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I am now prepared to take your orders for shipment for car lots of hogs and cattle on

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Will also buy on same days. Office at the B. & M. meat market. F. S. WILCOX.



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EASIEST RUNNING
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W. T. COLEMAN,

McCook, Nebraska.

A Big Wall Map Free.

We have a marvelous offer to make to readers of this paper. Our reversible wall map of the United States and World is 46x66 inches. It is mounted on rollers and ready to hang on the wall. It is printed in colors, and shows everything interesting and valuable. We send it on approval, and guarantee absolutely that it will please you. To every one who will send us \$1 for one year's subscription to The Prairie Farmer and The Prairie Farmer Home Magazine monthly supplement, we will send this great map free, upon condition that 15 cents be added to pay for packing and postage on the map. When you get the map, if you are not entirely pleased, return it to us, and the full amount of your money will be refunded without one word. We guarantee that it will fully please you. Address The Prairie Farmer, 160 Adams street, Chicago.

"What's the matter, old man, been losing on wheat?" "No, not that, forgot to take Rocky Mountain Tea, last night. Wife said I'd be sick today." 35 cents. McCConnell's drug store.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

In county court, Red Willow county, Nebraska. In estate of Michael Smith, deceased. To the creditors, heirs, legatees and others interested in the estate of Michael Smith. Take notice, that Ann Smith, has filed in the county court a report of her duties as Administratrix of Michael Smith, and it is ordered that the same stand for hearing the 14th day of March, A. D. 1903, before the court at the hour of nine o'clock a. m., at which time any person interested may appear and except to and contest the same. And notice of this proceeding is ordered given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in THE McCOOK TRIBUNE for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing. Witness my hand and the seal of the county court at McCook this 11th day of February, A. D. 1903.—2-13-35.

S. L. GREEN, County Judge.

ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES FOR 1903.

In the matter of the necessary expenses during the year, on motion the estimate for the same for the year 1903 was fixed as follows:
County General fund \$12,000 00
County Bridge fund 5,000 00
County Road fund 4,000 00
Soldiers' Relief fund 500 00
Willow Grove precinct 1,700 00
Bartley Village bond 1,000 00
McCook City bond 300 00
North Valley precinct 800 00
School District bonds 8,000 00
Total \$35,300 00
E. J. WILCOX, County Clerk.
McCook, Neb., Jan. 13, 1903.—2-26-45.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE OF TAX LIEN.

The northeast quarter of section five, in town one, north, range twenty-nine, west, and Henry Ambler, defendants, will take notice that on the 29th day of January, 1903, Edward B. Cowles, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, against said defendants, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a tax purchaser's lien upon the land above described for the taxes for the years 1900, 1901, 1902. There is due to plaintiff the sum of \$36.15.
Plaintiff prays for a decree of foreclosure of said tax lien and a sale of said premises. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 9th day of March, 1903.
EDWARD B. COWLES, Plaintiff.

Style Is The Distinguishing Feature About All the Model Footwear.

Yet style does not obscure the presence of abandon quality,—quality that means elegance, that insures ease and durability.

Nothing But Good Shoes Here

The best dressers, men and women, wear Model shoes on all occasions. Different kinds for different uses.

Big reduction on all Winter Shoes, Overshoes and Mittens.

The Model Shoe Store
McCook, Neb.

THE BEST DAY OF ALL.

Two Reasons Why Sunday Always Appeals to the Children.

On weekday mornings father had gone to work when you came downstairs, but on Sunday mornings when you awoke a trifle earlier, if anything—"Father!" Silence.

"Father!" a little louder. Then a sleepy "Yes." "We want to get up." "It isn't time yet. You children go to sleep."

You waited. Then—"Father, is it time yet?" "No. You children lie still." So you and Lizbeth, wideawake, whispered together, and then, to while away the time while father slept, you played Indian, which required two little yells from you to begin with (when the Indian you arrived in your war-paint) and two big yells from Lizbeth to end with (when the Paleface she was being scalped).

Then father said it was "no use," and mother took a hand. You were quiet after that, but it was yawning lying there with the sun so high. You listened. Not a sound came from father and mother's room. You rose cautiously, you and Lizbeth, in your little bare feet. You stole softly across the floor. The door was a crack open, so you peeped in, your face even with the knob and Lizbeth's just below. And then at one and the same instant you both said "Boo!" and grinned, and the harder you grinned the harder father tried not to laugh, which was a sign that you could scramble into bed with him, you on one side and Lizbeth on the other, cuddling down close while mother went to see about breakfast.

It was very strange, but while it had been so hard to drowse in your own bed the moment you were in father's you did not want to get up at all. Indeed, it was father who wanted to get up first, and it was you who cried that it was not time.

Weekdays were always best for most things, but for two reasons Sunday was the best day of all. One reason was Sunday dinner. The other was father.—Harper's Magazine.

JAPANESE REGALIA.

Royal Emblems Without Which the Emperor Could Not Rule.

The Japanese royal emblems consist of a copper mirror, symbolic of knowledge; a steel sword, symbolizing courage, and agate jewels, representing mercy. The story of their origin was told thus by a Japanese official:

The sun goddess became angry with the earth and withdrew into a cave, plunging everything into darkness. The other deities could not induce her to come out, so began to make a noise as of great rejoicing, which aroused the curiosity of the irate goddess. She finally came to the mouth of the cave to learn the cause of the uproar and was told that they had found a more beautiful goddess than herself. The sun goddess came out then, demanding to see her rival, and the crafty deities held the mirror before her, which drove all her sulks away.

The sword was taken by Susenoo, the brother of the sun goddess, from the tail of an eight headed serpent that had been annually devouring a beautiful girl. Susenoo placed eight great tubs of wine in his way and when he was sleeping killed him and took the sword as a trophy.

The sword is kept in an apartment near the imperial bedchamber and called the Room of the Sword. The jewels have also a room to themselves, and the mirror is in charge of a priestess. The regalia have the highest significance in the eyes of the people, and it is held that no emperor can possibly rule without the three virtues which they represent. He must, moreover, hold the actual tokens, and in the imperial code it is enjoined that on the death of the sovereign his heir must take possession of them.

The "Basin" of an Apple.

One end of the apple bears the name of "basin" and contains the remnants of the blossom—sometimes called the eye of the fruit. This part of the apple is deep in some varieties and shallow and open in others. This is the weakest point in the whole apple as concerns the question of the keeping quality of the fruit. If the basin is shallow and the canal to the core firmly closed, there is much less likelihood of the fruit decaying than when it is deep, and the evident opening connects the center of the fruit with the surface.

As It Really Was.

"Lay on, Macduff!" cried Macbeth. Macduff was motionless. "What'll be the matter now?" said Macbeth. "Dinna ye ken that's the cue?" "I was na sure," said Macduff, "whether ye were just reht in yer grammar. I thought ye meant 'lie on' an' that I wadna stand, but it's all reht noo."
And the conflict began.—Toledo Bee.

Quick Promotion.

"I hear your brother is an assistant bookkeeper."
"Yes, indeed. And, do you know, he proved himself so clever that they've passed him over the first and second assistantships and made him third assistant right off."—New York World.

Never Still.

Mrs. Naggem—And do you love me still?
Naggem (wearily)—I don't know; I've never had the chance!—San Francisco Bulletin.

No one likes to be reminded that there is another side to the story.—Acheson Globe.

One does not have to fall asleep to dream.—New York News.

Orleans-St. Francis Branch.

Orleans, Neb., Feb. 10, 1903. Special to McCook Tribune.

Parkers' double new brick is finished at Wilsonville; the largest in town.

The snow is a foot deep on the level at Orleans. Winter wheat is in excellent condition.

Mrs. Leone Fairchild has returned home from Beatrice after a visit of several weeks.

The Hollenbeck hotel's new hack is a gem of beauty and construction; the best ever seen here.

Marion, Nebraska, is baling 300 tons of hay. This town is fast coming to the front as a shipping point.

The equipments of Judge Kuester's telephones have arrived at Orleans and soon his sixty-odd patrons will have connections from their residences to the central office. David Booth will have charge of the central office at Orleans.

The Lady Maccabees of Orleans will give a reception and entertainment called "The Butterfly Social," St. Valentine night. Supper 6 to 8. They have been preparing several weeks and are noted for the success of their entertainments.

Thursday will witness a gathering of Masons from Alma, Wilsonville, Beaver City and Oxford at Orleans, the occasion of conferring the M. M. degree on Hays Banwell, the son of Dr. W. H. Banwell, master of Melrose lodge No. 60, A. F. & A. M. The visiting brethren will be the guests of the Orleans lodge and a sumptuous feast will be spread after the ceremonies are over.

Sol Moran of St. Francis has been a Burlington employe fifteen years. He came to St. Francis when that burg was a straggling collection of huts and the drifting sands threatened to overwhelm him. A quarter of a century ago Sol was a noted plain man, Indian fighter and scout. The Sioux called him "Big Sandy." His body is scarred—the mementos of an ambush, when he stood Sioux warriors at bay and was generously carved and tattooed by a butcher knife. Bleeding from face and limb his captors shook him by the hand and called him "heap brave" and the famous Sitting Bull desired an alliance by bestowing the hand of his favorite daughter in marriage. He sojourned several months with the savages and escaped from the noted chief. His adventures on the plains in the seventies would make interesting reading, rivaling Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill. He was at St. Francis when the dusky savages dwelt where the town now stands.

ASSASSINATION OF BENJAMIN KNOTT.

Bird City, Kans., Feb. 10, 1903.

During the heavy storm, Tuesday, when the sky was obscured by scurrying snow, obliterating land-marks, obstructing railroad traffic and blockading the cuts so that Bird City was severed from the outside world, one of the most atrocious crimes of criminal records, was perpetrated and added a bloody chapter to the history of northwestern Kansas. The time and place were propitious; the raging storm forced man to the comforts of the fireside, no traveler ventured on the snow-drifted streets or braved the howling blast from the north that drowned all cries of distress. In his suite of rooms above the old Arden hardware store at Bird City Benjamin W. Knott, the aged pioneer and first county clerk of Cheyenne county, was in his cozy apartments, secure from the blizzard and supplied with the comforts to cheer one during a siege of cold. A flight of stairs led to the ground to the upper rooms, and these were covered with eight inches of snow. At 4 p. m., Monday, Mr. Knott was last seen alive and he carried on his person \$300 or \$400, the proceeds of a land sale. All day Tuesday he was not missed or any suspicion of his lamentable fate entertained, for his feeble health and habits of isolation while indisposed were well known. When Wednesday's sun rose brightly, the storm subsided and all attended their usual vocations, and he did not make his appearance or frequent his habitual haunts, fears were expressed that something wrong might have befallen him and Charles B. Reed went to his rooms with a presentiment of dread. Traversing the snow-laden steps he opened the unlocked door of Mr. Knott's apartments. Beyond the threshold a sight met his gaze that appalled him. On a pile of coal in the room, used for fuel, stretched the lifeless form of his friend, clothed in the garb of winter, with cap drawn closely over his head and feet cased in overshoes. The face and bosom were saturated with blood and a gory trail led from the body with bloody pools at intervals till the bed was reached which presented a spectacle with pillows and covering smeared with blood. He met his death probably while reposing, lying on his left side, the assassin stole in and dealt him a deadly blow over the right ear, crushing the skull and robbed him of his money and retreated in the darkness, taking advantage of the storm to cloud the brutal crime with obscurity and cover his trail from pursuit.

Whether he succumbed to the fatal blow on the bed or crawled to the fuel room to replenish the fire or was carried there by the assassin probably will never be known. The room was cold when the body was discovered, the fire a long time out. Dr. Waterman, coroner, arrived, late Wednesday night, impeled a jury, who first thought that Mr. Knott had been overcome while

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We want to move then. We need the space for other goods which are com in ; We give 25 per cent discount on Annis Furs (the best, you know). Ladies' Suits at reduced prices. Ladies' Jackets at half price and less. Others at cost. All sure enough bargains.

Our Grocery Stock is complete. Give us a trial order. PHONE 22.

THE . . .



Cash Bargain Store . . .

C. L. DeGROFF & CO.

bending over the coal pile with hemorrhage of the lungs, but when the cap was drawn the ugly wound over the right ear told its bloody story and the jury rendered a verdict of murder by party or parties unknown. No clue of the perpetrators of the heinous crime has been unearthed; the awful tragedy is veiled in deep obscurity.

Mr. Knott was a Kentuckyan by birth and came to Bird City 18 years ago. He took a homestead adjacent to Bird City and was the first county clerk of Cheyenne county. Bird City was the county seat then and a presidential post-office. In those days Wano existed and St. Francis was not on the map.

The deceased was a life-long Methodist, conspicuous for his honesty, integrity and piety.

The deep damnation of this atrocious crime clothed in all its shocking brutality and heartlessness beggars language. Assassination of a feeble aged man is a cowardly murder that no words can paint its savagery or phrase its fiendishness.

Benjamin W. Knott, who was brutally murdered by an assassin at Bird City, last week, was a life-long Mason in good standing. He was buried with Masonic honors by the Atwood lodge at Atwood, Kansas. The brethren went to Bird City to bestow the last token of brotherly love and friendship on a brother who had belonged to the Atwood lodge since it was organized, many years ago. No relatives were there to shed a tear, but Masons, in token of their sincerity and sorrow, lovingly carried him to his resting place and mourned his lamentable fate—struck down by unhalloved hands in life's winter near the sunset of career. Mr. Knott was an ideal Mason, led a blameless life, a Christian. This atrocious crime, its barbaric cruelty and savagery appeals to justice to mete maximum penalty to the blood-thirsty murderer of the innocent and aged.

Baby sleeps and grows while mamma rests if Rocky Mountain Tea is given. It is the greatest baby medicine ever offered mothers. 35 cents. McCConnell's drug store.

DON'T BE FOOLED!

Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

Shorthand, Typewriting, English Book-keeping, Banking, Law, etc. **Nebraska Business College.** Students can work for board. Send for Catalogue, free. Prof. A. J. LOWRY, Pres. A. C. ONG, A. M., LL.B., Pres., Omaha.

When you feel blue and everything goes wrong take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse and invigorate your stomach, regulate your bowels, give you a relish for your food and make you feel that this old world is a good place to live. For sale at McCConnell's drug store.

A Mother's Recommendation. I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy. Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Michigan. For sale by L. M. McCConnell.

PROFIT

The matter of feed is of tremendous importance to the farmer. Wrong feeding is loss. Right feeding is profit.

The up-to-date farmer knows what to feed his cows to get the most milk, his pigs to get the most pork, his hens to get the most eggs. Science.

But how about the children? Are they fed according to science, a bone food if bones are soft and undeveloped, a flesh and muscle food if they are thin and weak and a blood food if there is anemia?

Scott's Emulsion is a mixed food; the Cod Liver Oil in it makes flesh, blood and muscle, the Lime and Soda make bone and brain. It is the standard scientific food for delicate children.

Send for free sample. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. **Scott & Bowne CHEMISTS, 409 Pearl St., N. Y.** 50c. and \$1; all druggists.