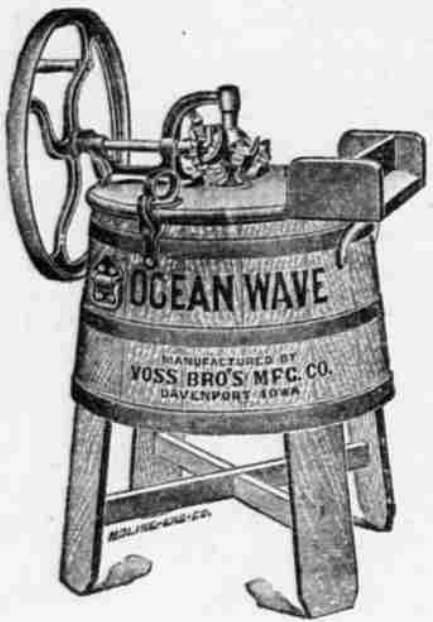


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I am now prepared to take your orders for shipment for car lots of hogs and cattle on

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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
MOST DURABLE...

Washing Machine

ON THE MARKET

W. T. COLEMAN,

McCook, Nebraska.

Escaped an Awful Fate.

Mr. H. Huggins, of Melbourne, Florida, writes: "My doctor told me I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. I was given up to die. The offer of a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption induced me to try it. Results were startling. I am now on the road to recovery and owe all to Dr. King's New Discovery. It surely saved my life." This great cure is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by L. W. McConnell, druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Time Card

McCook, Neb.
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:
No. 6 (Central Time) 11:30 P. M.
2 " 6:35 A. M.
12 " 9:20 A. M.
No. 5 arrives from east at 8 p. m.

IMPERIAL LINE

No. 176 arrives... (Mountain Time) 5:50 P. M.
No. 175 departs... " 7:30 A. M.

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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 doings 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 is 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.
S. L. GREEN, County Judge.

THEY GOT FREE SEATS.

An Order That was Promptly Honored at the Box Office.

Once when Nat Goodwin was playing in Chicago two men approached his manager, who was standing in the lobby of the theater, and introduced themselves as a couple of actors. Their names were entirely unknown to him, and they had nothing to show that they were what they claimed to be. Accordingly he refused to give them seats, but they were persistent. One of the men in particular was offensively so. He shook his fist under the manager's nose and demanded who it was that dared refuse him passes.

"I'll see Mr. Goodwin," he declared. "I'll see if a little whipper snapper like you can refuse me seats. You don't know who we are, eh? Well, who are you? Let's see your card. I'll see Mr. Goodwin about it."

The manager, who feared a scene, handed over one of his cards and told the men he was responsible and quite willing to take the consequences of refusing to give them seats.

A few minutes later the two men came back to the theater. One of them had written "Pass two" on the manager's card. He presented the card at the box office, and it was promptly honored. Then they went in.

When, half an hour later, the manager's attention was called to what had been done, he was at first inclined to take some severe action, but later he saw the joke on himself.

"Let them alone," he said. "If they've got nerve enough to do that, they are entitled to seats. You had better send an usher down and ask them if they wouldn't like a box."—Chicago Tribune.

Sam Jones to Reporters.

A prominent Baltimore physician tells in the Baltimore Sun the following anecdote about Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist:

When several years ago Mr. Jones was at Emory Grove camp, the newspaper reports of his sermons caused him to complain.

At the last service he looked down at the reporters, who sat at a table just in front of the pulpit, and said:

"And I want to tell you fellows that I like you a lot in spite of your manifold faults. You boys don't treat me right, though. You take my sermons and pick out a piece here, a piece there and a piece somewhere else. Then you string the pieces together, and, naturally, they read funny."

"Now, suppose I reported the Bible that way! A man asks me what the Bible tells him to do. I read in one place, 'And Judas went out and hanged himself.' I turn over and read, 'Go thou and do likewise.' And in another place I find, 'And do it quickly.'"

"Now, you see, boys, that sort of thing won't do. It ain't fair."

How a Great Surgeon Died.

While Bichat, the famous surgeon, was dying of typhoid fever he turned to an old colleague who was sitting beside his bed and said to him:

"My friend, I am lost, but it is some consolation to know that my case is very curious. During the last few days I have noticed some odd symptoms, and I am studying them carefully."

"Oh, you may recover yet," said the friend.

"That is impossible," replied Bichat, "and if it were not for one thing I would be quite willing to die."

"What is that?" asked the friend.

"I am exceedingly sorry," answered Bichat, "that I shall not have an opportunity to perform an autopsy on myself after my death, for I know that I would make some wonderful scientific discovery."

An hour later he was dead.

Hares That Swim.

I have many times seen hares, several of them at a time, cross a stream to feed on summer evenings and coolly return in the same way back to the woods, says a writer in London News. The act has been quite voluntary, but one thing I have noticed—they invariably sat up to see if they had time to cross before any surprise came. For instance, the movements of a person walking along a footpath in the distance would be watched with some anxiety before the plunge was made. I have also seen snakes swim across streams in the same way, apparently to bask on the sunny side.

Experienced.

"Mamma," she said, "what preacher do you think I ought to have marry Cecil and me? I feel as though Mr. Goodman is so young, and, not being married himself, he could hardly—"

"Oh, pshaw! Have Dr. Easleigh. I've had him for four of mine, and he always gave thorough satisfaction."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Showed What She Could Do.

Phoxy—I got a good square meal last night, the first in several weeks, and I have you to thank for it.

Friend—Me to thank? Well, that's news to me.

Phoxy—Yes, I know. I telephoned to my wife yesterday morning that you were coming out to dinner with me.—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Talker.

Clara—Is Mrs. Flitter a good conversationalist?

Dorothy—Yes, indeed. She makes you think of lots of good things to say, but talks so much that you don't get a chance to say them.—Detroit Free Press.

Compromise.

"Why should religion and science quarrel?"
"Why, indeed?"
"Why not say that man is descended from the monkey Eve made of Adam and let it go at that?"—Puck.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

IT SHOULD FIND NO LODGMENT IN ANY RATIONAL MIND.

Yet This Dread of Meeting the Inevitable is So Universal That Our Entire Social Fabric is Largely Built Upon It.

Do we dread death on the same principle that half a flock of sheep leap through a certain hole in a fence—because the other half has done so? For unless the fear be traditional and hereditary it is hard to account for it.

Death is a change, occupying a moment, from one form of life to another. Whether it come in the course of nature or by accident or design, it is seldom painful; never probably so painful as a bout of the toothache. It brings us from a condition of bondage and uncertainty at best to one of freedom and security. But often it is a change from slavery, both physical and moral, to emancipation comparatively perfect, or, if we hold the materialist view, to everlasting unconsciousness. The spiritual state is emancipated from the inertia of matter and the tyranny of space; therefore thought will be presence, and a man's surroundings as to both thing and person will be inevitably such as are most desirable to him. The evil will be emancipated from the opposition of the good, and the good will not be grieved and hampered by the machinations of the evil. The whole chapter of accidents which here looms so large will there be eliminated. Time, which now makes us long for the arrival of an appointed hour and now dreads its too speedy coming, will be no more. But we shall measure life by its intensity and by its opportunities. In other words, we shall be the makers of our own times and seasons.

Death takes us from a world of effects to one of causes. The soul is made of will and thought, and, as we may daily perceive, it is only the obstruction of material conditions that prevents us from immediately accomplishing our desires and beholding the realization of our thoughts. Again, death is inevitable to all and to any one who chooses is at any moment attainable. By what logic can our fear of it be defended?

Yet we fear it so much and so universally that our entire social fabric is built largely upon that fear. Our law makes death the supreme penalty. Our funerals are occasions of mourning, and the medical profession, one of the most numerous extant, spends its existence in combating death. We seek eagerly all nostrums or elixirs that promise us continuance of life. We ascribe supreme merit to the soldier who risks his life for his country or to the individual who sacrifices it for others. We laud the stoicism which affects to despise death, but which bases the virtue of that despising upon the acknowledged terror of the event. Our humanitarians spend sympathy and money in attempting to prolong the miserable condition of the poor and diseased. We shudder to hear of a vast natural calamity like that of Martiniere or of avoidable accidents such as are furnished daily by railways and other instruments of civilization. And all the while it is the survivors who suffer, if any one does, though they, too, are soon comforted by time or the insurance companies. The dead man, the man who has entered upon the new and spiritual life, whom we absurdly pity, is free, and his troubles are over.

Suicides, it is true, are said to increase with civilization. But few philosophical suicides occur. The majority are induced by dread of life overcoming dread of death. It may be doubted if suicide be ever the act of a man at once perfectly brave and thoroughly sane. The value of this life—and it is a real value—is in the discipline and experience it gives, which it is our honest and sensible duty to improve to the utmost and to the last. Life may be interesting and arduous; it may be disappointing and irksome. It is very seldom if ever uniformly and positively agreeable. Fear, on the other hand, is one of the worst and basest of evils, and fear of death the most irrational. It must have originated in sheer ignorance and thoughtlessness. It ought to vanish before our modern enlightenment and sagacity, and with its disappearance will appear social changes that cannot but be revolutionary and salutary.—Julian Hawthorne in Braudur Magazine.

Dangerous Criminals.

"Why," said a lady reproachfully to her husband, "you know when I say Denmark I always mean Holland!" Perhaps the city girl in the following story, told by the Philadelphia Telegraph, allowed herself a similar latitude of expression:

She was sitting on the porch, lazily rocking to and fro and watching the fireflies flitting about through the shrubbery. Suddenly she turned to her companions and said in a musing tone:

"I wonder if it is true that fireflies do get into the haymows sometimes and set them afire."

Everybody laughed at what was apparently a pleasantly, but the young lady looked surprised.

"Why," said she, "it was only yesterday that I saw in the paper an article headed 'Work of Firebugs.' It said they had set a barn on fire. Really."

Following Good Preaching.

Vicar (severely, to his cook)—Mary, you had a soldier to supper last night.

Cook—Yes, sir; he's my brother.

Vicar—But you told me you had no brother.

Cook—So I thought, sir, until you preached last Sunday and told us we were all brothers and sisters.—London Tit-Bits.

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**Mid-Winter -
Clearing Sale -**

BE OF INTEREST TO YOU

We want to move then. We need the space for other goods which are coming 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.
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The Great Germ Killer.

Contains all the antiseptic and disinfectant properties found in coal. It is used in the treatment of

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and all germ diseases of animals. Price, \$2.00 per quart; \$3.00 per gallon.

Send for a 32 page book on germ diseases of animals, sent free.

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Best Remedy on the Market For Texas Itch.

Its advantages over lime and sulphur dips and saponified dips are: 1—It is less expensive. 2—It destroys the parasite while others do not. 3—It can be used in cold or warm water. 4—It does not hurt the eyes. 5—It is a sure worm killer and a good thing for the animal to swallow a little of.

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G. A. Strand, Prop.,
Grower of Choice Nursery Stock,
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National Medical Co., York, Neb.
About two months ago many of the farmers around here lost very heavily by hog cholera. I do not wish to write you a long, flattering statement about your medicine, but will say that I bought a quart of Liquid Koal and the improvement was so marked that I bought a gallon can and used it with the result that my hogs all recovered and I did not lose one. My herd of over 200 are in fine condition and you may put me down as a constant user of Liquid Koal.
G. A. STRAND.

Manufactured by National Medical Co., York, Nebraska, and Sheldon, Iowa.
For sale by James Cain, McCook, Neb.

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.
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When you feel blue and everything seems 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 McConnell'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 cough, 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. McConnell.

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.

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Scott & Bowne CHEMISTS,
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50c. and \$1. all druggists.

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