caps and put on the white beret. As truly as this is the holy day of Easter, to those who will show, 'Long live the king!' I will give their lives and the same campaign food I give my other soldiers!"

Before the good father had finished all the caps were in the air, and shouts of "Long live King Carlos!" "Long live the Cabecilla!" resounded on the mountain. Poor devils! They had been in such great fear of death, and so tempting were all those good victuals which they smelled close to them, about to be broiled in the shelter of rocks before the bivouac fires, pink and faint in the bright sunlight, I believe that never was the pretender acclaimed with such good will. "Give them something to eat at once," said the cure, laughing. "When wolves yelp with that strength, it's because they have sharp teeth!"

The carbiniers went off. But one among them, the youngest, remained standing in front of the chief in a proud and resolute attitude, which contrasted with his juvenile features and the fine down, scarcely colored, enveloping his cheeks with a blond powder. His capote, which was too large for him, was wrin-

kled at the back and on the arms, was turned up at the sleeves over two slight wrists, and by its fullness made him look still younger and more slender. There was excitement in his long, brilliant eyes—Arab eyes, intensified by Spanish flame. And this fixed flame annoyed the Cabecilla.

"What do you want?" he asked of him. "Nothing. I am waiting for you to decide on my fate."

"Your fate will be that of the others. I named no one. The pardon was for all."

"The others are traitors and cowards! I alone did not shout anything!" The Cabecilla gave a start and looked him full in the face.

"What's your name?"

"Tonio Vidal."

"Where come you?"

"From Puycedra."

"What age?"

"Seventeen."

"The republic, then, has no more men, since she is reduced to enrolling children?"

"I was not enrolled, padre. I am a volunteer."

"You know, fellow, that I have more than one means of making you shout 'Long live the king!'"

The youth assumed a superb look.

"I defy you to do so!" retorted he.

"So you would rather die?"

"A hundred times!"

"Very well, you shall die!"

Then the cure made a sign, and the execution platoon came and ranged itself around the condemned, who did not wince.

This sublime courage touched the chief with pity. He demanded:

"Have you nothing to ask of me first? Don't you want something to eat? Don't you want something to drink?"

"No," answered the youth; "but I am a good Catholic, and I don't want to go before God without confession."

The Cabecilla still wore his surplice and his stole.

"Kneel," said he, seating himself upon a rock, and the soldiers having withdrawn a short distance, the condemned began in a low voice:

"Bless me, my father, because I have sinned!"

But in the midst of the confession a terrible fusillade burst forth at the entrance of the defile.

"To arms!" cried the sentinels.

The Cabecilla gave a bound, issued his orders, distributed the posts and scattered his soldiers. He himself had seized a carbine without taking the time to remove his surplice, when, happening to turn around, he perceived the youth still on his knees.

"What are you doing there?" he thundered.

"I am awaiting absolution," was the reply.

"That's true," said the priest. "I had forgotten you."

Gravely he raised his hand and blessed that bowed young head. Then, before going away, after glancing around him for the platoon of execution, dispersed in the disorder of the attack, he drew off a step, took aim at his penitent and shot him.—Alphonse Daudet.

Facing Certain Death.

With his foot caught and firmly held in a frog on the Reading railroad track at West Falls, John Duffy met death in fearful form. Duffy was employed as a brakeman by the Reading company, and ran ahead of his train to open a switch. That duty performed, he signaled his engineer to bring on the train.

His signal was observed, and as the train came toward him Duffy found that his foot was caught firmly in a frog. He shouted for help and made frantic efforts to release himself, but in vain. The noise of the puffing engine drowned his cries, and when the engineer saw the struggling man in the full glare of the headlight it was too late to save his life.

Swiftly the great engine bore down on the frantic prisoner, and though the lever was reversed and the brake put down hard the locomotive struck Duffy and he was literally cut in two. Death was instantaneous, but the expression on the dead face showed plainly the terrible agony the man had endured for a few seconds.—Philadelphia Record.

A Heating Scheme.

A plan of heating mills has been introduced by which heated air is delivered from a large fan into flues in the walls, registers from each flue delivering the air into the different rooms, this air being heated by the waste gases from the boiler. The products of combustion pass from the boilers through economizers for heating the feed water, next through a regenerator for reheating the steam exhausted from the high pressure cylinder and on its way to the low pressure cylinder, and then passes through air pipes, where it heats the cold air for heating the buildings, then passes to the chimney. If heated air is not wanted, but only cool air for ventilation, the gases from the boiler are turned by a damper into the chimney without entering the heater, and if the gases are not sufficient to heat the air as desired additional heat is supplied by radiators of steam in this heater. The temperature of the air is raised about 50 degrees by its contact with the hot gases.—New York Sun.

Reading by Candle Light.

"I must inveigh," says an oculist "against the candle as a night reading light. It is quite a custom, I find, for sleepless folks to keep a candle at their bedside and rely upon it for light during wakeful hours that are passed in reading. As the flame flickers with the slightest current of air, the light is uncertain and waving and most trying to the eyes. A small reading lamp takes a few seconds longer to light, but it is much to be preferred."

Stage Fright.

"Did you ever have stage fright?" asked the interviewer. "Once." "When was that?" "When I met some road agents while traveling in the Rocky mountains."—Washington Star.

PROMPT RELIEF

For biliousness, diarrhoea, nausea, and dizziness, take

Ayer's Pills

the best family medicine, purely vegetable, Every Dose Effective

25 DOSES 25¢
THE GREAT
TAKE THE BEST
SHILOH'S
CURE.
COUGH CURE
25¢ 50¢ \$1.00

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and cure you. Price 50 cents. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

For sale by A. McMillen, druggist.

DR. R. W. BAILEY
A FULL SET OF TEETH ON... FOR RUBBER \$5.00
Work Guaranteed. Teeth extracted in the morning, new ones inserted evening of same day. Teeth filled without pain, latest method. Finest parlors in the west. Patton Bldg., elevator.
1015 Second St. - CHICAGO, ILL.

CHASE & SANBORN'S
SEAL BRAND
SUN CURED JAPANESE TEA
FINEST GRADE GROWN IN JAPAN

M. NOBLE,
LEADING GROCER,
McCOOK, - NEB.
SOLE AGENT.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE
The Great English Remedy.
Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excess. Has been prescribed over 25 years in thousands of cases. Is the only Reliable and Honorable Medicine for Women. Ask druggists for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave his dishonest store, inclose price in order, and we will send by return mail. Price, one dollar, 50¢; six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, 3 francs.
The Wood Chemical Co., 121 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
For sale by L. W. McConnell & Co., G. M. Cheney, Albert McMillen in McCook and by druggists everywhere.

JOHN A. REED,

Veterinary Surgeon.

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

Horse Dentistry a Specialty. Castrating and Spaying. Leave orders at residence over Strasser's Liquor Store.

J. S. McBRAYER. MILTON OSBORN.

McBRAYER & OSBORN,

Proprietors of the

McCook Transfer Line.

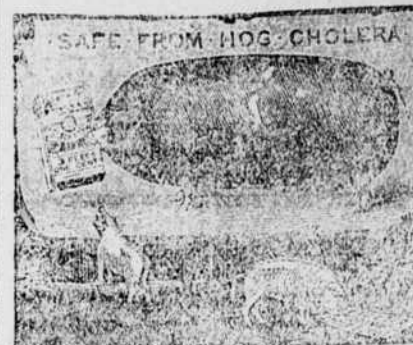
Bus, Baggage and Express.

ONLY FURNITURE VAN

...In the City...

Leave orders for Bus Calls at Commercial Hotel or our office opposite depot.

J. S. McBrayer also has a first-class house-moving outfit.



SAFE FROM HOG CHOLERA

"INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD" has a great reputation for curing and preventing Hog Cholera and other swine diseases. It also induces very rapid growth. Owing to superior medicinal ingredients, it contains 30 average loafs for 25¢ a loaf or 40¢ a loaf, on one loaf of other stock.

3 FEEDS IN ONE CENT.
Your Money Refunded! Is any one of your stock "Food" for Horses, Mules, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Cows, Calves, Lambs or Hogs. Actually, one cent of this Food will produce the same amount of gain as 3 cents of any other system, gives price, and is absolutely pure. It contains much more strength and health than any other stock food, and is the greatest known stock food. It is prepared by a practical stockman. Thousands of cattle and horses are cured of all diseases by this Food. Buy the Genuine. Owing to the wonderful results of our Food, many parties are putting out very low prices for our Food. Buy the genuine "International Stock Food" in great town we will make it very much to your interest to buy it.

OF PAT. 2129 CASE PATENTED

Persons raising the largest lot from 100 to 5000 lbs. Free of restrictions as to breed, food or feeding, and required to use International Stock Food. See circular for full particulars—Free from our dealers. "International Stock Food" "International Poultry Food" and "Silver Pine Healing Oil" are guaranteed and prepared only by INTERNATIONAL FOOD CO.,

We give Sole Agency. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. W. Williamson, M. D.
SPECIALIST
WHY LIVE AN UNHAPPY LIFE?
If you are suffering from any of the following ailments do not despair, but consult promptly with Dr. G. W. Williamson, M. D., at his office, 1015 Second St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW ERA MEDICAL AND SURGICAL DISPENSARY

MAIN ENTRANCE 1015 SECOND ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Private, Chronic, Nervous diseases, no matter how long standing, and all disorders permanently and quickly cured. Rheumatism and Neuralgic diseases cured without pain or detention from business. Nervous, Venereal and Venereal diseases cured permanently. Syphilis completely cured. From the dispensary by our latest and improved vegetable remedies at one tenth the cost of a short visit to the "Hot Springs." Cures guaranteed. Advice free. Send 10 stamps for particulars. Treatment by Mail.

CHASE CO. LAND & LIVE STOCK CO.



Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder. P. O. address, Imperial, Chase County, and Beatrice, Nebraska. Brand as out on side of some animals, on hip and side of some, or anywhere on the animal.

CANCER

Subjects need fear no longer from this King of Terrors, for by a most wonderful discovery in medicine, cancer on any part of the body can be permanently cured without the use of the knife.
Mrs. H. D. Colby, 207 Indiana Ave., Chicago, says: "I was cured of cancer of the breast in six weeks by your method of treatment. Send for treated. Dr. H. C. Dale, 355 4th St., Chicago."

A. J. RITTENHOUSE. C. H. BOYLE.

RITTENHOUSE & BOYLE,

ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW.

McCOOK, NEB.

J. E. KELLEY,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.

AGENT LINCOLN LAND CO.

McCOOK, - NEBRASKA.

OFFICE: In rear of First National Bank.

—CALL AT—

LENHART'S LAUNDRY

For First-Class

Laundry Work.

—O—

McCook, - - - Nebraska.

—O—

R. A. COLE,

—LEADING—

MERCHANT - TAILOR

OF MCCOOK,

Has just received his fall and winter stock of Cloths and Trimmings which will be made up as reasonable as possible. Shop first door west of Barnett Lumber Co.'s office, on Dennison street.

—W. V. GAGE,—

Physician & Surgeon,

McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Rooms over First National Bank.

Night calls answered at office.