

The McCook Tribune.

By F. M. KIMMELL.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OUR PET AND PRIDE.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

of war; while the age of religious revolution was characterized by Martin Luther, who dared to look Popery in the face and declare it wrong from first to last.

From the time of Homer, poets have sung in happy measures, orators have uttered words of eloquence and historians have recorded the rise, struggles and downfall of men and nations.

In comparing the writings of those ages with the present the effect which the degree of civilization on the manners, customs and religion of the people has upon the literature is strikingly illustrated.

Every age has had its scientific advantages, but as every day adds to the amount of improvement of an individual, so each year improves, and renders its researches more perfect.

Thus in the advancement of science every rapidly shaped piece of that or treatment of every carved in rude figures is in the way of a historian.

They tell the tale when man lived by means of his spear and phylax, in the "Iliad" ideas of revolution of a later period; show that we infer the degree of skill in the workmanship; by that we infer that the age is developing.

But if a statue perfectly and beautifully carved were found, it would indicate a perfectly developed intellect.

The path which led from this rude state of civilization to the present enlightened age was long and narrow; the eternal could not be passed in a bound. Men mistook error for truth and went a guide, without experience, many are the delusions by which they are misled.

But man was not always doomed to live in ignorance, there were treasures in the world, and these were gradually disclosed, others and unfolded new possibilities.

Each new idea brought others in its train, till now in the 19th Century we boast of the highest degree of civilization ever attained by man.

This is not only an age advanced in literature and science but an age of liberal ideas, revolutionary movements in the condition of the working classes—both politically and socially—a period of remarkable progress in education, discovery and civilization, contrasting the growth and activity of the human mind.

The noblest patronage is now fair opportunity; coronets, purple robes, M. D.'s and D. D.'s are more and more felt to be mere wrappings while "the gods are the inner man, substance of the soul."

Science, literature and religion already daughters of one family shall be dwellers of one home.

Science shall shade her torch and stoop her telescope before the throne of the Eternal.

Literature shall pursue her studies and dream her dreams in the magnetic atmosphere of heaven; own day and religion shall take her two sisters by the hand, introduce them to the King of kings and in a three-fold cord not easily broken shall be united with them forever.

ARTHUR DOUGLASS,

The Class Poet, was warmly applauded for his:

SUPERSTITION.

It is generally understood that superstition implies a belief in the unknown, or that which we cannot solve by rules and axioms, and which excites our amazement; while in a narrower degree it includes a belief in something that engenders fear or foreboding some evil to come. There is a felicitous term used by the poet, "the sun's eclipse, the lightning flash, which is allayed when science demonstrates the simple cause of these natural phenomena."

Who is there today who believes in superstition, witchcraft or ghosts, and yet in this enlightened age superstitions do exist, which years of effort will not eradicate.

Science proves to us the effect of the moon upon the waters of the earth, heating them up into tides, but can science prove to us that the howling of the dog forbids the approach of death to some one dear to us, in the near future? That it makes a great difference to us whether we see the new moon over our right or left shoulder? That the approach of a dark cloud on New Year's eve, foretells the coming of a plague? That the putting of a shoe on the wrong foot, offering a friend a sharp instrument, walking under a ladder, or tipping over a chair or opening an umbrella in the house, is unlucky?

Does this make a difference to us, no, no, and yet there are many who believe in superstition.

I believe of all the minor superstitions the most prevalent is the sitting of thirteen at the table, and yet this is one of the most foolish. The thirteen superstition is stated that if thirteen persons either by accident or design gather at the same table, one shall die within the year.

It has been traced back to the old Norse mythology and is said to have originated from the famous painting on the walls of the Vatican, which, it is said, perhaps gave the first impulse to the minds of the superstitious mass, who believed the Master and the twelve apostles at a table. And in this picture, we also see Judas in the act of selling the savior, and but fair to presume that both superstitions came from the same origin.

It has been often demonstrated that one in every thirteen, may according to the law of nature, die within a year, and even at this great rate, the average age would have to be about seventy years.

For myself, I am willing, yes, perfectly willing, to make the thirteenth person at a dinner party; all I would ask is for some one else to furnish the dinner.

When our dear old liberty bell proclaimed the birth of a new nation there were just thirteen who sat at the feast which followed it. And the first flag of the Union bore thirteen stars, and contained thirteen stripes and as yet it has lost none.

King Alfonso of Spain dined thirteen in number at the last dinner party he attended.

And yet we say this is an unlucky number.

In our country we are apt to believe that superstition travels hand in hand with ignorance, but as yet this fact remains unproven.

I attribute all our glorious rain to a certain boy, who, I believe, present for he heard that if a person would kill a snake and hang it bottom side up, upon Nebraska bark wire fence, it would rain next day.

This he did and as you know it did rain, so next day he repeated his experiment and it began to rain within an hour and up to this time we have had showers almost daily; and in fact from the present indications and judging the future by the past, I believe we will have to extend an invitation to the young gentlemen to remove his last victim.

I am not superstitious myself, I never was, but I know a boy who always carries the left hind foot of a jack rabbit in his pocket, who trims his hair by the light of the moon, who won't change a garment put on wrong side out, who believes in odd numbers, who thinks that the crackling of a fire brings company, that the first to leave the marriage altar is the first to die, that a cat has nine lives, that breaking a looking glass brings seven years bad luck, who wears rings on his little fingers and has his ears pierced, and that boys is, well, you know—

That superstition is a folly, and for our folk we must pay, let us then be always jolly.

Fretting folks are in the way.

See our last year's class of thirteen, have succeeded to a soul.

To most of them their work is certain.

For as you know they've reached their goal.

Let us then but twelve in number, bravely push for right of way, rise each morn refreshed from slumber, ready for another day.

Dare to meet both men and women, in our daily walks of life, face trouble like a gallant Roman, and so end this time of strife.

Live so life will be no burden.

And know we have fulfilled our mission, then our friends will take our word, we'll not die of superstition.

MISS MARIE GIBBONS

Delivered an interesting essay from the topic:

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

A pilgrimage is a journey to a place deemed sacred and venerable in order to pay homage to the relics of some deceased saint. Thus in middle ages, kings, princes and others made pilgrimages to Jerusalem in pious devotion to the Saviour. Christian pilgrims resort to Loreto in Italy, to visit the chamber of the blessed Virgin. The Mohammedans to Mecca, where their prophet is supposed to be buried. We are all making a pilgrimage similar to that which was made hundreds of years ago and which will be made for all ages to come.

Some, on this pilgrimage, are nearing the end; others have half completed their journey; and yet others are just starting.

In the "transit" or passage of a star across the sun's disk astronomers watch with their telescope, and count by minutes and seconds the apparition of a little black speck on the round luminous while it moves rapidly across to the opposite side to be apparently lost in the unmeasured heavens beyond. Our life may be compared to the passage of yonder planet across the sun.

We enter our sphere like one emerging from the boundless void behind us and appear moving, moving across the narrow circle of our lives and then pass out of the sight of mortal man into that other limitless eternity beyond. As on any ordinary tour,

many preparations must be made in order to reach our destination safely and enjoy ourselves as we go along; it should be particularly so on this, the journey of life.

It is said: "Hours are golden links, God's tokens, reaching heaven; but one by one they break the chain he broken, ere the pilgrimage be done." Time is of priceless value in childhood and youth, every precious hour well employed is a seed sown in the furrow and covered over with the fostering earth which will bring forth its fruit in due season. We should make the most of our hours alone but also to what the French call "moments perdus"—lost moments—the little leisure moments or intervals that occur during the daily hours of labor, study or occupation. We should apply them to some special and profitable purpose. It may be that if one of these moments were lost it would cause the links to separate. So by keeping a close watch on these, we can keep the chain of life linked.

Brief as may be our allotted time we can make it last, filling it with deeds of good or evil. The first step in the royal path to all goodness is to forget one's self; with its miserable little cares and affections is the root of all wretchedness we cause to others and all the misery we endure ourselves. Every effort we make to forget self, to leave self behind and to devote ourselves to the labor of making others happy is rewarded by inward satisfaction and joy. How beautiful and powerful can be the quiet, tranquil and unselfish life that makes no noise, no ripple on the world's current but working deep down among hidden forces, does God's work silently and yields treasure by which this poor earth is made richer forever.

The wise person gradually learns not to expect too much from life. While he struggles for success by worthy methods, he will be prepared for failure. Nor will he expect too much from those about him. If he would live at peace with others, he will bear and forbear. To the young how bright the world looks! How full of novelty and pleasure!

But as years pass find the world to be a place of sorrow as well as of joy. As they proceed through life many dark vistas open upon them of toil, discouragement and failure. But perhaps 'tis better so. What would the world be to us if we reposed on a bed of roses? Should we in reality feel more happy than when, under the present social dispensation, we frequently feel a sharp thorn on our side and a fire of their keen, biting points starting out against our heads in the night-time as if so many little imps were holding a carnival amidst the feathers of our pillow?

We have often asked the question, both of ourselves and others, but have never obtained a satisfactory answer; and being obliged to take refuge in the court of experience, we very soon discovered that appearances were invariably deceptive and that the roses and thorns mingle promiscuously so that they were inseparably united; one for a stimulant to man, the other as a reward to him during the natural pauses between his exertions.

Though we may not apprehend the full meaning of the discipline through which the best have to pass, we must have faith in the completeness of the design of which our little individual lives form a part. We have duty to do our duty in this sphere in which we have been placed. Duty alone is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the true pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of the fulfillment of duty forward with hope and confidence. We must ever stand upright, come what may, and for this end we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied circumstances which surround us. While on earth we must still play with earth and with that which blooms and fades upon the breast.

Twelve Pilgrims are we fairly started on our pilgrimage. The remainder of our journey lies in the future, a strange country, unknown to us all, and one in which we all must travel. We need a guide book to consult before starting and take with us, in order to avoid mistakes; for that guide book let us take honesty, self-reliance and courtesy. The future is a trackless pathway to us and every step is new. But the way can be seen, only one at a time. The certain reveals no faster or no more. No steps make each day the journey shorter.

If you make a mistake, you cannot correct or erase it and begin anew. Let us endeavor to do that which we will not wish erased, but that which will leave a gleam along our path, and help to guide the Pilgrims that come after us.

Classmates, let us join hearts and hands and face the responsibilities, duties, trials and pleasures on our pilgrimage, and hope that we may be permitted to safely reach our destination sought and claim that which we have justly earned—our heavenly home.

MISS ADDIE HANLEN,

Who has the distinction of being the writer of the class, delivered an excellent and characteristic essay on:

AFTER GRADUATION.

McCook, Neb., June 16, 1895.

Dear friend: Graduation is over, and in accordance with your request, I will tell you about it.

I hardly need to give you the particulars of the one important evening, and in truth I remember but little of it.

I have in mind a confused impression of flowers, music and white dresses, a great crowd of captured tapers, of Clara, Ona and Grace looking strangely familiar in that strange place, and a faint recollection of myself sitting with a beating heart, desperately clutching that essay, my only passport from the dreadful place.

You know the play well; slightly change the characters and you have ours.

The class historian traced our illustrious ways to the present time; the valedictorian said pleasant things of us and the various essays gave directions as to how we might best attain true greatness in this world, together with many other equally useful precepts.

But now it is clear, honest daylight again. I have on my old dress and feel quite common-place once more.

You know how I look back over my school life and what in general stands out prominently in it.

As we were nearing the end of this term, I so often heard others speak of it as the close of a long journey, the end of a voyage, that we had almost reached the top of a long climb, and so on; as though it were a work with a definite beginning and ending. To me it is not at all so. I look back over my time in school as an uneven, broken effort, with scarcely a definite end in view, often begun and often stopped.

But I learned some things in that time and whether or not I learned them in school I cannot say.

Perhaps it was not learning things so much as it was seeing things. I can remember when but a little girl, as time passed, and grew a year older, I always thought to myself: I can see farther than I could last summer; I don't think the same about things as I did then, and I understand better.

I had the consciousness of more light; what had been before seemed dark and strange, I then saw clearly.

When I compared the little girl of nine years with the one of eight, I could see how much narrower was the circle that bounded the latter. And so it was the next year, and the next, and so it is yet. I gradually came to see how much there was to be known and after seeing I learned. By my repeated efforts, my many failures and at last a partial success in lessons, I have learned that our work, however often we fail—whether from inability or neglect—may be begun again and again, and something gained, and that success does not demand that we go straight from the first without faltering, and surely that lesson, if well learned, will be of use to me.

By the self-reproach felt because of undone duties in school, I have learned that rest comes only in labor, and I believe I have SOMETHING learned that our greatest merit is not in the seeming success of it, but in the doing of our work.

Are there any changes I would make in my school life?

Yes, I think there are.

Not the same regrets as to time unimproved; I will let that pass, it will be of less importance than the other. But, I think if I went to school again, I should try to be happier, more peaceful.

From the little girl, bashful and awkward among stranger pupils, who allowed herself to be miserable and lonely, all through school, I have permitted that what should have been

brightest and sweetest to be embittered in a way.

I would try, I think, not to allow the unpleasant to predominate, and I would learn early my lesson of being peaceful and happy, and learn it so well that in all my after life I should show that this had been one of my studies in school.

You remember my favorite passage when we read Lamb together:

"When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best, like a child, that must be played with and hampered a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep and then the care is over."

But on the whole it has been very pleasant, and to the teachers and friends who helped to make it so, I am most grateful. Your flowers came and I wore them last night. They are by me now as I write.

Affectionately yours.

MISS ONA SIMONS'

Essay created a pleasing impression. The subject was:

ON AND ON.

In passing from school life and beginning this new life, we are full of hope, promise and good resolutions, let us use the beautiful, old-fashioned simile, "Life is a mountain up which each traveler must climb."

We now turn our backs on the first hill, and as we pause on the summit and look back what to us, as we began our climb seemed insurmountable, does not seem so now, and we are glad to see that although many times we had slipped and fallen, nor can we feel gratified that so much of our journey has been successfully accomplished.

We now turn our backs on this first hill, and raise our eyes to examine the one towering above us. Here indeed seems a climb, almost beyond our strength, that we know the failure, and while little often requires a life's journey.

There are numerous paths leading in all directions, but all ending in the same goal. Which one of these paths shall we choose? We must pause, and earnestly consider this proposition. In our selection of the proper path lays our chance of reaching the summit of the hill. Some paths are steeper than others, some are more adapted to our mental and physical endurance, and others, we know are entirely private. Let us then choose the one that seems most fitted for us. During this climb we must expect to meet with pitfalls and reverses much more serious than those encountered on our first hill, but we must not be discouraged, for the same force will overcome anything we are liable to meet. There must be no turning back after we make our start, as this would mean the failure of our journey. In knowledge of the road we have gained, will be useless to us in choosing our second path.

In looking again at the mountain, the climbing in all directions, some are passing part way up, some have fallen by the way, others we see coming back, wearied and dejected, unable to fight the battle any longer, and all ending in the same goal. We have reached the pinnacle, but they are few compared with the toilers near the bottom of the hill, and we must not be discouraged, for the journey is not over, and we must move ahead on our chosen path, expecting that our steps will be sometimes slow and faltering. Perchance, we will meet with help unexpectedly at the difficult places, which will make our journey easier, but whether or not this help is offered us, we must concentrate our gaze upward and not backward.

We know that countless numbers have made the journey before us, and on the hill we can recognize friends, some advancing rapidly, others not so successful, but, with few exceptions, all striving to the best of their ability to reach the top. Behind us are friends, who, in a short time will stand as we do now, and we must not be discouraged, for the same force will regulate our footsteps that they may point to us as those whom they may safely follow.

Thus, in passing from school life, the habits formed during our years there will be the basis of whatever is our vocation in life, and entering it, let us be prepared for the bitter and the sweet, knowing that the bitter and the sweet must come, and each new fall will prove him climbing still.

MISS GRACE PRINCE

Delivered her essay with decided elocutionary effect:

GREAT ISLANDS ARE FORMED BY TINY INSECTS.

The ideal man of America is one, who, black or white, is a citizen, who is true to his principles, who promotes the full development of all the facilities given him by Nature.

Circumstances and surroundings do not determine his greatness, but he must be developed, for no matter what these are they always offer occasion for worthy endeavor.

Improvement is made each day, but it is the successive additions of the daily little that will complete the undertaking.

In time we shall grow from the tiny acorn, so great achievements are wrought by the minor acquisitions.

Great deeds are never done in a hurry, Milton did not write Paradise Lost at a sitting, neither did Shakespeare write his dramas in a day.

The chalk cliffs of Albion, also the coral islands, and the tiny insects so small as to be seen only by the microscope.

The fate of a battle is often determined by the most trifling affair, the sleeping of a sentinel or as in the case of the Poles by the betraying of the sentry by a negro. The victory does not always depend upon the brilliant generals but the well drilled soldiers, and the steady and brave footmen.

The secret of all success lies in close attention to the little things, to the little opportunities that are round about us.

Industry is, alas, the lazy, the careless, the slow do not see it and fail to catch it until it has fled; but the ambitious see it at a glance and grasp it in the moment.

The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but by the application of the proper strength and strategy to the goal won.

Although Providence may have placed our lot among the humble walk and occupations of life, yet there is a noble armor in it, which is disgraced by anything less than the noblest of virtues.

Fidelity with honesty and righteousness will prove the dignity of any calling however humble.

At the close of the day, when the blacksmiths are composed fiber by fiber so that forcible character is formed through the heat of habit.

May I hope that the true and noble are, may only those desirable characteristics be cultivated within us.

Though our ambitions ideal may never be perfected, yet as it draws nearer it draws nearer to the goal. And as life expands, being influenced by events and other lives, the horizon of its opportunities grows brighter and broader, leading on to higher work.

Just as the tiny rill sparkling and dancing along the mountain side gradually grows larger and unites with other rivulets and brooks, and is carried into the river sweeping into the great ocean and joining with her sister waters into one. So we when children and young people, we are carried with us are the influences our playmates and friends have upon us as the years bear us down the river of boy and maiden hood and we glide into the broad ocean of manhood and womanhood. The early training forms a part of the world's history. In mid-ocean the rough waves may dash us against the rocks, but by true and noble character we may overcome these; and as we near the other shore may the waters be calm and peaceful and may we sail safely into the harbor of eternity.

ELMER KAY'S "CLASS HISTORY"

Was one of the interesting papers of the evening. It was as follows:

CLASS HISTORY.

The class of '95 originally consisted of sixteen pupils, twelve girls and four boys, but it became necessary for Grace and Bertie Bomgardner, Lettie Lawrence and Oliver Thorp to withdraw from the school, thus leaving a balance of twelve graduates.

Norma Noble, being the baby of the grade, it would perhaps be well to begin with her. She was born in Indianola, Iowa, on the 16th of March, 1880. In 1883 her parents started for the west and in the fall of the same year, they arrived at their destination, the thriving little village of McCook.

The first time I remember seeing Norma, she was probably about four and a half years old, toddling around in short clothes and a sun bonnet. She has faithfully served as school librarian and also as secretary of the Wednesday Evening Club, and we feel that a great deal of our success in these things has been due to her energy and perseverance. After much hard study, she has at last reached the top, completing a twelve years course in a little over eight years.

Next comes Grace Waldo, our country school ma'am. Grace was born at DeWitt, Nebraska, on the 20th of August, 1876. She first attended school at Wilbur, Nebraska, and afterwards at McCook, where she has spent the last eight years of her life. Grace has had a great deal of experience in school work. She has taught one term of school, so we have always looked up to her for help and advice.

Marie Gibbons, another native of Nebraska, was born in Orleans in the spring of 1877, where she attended school until about a year ago, when she came to us. Marie is a comparative new comer, so we cannot give you

much of her history, except that she has made quite a reputation in the grade, as a Latin scholar.

Ona Belle Simons was born on the 29th day of April, 1875, in Greenfield, Missouri. She attended school first at Grinnell, Iowa, and also at Omaha, Nebraska, but the last four or five years of her school work was accomplished here. I think Ona is the only one of us who is from Missouri, still she can read and write to a certain extent.

Clara Belle Purvis was born at Sullivan, Illinois, where she first attended school. She then moved to Atwood and Blakeman, and has been with us for the past three years and has always stood among the first in the class.

Kunco Goheen, another of our new pupils, was born in Glenwood, Iowa, in 1877, where she attended school until last September, when she joined our class. She has been a faithful worker and was well liked by everyone.

Lydia Jeanette Cooley, one of our oldest and most esteemed schoolmates, was born in Graton, Nebraska, on the 23rd of January, 1875. She has attended school in McCook at different times for about eight years.

Adie Amelia Hanlen, the writer of the grade, was born in Illinois, in 1873, and has attended school at Gilman, Chicago, and Lincoln, Nebraska. Adie has been with us for nearly two years, and up to the last two weeks has shown one of the most even tempers.

Arthur Douglas was born in Ogden, Utah, on December 5th, 1874, and has attended school at Ogden, Clear Creek and Holyoke, Colorado, but has been in McCook for the past seven years. Arthur has lived in Ogden, Utah; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Escudora, Nevada; Holyoke and Clear Creek, Colorado, and Butte City, Silver Bow and Helena, Montana.

He has been very much interested in flowers and plants of all kinds, and was exceptionally good in Botany. He has at different times held several offices in the school.

Charles Elliott McManigal was born on the 2nd of November, 1876, at Beaver Crossing, Nebraska. He is also quite a traveler, if you count the miles he has covered between McCook and Indianola, in the past year. Charles has been with us for a long time and has distinguished himself in many ways.

Such is the past history of this class; what the future has in store or what will make of the opportunities which lie before them, each must for himself decide. We are sculptors before whom is placed his own block of marble. How shall it be hewn?

MISS PURVIS' "VALEDICTORY"

Was a thoughtful paper and characteristic, as the following:

VALEDICTORY.

It is hard for us who are concerned in this exercise tonight to realize that it is the last time we shall come together as a class of the Public School.

We remember in our earlier school days to have thought of this as the event which should release us from further effort with our books and leave us free for such undertakings as should seem most fitted for us in our new life. We did not recognize in the discipline of the school-room the hand of the benefactor leading us through the difficult beginning of life's school, and perhaps with some of us there was a blame to be attached to this blindness for our lots were cast in the less pleasant departments of the Public School. But even while we grew discouraged with our surroundings, the events were taking place in our lives which should finally bring us together here as a class and make us forget that school life for us had ever existed elsewhere. We have gained much from each other in the companionship which, in one sense, closes to-night. We have grown to feel a pride and interest in whatever is undertaken by our friends. We have learned to see and to admire the traits in others which are foreign to ourselves. From each individual of the class we have learned something of the capabilities of each and how best to aid one another in our work.

Emerson said, "Our chief want in life is someone who will make us do what we can, this is the service of a friend." and in this sense of the word we have been friends. In our daily intercourse with one another we must be either a help or a hindrance. The class of '95 likes to believe that, with all its other mistakes, in this respect, at least, it has not failed.

We may become so widely parted from our school friends that, we shall not know "What are their several fates, by Heaven decreed." But the mention of these names must always recall our interest in their success.

To the School Board we owe much for the position we occupy, knowing full well that without your kindness and forethought in providing for our welfare, in the past, we could not have accomplished the tasks assigned to us.

Our teachers, who have labored so kindly and so patiently with us can never be fully expressed. They have made us feel that effort of each individual was not that of one among a hundred but of one alone whose success was their own care. For them our places can be easily refilled by others perhaps more worthy of their regard, but with our departure from school we are compelled to relinquish claims which can never be replaced.

To our friends who have yet before them many happy months of school, we extend our farewell greeting with the selfish hope that our presence may not be soon and entirely forgotten. We shall take away with us pleasant recollections of your industry in the school room and your ability to believe that "He who wants to know must want to learn."

And now classmates, though tonight we part from one another, let us feel that our farewell may not have in it the sadness of a final separation but only a gentle regret for "The days that are no more."

DR. KAY'S SPEECH.

In awarding the diplomas, would make interesting and instructive reading, but the doctor's modesty precludes the possibility of our securing his manuscript. It was a comprehensive document, too.

CO. SUPT. BAYSTON

Spoke briefly in a congratulatory strain of our excellent public schools and of the thorough work the teachers are doing, hoping that a large portion of the graduates might find their way into the schools of the county.

SUPT. VALENTINE

Then made a few appropriate remarks—his talks are always interesting—the choir sang, Rev. Preston pronounced the benediction, and the audience swarmed up around the stage to offer their

CONGRATULATIONS

To the pretty girls in white dresses and the brave boys in evening attire, who had acquitted themselves so handsomely, and in whom all exhibited distinct pride. And thus closed perhaps the most auspicious commencement in the history of the McCook public school. An event of distinct credit and an occasion for congratulation to all parties concerned, graduates, teachers, school board, all. It was a source of pride to the community whose interest is perennial.

A FELICITOUS RECEPTION.

The reception tendered the graduates of '95 by the members of the Eleventh grade, Monday evening, at the residence of E. H. Doan, was in all respects a very charming affair. Dainty and toothsome refreshments were served, and a rare social season enjoyed. The occasion was of credit to the Eleventh grade, and those who helped to make the reception the happy success it was.

A LAWN PARTY.

On Tuesday evening, the graduates enjoyed a delightful lawn party at the home of Mrs. Uter—the Edwards residence, corner of Madison and Dodge streets. Refreshments were also served on this occasion, while the social intercourse was of the jovial, free sort one might expect from young people who have just laid aside the dull cares of school life under such favorable and inspiring auspices.