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SAVED BY A DREAM.

A THRICE REPEATED WARNING THAT WAS LUCKILY HEEDED.

How Two Men Narrowly Escaped Assassination in a Western Ontario Inn—The Reality Was a Perfect Reproduction of the Vision of the Brain.

Miss Mabel Wiloughby, writing in the Toronto Globe, relates this strange story: "Many years ago my great-uncle, a magistrate of Niagara district, had occasion, as he often had, to make a journey on horseback through some of the more unsettled parts of western Ontario. As those were the pioneer days, many parts of Ontario now thickly settled and prosperous communities were almost unbroken stretches of forest, intersected by roads, passable only by equestrians. The only places of public accommodation were small taverns or inns to be found at intervals of many miles along these trails or roads. My uncle and his father-in-law, who accompanied him, carried large sums of money with which to buy grain and cattle from the settlers.

"One afternoon, toward nightfall, as they were nearing the small inn where they intended stopping for the night, they heard the sound of horses' hoofs close behind them, and, turning in his saddle, my uncle saw that the strangers approaching him were a dark visaged pair of men whom he had noticed at the dinner table with him at the last hostelry. They, however, saluted my uncle and Mr. H., his father-in-law, in a very civil manner and returned the compliments of the hour.

"The party soon reached the inn, and, to my uncle's surprise, the two strangers trotted on past the only resting place there was for miles. But he concluded that they were hunters or settlers living farther on, and so for the time thought no more of it.

"Our two grain dealers took their supper and shortly afterward retired comfortably for the night. Not long after going to bed Mr. H., feeling thirsty, rose and went down to the barroom for a drink of water. (No laughter here. He was a local preacher and staunch adherent to the Methodist church.)

"On entering the bar he was greatly surprised to see stretched out on the wooden benches the guests of the dinner table and traveling companions of the early evening. However, he troubled very little about the matter, as he thought that they had been overtaken by night and turned back. On returning to the bedroom he found my uncle dozing, and so made no mention of the uncanny pair in the barroom, and in a few minutes fell asleep also.

"After a short sleep awoke and almost started out of bed, having had a most vivid and frightful dream, in which he saw one of those men advancing toward him with a dark lantern turned upon his face and a drawn knife in his hand. But, finding the room perfectly quiet, uncle persuaded himself that his dream was the result of some slight apprehension he had had concerning the two men, and so fell asleep again, but only to have the horrible vision repeated.

"He began to feel that the dream, so vivid and persistent, might have the nature of a presentiment, so put his hand under the pillow to see that his pistols which he carried were safe. But as everything continued perfectly still he allowed himself to fall into a light doze, which was again interrupted by the same dream, like a midnight specter.

"Now thoroughly alarmed and feeling that his dream was sent as a warning, he roused the old gentleman by his side and told him of it. Mr. H. then told him of the men in the barroom. This increasing their apprehension, the two men decided to watch by turns, Mr. H. taking the first watch. Not five minutes had elapsed before a footstep just outside their door caught the ear of both men.

A FEARLESS CONVICT.

STEADMAN'S DARING ESCAPE FROM SAN QUENTIN PRISON.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases of Jail Breaking on Record—Accomplished by a Feat Which Almost Bordered on the Miraculous.

It is one thing to catch a thief and it is another thing to hold him. During a meeting of the chiefs of police of all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, which occurred at Milwaukee, there were reminiscences of remarkable captures and of escapes which bordered closely upon the miraculous.

"The most remarkable escape from prison that I can recall," said William A. Pinkerton, "was that of Frank Steadman from the San Quentin prison. But I'll not tell you about it, for here is John Glass, who caught Steadman and sent him back to San Quentin."

Chief Glass pinched the brown imperial on his under lip reflectively for a moment before he responded to the looks of inquiry bent upon him by those not familiar with the story.

"The escape to which you refer, Pinkerton, was made after I sent Steadman to San Quentin and not before. I was not the fortunate one to get him after that last wonderful break. And to tell the truth, I have never taken to myself much credit for taking him the time I did, for it was to a considerable degree a matter of good fortune. You see, we were just at that time keeping our eyes open for a bank robber by the name of Barnes, who had gone into one of the banks out there covered the one man who happened to be alone in the place at the time, locked him up in the vault, and then coolly walked out of the bank and out of sight with all the funds he could get his hands on.

"One day a man answering closely the description we had of Barnes stepped off the train at Los Angeles. We took him in tow at once, but found we did not have the bird we were after. However, we managed to hold him long enough to find out that he was Frank Steadman, who had become notorious even at that time as a successful jail breaker. He had four or five escapes from prison in southern Indiana credited to him, had got away from Joliet and had still seven years to do at the Illinois prison; had also been at San Quentin, and had escaped from there with five years unfinished.

"Steadman was a machinist by profession, and a burglar by inclination. When he was sent back to San Quentin to finish his time, he was put to work with other convicts in the engine room. It was here that an idea came into his brain that for absolute daring and fearlessness was typical of the man. He had noticed that every evening at the time the men working in the engine room were lined up to be marched away, the machinery was stopped at exactly the same moment. He had observed as well that a window leading to an adjacent roof was not far from the top of the big driving belt of the engine. From that roof it was possible to reach the outer wall of the prison. Beyond the wall was freedom. He had escaped so many times that his mind reverted again and again to the window high up on the wall of the engine room. Apparently it was beyond all possibility of being reached. No ladder was to be obtained. Had such a thing been even standing in place against the wall, to break from the line and scale it with catlike dexterity, although the work of but a few seconds, he well knew would be futile, possibly fatal. Bullets travel faster than legs, and the guards were not bad shots. But desperate deeds demand desperate means. Some minds may work with an ingenuity born of despair, but Steadman's was of a different caliber. His plans were the outgrowth of steadfast optimism.

"One day there came to him as if by inspiration the thought that the big belt might be the means of carrying him to his goal. He found that it was impossible to count the revolutions of the driving wheel, but there were lacings in the broad belt, which he was able to distinguish as a sort of blur as it passed a given point. For days and days he counted, and in his cell at night he spent his time in calculations. He discovered the exact number of revolutions the wheel made per minute. He learned also by constant observation just how many times the belt went round after the engine was shut down.

"One evening, when the line had been formed as usual at the close of the day's work and as the big wheel began to lose its momentum, suddenly a convict sprang from the line, leaped to the belt, with outstretched arms grappling both edges of the broad leather. He had calculated well the strength that would be required, for the terrific wrench did not loosen his grasp. Outward and upward he swung until he reached the topmost point of the circumference. The nicety of his calculation had reaped its reward. The belt stopped. He leaped to his feet, sprang through the window and was gone before convicts or guards had recovered from their astonishment. He caught up a guard's coat and hat, dropped from the wall and got away in the dusk of the evening. I am inclined to believe that as a mathematical proposition that was about as perfect a piece of work as any man ever accomplished."

"And did he get away without recapture?" some one asked.

"No, I am almost sorry to say, he did not," answered the Los Angeles chief, "for that ought by rights to be the denouement of such a story, which combines so much of daring and cleverness. Steadman was taken again in a short time and put to work at his old job. There are bars over that high window above the big drive belt now. Not long after this Steadman cut and nearly killed one of the other convicts and is now serving out an additional sentence for attempted murder at the Folsom prison, which is situated some 28 miles from Sacramento." Chicago Inter Ocean.

HE IS A RAT DRIVER.

LUMINOUS PAINT SUCCEEDS WHERE BELLS, TAR AND TRAPS FAILED.

A Man Who Makes Good Money Clearing Warehouses and Other Concerns Around New York of Troublesome Rodents—Began the Business in Stockholm.

Haibtues of Riverside drive, between Seventy-fifth and Eightieth streets, on very sunny days have noticed a middle aged man carrying a case, which appears to be about three feet long by one foot deep and two feet wide. It is apparently a black leather case with an ordinary grip handle to the upper part, and the man, seeking some unrequited piece of wall, generally one of the embrasures, places his case on the wall, smokes his pipe and loiters around, looking at the ever changing river and its traffic. If others come around, he moves on, but if not he may stay there from two to three hours in the full sun. He is a rat catcher, or rather a rat driver. He works only in large warehouses and does not touch the smaller dwelling houses or flats except in rare cases.

He is a Scandinavian whom nothing will warm to conversation but his native tongue. His case is wood on the back, ends and bottom and wire on the front and top. There are neat spring shades which roll down over front and top. In this cage are eight or ten large rats. If any one comes near, down go the shades, but as long as the coast is clear the shades are up and the rats are running around basking in the sunlight. If he takes you into his confidence, he will tell you that it is with these rats he clears buildings. The other day he said:

"When I was living in Stockholm, the large granaries were full of rats, and a reward was offered to clear them. Many tried. Traps were set by the hundred.

"One man built a room as large as an ordinary parlor, cased it with tin and fed the rats with oatmeal scented with oil of aniseed, gradually laying trains of this feed to the room until he had all the rats on a string. Then he fitted an automatic drop to the entrance, and when his rats were feeding he caged them all, several hundred. The first man who did this went into the room with dogs to kill them and was nearly eaten himself, like that farmer out west a few weeks ago. The second man starved and then poisoned his, but in a week there were just as many rats as ever. The supply was inexhaustible from the rivers and quays. Poisoning was no good because of the terrific smell, and so I took the matter in hand.

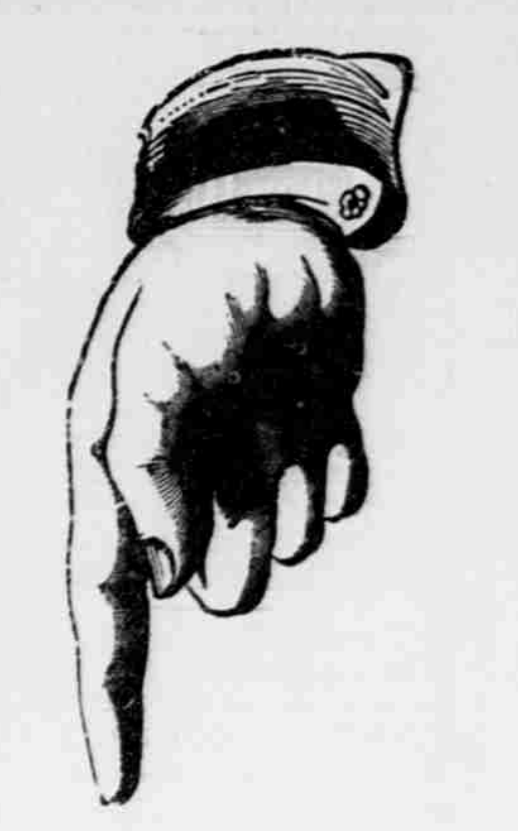
"I thought it over and finally set a trap and caught some rats. Then I tied a piece of wire round their necks, to which I slung a little tinkling brass bell, and then I let the bell ringers loose in the building they had been caught in. They knew the runs and went to join their friends and relatives, who of course ran from the bells. The more they ran the more ran the bell carriers, until the building was 'hoodoo' in rat language and not a rat would enter.

"If I could have lured back my bell carriers, all would have been well; but, familiarity breeding contempt, the rats grew accustomed to them and in a few months were back again, and as building after building had been cleared by this trick there was not a rat in the city who did not know of the bells. Then I tried tarring some rats with strong smelling coal tar, which rats cannot bear and will avoid if possible, and this answered for awhile, but a fire occurred, and a rat, rat coated, ran out of the blazing building with his fur ablaze and, going into another building not in danger, set it on fire—wood gets very dry in those old buildings over there—and so an ordinance was passed prohibiting the use of tar.

"I had made money, and I came to this country. I did well for some years, but in the depression my capital ran short and I failed; so then I took to clearing business places of rats again and am doing quite well. The first thing is to learn the lay of the building where the rats come from. If a grain elevator is near, clear the elevator and trap those in the other places. Rats very seldom run around more than one building, except as an overflow. Then, having determined that point, try the tar, then the bell, and after that these fellows in the cage. They are coated with luminous paint, and being exposed to the sunlight here can be taken to a building tonight, loosed and will fly through the runs, spreading fear wherever they go and creating a stampede. If you have ever seen luminous paint effects, you can readily understand it. The great beauty of this plan is that the rats do not live more than 24 to 48 hours after a coating with this paint, so the novelty never wears off. It is a preparation of lime, which I discovered for myself, and has to be newly made and mixed like a varnish. This closes the pores of the skin, and after chasing around to catch up with the flying relatives the rat is in a sweat, and that finishes him, and they never get used to it. Will a rat sweat? Well, you cage a rat, and then let a terrier roll the cage around for a few minutes, and you will see a rat as damp as if dipped into a pail of water. I get as high as \$20 a month for keeping some places in this city clear of rats, and I work several other cities as well. The only thing I am afraid of is the society (Prevention of Cruelty to Animals), but I have nearly made enough to start in my own business again, and then I will cease rat driving. Sell my business? No, I may want again in this city of ups and downs."—New York Sun.

Chicago Modesty.

"Did she have a church wedding?" "No. There's no foolish desire for ostentation about her. Why, every time she's been divorced the case has always been heard in the judge's little side room."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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