

F. M. KIMMELL,

McCOOK, NEB.

Printer

AND

Stationer.

PUBLISHER OF AND DEALER IN

Legal Blanks

Note Books,

Receipt Books,

Scale Books.

DEALER IN

Office Supplies

AND

STATIONERY

OF ALL KINDS.

TRIBUNE OFFICE,

FIRST DOOR NORTH OF THE POSTOFFICE.

McCOOK, - NEBRASKA.

PROSPECT PARK.

J. Pickrell is quite sick with the grip.

Nearly everyone is busy now getting out wood.

Rev. J. M. Bell preached to an audience of 8, Sunday.

J. H. Wade and wife visited at L. C. Caldwell's, Sunday.

J. M. Hammond and wife and little one visited at R. M. Wade's Monday.

Charles Boatman and wife visited relatives north of McCook, Sunday.

W. A. Holbrook and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Darlington, Sunday.

Miss Hattie Bunnell spent Saturday and Saturday night with Mrs. J. H. Wade.

Andrew Anderson and wife drove over into Kansas, Saturday, on a visit to friends.

R. M. Wade carries a black eye as a result of a slight misunderstanding with a stick of wood.

Mr. and Mrs. James Boatman and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Boatman ate Christmas dinner at L. A. Stephens'.

Clifford Dunham and Miss Mattie Shears attended the Christmas entertainment at the Dodge school house, Christmas eve.

The Christmas tree and entertainment at the Prospect Park school house on Christmas night was a decided success. The program which was quite lengthy, was well rendered, the tree was very nicely decorated, the house was filled to overflowing with an appreciating audience. Taken altogether it was a very enjoyable affair.

Apple Butter Like Grandmother's. The first thing to do is to secure some good, sweet cider (apple cider) and boil it half away. This should be done the day before you expect to begin with the apples. I use a porcelain lined kettle that holds five gallons. Boil it half away and let it remain in the kettle overnight on the back of the stove. The advantage of this is it is warm and will begin cooking earlier. As soon as possible the next morning I begin and prepare the apples as for sauce and put into the cider all it will hold. Fill the pot full to the top, and as it cooks soft keep putting in more apples to keep the kettle full until it is quite thick and let cook slowly and stir very often, as it will burn very readily if it is over too hot a fire. It needs to be cooked a long time. I never finish mine in one day; simply move it back on the stove where it will not cook, but keep warm overnight. When it is done, it will be cooked away considerably and thick and dark like a jam or marmalade. Do not sweeten until nearly done, as it burns more quickly, and by cooking away as it does it might be too sweet. Use white sugar and sweeten to taste. I use no spices, as I consider they spoil the flavor of the cider and apples. If they are used, they should be of the very best and carefully added. This recipe keeps perfectly without being put up airtight. I put it in stone jars and tie a cloth over it merely to keep out dust.—Practical Farmer.

An Old Dog. It is interesting to study the eccentricities of animals. Their freaks and fancies seem to make them almost human. A dear old collie who has been indulged in all sorts of ridiculous whims has recently taken upon himself to resent the habit of his master and mistress in sitting up late. When the dog considers that it is bedtime, he becomes restless and wanders about the room, looking ruefully at the offenders as much as to say, "Aren't you ever going to take your departure up stairs?" When he becomes convinced that his mute appeals are unheeded, he walks slowly to his accustomed corner and with a deep grunt of dissatisfaction settles himself ostensibly for the night. The funniest part of this performance is that he never spends the night in that corner, but the moment the lights are out and he feels sure of not being driven down stairs where he belongs he takes up his quarters at the top of the stairs leading to his master's bedroom. This same dog has as keen an appreciation of good cake as any human epicure. The wag of his tail when pound cake is given to him and the refusal of that tail to wag when sponge cake is offered tell the story as plainly as words.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Salute Your Wife. Men do not take off their hats to each other. They nod. Many married women complain of their husbands' incivility in neglecting to treat them with the same politeness they show to their friends. Let all married men remember that marriage does not exempt them from raising their hats both at meeting and saying goodbye to their wives. This oversight has often been the cause of a spirit of rebellion in the young wife, who sees in it a reason for fancying that her husband has ceased to care for her or only regards her as a belonging to whom any of the civilities of life are unnecessary because she is his. In the same way a wife should foster all those pretty little ways of making him feel that he is still her Prince Charming. Love is so often kept alive by these outward observances that are the harbingers of refinement that it behooves all to practice them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Grant's Crude Breakfast. It was just before the battle of the Wilderness. The members of the headquarters mess assembled to partake of a hasty breakfast. The general made rather a singular meal preparatory to so exhausting a day as that which was to follow. He took a cucumber, sliced it, poured some vinegar over it and partook of nothing else except a cup of strong coffee. The first thing he did after rising from the table was to call for a fresh supply of cigars. His colored servant Bill brought him two dozen. After lighting one of them he filled his pockets with the rest. He then went over to the knoll and began to walk back and forth slowly upon the cleared portion of the ridge.—General Horace Porter in Century.

Parishioner—Doctor, what is the exact nature of the union between the soul and the body?

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—My dear brother, there are some mysteries I have never attempted to penetrate. But I have a young friend, the Rev. O. Howe Wise, a recent graduate of our theological seminary, who is writing a sermon on that very subject and will deliver it one week from next Sunday. Don't fail to go and hear him.—Chicago Tribune.

The Osprey.

In the highlands of Scotland at the present time the osprey usually makes its nest in the flat top of a pine tree, but formerly it just as frequently selected a battlement or a chimney of some ruin, generally on an island. The nest is a pile of sticks as much as four feet high and as many broad—the accumulation of many years—intermixed with turf and other vegetable matter, lined with finer twigs and finally with grass, much of it often green.

Suspicious. Fuddy—So Kommuter wants to sell his place out in Switchville?

Duddy—That cannot be. He is forever cracking it up and telling everybody what a beautiful place it is.

Fuddy—Yes; that is the reason why I know he wants to dispose of it.—Boston Transcript.

The witch hazel in all parts of Great Britain is considered as a magic plant. In many local traditions it is alluded to as playing a part in charms and incantations.

Royal Phrasemaking. Phrasemaking two or three generations ago played an important part in French politics. Louis XIV had a literary prompter who used to prime him with phrases and plan for him scenes such as would excite the people's admiration. "Your majesty will soon be going to the races," said this prompter one day. "You will find a notary entering the bets of two princes of the blood. When you see him, sire, make the remark: 'What is the use of this man? Ought there to be written contracts between gentlemen? Their word should be enough.'"

The scene came off—the prompter saw to that—and the courtiers exclaimed: "What a happy thought! How kingly! That is his style."

Another scene, more likely to impress the populace, was planned by this prompter. A sledging pleasure party was arranged for the king. Just as it was about to start several carts passed by, carrying wood to the poor of Paris. "These are my sledges," said Louis, pointing to the loaded carts, and he declined to join the party.

Talleyrand coined for Louis XVIII the remark which he was reported to have used on the day he entered Paris: "There is nothing changed; only a Frenchman the more in Paris."

As a matter of fact, the king did not trouble himself to utter the phrase, but Talleyrand inserted it in the journals of the day that the people might flatter themselves that their king had forgotten the past, and consequently there would be no change.

Perhaps the most striking phrase uttered by a modern king was spoken by King Humbert a few years ago, when the cholera was raging in Naples. He had been invited by the municipality of Genoa to a banquet, which he declined in these words:

"Men are feasting at Genoa; men are dying at Naples. I go to Naples."—Youth's Companion.

Worth More Dead. Sir Wemyss Reid tells a story redolent of a grim shrewdness characteristic of canny Novocastrians. "There was a worthy, long since forgotten, in my time who was a prototype of Rogue Riderhood in 'Our Mutual Friend.' He was known as Cuckoo Jack, and he lived upon the Tyne in a well patched old boat, picking up any trifles that came his way from a derelict to a corpse. One day an elderly and most estimable Quaker of Newcastle, in stepping from a river steambot to the quay, slipped and fell into the stream. Cuckoo Jack was at hand with his boat and quickly rescued the luckless Friend and landed him dripping on the quay. The good man drew half a crown from his pocket and solemnly handed it to his preserver. Jack eyed the coin for a moment with a 'lack luster' gaze, spat upon it solemnly 'for luck' and, having placed it safely in his pocket, said in a matter-of-fact tone to the soaked Quaker, 'Man, ah'd hev gotten 5 shillin' for takin ye to the deadhouse.'"—London Telegraph.

The Lion Sermon. The annual "Lion sermon," preached in the Church of St. Katharine Cree, Leadenhall street, London, has been preached annually in the same church for 251 years. Its origin is due to one Sir John Gayer, a former lord mayor of London, who, traveling in a wild part of Asia far in advance of his attendants, suddenly found himself alone and face to face with a lion. Being a pious man, Sir John fell on his knees and prayed God to protect him in his hour of need. The prayer was answered, for on rising Sir John saw the animal walking away. Considering his escape miraculous, on his return to London Sir John set aside a fund from the interest of which gifts were to be purchased for distribution to the poor on each succeeding anniversary and a sermon be preached to tell future generations how God heard his prayer and delivered him from the mouth of the lion.

Benson and Tom Mann. A writer in Goodwill says that Tom Mann once accused the clergy of not sympathizing with the poor. Archbishop Benson, being of this, invited him to Lambeth. I taxed him with it. Going up to the bookshelf he took down a book and began reading. "This," said the archbishop, "is written by a clergyman. What do you think of it?" "Oh, that's all right," said Tom Mann. "Who wrote it?" "I did," said the archbishop, somewhat triumphantly, presenting him with the book. The book was "Christ and His Times," and the passage which the archbishop read was from the chapter on "Suffering Populations." Tom Mann often made use of the book at socialist meetings.

Birds' Calls. There are many birds of which the male and female have the same call, such as the raven, the rook, the New Zealand parson bird and the gull, and to the highly cultivated musical ear a difference in pitch may be perceived which would escape the ordinary observer. With the true songsters there is little difference in the vocal organs of the two sexes, although the males of most species sing better and more continuously than the females.

Not a Success. "Then Miss Newleigh didn't make a success as a platform speaker?" "Success? I should say not. Got knocked out on her very first speech."

"What was the matter?" "Lack of common sense. Had a big crowd of women out to hear her, but in two minutes she emptied the hall."

"How did she do it?" "Said she was glad to see so large a gathering of the plain people."—Scottish Nights.

Appropriate Attitude. He stood as if carved from stone. Those who know the circumstances manifested no surprise.

He had just been chiseled out of his rocks.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Kipling Portrait. He (McPhee) was never a racing engineer and took special pride in saying as much before the Liverpool men, but he had a knowledge of machinery and the humors of ships that he had worked 32 years to gain. One side of his face had been wrecked through the bursting of a pressure gauge in the days when men knew less about pressures than they do now, and his nose rose grandly out of the wreck like a club in a public riot. There were cuts and lumps on his head, and he would guide your forefinger through his short iron gray hair and tell you how he had come by his trademarks. He owned all sorts of certificates of extra competency, and at the bottom of his cabin chest of drawers, where he kept the photograph of his wife, were two or three Royal Humane society medals for saving lives at sea.

Professionally—it was different when crazy steerage passengers jumped overboard—professionally McPhee does not approve of saving life at sea, and he has often told me that a new hell is prepared for stokers and trimmers who sign for a strong man's pay and fall sick the second day out. He believes in throwing boots at fourth and fifth engineers when they wake him up at night with word that a bearing is redhot all because a lamp's glare is reflected red from the twirling metal. He believes that there are only two poets in the world, one being Robert Burns, of course, and the other Gerald Massey. When he has time for novels, he reads Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, chiefly the latter, and he knows whole pages of "Very Hard Cash" by heart. In the saloon his table was next to the captain's, and he drank only water all the while his engines worked.—Rudyard Kipling in McClure's.

Sparrows Play Ball. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, writing from New Orleans, says:

A party of English sparrows seemed to be having a gay time on the roof just outside my window. I usually throw crumbs for them there, and so have frequent visits from the little fellows. There were six in the crowd yesterday, and from their peculiar antics I gathered that they were having a game of some kind. Watching them minutely, I found this to be really the case. I had that morning dropped on the roof a small bit of rubber from the end of my pencil, and this the birds had found and were using as a ball for a curious game of pitch and toss.

Of course I could not discover the run of the game very clearly, but they were evidently playing according to rule. Five of the birds occupied bases, and the little ball was tossed about the miniature diamond at a lively rate. Now and then the little fellows would chatter and chirp and change places, and the sixth bird, who sat perched on a chimney top overlooking the sport, was evidently the umpire, for once or twice, if there were more chattering and chirping than usual, he would hop down and peck at the heads of the players till peace was restored and the game resumed.

The Russian Crown. The crown used by the Russian czar resembles the dome formed patriarchal miter, which was a favorite shape among the Byzantines. Upon the summit appears a cross formed of five beautiful diamonds, which is also supported by a large spinel ruby, polished, but not faceted. This ruby and cross are supported by a foliated arch composed of 11 great diamonds and rising from the back and front of the base of the crown. On either side of this central arch is attached a hoop formed of 38 large and perfect pearls. The spaces on either side of these arches are filled with leafwork and ornaments in silver, incrustated with diamonds, underlaid with the richest purple velvet. The band which forms the base of the crown is of gold and is ornamented with 28 magnificent diamonds.

Why He Felt Bad. "Good morning, Jasper! I am very sorry to hear of your domestic trouble." "What's sorter trouble dat, sah?" "Why, I mean the trouble in your home affairs. I am told that your wife has run away from you. Is it a fact?" "Deed, it ar, sah!" "Of course you feel very bad about it?" "Yaas, sir. De way de marter stan at de present time, sah, I feels mighty bad."

"At the present time? What do you mean by that?" "I mean, sah, dat she hain' had time yit ter go fur 'nough ter make do ole man feel sho' dat she hain' comin back."—Richmond Dispatch.

Foolish Trouble. "I see that a young wife has been arrested for putting paris green into a pie which she had made for her husband."

"Yes, I noticed it. It was very foolish of a young wife to use paris green if she wanted to get rid of her husband."

"Why?" "The pie itself ought to have been sufficient."—London Quiver.

Not a Great Risk. Clara—We've had a terrible fight, and it's all broken off. Maude—Do you think there is any hope of a reconciliation? "Oh, yes! I am so confident that I have sent back all his presents."—London Fun.

Sharp. The girl with a positive genius for getting things wrong was trying to describe a beautiful mouth. "Oh, such a pretty mouth!" she cried. "Shaped exactly like Cupid's arrow, you know!"—Philadelphia Press.

Keeping Patent Leathers Pretty. Patent leather shoes should be rubbed to the shape of the foot with the hand, and they will not then be so liable to wrinkle and crack when wearing. White of egg rubbed on them will restore their gloss.

\$250,000 To Be Given Away this year in valuable articles to smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco. You will find one coupon inside each 2-ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4-ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share.

Do Not Stop Tobacco! How to Cure Yourself While Using It. The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is to sever a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Bacco-Curo" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Bacco-Curo." It will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case, with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent. interest. "Bacco-Curo" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke. Cured by Bacco-Curo and Gained Thirty Pounds.

Comfort to California. Every Thursday afternoon, a tourist sleeping car for Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route. It is carpeted, upholstered in rattan, has spring seats and backs and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels, soap, etc. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed Pullman porter accompany it through to the Pacific coast. While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth, wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.00. For a folder giving full particulars, call at the nearest B. & M. R. R. ticket office, or write to J. Francis, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers. The famous little pills. Soothing, and not irritating, strengthening, and not weakening, small but effective—such are the qualities of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. A. McMillen, Druggist.

Wanted—An Idea. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

FREE EDUCATION. An education at Harvard, Yale, or any other college or institution of learning in the United States, or in the New England Conservatory of Music, can be secured by any young man or woman who is in earnest. Write for particulars quickly. JAMES D. HALL, 36 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Farmer's Sons. We will employ you at \$50 per month. Write quickly. PURITAN PUBLISHING CO., 36 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

FARINGTON POWER, LAWYER. Practice in all the courts. Collections. Notary Public. Upstairs in the Spearman building, McCook, Nebraska.

JOHN E. KELLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. McCook, Nebraska. Agent of Lincoln Land Co. Office—Rear of First National bank.

J. B. BALLARD, DENTIST. All dental work done at our office is guaranteed to be first-class. We do all kinds of Crown, Bridge and Plate Work. Drs. Smith & Bellamy, assistants.

MRS. E. E. UTTER, MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR. Piano, Organ, Guitar and Banjo VOICE TRAINING A SPECIALTY. Studio—Rear of C. L. DeGroot & Co.

W. V. GAGE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. McCook, Nebraska. Office hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Rooms—Over the First National bank. Night calls answered at the office.

J. A. GUNN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. McCook, Nebraska. Office—Over C. A. Leach's jewelry store. Residence—701 Main street. Prompt attention given to all calls.

ANDREW CARSON, Proprietor of the...

SUNNY SIDE DAIRY. We respectfully solicit your business, and guarantee pure milk, full measure, and prompt, courteous service.

JULIUS KUNERT, Carpet Laying, Carpet Cleaning. I am still doing carpet laying, carpet cleaning lawn cutting and similar work. See or write me before giving such work. My charges are very reasonable. Leave orders at TRIBUNE office. JULIUS KUNERT.

J. S. McBRAYER, PROPRIETOR OF THE McCook Transfer Line. BUS, BAGGAGE AND EXPRESS. Only furniture van in the city. Also have a first class house moving outfit. Leave orders for bus calls at Commercial hotel or at office opposite the depot. Chase Co. Land and Live Stock Co.

Horses branded on left hip or left shoulder. P. O. address Imperial Chase county, and Beatrice, Nebraska. Range, Stinking Water and the Frenchman creeks, in Chase county, Nebraska. Brand as cut on side of some animals, on hip and sides of some, or any where on the animal.

R-I-P-A-N-S The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity. ONE GIVES RELIEF. JULIUS KUNERT, Carpet Laying, Carpet Cleaning.