

THE Bank of England has reduced its rate of interest to 2 1/2 per cent. If that's any consolation to you.

COLONEL WATTERSON calls United States senators "those old chatter-boxes." Chatter-box? Tut, tut, Colonel!

AN Alabama cyclone, Saturday night, resulted in great destruction of property, some loss of life, and the severe injury of many.

THE talk about Attorney General Olney's resigning is nonsense. He was put there to serve the trusts, and they will keep him in place.

THE days are now beginning to lengthen, but we have had little or no winter yet. Such a winter has been a boon to millions of poor out of work.

WHEN New York city begins to give Republican majorities in districts that have 10,000 extra Democrats, there would seem to be a screw or two loose.

THERE are some reliable indications that this panic is destined to go on to practical liquidation, which will finally swamp half the business men of the nation.

IN the death of George W. Childs of the Philadelphia Public Ledger America mourns the loss of one of her noblest and grandest characters. All bear a tribute to his matchless worth.

THE Sutton Register, an independent newspaper, takes it as an indication that McKeighan will be a candidate for re-nomination, because it is reported that he is paying his debts.

LAST Sunday was the thirteenth anniversary of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor. It now has enrolled 2,000,000 members, and is one of the best organizations for good work of modern times.

LENT will be more strictly observed, this year, than for some years past, if the number of people giving up comforts and luxuries is a fair indication. Unfortunately the self-denials will not all be voluntary.

A DEMOCRATIC contemporary says, "Americans eat too much." In these good old Democratic times there are a lot of Americans who are not over-feeding. Possibly this is one of the "reforms of the Democratic party."

THE senate has knocked out the last vestige of the federal election laws. Our southern friends seem to be getting things pretty much to their liking in the present session of congress. But there is a different deal coming.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND and Senator seem to be enjoying themselves after a fashion with the supreme bench of the United States as a foot ball. But it is scarcely dignified or statesman-like, if it is amusing to Grover and Dave.

Money is a necessary evil, but a little goes a long way when you buy your groceries at Noble's.

We carry a complete line of the latest revised legal blanks for sale at this office.

A few cents will buy a nice box of good writing paper at this office.

Crane's writing paper for sale at THE TRIBUNE stationery dept.

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

The Cool Manner In Which It Kills a Snake, Its Natural Prey.

As soon as the secretary bird, or snake eater, of South Africa discovers a snake, it advances toward it without hurry and without hesitation, and when within striking distance it immediately elevates its crest and the feathers of the neck, and without losing any time delivers a blow with its foot. If the snake has avoided the blow and attempts to strike back, the bird interposes a wing, thus receiving the deadly fangs harmlessly upon the long feathers and immediately strikes again.

The fight is then virtually over, for if the secretary gets in a single blow the snake's back is broken, and the bird, lightninglike, plants its foot firmly on the reptile's neck and head, pressing them into the ground, while it delivers the coup de grace with its beak, and then deliberately swallows the snake whole, beginning at the tail, and just before the head disappears, giving it an enthusiastic parting rap on the ground.

But there is nothing refined about the secretary bird's appetite, for one writer says he found inside one three serpents "as long as his arm," 11 lizards 7 inches long, 21 tortoises about 2 inches in diameter, "besides a large quantity of grasshoppers and other insects," or in other words, 7 1/2 feet of snake, 6 1/2 of lizard, 3 1/2 of tortoise and say a yard of miscellaneous trifles!

The secretary bird is protected by the cape authorities for the immense public benefit it confers in eating poisonous snakes, and a penalty is attached by law to its destruction. And if it were necessary hundreds of eyewitnesses could be called to prove its right to the title of serpentarius. Curiously enough, too, this bird may be trained, and is trained, to protect poultry yards, not only from snakes, which are too fond of eggs, but from other birds of prey.—St. James Budget.

English Criminals.

Doubtless, to judge from your average daily journal, murders and suicides, crimes and catastrophes, wars and feuds and frauds, would seem to remain the staple of the human record. But be it remembered that, for obvious reasons, all our worst and darkest is collected there. One might as well judge of public health by the painful cases described in a medical publication as of the vast mass of solid human happiness and innocent living joy by the daily catalogue of these really trivial exceptions to it. As for sins—the most serious of which are only such as are malicious—though the population increase, they seem steadily to diminish. We had 27,068 "habituals" in 1868; now the evil roll is only 52,158.

When the population of England was 19,257,000 in 1869, there were 2,589 persons undergoing penal servitude; now, with a population of 27,830,179, the number is only 947. In 1878 the entire number of prisoners in our jails was 20,838; the entire number at the same date last year was 12,663, though the population had increased by 6,000,000. Pauperism is also declining. In 1870, 1,079,391 persons were in receipt of relief; in 1891, with an addition of more than 7,000,000 inhabitants, there were only 774,905. The upshot of these figures—without pressing them too much—seems surely to be that the "cosmic process" in our own little corner of the universe is not doing so badly.—Sir Edwin Arnold in Longman's Magazine.

Detecting a Smugler.

A treasury agent, speaking of the watchfulness of Uncle Sam's officials, said: "A handsomely dressed man got off a ferryboat and seemed to be unusually nervous. A moment more and he was struggling in the hands of the officers and desperately clutching at the lapels of his coat. 'It's no use,' the officers remarked; 'we know what you have and where it is. Better give it up and save trouble.' Apparently crushed by the discovery, the man quietly assisted in opening seams and produced the diamonds from various portions of his clothing. 'Your shoes, please!' This rather staggered him, but he submitted with good grace, and one of the heels being unscrewed another lot, though smaller and less valuable than the first, was found there. The diamonds were examined and pronounced to be a splendid article of paste, worth about 25 cents each. This did not satisfy us, and the man was stripped to the skin. A huge piece of sticking plaster was on his back, which was removed, and under it were concealed scores of genuine diamonds. It is not often that a ruse is so adroitly planned and practiced."—New York Times.

Women Clerks in Washington.

There have been great changes in the government departments in the last 30 years. The first woman regularly employed was put on the rolls of the navy department 35 years ago. She was a young widow, and the officials considered it an awful problem how to dispose of her. Finally they hit upon a plan. They treated her as if she was a contagious disease and isolated her in an attic room. She received and returned her copying by a messenger. But the disease caught on, so to speak, and today there are 1,000 women in the treasury alone. There is one woman to every seven men.

Of Two Evils Choose the Least.

Doctor—If you are to recover, you must spend the next three months in traveling.

Patient—But I can't afford it, doctor.

Doctor—Very well, stay at home if you must, and I will visit you daily.

Patient—Never mind, doctor, I think I will travel after all.—From the German.

Expected Too Much.

Woman (in third class carriage)—Oh, what a noise! That horrid whistling is enough to drive one mad.

Guard—I suppose you want us for your sixpence to engage Patti to sing on the engine for you!—Avondpost.

Patrick Henry's Genius.

During this year of seeming idleness young Henry conceived the idea of becoming a lawyer. Digging in the soil would not yield him a livelihood. Drawing molasses and measuring tape had produced the same barren result. But words never failed him. He could move or melt any audience before whom he might stand. Therefore he determined to earn his living by his tongue.

The wonderful mental capacity of this broken down farmer and merchant may be understood when we learn that after a very few weeks of reading and study he presented himself at Williamsburg before the examiners and was admitted to the bar—not, however, without much urging and entreaty, for the examiners soon discovered the paucity of his knowledge of the statutes. In spite of his ignorance of the forms and technicalities, young Henry pleaded his own case so well that he received his license, not at all because of his legal proficiency, but solely because of his ingenuity and the promise he gave of future usefulness. One of the examiners, Mr. John Randolph, was so much shocked by the uncouth appearance of the man that he at first refused to examine him, but shortly discovered that the candidate was a diamond in the rough, and after subjecting him to a most severe series of subtle and intricate queries he was forced to remark, "Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half your genius, I augur that you will do well and become an ornament and an honor to your profession." Prophetic words!—Blue and Gray.

A Cruel Compliment.

Some 35 years ago a deceased friend of mine—a well known sculptor named John Jones, familiarly termed Johnnie Jones by his many associates—took me to dine with the Sublime Society of Steaks, which then held their weekly banquets in that which is now the armory of the Lyceum theater.

The late Sir Charles Locock was in the chair, wearing, by the way, Garrick's Macbeth robe. Ex-Chancellor Lord Campbell was also present, and Lord Brougham was expected, but like Johnson and Burke in Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," the famous Harry Brougham did not come. The task was imposed on me of returning thanks for the visitors. I was not at the time a practiced public speaker and was extremely nervous. However, I plucked up courage and began a speech, but I had not got to the end of the first sentence before my voice was drowned in a tumult of applause and rappings of knives and spoons on plates. I went on, but the more I tried to speak the louder grew the hubbub, and at last I sat down utterly abashed and disconcerted. Then one of the members of the club rose and moved that the eloquent speech to which the company had just listened with so much pleasure and with such earnest attention should be printed at the cost and charges of the Sublime society for private circulation only. I had been the victim of a harmless beef-steak "sell."—George A. Sala in London Times.

Hats in the House of Commons.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to the house of commons is that—here also it is exceptional among the legislatures of the world—the house of commons permits its members to retain their hats during the sitting. Indeed it is the rule to wear and the exception not to wear the hat. Mr. Gladstone never wears his hat—there have been exceptions, to one of which I will allude presently—nor did Mr. Smith, the late respected leader in the house of commons on the Conservative side, nor did Disraeli, nor does Mr. Balfour, nor Sir Charles Russell.

A member, however, can keep his hat on only when he is in his seat. If he rises to speak, he of course takes off his hat. If he rises to leave his seat and go out of the house, he has to take off his hat. So long as he remains standing in any part of the house he has to keep off his hat. There are some of the older members who, even when they lean over their seats to converse with a member on the bench in front of them, take off their hats. And it is usual, too, when a member interjects an observation across the floor to take it off. It was the invariable custom when a member was referred to that he should raise his hat, but this rule is falling into desuetude.—Harper's Magazine.

Wanted Them All Alike.

"I was once in a big store in Salt Lake City," remarked a woman who has crossed the continent not less than 12 times, "when a man came in and asked the proprietor for seven sealskin sacks. 'What style of sack?' inquired the proprietor very properly.

"I don't care what style," retorted the purchaser, with some savageness, "just so as they're all exactly alike. There mustn't be one inch more sealskin on one than another and mustn't be a hair's breadth difference in their length, width or quality, or my seven wives will make it hot for me at home. Understand, I don't care about the fit or anything else. You send up seven sealskin sacks that are exactly alike—that's the main point." From which," concluded the woman, "it would seem that polygamy was not altogether the bed of roses that the Mormons would have us believe."—New York Recorder.

Sugar Cane.

The sugar cane was introduced into the Madeira islands in 1425, and in 1498 the annual product exceeded 4,000,000 pounds. The introduction of sugar cane into the West Indies, however, destroyed the industry, and grape culture took the place of the sugar cane until 1852, when the phylloxera nearly swept all the vines out of existence. The sugar cane is again being cultivated, and last year 500,000 pounds were made. The supply will always be limited, because the cane cannot be profitably cultivated at a higher elevation than 1,000 feet.—Exchange.

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CATARRH TWENTY YEARS.

Three Hundred Dollars Spent in Vain.

This is what Dr. Hartman's free course of treatment did for me: I was sick for eighteen or twenty years and did not know what was the matter with me. I expectorated a gray, sticky mucus from the throat. Every time I took cold my throat got sore, and I would have fever. I had catarrh in my head, and it commenced to affect my eyes. My nose was stopped up, and every morning I had coughing spells. I consulted several physicians, one of whom said he could cure me in six months. I kept on doctoring until I spent \$300, and was not any better, but kept gradually growing worse until I was confined to the bed. I got some Pe-ru-na and it cured the catarrh in my head and my eyes are better. I don't have any more dizzy spells, my head feels clear, I can breathe through my nose, and my throat is cured. My voice is clear. My appetite is good and I sleep well. When I began taking Pe-ru-na I weighed 121 pounds, but now I weigh 135. I wish I could tell everyone about Pe-ru-na, so that thousands more would be cured.

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