

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS.

Mrs. ANNA COLEMAN is very ill.

H. C. GOODE is the new clerk in D. W. Loar's drug store.

Mrs. E. M. COX and the children were Oxford visitors, Wednesday.

J. H. BROADY of Lincoln had business in the valley's finest, last Saturday.

JOHN CHRISTNER, the Hayes Center politician and patriot, was a city visitor, Thursday.

B. G. GOSSARD has moved from West McCook into the Westland dwelling on north Melvin.

MISS LAURA THOMPSON is down from Henkelman, this week, guest of H. H. Berry's family.

Mrs. LEROY COOPERIDER visited her sons and daughters, southwest of Trenton, last week.

Mrs. J. H. YARGER departed, Wednesday morning on 2, for Rockford, S. D., on a visit to her son Oscar and for her health.

Mrs. H. W. COLE and children, who have been spending the summer in Geneseo, Illinois, returned home, Wednesday night.

WALTER PRICE of Yale, Iowa, who has been visiting W. T. Coleman and family, departed for home, Tuesday evening on No. 6.

Mrs. L. R. HLEMAN and Miss May returned from their long visit in Exeter, this state, Wednesday night. Miss Vera is still visiting in Des Moines, Iowa, and will return later.

MISS FLORENCE LONG, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. A. McCarl and family for a number of weeks, departed on last Monday morning for her home in Brownstown, Indiana.

MR. AND MRS. N. V. COLE of Michigan city, Indiana, were in the city, first of the week, guests of Frank Carruth, brother of Mrs. Cole. They and Mr. Carruth left, Wednesday noon, for Colorado, to spend a few weeks in the mountains.

MISS MARY STEVENS came up from Lincoln, Wednesday, and has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Kendlen, this week. Saturday on 1, Mrs. Kendlen, her mother and sister, Mrs. Mary Stevens and Miss Mary, will go up to Denver, to spend some time in the mountains.

E. L. KIPLINGER, a former pastor and oldtime friend of the deceased, who conducted the funeral services, Sunday, over the remains of Mrs. T. D. McCarthy, returned to his home, Tuesday morning. Formerly active in the Christian ministry, he is now engaged in banking at Loomis, making his home in Holdrege.

Mrs. A. A. BATES and the children went over to Oberlin, close of last week, on a visit to the home folks, who live near there. Ad will join the family there, early next week, on a short visit. They will return here and later will go to Centralia, Wash. (where his parents and a brother live,) to make their home there for a while. Mr. Bates will retain his half interest in the barber shop here, however.

Wyoming Letter.

Dear Mr. Editor: The first impression of Sheridan is very favorable indeed. First and foremost every one is glad to see you. The charm of hospitality wins a stranger's heart.

I met one of the boys at the round house. He was glad to see some one from McCook; called with me on several men acquainted with the best places to fish and hunt; described the different creeks, Goose Creek, Big Goose and Little Goose, Piney, Prairie Dog, Black Canon, the Crow Reservation. But had to turn for assistance when I asked where the Congregational minister lived. "Baptist minister will do just as well, or Methodist." Still no response. "Let's step into this drug store and enquire." It was hard to control one's expressions as we were leaving, to hear the clerk, who was unable to give us the desired information, explain that he had not been here but a short time. I met the ministers, however, and found a very cordial fellowship.

Sheridan has a fine situation, plenty of water, mountains dotted with snow banks right at the door, fish in abundance, game within a day's ride. Sheridan is to be the Colorado Springs of the Northwest. I am no prophet or the son of a prophet, but I notice that the Burlington is on to the idea. The town is laid out on a large plan, and the best of it is the plan seems to be a workable one.

A man writing at the same time just remarked that his party left New York, Monday, and would be here today.

You have heard, doubtless, that they have started a college here. One of our Congregational saints of Chicago has offered to give \$50,000 to endow a college provided they could raise \$25,000. The whole town is interested in it. When an entire community is interested in any project success already has its date in the calendar. May this be the history of our own little city.

Tomorrow we shall be beyond postal service. I trust, however, to be able to send a bag full of fish stories shortly, for I will not endeavor to compete with the rest of my party when we return. They shall have a free field.

Truly,
W. J. TURNER.

An Ugly Story of Uruguay.

Here is one of Robert Crawford's stories about Uruguay. "Two men surprised a farmer and his wife in their little hut while it was broad daylight. The man was seized and bound, and the two villains proceeded to torture him to make him disclose the hiding place of his hoard. The wife begged and pleaded as the horrors increased, the man proving obdurate.

"Finally she said she would tell them where the treasure was if they would follow her. One of the two accordingly went over to the chest in the corner with her. She opened it, fumbling about inside of it for a moment until she found what she was looking for. In another moment the thief at her side was dead and his fellow covered by a large revolver in the hands of a small but eager woman of the people. He got away before she could quite make up her mind to shoot him too.

"Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their attorney general. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford adds, "that his accomplice was the judge of the criminal court."

A Miraculous Escape.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the 50 a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known.

The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of All Hallows a young child in a cradle, baby and cradle being entirely uninjured by the explosion that had lifted both to such a giddy height.

It was never learned who the child was, but she was adopted by a gentleman of the parish and grew to womanhood. She must surely all her life have had a peculiar interest in that church.—Sir Walter Besant's "London."

Ice Explosions in Siberia.

A recent Siberian traveler relates. "At Sadonsk in the intensely cold nights the silence was sometimes broken by a loud report as of a cannon. This was the bursting of one of the ice bubbles in the river, a phenomenon I had neither heard nor read of before. The streams coming down from the hills were frozen on the surface, some six to nine inches thick. The water beneath flowed faster than it could escape, and the pressure, on the principal of a hydraulic press, became irresistible. First, the elasticity of the ice was seen by the rising of circular mounds from six to eight feet in diameter and from four to five feet high. The bursting point came at last with a report like an explosion. The water escaped, but soon froze again. I have seen scores of these ice hillocks in a few versts of the river."

A Bridge of Coffins.

When the British forces were marching to Peking in 1860, after the capture of the Taku forts, one of the rivers became so swollen with the heavy rains that it was rendered almost impassable. While in this quandary a bright idea suddenly struck one of our officers. Being well aware that the Chinese generally order their coffins years in advance and keep them on the premises and also that they are perfectly airtight, he consulted with his brother officers, with the result that orders were given to search all the houses of the village and collect every coffin. With the aid of a few empty casks the soldiers constructed a pontoon bridge of coffins sufficient strong to bear the artillery, and the river was thus passed in safety.

Where the Tail Went.

Do you remember the story of Harry and George's rabbits—how Harry's rabbit got out of its hutch and disappeared for a week and at last crept home without its tail to die and how, when Harry cried bitterly over his dead tailless rabbit, George tried to comfort him.

"Don't cry, Harry, dear; don't cry. It's only the body you feel. The tail has gone to heaven."—"Memories and Fancies," by Lady Gordon.

Weary's Friend.

Weary Willie and his friend Frowsy, strolling along the seashore, stop before a sign reading: "Notice! Bathing is Dangerous. Quicksands."

Weary Willie—Dere, Frowsy; dere's true public spirit for yer. Dat man's a true public educator. I don't know who dat feller Quicksands is, but he's got de right idea uv t'ings an ain't afraid to say so, an if he wuz here I'd take off me hat to him.—Leslie's Weekly

Holding His Job.

"I think the man who works at that place across the street is the most faithful and conscientious workman I ever saw. He never takes a holiday and always labors away till it's too dark to see any longer."

"Faithful workman? Great Scott! He's the proprietor of the shop!"—Chicago Tribune

Ineligible.

Pilson—Are you going to take part in that guessing contest?
Dilson—Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a professional.

Pilson—Professional?
Dilson—Yes; you know I am connected with the weather bureau.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

No. 1 Case Observer.

"It seems almost incredible," said the railroad man. "But I saw a man the other day that couldn't give an intelligent description of his wife. He came to the office to get transportation for her, to which he was entitled, and under the present rules we must have a description of the person that is going to use the transportation.

On the margin of the ticket are places where the agent can punch out a very good description of the person that is entitled to use the ticket in his possession.

"I asked the man first how old his wife was. He could not tell within five years.

"Next I asked him how tall she was. The best I could ascertain was that she was not very tall, neither was she very short. I punched out the word 'medium' and let it go at that.

"Next I asked the man what the color of his wife's eyes was. He studied for a full half minute and said he be darned if he was sure whether they were light blue or gray.

"When it came to the color of the woman's hair, he was again in a quandary. He was not dead sure whether it was dark brown or black.

"The only thing this husband was sure of was that his wife was slim."—Duluth News

Hook's Lordly Tip.

It required such a man as Theodore Hook to cope successfully with the rapacity of the gentlemen of the hall, in contradistinction to the road, and on one occasion, at all events, he proved himself equal to the task.

It is related that once when dining out, before the entertainment came off, provided himself with several bright farthings from the mint and that when proceeding after the festivities to his carriage he discovered several servants, including the cook awaiting him in the hall, he forthwith slipped a coin into the hand of the latter. The man glanced at it, noticed the size and bowed low in thanks, under the impression that he was a sovereign richer, while Theodore, dispensing largesse of a like nature to the other servants, went on his way rejoicing, nor did he cease doing so when, as he stepped into his carriage, one of the footmen, who had discovered the real value of the pounce, ran out, saying, "Sir, I think you have made a mistake!"

"Not at all, my good man," replied the humorist, with a gracious wave of the hand "I never give less. Coachman, drive on."

Then He Was Mad.

A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk instead of in the cloakroom, announced that the next article of the kind placed there would be destroyed. Some days later the professor was called for a moment from the classroom. A student slipped into his private room and emerged with the professor's hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled.

The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending article to pieces, while vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.

Likes to Be Kicked.

Hall Caine confesses that he likes to be kicked, as long as the thing is done in public and makes him conspicuous or notorious. He says in the London Mail: "Even the silliest personal reference I ever see, however inspired by paltry feelings, seems to me by implication a tribute and compliment, being a recognition of the fact that I am a factor worth counting with and an adversary worth fighting. And when the most false, the most mean and the most belittling of the kind has ceased to appear I shall know that I am no longer of the least account."

A Cold Night in China.

One of the facts that we ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in Newchwang was the finding on one morning about New Year's time 35 masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 o'clock the preceding night.

The thermometer was a good bit below zero (F.). The men had just left the opium dens, where they had been enjoying themselves. The keen air sent them to sleep, and they never wakened.—North China Herald.

City Boy's Idea.

A Gallatin county farmer hired a boy from the city to assist him through the summer. The farmer told the kid to go out to the barn lot and salt the calf. The kid took a quart of salt and industriously rubbed it into the calf's hide. The colts got after the calf for the salt and had about all the hair licked off the animal before its condition was discovered.—Montgomery (Ills.) News.

Knew What Poverty Meant.

"You have never known the pangs of poverty!" he exclaimed bitterly.

The heiress' eyes softened, though liquid to begin with.

"Indeed I have," said she warmly "I went to a bargain sale where no one knew me and found I had left my purse at home."—Indianapolis Journal.


Their Limitations.

"Some of those postoffice people are very clever. They can read illegible writing and deliver letters when the address is worse than a Chinese puzzle."

"Yes, but they can't help out the man who forgets to mail his wife's letters."—Brooklyn Life.

The Hope of the Future.

There is no other educational institution equal to a well regulated home.—Dallas News.




Before starting on a "run" a refreshing wash with Ivory Soap gives new energy. It lathers quickly in any kind of water and does not cost more than common soap. The luxury of being clean is not realized without using Ivory Soap. You need not fear alkali, or other injurious ingredients found in many soaps. Ivory Soap is nothing but pure materials, combined to make a soap that will clean and rinse quickly, thoroughly, satisfactorily.

IT FLOATS.
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

Box Elder Circuit.
Sunday-school at Box Elder church every Sunday at 10 a. m. Church services at 11 a. m. every two weeks dating from Sunday, Dec. 4. Sunday-school at Garden Prairie appointment every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. every two weeks dating from Dec. 11. Preaching service at Spring Creek at 3 p. m. every two weeks dating from Dec. 11.
D. L. MATSON, Pastor.

Five Cents a Copy!
That's the remarkably low price at which we are closing out the remainder of our Navy Portfolios, those superb pictures of our splendid and victorious navy. You can buy the entire series of twelve numbers for 50 cents. This is less than half price, and they are only a few sets left.

Monarch Bicycles



Are recognized the world over as representing the highest type of excellence in bicycle construction.... Are now within reach of all

MONARCH ROADSTERS \$50
DEFIANCE ROADSTERS \$35
King and Queen Roadsters \$25 Why look further when machines of established reputation can be had at these prices.

MONARCH CHAINLESS \$75

Send for Catalogue Agents wanted in open territory

MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.
Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO Church and Reade Sts., NEW YORK

RIDE A MONARCH AND KEEP IN FRONT

CANCER IS DEADLY!

Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a mere scratch, a pimple, or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed.

Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

The wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were considered incurable, induced a few despairing sufferers to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:

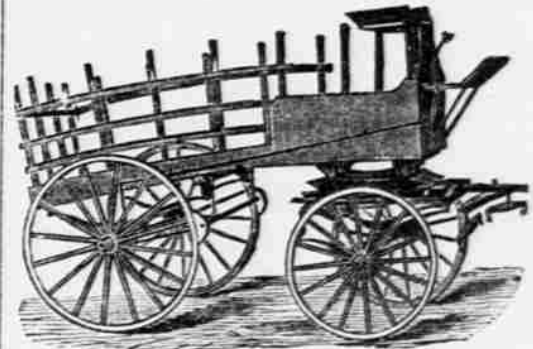
"Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a sister and an aunt having died from this dreadful disease. My feelings may be imagined when the horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way as to cause great alarm. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever, the Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I know how deadly Cancer is, especially when inherited. I was advised to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), which, from the first day, forced out the poison. I continued its use until I had taken eighteen bottles, when I was cured sound and well, and have had no symptoms of the dreadful affliction, though many years have elapsed. S. S. S. is the only cure for Cancer.—Mrs. S. M. IDOL, Winston, N. C.

Our book on Cancer, containing other testimonials and valuable information, will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.



MRS. S. M. IDOL.

McCook Transfer Line



J. H. DWYER, Proprietor.

Special attention paid to hauling furniture. Leave orders at either lumber yard.

TABLER'S PILE BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.
At McCONNELL & BERRY'S.

Preserves

—fruits, jellies, pickles or catsup are more easily, more quickly, more healthfully sealed with refined Paraffine Wax than by any other method. Dozens of other uses will be found for

Refined Paraffine Wax

In every household. It is clean, tasteless and odorless—air, water and acid proof. Get a pound cake of it with a list of its many uses from your druggist or grocer. Sold everywhere. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Red Hot From the Gun
Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures cuts, bruises, burns, boils, felons, corns, skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by McConnell & Berry, druggists.

A woman in Omaha wants a divorce because her husband wants her to take a cold bath every morning, perhaps in retaliation for her keeping him in hot water all of the rest of the day.

The Best Remedy for Flux.
Mr. John Mathias, a well known stock dealer of Pulaski, Ky., says: "After suffering for over a week with flux, and my physician having failed to relieve me, I was advised to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and have the pleasure of stating that the half of one bottle cured me." For sale by McConnell & Berry.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The Rev. W. B. Costley, of Stockbridge, Ga., while attending to his pastoral duties at Ellenwood, that state, was attacked by cholera morbus. He says: "By chance I happened to get hold of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and I think it was the means of saving my life. It relieved me at once." For sale by McConnell & Berry.

DR. JOHN MCPHEE,
DENTIST.
... of Chicago.
207 Upstairs in Meeker building.

C. H. BOYLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
McCook, Nebraska.
Room 3, Meeker-Phillips Bldg, Upstairs

H. P. SUTTON
JEWELER
MUSICAL GOODS
MCCOOK, - NEBRASKA

AT SUN DOWN
YOU WILL FIND COMFORT IN A



JUNIUS BRUTUS
10¢ CIGAR 10¢

A. DAVIS' SONS & CO. MAKERS

JOHN G. WOODWARD & CO.
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTERS
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA