

The McCook Tribune.

FIFTEENTH YEAR.

McCOOK, RED WILLOW COUNTY, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1897.

NUMBER 43

An Old Settler's Story.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]
With blanched faces Mr. and Mrs. Bailey gathered their family and with Jack's assistance soon joined the scattered settlers who were hurrying to this ranch. As he mounted his horse to accompany them, he thought of a poor widow who lived near him and fearing she had not been warned, assuring his friends he would soon be with them, galloped across the prairie to Mrs. Jones' dugout. Seeing wheel tracks in front of her door and evidence of hasty flight, he knew some kindly person had conducted her to a place of safety. Not realizing danger, hardly aware of its possibility Jack turned and rode leisurely towards the appointed rendezvous. He was feeling more cheerful, for he thought he could soon perfect his arrangements to bring his Mary to their home.

The sun, so very, very like blood, was nearing the horizon—it was so still! There seemed something ominous in this deathly quiet.—O, Jack! Ride hard and ride fast! There is something deadly coming up the canon! Ride as you never rode before, Jack! For the sake of that girl waiting in old Kentucky, get past the head of the canon, before they make the turn!

O, merciful God, too late! too late! They see him silhouetted against the red sky and are upon him—those cruel savages! O, night, come with your friendly curtain of darkness and hide their murderous work! O, stars, pityingly watch over that poor, dead body!

The October sun shed a golden light over the landscape, mellowing and bringing out the harmonious blending of the red, yellow and mottled of the oak, beech and maple. Here and there along the large stream, stood a giant sycamore, with its huge white arms towering aloft. Upon the higher ground, the tops of the trees and of the stately mansion were gilded by its setting rays, and a spirit of repose rested over that fair Kentucky land.

Mary Graham and her cousin Nettie walked under the grand old trees, arm in arm, confiding each in the other all her girlish experiences. After earnestly talking for a long time, they wandered along in sympathetic silence, until Nettie, looking upward, repeated softly,

"For, from us, ere the day was done, The wooded hills shut out the sun; But on the river's further side, We saw the hill tops glorified".

"Isn't it beautiful, Mary?" she said pointing to the lovely view.

Mary did not reply, but with a start turned towards the West, where she gazed with dilated eyes.

"What is it, Mary?—What frightens you?"

"O, Nettie!" she exclaimed, trembling and clinging to her cousin, "I heard Jack calling me!"

"No, no, dear.—Speaking of him as we have this afternoon, has unnerved you. Come, let's go home".

"O, Nettie, something has happened to Jack!"

Nettie spoke soothingly and they, together, passed from the shadow of the trees into the softened light,—a dream of day without its glare".

Mary Graham loved Jack Porter with all the intensity of a nature which loves once and always,—yet, it was the old story—a rich man's daughter loved a poor man's son. Pride of wealth would brook no leveling process which could make refinement, moral worth and fine intellect an equivalent for gold. Mary appreciated the intrinsic value of her "plebian lover", as her haughty sister disdainfully called him, and with a will as firm as that of her stern father, accepted the alternative he placed before her,—poverty with Jack Porter or wealth without him. When he left to make a home in the West, she informed the family of her intentions and demanded that Jack's name should never be mentioned. That was three years back; time was passing and he would come soon now. And she and Nettie roamed through the woods during these rare days,—rode and roamed—and waited. Returning from a ride one day, they sat on the verandah, when an old neighbor drove up. Very stately he looked, as he came striding up the walk; he loved a "dish of gossip" and the girls were always amused at his pompous way of telling news. As he accepted with courtesy grace and flourish the chair which Mary placed for him, he said,

"Well, young ladies, the weather invited—inclination prompted—opportunity offered—fate was propitious—and I am—here".

"Yes, sir", said Mary, "I hope you will find it pleasant".

"Ah, Miss Mary! Pleasure and sadness go hand in hand,—joy and sorrow,—happiness and misery. There is a Rachel weeping, this day, because her boy is not".

There was that in his manner which

suggested more than his words indicated, and Mary turned apprehensively towards him, when Nettie asked, "Who is it, Mr. Swinton? Any one we know?"

"I am not aware of the fact of your acquaintance with the mother, Miss Nettie,—probably Miss Mary has seen her".

At that moment Mr. Graham came out, and after the usual formal salutations, asked the news.

"I was on the point of communicating to the young ladies the intelligence that an overwhelming sorrow has come to the widow of my old friend, Henry Porter".

"Ah"—and Mr. Graham glanced quickly at Mary.

"Yes,—their son, John Henry,—a fine young man—went west a few years ago and word has been received that he was killed by the Indians and his body sent home for interment".

"Ah!" and Mr. Graham thought a girl's love soon wore itself out, as Mary seemed unmoved.

"O, Mr. Swinton!" exclaimed Nettie. Mary sat quietly, turning her wondering eyes to great, fleecy clouds, which, piled high, shaped into strange forms and changed again and again as she looked. That haystack, seen through the vista of variegated trees and yellowed by the golden sun added to the picturesque view. How very still! Sounds floated up from every direction. Out on the turnpike a buggy was passing;—now it crossed the bridge,—gay young voices reached them. She and Jack used to drive that way John—Henry—killed! A majestic peafowl came in sight across the lawn. She wished it would spread its gorgeous feathers to their full extent; they would match the autumn leaves;—John—Henry—! She had felt stunned;—now an iron brand crushed her head. What did it all mean? John—Who? Jack was coming soon, now! Way over in the fields the hands were busy, and the sharp stroke of the corn-knife and the rustling of the cornstalks blended with the jest and song. They were happy. They did not know about that Rachel weeping. The crickets chirped noisily; one note, continuously high and strident, heard above all the others, sounded like the wailing of a lost soul. Was any one lost?—Whose son was—? Jack was coming! Something clutched at her heart—Killed?—Down at the quarters Aunt Betty's plaintive, quavering, old voice was singing,—"Why do we mourn departed friends". What was it Mr. Swinton told? Why was Nettie sobbing? John—Henry; she always addressed his letters J. H. Porter.

"O", she moaned, "it is Jack!" and as she uttered a wail of anguish which her father never forgot to his dying day, he caught her as she fell.

They bore her to her room, where she lay with wide open eyes, murmuring, "I'll be true, Jack, I'll be true!"

"No hopes", was the report of the physician, "the shock was too great";—and the stern father and haughty sister softened and grew tender as the girl day after day and night after night struggled in delirium and then lay weak and worn begging to be put by the side of Jack. "Bury me by Jack", she pleaded, but the father's pride would not yield, and the pleader turned piteously to the brother. "Yes, little sister, it shall be as you wish";—then she turned her cheek to the pillow and passed out of life.

In the midst of the old church yard, a splendid marble shaft rose high above all others and a handsome iron railing enclosed the Graham burial lot. Here lay the mother,—and then the father, and in time, one after another the sons and daughters took their places amid as rich surroundings as was theirs during life. Over to one side, in the older part of "God's Acre", a common wooden fence shut in a few modest mounds, covered with a mass of dark, green myrtle, which reached over and made as one, two newer and later graves. On one plain slab was the name,

"JOHN HENRY PORTER".

The other of exquisite taste and beauty bore this inscription:

"MARY".

"I'll be true, Jack, I'll be true!"

Too Frail For Earth.

About two o'clock Monday morning Baby Barbazet, a frail flower of but a few days, was transplanted in the Father's garden to bloom in eternity. Brief services were conducted at the residence at four o'clock, Monday afternoon, by Rev. R. A. Russell of the Episcopal church, after which the little remains were laid away in Longview cemetery. THE TRIBUNE joins in expressions of sympathy for the bereaved parents.

New line of men's and boys' caps just opened at THE FAMOUS.

Wall Paper—4 cents a roll. L. W. McCONNELL & Co.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

DR. W. V. GAGE visited friends in Alliance, this week.

REGISTER CAMPBELL was a Hastings visitor, Wednesday.

MRS. S. L. MOENCH visited her parents in Orleans, this week.

J. T. BULLARD was down from Palestine, Wednesday morning.

OTIS BOONE of the South Side visited friends at Holbrook, last week.

MRS. L. H. ROONEY returned home, Sunday night, from her visit in Kansas City.

A. C. MARSH is able to be about now after a severe tussle of about two weeks with the grip.

GEORGE HOCKNELL arrived home, Wednesday morning, from his business trip to California.

CAPTAIN R. O. PHILLIPS was up from Lincoln, Monday, on land, water-works and ditch business.

MRS. J. W. WRAY and Miss Dot Davenport of Culbertson were guests of McCook friends, yesterday.

PERRY STONE has gone to work for C. T. Brewer and Emil Levering has taken a position in Andrew Carson's shop.

MRS. HENRY PENNER and the children joined him in Omaha, Sunday. He has secured work in the state's metropolis.

COMMISSIONER BOLLES was in Lincoln the first of the week, on county business and to take in the legislature incidentally.

MRS. M. J. ABBOTT and daughter of Hayes Center were the guests of Mrs. S. P. Hart on the farm east of town, this week.

MISS AIMEE STRASSER left, Wednesday morning, for New York city, where she will make her future home. Many well wishes accompany her.

JAMES MUNSON and bride visited in the city, last Friday, guests of his sister, Mrs. H. P. Sutton. They were east-bound from Grand Junction, Colorado, where they were married on March 3d.

MR. AND MRS. FRED S. HARRIS, of Omaha, formerly of our city, visited Alliance friends and relatives, recently, and were most charmingly entertained in a number of luncheons by the society people of that city.

MRS. S. S. FREDERICK came up from Holbrook, last Thursday night, on a visit to her parents and brother J. A. Hammond, deputy county clerk, whose guest she was. She has largely recovered from her recent serious illness.

DR. Z. L. KAY arrived home, last Thursday night, from his visit in Joplin, Missouri, to his son Elmer, who has been appointed chief clerk of the Chicago branch of the smelting company he is employed by, at an increased salary. Elmer is coming to the front, and his services are highly esteemed by his company.

Vindicate Miss Miller.

The following affidavits will fully explain themselves, and are herewith submitted verbatim by request:

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, Nebraska, ss: A. J. Washburn, being first duly sworn, deposes and says that any and all reports connecting the name of Mary Miller with the charge of adultery with me are absolutely untrue and false and that there is no ground for such reports. That she never met me by appointment at any time since she left my employ at my house. That she at no time agreed to elope with me and at no time have I received letters from her upon the subject of elopement or any other subject. A. J. WASHBURN. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1897. H. H. BERRY, Justice of the Peace.

State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss: Jane A. Washburn, being by me first duly sworn, deposes and says, that she has investigated the report of adultery against Mary Miller with A. J. Washburn and finds there was no just grounds for such report and should not have an alleged in my Bill of Divorce from A. J. Washburn. JANE A. WASHBURN. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 10th day of March, 1897. H. H. BERRY, Justice of the Peace.

Strayed-Reward. A half-grown cat, pure white. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to Mrs. Herman Pade.

Don't fail to see us before you buy or place any orders. THE FAMOUS.

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

BAPTIST—Regular services, Sunday morning, at 11. Bible school at 10 a. m. GEO. W. SHEAFOR, Pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10. Preaching at 11. Class at 12. Doors of the church will be open after the sermon. J. A. BADCON, Pastor.

GERMAN METHODIST—Regular services at 9 o'clock, every Sunday morning, in the South McCook Methodist church; services in German. REV. M. HERRMANN.

CONGREGATIONAL—Morning theme, "Living the Hero". Sermon followed by the Lord's Supper and reception of members. All are cordially invited. HART L. PRESTON, Pastor.

CATHOLIC—Mass at 8 o'clock a. m. High mass and sermon at 10:30, a. m., with choir. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially welcome. REV. J. W. HICKRY, Pastor.

SOUTH MCCOOK METHODIST—Sunday school at 10. Preaching at 11 and 8. Epworth League at 7. Prayer-meeting at 8, Wednesday. All are cordially invited. J. M. BELL, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Divine service second and fourth Sundays of every month at 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Lectures alternate Mondays at 7:30 p. m. S. A. POTTER, General Missionary. R. A. RUSSELL, Assistant.

SCHOOL NOTES. Erwin Hopt spent Sunday at his home near Bartley.

Tom McCarl was at the schools, Friday afternoon last.

Two new members entered the 8th grade, Monday.

Galett Miller was promoted from the 7th to the 8th grade, first of the week.

Revs. R. A. Russell and H. L. Preston talked to the pupils, Monday morning.

Ely Crockford, a former pupil, was visiting old time friends at the schools, Friday afternoon.

Ira Kennedy, who attended school here for a while, last year, began again, Monday, entering the 9th grade.

There was rather a small attendance at Friday evening's lantern class, owing to the non-arrival of a sufficient number and other attractions. As the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" collection did not arrive, a miscellaneous lot of our own slides was shown. The program finished with a reading by the superintendent. The above applies to the Saturday evening lantern class also.

Reduce the Salaries.

The question of reducing salaries of our school teachers is being mooted again. The condition of the school treasury is somewhat grave and a reduction of salaries or lessening of the school year seems to be imperative. THE TRIBUNE has for a number of years contended that a reasonable reduction should be made in the salaries of our teacher corps, especially among the better paid members. Not that the salaries are too high, but because the times and condition of the school treasury will not warrant paying the present schedule. We do not take second place for any one in pride in our public schools, but pride should give way to judgment, and judgment demands a reasonable reduction in the present salaries, and the cut ought to commence at the top. Reducing the length of the school year should be the last resort.

Returned the Visit.

Quite a number of Culbertson people came down, Tuesday night, to attend our revival services. Dr. Ringland, who has been conducting the services up there, accompanied them. These visits are encouraging and inspiring, tending to produce a better understanding and feeling between communities as well as individuals.

May be Less Saloons.

It is generally understood that Samuel Strasser will retire from the saloon business here when his present license expires, and it is rumored that Allen Clyde may not take out license another year. At any rate McCook may have on saloon less, next year, and possibly two. This fact will have its bearing on the school question.

Some 23 Culbertson friends attended the revival services here, Tuesday night.

The 400 mark has been passed and there is a strong start for 500 converts before the meetings close.

Wall Paper—4 cents a roll. L. W. McCONNELL & Co.

Paints and oils at McMillen's.

Municipal Economy.

There is an earnest demand for a more economical administration of our city affairs, and the idea should find practical expression in the coming caucus. It cannot be satisfactorily denied that the condition of our municipal finances is such as to require the greatest economy consistent with good government. Until times become better present salaries should be reduced, and it is our opinion that competent men for mayor and councilmen can be secured to perform the duties of those offices gratuitously, or nearly so, at least. The salaries of other employes and officers may be reduced as well. There is no sense in McCook continuing on the metropolitan plan of expense with a village income, and the sooner the business men and property owners of this city realize this cold, hard fact the better off we will all be. We hope this sensible view may crystallize into the nomination of men who will be willing to donate their services for the good of the city in these times of distress and depression. Burdens of taxation should and must be lightened. The way to resume is to resume. The way to lighten taxes is to reduce expenses.

Answered the Call.

A large and earnest company of McCook's young converts and others answered the call to "come over into Macedonia and help us" by driving up to Culbertson and helping Dr. Ringland in the revival services, last Saturday evening. The male quartette and many of our singers of the various churches were among the number. After services in which they were very helpful, the company returned home. The following young ladies and gentlemen composed the missionary band: Mabel Wilcox, Ona Simons, Edna Meserve, Addie and Maud Doan, Ida McCarl, Grace Sanborn, Myrtle Meyer, Mabel Jordan, Maude McMillen, Edith and Ethel Oyster, Minnie Rowell, Hattie Yarger, Edna Dixon, Nellie Gunn, Minnie Stillman, George Leach, Scott Doan, Rufus Carlton, Earl Ludwick, Ed Cann, Tom, Bert and Ray McCarl, Roy Smith, Ed Magee, Abner Clark, Bert Beyrer, Chas. Heber, George Mason, Chas. Northrup, Frank Henderson, Frank Traver, William McManigal. The only unpleasant incident was a slight smash-up, caused by Earl Ludwick and Charlie Northrup missing the traveled road in the dense darkness.

A Stiff Sentence.

Clarence Lackey and his cowardly compatriot in crime were tried before Judge Norris in Trenton, last week, for a murderous assault on and robbery of an innocent and inoffensive German farmer and wife up in Hitchcock county, not many months since. The toughs were convicted and Lackey drew fifteen years in state's prison, his associate getting thirteen. These are stiff sentences, but the murderous young rascals doubtless deserved every moment of the long time given them. If all classes and sorts of offenders were thus punished, if the punishment were always made to fit the crime, as in this case, there would be much more respect for law and courts, and perhaps less crime.

Lantern Class at 8 O'clock.

Tonight. Miscellaneous pictures and a fine musical programme. The illustrations to the Hoosier School-master promised for last week are reported as lost in shipment on one of their recent journeys—the management supposing them to be in McCook, when they had not yet been heard from.

Mrs. Foley is Improving.

A daughter was born to Conductor and Mrs. Tim Foley, Sunday night. The baby is doing nicely. For a while Mrs. Foley's life was serious menaced, but she is now improving, and her complete recovery is but a question of a little time, should no further complications arise.

On the Board of Insanity.

Dr. W. V. Gage has been appointed as physician on the board of insane commissioners by Judge G. W. Norris. The term is for two years, the appointee succeeding Dr. A. W. Hoyt. The doctor took his oath of office, Wednesday morning.

Card of Thanks.

We are most grateful to all the neighbors and friends for the many kindnesses shown and assistance rendered in our recent bereavement—the death of our infant son.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY BARBAZET.

Den of Arapahoe won the great shooting match at Arapahoe, this week.

Wall Paper 5 cents a roll at McMillen's.

PETITE PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

Staple stationery, best quality at lowest prices, at THE TRIBUNE office.

Wall Paper 4 cents a roll at McMILLEN'S.

Wall Paper—4 cents a roll. L. W. McCONNELL & Co.

Wall Paper 4 cents a roll at McMILLEN'S.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barbazet, Friday morning last.

Menard and Hornback are feeding 128 yearling steers for Clay, Robinson & Co.

Benkelman and Wray are both in mourning from that dread disease, scarlet fever.

See F. D. Burgess' closing out sale announcement of farming implements at less than cost.

L. Lowman has increased his shelving room to better display and accommodate his stock of goods.

The Holdrege Progress says: "Get right with God and then go and get right with the editor". Amen.

More new styles ready-made colored shirts received this week. Call and see them at THE FAMOUS.

Rev. R. A. Russell will conduct divine service at the Episcopal church, on Sunday next, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Some rumors are afloat that an anti-license city ticket will be placed in the field at the coming election, but we learn nothing definite about the matter.

As in the case of the Triplett brothers of near Bartley, it is possible to be twins and Triplets at the same time. Quite an unusual happenstance, however.

Before ordering shirts, either colored or white, see our line of samples. We make these to order at lowest prices. A good fit guaranteed. THE FAMOUS.

The Brigade band is preparing to give a concert, middle of April, that will be unusually excellent, the music to be rendered embraces a number of new, high graded selections.

Elsewhere in this issue appears the call for the Republican primary for the nomination of a city ticket. The date fixed is Monday evening, March 22d, at eight o'clock, in the city hall.

This week, Andrew Carson moved his dairy from his late farm, southwest of the city, to the William McManigal place adjoining West McCook, which gives him a more convenient and economical location.

W. N. Rogers of Shadeland stock farm reports an unusually stiff demand for thorough-breds. He says he is confident that he could sell a hundred animals if he had them in his Hereford herd to dispose of. Almost every day brings inquiries.

R. A. Metzner of McCook arrived in Alma, the first of the week, and will at once open a Racket store in the Mrs. Sweazy building. Mr. Metzner is having the room remodeled and will use the rear portion for living apartments—Alma Record.

Republican Caucus.

The Republican voters of the city of McCook are requested to meet at the city hall on Monday evening, March 22d, 1897, at 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating:

One candidate for mayor.

One candidate for city clerk.

One candidate for city treasurer.

One candidate for police judge.

One candidate for city engineer.

One candidate for alderman first ward.

One candidate for alderman second ward.

Two members of board of education.

To be voted for at the city election to be held April 6, 1897.

And to transact any other business that may come before the caucus.

C. W. BARNES,

H. H. BERRY,

C. G. COGLIZER,

M. E. HORNER,

Committeemen.

Hocknell's Were the Choicest.

The California Republican committee sent eighty boxes of oranges to the inaugural festivities. One box of especially choice ones was sent to President McKinley, and they were selected from the orange grove of President Hocknell of the First National bank of our city.