### To California in a Tourist Sleeper.

In no other way can you go to California so quickly, so comfortably, and yet so economically, as in a tourist sleeping car.

The tourist cars used for the Burlington overland excursions are models of comfort and convenience. They have wide vestibules, high back seats and double windows. They are lighted by gas. The heating arrangements are admirable and the bed furnishings are clean and of good quality.

The Burlington excursions leave Omaha every Tuesday and Thursday and go through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without changes or delays of any kind. You can join them at Lincoln, Hastings, Oxford, or any other station at which the train stops. The route is through Denver and Salt Lake City, past the finest scenery visible from car windows anywhere on the globe. An experienced excursion manager is in charge of each excursion party and a uniformed porter accompanies each car.

Folder giving full information mailed on request. Beautifully illustrated 72-page book about California sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

J. FRANCIS, G. P. A.,
10-26-11ts. Omaha, Neb.

### McCook Markets.

Corrected Friday morning.

| | |
|---|---|
| Corn | $ .35 |
| Wheat | .58 |
| Oats | .40 |
| Rye | .33 |
| Hogs | 4.25 |
| Eggs | .20 |
| Butter | .15 |
| New Potatoes | .65 |
| Butter fat—at Creamery | .18 |

### Tribune Clubbing List.

For convenience of readers of THE TRIBUNE, we have made arrangements with the following newspapers and perodicals whereby we can supply them in combination with THE TRIBUNE at the following very low prices:

| PUBLICATION. | PRICE. | WITH TRIBUNE |
|---|---|---|
| Detroit Free Press | $1 00 | $1 50 |
| Leslie's Weekly | 4 00 | 3 00 |
| Prairie Farmer | 1 00 | 1 75 |
| Chicago Inter-Ocean | 1 00 | 1 35 |
| Cincinnati Enquirer | 1 00 | 1 50 |
| New-York Tribune | 1 00 | 1 25 |
| Demorest's Magazine | 1 00 | 1 75 |
| Toledo Blade | 1 00 | 1 25 |
| Nebraska Farmer | 1 00 | 1 50 |
| Iowa Homestead | 1 00 | 1 45 |
| Lincoln Journal | 1 00 | 1 75 |
| Campbell's Soil-Culture | 1 00 | 1 50 |
| New-York World | 1 00 | 1 65 |
| Omaha Bee | 1 00 | 1 50 |
| Cosmopolitan Magazine | 1 00 | 1 80 |
| St. Louis Republic | 1 00 | 1 75 |
| Kansas City Star | 25 | 1 15 |
| Nebraska Dairyman and Up-to-Date Farmer | 50 | 1 25 |
| Kansas City Journal, weekly | 25 | 1 15 |
| Kansas City Journal, daily | 4 00 | 4 20 |

We are prepared to fill orders for any other papers published, at reduced rates.

THE TRIBUNE, McCook, Neb.



### BOX ELDER.

The Box Elder school is enjoying its usual holiday vacation of a week.

A Christmas tree with appropriate exercises was participated in by the pupils and friends of Spring Creek school.

Mr. Nelms, who live near Quick, Frontier county, has lost a number of valuable horses in his stalk fields of late.

William Walters, who has been a resident of Box Elder for a number of years, left Saturday last, for his old home in Wisconsin. Bill has always been a willing and helpful hand here and will be greatly missed from his old haunts.

William Peterson has thought it best to resign his school over in the edge of Frontier and give his time to his herd of cattle on the Willow. He was brought to this conclusion the quicker from his having lost a number from corn-stalk poison.

I. W. Spaulding has returned from his trip through Hayes and Lincoln counties looking for grazing land. He was accompanied by Alonzo Coon, who has a large herd of cattle at the head of the Willow. Together they purchased a large body of land in Lincoln county, where they expect to summer their cattle.

### DRY CREEK.

Miss Julia Sly is spending vacation at home.

Warner Anderson was home over Christmas.

W. A. Holbrook is somewhat better at this writing.

L. H. Stevens entertained quite a company of relatives, Christmas.

Rev. J. W. Walker of McCook is holding meetings at Banksville, this week.

The revival meetings at the Prospect Park school-house closed, last Thursday night.

Mrs. William Darlington and Mrs. Beggs arrived from Iowa, first of last week, and are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holbrook.

The Prospect Park lyceum, which was closed on account of the meetings, is again doing business at the old stand, Wednesday evenings.

#### "Nosed Him Out."

In "The Argonauts of California" Mr. C. W. Haskins tells a good story of sauerkraut. In one of the mining districts near Sacramento a storekeeper received a barrel of provisions which seemed to be spoiled, to judge by the smell. Instead of throwing it away, he thrust it into one corner of a shed, where waste and rubbish were piled upon it.

One day a burly, dust covered Dutchman entered the store.

"I vants me some dot," pointing toward the shed.

"What is dot?" inquired the storekeeper.

"I shows you," said the miner. "You shust come mit me." And to the shed they went, where, pointing to the rubbish heap, the Dutchman explained, "Some of dot in dere vas vat I vants."

Boxes and barrels were removed, and the condemned barrel was exposed. But when the miner eagerly pointed to it the trader told him it was spoiled meat, not fit to eat.

"I knows better as dot," said the Dutchman. "You bust him in und I shows you."

An ax was brought and the barrel "busted in," when, instead of spoiled meat, there was revealed some good, old fashioned sauerkraut, made in Holland and shipped around Cape Horn.

"I knows it," said the delighted miner. "I nose him out!"

The sauerkraut sold readily at a dollar a pound and was in great demand. The Dutch miners heard of it and walked 10 and 15 miles to get a taste of the dainty.

#### A Slaver's Cargo.

From the time we first got on board the slaver, says J. Taylor Wood in The Atlantic, had we heard moans, cries and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were 300 human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying, their bodies, limbs and faces all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions.

As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whisky. He returned, bringing also the captain, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them. Some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but 17 were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

#### Preparing For Moral Suasion.

"Don't you believe in moral suasion?" asked the neighbor.

The indignant father stopped with the switch poised in the air.

"Of course I do," he answered. "I tried it once, and I'm going to try it again just as soon as I lick this boy hard enough so that he'll know enough to be ruled by it the next time I try it. Yes, sir; moral suasion is a great thing, and I'm going to teach this boy how good it is if I have to wale the life out of him to do it. He doesn't appreciate its advantages yet."—Chicago Post.

#### A Great Baby.

Tommy—Did you know about that baby that was fed on elephant's milk, pop, and gained 20 pounds a day?

Tommy's Pop (indignantly)—No, I didn't. Whose baby was it?

Tommy—The elephant's baby, pop.—Scraps.

### ONE THOUGHT.

Though time may dig the grave of creeds
And dogmas wither in the sod,
My soul will keep the thought it needs,
Its swerveless faith in God.

No matter how the world began
Nor where the march of science goes,
My trust in something more than man
Shall help me bear life's woes.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Woman's Home Companion.

### ABSENTMINDEDNESS.

**Absurdities Into Which Victims of the Habit Have Fallen.**

When lapses of memory become habitual, the person is properly called absentminded. The Chicago Tribune relates the following absurdities into which some victims of this disease have fallen:

A bridegroom of 24 hours left his wife, strolled around to his mother-in-law's house and asked her if her daughter was at home. This came from force of habit. He had been calling there daily for some time, and it probably occurred to him that he had not paid his usual visit.

A Chicago bank president is unable to account for three-quarters of an hour of his life. He went into a restaurant as usual and ordered his lunch. Nearly an hour later he found himself in his office chair and suddenly remembered the order.

He went back across the street and asked if the luncheon was ready. The clerk informed him that he had eaten, paid the bill and gone away some 15 minutes before, that he had put his hat on as he went out and that he (the clerk) had not noticed anything peculiar in his actions.

The bank president congratulates himself that he can be trusted to behave like an ordinary mortal even when he doesn't happen to have his mind with him.

An editor of a daily paper has laid himself open to unkind remarks by trying to take up a collection in his office. Happening to want a small coin, he turned to his fellow worker and asked for a quarter.

"Haven't got it, but here's a dollar," the man replied as he tossed it over. The editor put the dollar in his pocket and immediately turned to a special writer at the next desk and said:

"Miss ——, could you lend me a quarter?" Then, seeing the man from whom he had got the dollar grin, he added hastily: "Oh, never mind. I just got a dollar from Brown."

In analyzing his conduct he said that Brown's reply that he did not have a quarter was apparently the only part of the transaction that made any impression upon him. But he is under suspicion in that office and will probably never be able to live it down.

### HOW ZULU WOMEN SEW.

**They Use Skewers For Needles and Giraffe Sinews For Thread.**

The skill of the Zulus of South Africa in sewing fur is a household word in South Africa, and some of the other tribes compete with them. The needle employed is widely different from that used by the ordinary needlewomen. In the first place, it has no eye; in the second, it is like a skewer, pointed at one end and thick at the other.

The thread is not of cotton, but is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made from the sinews in the neck of a giraffe. It is stiff, inelastic, with a great tendency to "kink" and tangle itself up with anything near it. Before being used it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft and is then beaten between two smooth stones, which causes it to separate into filaments, which can thus be obtained of any length and thickness. Thus the seamstress has a considerable amount of labor before she commences with the real work in hand.

Finally she squats on the ground (for no native stands to work or do anything else who can possibly help it) and, taking her needle, bores two holes in the edges of the rug or garment on which she is working. The thread is then pushed through with the butt of the needle, drawn tight, and two more holes are made with a like result, the skewer progressing very slowly, but fast enough for a country where time is of no value whatever.

The skin upon which the seamstress is working is damped with water before she commences, and as the damp thread and hide dry out they bring the work very closely together.

#### His Sympathy.

An old housewife in the country was bemoaning her poverty to an unsympathetic husband.

"Things ain't as they used ter be," she complained. "Why, I ain't got anything like I used ter hev. I ain't got quilts enough ter go round the beds, there's two of the best chairs broken, an I ain't got no dress thet's really fit ter go ter meetin, an if I was ter die ternight I wouldn't hev a cap ter be buried in."

The old man had stood the whining as long as he could.

"Blast it all, then," he fiercely ejaculated, "why didn't yer die when yer did hev a cap?"

#### Fire and Mosquitoes.

Italian peasants living in swampy regions still follow the old custom of lighting fires for the purpose of purifying the air of malarial poison. As a matter of fact, this is the worst thing they could do, as the fire attracts mosquitoes, which are now known to be transmitters of malarial fever.

At Peckforton, Cheshire, England, is to be seen a very queer beehive. It is in the shape of a castle on an elephant's back and is carved in stone.

Next to opium in power are certain kinds of grasses, notable among which is hemp, which causes intoxication and anæsthesia.

### A LITTLE KNOWN ART.

**The Tobacco Flavorer Has Short Hours and Draws Big Pay.**

"A high grade position of which but little is known, except to the trade," observed a prominent tobacco manufacturer to a Washington Star reporter, "is what is known as the 'flavorer,' the man who is responsible for the flavor of all the grades of goods made and who sees to it that the flavor is kept the same year in and year out. It matters not where the tobacco that goes in them comes from or the conditions under which it has grown. Of course tobacco manufacturers endeavor to use the same kind of tobacco all the time, but circumstances at times render this impossible.

"As an illustration, our company had bought up and stored away enough tobacco to make up all our brands of smoking tobacco and cigarettes for the year, when all of a sudden our storehouses were destroyed by fire, and our stock went out of existence. There was no more tobacco of that particular grade to be bought, and we were driven into new fields. The tobacco being raised on a different soil and being slightly different as far as seed and stem were concerned, the flavor was also different. Smokers, and chewers as well, insist on the same flavor all the time.

"Here is where the flavorer comes in. By his art and skill he can make tobacco that grows on low lands taste and smell the same as that grown on high lands. He can make tobacco grown during a dry season take the same flavor as that grown during the rainy season. Tobaccos grown at different ends of the same state or in different states are by his treatment the same, as far as the consumer is concerned. He draws big money; but, though he comes high, as the traveling show companies say, 'we must have them.'

"As may be imagined, there are not many who are competent to do the work, and as a result they range in salaries all the way from $8 to $10 per day of about one hour's actual work. They are employed, however, but about nine months in each year."

### MAGIC AMULETS.

**Thought to Bring Good Luck to Their Chinese Owners.**

It is the desire of every Chinaman's heart to possess a pair of magic bracelets. Arm rings or bracelets are thought a great deal of in the Celestial empire, the custom of wearing them having been handed down from time immemorial. Usually made of jade stone, the Chinese arm ring of today is of one invariable shape. It looks like a large martingale.

The Chinese word for jade is ngookseu and for jade arm ring or bracelet ngook-ak. The custom in China is to place the bracelet on a young man's arm just before the hand stops growing. A tight fit is usually secured, and once placed the amulet arm ring is worn throughout life. At death, if the bracelet has proved a lucky one and if there is a son whom it will fit, the bones in the old man's hand are broken and the bracelet removed.

Many are the marvelous tales told by the Chinese of the wonderful qualities these amulets possess. There is a tradition that a certain Chinese emperor who was stricken with paralysis wore upon his forearm a magic bracelet, which kept life in that member for many months and allowed him to make known his desires and decrees by writing. At last, when death claimed the emperor, something even more wonderful took place. Dead three days and lying in state, his body was being viewed by the priests. The advisability of removing the bracelet was being considered, when the hand was lifted up and gave a signal which they interpreted to mean the bracelet should go with its owner to the tomb.

Among other wonderful properties a good amulet is said to act as a fairly reliable barometer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Spoiling a Sermon.

I have had some printer experience, or, rather, experience with printers, which makes me fear that the "imp of the types" has "got it in" for me for abandoning the craft and becoming a poor preacher. Recently I was to preach on the Old Testament characters "Nadab and Abihu," and one of the daily papers got it, "Nabob and Abihu." Shades of Gutenberg!

My first Sunday morning sermon after I came home from my vacation was on "Suppressed Lives," but one of the papers announced it as "Suppressed Livers." Such a thing as that is wearing and tends to make life not worth living, especially if, as is said, the worth of life depends on the liver. Fancy your liver suppressed!—Homiletic Review.

#### Thin Gold.

Goldbeaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin that, if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume one inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 400 pages in each.

#### Harmony Regardless of Expense.

"Beg pardon," said the postal clerk who had sold her the stamps, "but you don't have to put a 5 cent stamp on a letter for Canada."

"I know," said she, "but the shade just matches my envelope, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

#### An Embarrassment of Rulers.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

"Gra'ma, they's too many folks a-bringin me up. I'd get along better if I on'y had you."—Indianapolis Journal.