

The McCook Tribune.

By F. M. KIMMELL.

McCOOK, NEBRASKA

JOHN L. SULLIVAN may not be doing much to elevate the stage, but he continues to get on an occasional high lonesome himself.

LIFE is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this—that every existence is an aim.

Nor only does straightforward criticism serve the cause of truth and justice by revealing the reality, instead of a distorted conception of it, it also puts into the hands of the speaker an influence for good which can be gained no other way.

SOME of these days capital will be found to put a navigable canal across the State of Michigan connecting the lower end of Lake Michigan and the upper end of Erie. The project has been seriously considered for some time and, like the Central American canal or canals, will come in time.

The principal present to Prince Bismarck on his 80th birthday was a cuirass of steel from the Emperor. It was specially well meant, but when a man reaches the age of the ex-Chancellor it would seem as though his attention should be directed in some other direction than that of militarism. But then the Kaiser is nothing if not a war lord.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD and ninety-nine other women, whose mission is to make a comparatively wicked world as good as themselves, are about to charter a vessel and girdle the earth with tracts and kindred insignia of righteousness. It is feared that the women will not fully accomplish their designs, but if they do not have a picnic it will be their own fault.

THERE are numerous ways in which business must be watched. One must love the business one is engaged in, and seek to make it all that it should be. The mark of excellence cannot be placed too high. Reward for his labor is sure to come to the diligent man, and that was well known in the time of Solomon, who said, "Seekest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

CULTURE, in opposition alike to egotism and egotism, quickens and extends both intelligence and sensibility, and thus yields a refinement which carefully subordinates all merely personal attributes, sectarian prejudices, or partisan considerations to public interests, general principles, the acknowledged standards of the company in which one finds himself. This is what distinguishes the universal code of politeness from the individual code of vulgarity.

The question of substituting scales or "weigh bridges" at English live stock markets for the guessing process of reaching an animal's weight has been agitating the stockmen and farmers over there for a number of years. The butchers and traders prefer the guessing system, while the owners, seeing that they steadily get the worst of it, are working for the weighing system. It is really absurd to have a country like England guessing off the weights of its live stock.

OUT in Trigg County, Ky., where everybody loves a good horse, there is a strong local feeling against the increasing importation of ponies and broncos from the far West. These little creatures are esteemed by Kentuckians, degenerate stock, bred, indeed, by the accident of birth and by hard conditions to a certain remarkable endurance, and a capacity to go long without food and water, but nevertheless not specially fitted for the needs of Kentucky, and especially undesirable in a region where horse breeding is a high science.

We learn from the California Fruit Grower that the California Fruit Union has retired from the field as a fruit-shipping organization. This Union has been an important factor in introducing California fruits to Eastern markets. Much of its work has been done in the face of bitter opposition and the lack of earnest support from fruit growers who should be most interested in its success. An era of demoralization of markets is freely predicted, and it will be individual enterprise to the utmost to do the work the coming year that the Union has done.

THAT there is still profit in sailing craft is shown by the fact that a New Hampshire corporation owning several three-masted schooners, at its annual meeting recently held, de-

clared dividends averaging 11 per cent on four of its largest vessels. These dividends represented a year's earnings, and on the earnings of one of its schooners, which, after six months of sailing, is stuck in the mud on the Louisiana shore, a 5 per cent dividend was paid. A well-known, Bath-built four-master, only seven years old, has already netted \$200,000 for her owners.

NEW YORK's trade with China and Japan has not entirely departed. Tied up at East River piers recently were the British steamer Hankow, the American ships, St. Paul, George R. Skiffeld, Indiana, and Luzon, the British ships Ancalos and Creedmor, barks Freeman (American), Assyria (British), Foohing Suey (Hawaiian), and Iron Duke (German), eleven vessels, averaging 1,500 tons each, all from ports on the far side of the Pacific Ocean. At the same time there were four American ships, averaging over 2,000 tons each, at East River piers loading for San Francisco.

A SENSATIONAL mystery which threatened evil consequences to two men has just been happily explained in New Hampshire. A French wood-chopper had disappeared from the neighborhood of Concord, and two men who had been seen with him were charged with his murder. Human blood was found on the shoes of one and a check in the woodchopper's name on the other. The State had a strong circumstantial case, and the probabilities of conviction were great. The missing man has just been found at a town in a neighboring county, and the discharge of the suspected parties has been ordered.

EDITOR MOORE, of Lexington, Ky., who is in jail, proposes to continue the publication of his journal from his prison cell. There are advantages about this system. The editor will always be "in." He will not be bothered by creditors, and he cannot be assaulted by indignant individuals who conceive themselves to be slandered. Being already in jail, he cannot successfully threaten with imprisonment for libel. He will have no office rent to pay and he will not be disturbed by callers who want to "glance over the exchanges." Altogether Mr. Moore should be comparatively happy, and he ought to turn out good work. John Bunyan made a hit with the "Pilgrim's Progress," written in jail, and a Kentucky editor has numerous advantages over an English cobbler.

ANOTHER distressing example is noted of the wide difference between theory and practice in the matter of co-operative colonization. A scheme for a great colony in Paraguay, worked up in Australia has collapsed with disastrous results to many colonists. Bitter experience teaches that co-operative enterprises, whether in colonization, manufacture or mercantile business, is almost uniformly attended by failure. The causes leading to such failure have been exhaustively discussed. Inability to combine business ability with mechanical skill is the most common explanation of the difficulty. Building associations, which have been wonderfully successful, do not belong in this catalogue, because they are in the nature of savings banks rather than of joint business enterprises.

Nor since the cold-storage warehouse fire at the World's Fair had there been anything to equal in horror the catastrophe which caused the death of the Milwaukee firemen. The two occurrences were not unlike. In both cases the men were entrapped in a situation where escape was impossible, and in both instances their comrades were compelled to look upon their death struggles without being able to render aid. Such disasters as these seem to indicate that commanding officers of fire departments do not always exercise good judgment in ordering men into positions of great danger. Bravery and obedience to orders are the prime requisites of a fireman, but men should not be ordered to certain or almost certain death. It is better that property should be destroyed than that human lives should be sacrificed. Financial loss may be made up; the destruction of life cannot be repaired. The Milwaukee disaster may not have been preventable, but the facts at hand seem to indicate that the loss of life might have been averted by caution and forethought.

A Princess' Canine Pets. The Princess of Wales is a great lover of animals and has many dogs at Sandringham that she can't keep out of them. Every morning she goes to the kennels and the dogs are let loose to welcome her. They are always wild with delight to see her and jump up on her so frantically as almost to knock her down. A special favorite with the Princess is Venus, the pet dog of the Duke of Clarence.

A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

I live in a musical neighborhood. And I'd certainly move out at once if I could, but I'm taking my first till the first of next May. You see I'm very well that I can't get away. There's a young man down-stairs who sits up late at night. And whumps on the banjo with wearisome noise. While I sleep up and down, for I can't sleep a wink. For the sound of his plinkety-plinkety-plink!

JIM'S GRATITUDE.

A cold, bleak November day; a prairie trail; a horseman in uniform, riding at a gallop. A turn in the road; a bushwhacker hidden in the bushes, a shot, and a fall from the saddle. It was little Jim, our third Sergeant, riding across the country to carry a dispatch. We called him Little Jim because he was small of stature and because everybody liked him. He was only a boy, and one look into his frank face and big blue eyes made you his friend. The bushwhacker peered over the log and saw his victim lying on the stony road and the horse galloping away in affright, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he rose up and hurried through the woods. War is not always war. Sometimes it is assassination—murder.

Twenty rods beyond the body lying in the road is a humble cabin, tenanted only by a woman and two children. War has forced the husband and father into the ranks. At sound of the shot and the clatter of hoofs they rise up from their frugal noonday meal and run down to the gate. A dead man is by no means a rare sight to mother and children. Scores of dead have been left on that highway in the last few weeks, and at times the cabin has been full of wounded men who groaned and cursed.

"It's a Bluebonnet who's been bushwhacked," whispers the mother as she leads the way down the road, and presently the trio are looking down upon the lifeless form of our little Jim. No, not lifeless. The bullet struck him in the side and inflicted a severe wound, but even while they gaze at him he opens his blue eyes and tries to realize his situation. "Looks just like Uncle Ian," whispers one of the children. "Let's be good to him!" pleads the other.

She would. Assisted a bit by the children, she got him to the house and had captured a prisoner and a patient at the same time. Her husband and her neighbors had come home with gunshot wounds, and she had helped to nurse them and send them back to fight for the cause she believed was right. Aside from a surgeon our little Jim could not have fallen into better hands. She probed for the bullet and found it, and if living to-day he wears it on his watchchain. The Eastern volunteers had been holding that road for weeks, and all that afternoon and evening the woman listened for the clatter of hoofs that she might report what had occurred and have her patient taken away. Not a horseman passed.

There were days and nights when Little Jim was out of his head and raving of home and mother. There were days and nights when his life hung on a thread. He had the care his own mother would have given him. Many and many a time he called her his mother, and blessed her that she had come down from the old home to nurse him back to life. By and by the crisis passed and the soldier knew where he was, and the situation outside. He knew more than the good woman would have him. That little family was being put to sore straits to find him such food as an invalid might have and he heard the children cry out at night because they had not enough covering to keep them warm. After a few days, when he found there was no chance to get word to the loyal line, he begged of the woman to deliver him up to the rebel authorities and relieve herself of the burden. She indignantly refused, and the children, who had insisted on calling him Uncle Daniel, cried at the thought of his going away.

Pretty soon a new peril threatened. The neutral territory was given up to bushwhackers and Indians. One day a long-haired, evil-looking man, who's garb was that of a farmer, and who was probably the would-be assassin of little Jim, was seen lurking about the premises. The woman put another pillow behind the soldier, handed him his revolver and quietly said:

"I have your carbine and shall try to kill him if he persists in entering the house. If I am killed then you must take care of yourself." The Sergeant could hear every word of the conversation as the man finally advanced to the house and the woman stepped outside to meet him. "Look yere, woman," he began, "who yo' got in yo' house?" "By what right do you ask that?" she demanded in turn. "By the right everybody has to kill a cussed Canuck wherever he kin

find him. Stand aside and let me see what sort of a fowl yo've had cooped in yere for two or three weeks."

Click! Click! sounded the hammer of her carbine, and as she brought the muzzle on a line with the man's heart she said:

"There's the road! Yo' scatter! I'll count twenty and then I'll shoot!" He backed away, m mtering and cursing, and for the next three days the cabin was in a state of siege. He hung about, determined to investigate the reports which had somehow leaked out, but finding the woman on her guard he finally went away to report to the rebel authorities. Thanksgiving Day came—cold, bleak and a flutter of snowflakes in the air. Little Jim had been shot just three weeks before, but such was the nursing that on this day he was helped out of bed and bolstered up in the big rocking chair to eat Thanksgiving dinner. Tears came to his eyes as he saw what efforts the woman had put forth and how meager the results. Mother, children, and soldier were gathered at the table when there came a clatter of hoofs and a clanking of swords, and a dozen rebels galloped up to the door. At their head was a Sergeant, who pushed his way in and seized wife and children and kissed them before he looked at the pale-faced man at his table. He was followed by a Corporal, who was scarcely inside the door before the children cried out: "Uncle Daniel! Uncle Daniel! Our other Uncle Daniel has come home."

The bushwhacker had made his report to the nearest camp, and the Sergeant had been sent to bring the prisoner in. He sat at the head of the table and heard the story, and when it was concluded he patted his wife on the head and said:

"You did just right, Mary. When he's down we can't strike him. I wish some one else had come, though. My orders are to take him back, and I've got to do it or stand trial." "I'll go with him, Jim," protested the woman. His wound has not healed yet, and he's no more strength than a baby."

"Volunteers in sight, sir!" reported a man at the door. "How far away?" "About a mile." "That let's us out. Twelve of us can't fight no thousand volunteers. Good-bye, Mary. Good-bye, children! I'm dox-zone glad of t' Orders is orders, but I'd a gone back to camp and told 'em it wasn't in me to bust up a dying man's Thanksgiving, no matter whether he was a rebel or a loyalist!"

Five minutes later the highway was full of volunteer cavalry, and half a dozen officers were in the house. This time it was little Jim who told the story, and when he had finished every one put out his hand to the woman and said "God bless you!" They took the Sergeant away in the ambulance, but on the plate on which he had eaten his Thanksgiving dinner they left a due reward, and many a soldier's haversack was emptied that want might be put afar off. After the war, little Jim rode over that highway again to find the cabin in ashes, but the soldier and family alive and well. His money built a new and better house, fenced in the fields again, bought horses and plows and seed and started the ex-rebel on the road to prosperity. Well, the Sergeant feels that he can never repay the debt, and the family think there was never such an open enemy in the world, and so take it all around, it came out as good as the ending of any story, and hasn't been concluded yet.—Kings-ton Press.

The Devil's Mirror.

"One of the most peculiar of stone formations is the 'devil's looking-glass,' on the Nolachucky River," said L. D. Taylor at the Lindell. "It is a falls which rises abruptly from the river to a height of 200 feet. It is perfectly smooth and about 100 feet wide. When the sun is at a certain stage it throws a shadow over the water and reflects the sunbeams as a mirror would, dazzling the eyes of the beholder, sometimes almost blinding him with its brightness. To go upon the river in a skiff and look down into the water, is to see an image reflected, but always distorted. It is this which gave the name to the formation, and there are several interesting legends connected with it, some of which are devotedly believed by the mountaineers. One of those which is generally given credence is that every night at midnight, when the moon shines, the devil goes there to bathe and makes up his toilet, using the rock, with the reflection of the moonlight, as a looking glass."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sunday in Australia.

Sunday in most of the capitals of Australian provinces is not an enlivening day. Concert and theatrical entertainments are contrary to the law, hotels are rigorously closed as far as the general public is concerned, and if a publican is caught dispensing liquor he is heavily fined. Steamers and trains are run only on sufferance, although the shops are allowed to remain open. In Melbourne, however, no shopkeeper is allowed to sell even a bottle of ginger beer or a dozen of apples. Yet Melbourne is the only town where concerts are held Sunday, and once they were high class, but as no charge can be made for entrance they have retrograded in character. An audience is admitted to the concert hall or theater bit by bit, each man or woman having to contribute to a collection made at the door as they enter. Sometimes, however, the plate is taken round the seats as in church.—London Figaro.



SOME BITS OF SPRING MILLINERY.

GOWNS AND GOWNING.

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Wearyed Woman-kind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham. New York correspondence:

REVERS of one sort or another are an important feature in spring dresses and they promise to continue during the summer. The most common sort are wildly flaring and sharp pointed, and the out-ride points often reach nearly to the shoulders. Another and novel sort of waist arrangement is shown in the initial picture. This dress is of thin woolen suiting and its gored skirt is lined with silk and fastened around the bottom. The fullness in back is laid in box-pleats, the front fits snugly over the hips. The skirt garniture consists of a deep gathered flounce, with sides curving upward, and just touching the boxpleats. The bottom of this flounce is tucked three times. The bodice has fitted lining and a vest of pink or of white watered silk, which is bordered with double-breasted slash near the shoulders and forming a round collar in back. Plain balloon sleeves and turned down collar finish this dainty costume. The vest is one with the collar, but those which are accompanied by shirt-front and tie are for the most part cut high, and show very little of the hirt at the throat. For wear for receptions with brocade coats, the waistcoat is of silk to match the ground of the coat and the bosom showing above is hardly



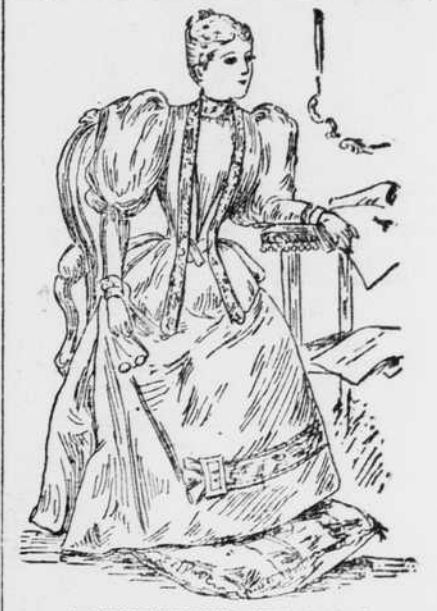
FURRED BODICE AND BOW.

more than a yoke of very fine mull, fitted to a folded collar of silk like the waistcoat. A fall of real lace is attached to the collar at its lower edge, and covers the mull entirely in its soft folds to the waist at top. Waistcoats are fitted in gentlemanly fashion below the waist line in front, they finish at the waist line with a slight point just in front, or they are made according to the fashion of the couriers of the time of Charles II., with tabs below the waist, to show in front below the short-cut coat.

The earliest prophecies of spring and summer fashions promised that fur would be used for trimming even in the hottest months. This promise has been fulfilled so far, but the fad lacks in reasonableness that it is not surprising to see it take on odd and grotesque expressions, as it frequently does. Here in the second picture is an example which shows plainly how desperate is the search for novelty. The dress is of a very dark-brown cloth and the spiral trimming black fur. The deep bosom is in fitted pleats, and a very high collar tops it.

Now that so many fancy waists are required it is as well to learn a few tricks of transformation. Be wise and have two or three waists made quite plain, about hips, throat, and shoulders. Let the laces be of gigue pattern, full at the top and close below the elbow. Employ only one material in the construction of these waists, then consider them as foundations merely, and plan a lot of accessories to use at your pleasure with the foundation waists, and you will drive your neighbor friends mad with the idea that you have several dozen fancy bodies. You will have a foundation waist of black, one of white, one of your pet color, and

possibly one of flower-d silk. A finish for the black will be thus arranged: arm straps of ribbon velvet to set over the shoulder are connected by a piece of velvet to cross the chest, and one to cross the shoulder at the back. To the lower edge of the front piece run very full a piece of black net that shall at the corners reach the bust line and slope to the waist line in front. Applique on the lower edge of the net a finish of cream guipure, and spray applique guipure flowers, circles or crescents over it. Patterns cut out of cheap lace applique with excellent effect. To the shoulder straps fasten squares of net embossed in the same way and edged on three sides with the guipure. At the back come a piece to correspond with the front. At one side where the shoulder piece and the cross piece of velvet meet, there should be a bow of ribbon velvet, finished at the ends with guipure edge and with a row or so of guipure above. A yoke of



A SKIRT TRIMMED ON ONE SIDE.

guipure lace may be set in the open square, the collar of the same being a wide ruche of guipure, held high and close about the throat by a tie of velvet ribbon, fastened at the side and furnished with ends to match the side-bow below. This yoke should be made adjustable, and the ribbon at the throat should not be fastened to the lace, for you will want the same yoke with white satin ribbon for use with the white waist.

In the dress of the third picture there is shown a handsome style of trimming, which consists, for the skirt, of a band of changeable watered ribbon edged on both sides with a fancy border and drawn through buckles in front and back as shown. The jacket bodice has a fitted vest hooking in front which is covered with a gathered plastron of a contrasting shade of silk, either open in the center or lapping over, and edged with darker velvet whose ends lay over in the waist and form a belt. The bodice is pleated and garnished down the edges of the fronts with narrower ribbon than that on the skirt. The puffed sleeves are also banded with ribbon near the wrist. The dress goods is a changeable silk showing mode and garnet.

Two house dresses are presented in the next illustration, that at the left being a very pretty example of the ers while tea gown. Its material is yellow satin and it has a round yoke to which the slight bows with are gathered. The yoke is made of valen-



FOR HOME WEAR.

ciennes insertion and strips of silk, and the collar is entirely of lace insertion. Copyright, 1894. Old-Time Fashions. GREEK ladies had steel and brass mirrors, parasols, fans and smelling bottles. LAY figures for fitting on ladies' dresses were invented in France about 1830. CORSETS have been found on the mummies of Egyptian princesses of the royal family. In 1516 Francis I. gave to his Queen the equivalent of \$10,000 in our money to buy a hat.