

HE AVERTED A PANIC

A REMARKABLE CASE OF BRAVERY AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

Matsuki, the Juggler, Held an Audience Spellbound While the Theater Attaches Were Fighting a Bad Fire Behind the Scenes.

Satsuma Matsuki, a Japanese juggler and acrobat, was filling an engagement at Burlington. His marked ability as a magician caused the opera house to be crowded every evening. One feat in particular interested his audience. Lying prone upon his back, he would toss a long, light table backward and forward in all conceivable positions to the time of lively music, his tiny feet keeping the table perfectly balanced.

It was Saturday evening. Satsuma Matsuki had been performing for an hour. He had astonished his audience with a score of wonderful achievements, but as yet he had not performed with the table resting on his feet.

Matsuki passed into one of the dressing rooms to change his costume. Scarcely had he closed the door when he heard a sound that made his heart stand still for a moment—a crackling and a hissing—and the next instant a long tongue of flame leaped from the stairway, enveloping a window. Others in the rear of the stage discovered the flames at the same instant, and a fierce battle was begun between the attaches of the theater and the raging fire. For one brief instant Matsuki stood irresolute. The fire was confined within the dressing room of the right wing, and as yet no one in the audience had an inkling of the grave danger that threatened the house. Those fighting the flames knew that a terrible panic would ensue the moment that the spectators realized the danger. Matsuki understood the situation, too, and in that moment of hesitation he saw the part that he must act.

Matsuki was before his audience. He had placed the rug hastily in position that he might rest easily. A moment later and the orchestra commenced playing. Matsuki had balanced the table and was gracefully dancing it back and forth, keeping perfect time with his dainty feet. Shortly the measure of the music was quickened, and he was obliged to move more quickly. At one time the table would be at an angle of forty-five degrees and again at ninety degrees and the next moment perfectly perpendicular. The long table seemed fairly alive.

Meanwhile those fighting the fire had worked bravely, and success was crowning their efforts. They heard the music of the orchestra, and they knew that Matsuki was doing his part to hold the attention of the people. A few moments more and all danger of a stampede would be past.

"Fire!" Some one had seen a puff of smoke issue from the right wing of the stage.

"Ye-ar, fire!" And Matsuki sent the table nearly to the ceiling, turning a complete somersault in its flight. The audience shouted with delight.

For twenty minutes Matsuki had been in constant activity. The veins stood out upon his arms and temples like whipcords.

"Fire!" Another had noticed a puff of smoke.

"Ye-ar, fire!" And again was the table hurled aloft and caught again with the same dexterity.

The conductor of the orchestra knew not what it all meant. At first he thought that Matsuki had gone mad. Never before had he dared so much. If he was mad, surely no one could deny his astonishing skill.

A moment later the stage manager walked across the stage and whispered something to Matsuki, at the same time placing the table on the floor. Matsuki was unable to rise. Attendants lifted the brave fellow and carried him behind the scenes. Very shortly the manager returned, and when he spoke his voice was sadly broken.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, passing his hand across his forehead, "I have no doubt that you have greatly enjoyed Satsuma Matsuki's performance this evening. He has well merited your generous applause, more, perhaps, than you imagine. I have to inform you that Satsuma Matsuki alone has stood between you and death for the past twenty minutes or more. The danger is past now, and you are liberty to leave this building, but permit me to say before you depart that our friend Matsuki has lost his entire magician's outfit, which cost him over a thousand dollars. Fire has completely destroyed his property. I leave it with you to do what is right, and those who desire to show their gratitude for what Matsuki has done this evening can meet me here on the platform."

There was no hesitation. A long line of men and women was quickly formed, and for an hour the manager received the contributions of those who wished to show their gratitude. When the amount was counted, pledges and all, something over \$1,500 was found. Forward.

She Thought of Him.

She—Oh, Mr. Borem, how do you do? I was talking to Mrs. Nexdore just now, and I couldn't help thinking of you. He—And was she discussing me? She—Not exactly. She was commenting on the weather and just asked me if I could imagine anything more tiresome and disagreeable.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The steamship Korea, which arrived at San Francisco from the orient recently, brought the most valuable consignment of raw silk ever landed in this country. It was worth \$2,450,000. It was dispatched east in haste the same night, 3,500 bales of it.

Swallowed Table Knives For Fun.

The glass eaters, iron choppers and all other classes of "human ostriches" are well known to the frequenters of dime museums and side shows, but it is seldom that we see, read or hear of a man who swallows indigestibles of extraordinary size just for the novelty of the thing. Such a man, however, was John Cummings, whose history is given in extended notices in the medical and surgical annals of Boston. He watched a French sword swallower one day and immediately after attempted a similar feat with a common table knife. The knife accidentally slipped down his throat, and a few days later, it having given him no inconvenience, he repeated the experiment. Both of these exploits took place at Havre de Grace, France. On his return to Boston he boasted of the feat and upon being bantered repeated the dose again and again. During the following ten years he swallowed in all thirty-five knives and forks, finally dying in terrible agony. He died in 1809.

Grim Story of Napoleon.

A grim story of Napoleon is told by Christian Waas in a Frankfort review under the title of "Napoleon at Yafa." A great number of the soldiers were killed by the plague, and one day Bonaparte sent for his chief surgeon, Larry. "If I were you," he said to him, "I should put our plague patients out of their misery. It would save them from having recourse to opium to soothe them." "But my duty is to make them live," replied Larry. Bonaparte then revealed the grim truth. He and his staff were reduced to traveling on foot because the horses were all being used for the transportation of the sick. He must therefore either abandon the plague stricken to the cruelty of the enemy or get rid of them. Mr. Waas maintains that the order was carried out accordingly. There is an end, observes the Journal des Debats, to the illusion of the famous picture in the Louvre of "Bonaparte Visiting the Plague Stricken Soldiers at Yafa."

A Dramatic Scene.

The most dramatic scene ever witnessed in Westminster hall was that trial in Henry VIII's reign when 450 men and 11 women appeared before the king and some of his great nobles with ropes around their necks on a charge of being concerned in the rising of the pretences on the previous May day. Fortunately they had good friends in three queens—Katherine, Mary of France and Margaret of Scotland—who begged for their pardon on their knees, and when Henry at last yielded to such supplications the prisoners, it is said, "gave a mighty shout for joy, throwing their halters toward the top of the hall." The stage has never produced anything to rival that dramatic moment.—London Graphic.

Two Stories.

Several years ago, soon after "Treasure Island" had appeared and attracted public attention to Mr. Stevenson, two gentlemen were traveling up to London from Norfolk. One of them was reading "Treasure Island." Presently, having finished the book, he dropped it into his traveling bag, remarking, "Well, I think I could myself write a better child's story than that." The other, who, by the way, was his brother, urged him to try. Six weeks afterward the former handed to the latter a complete tale in manuscript. It was "King Solomon's Mines," the first novel that made a reputation for Rider Haggard.—London Queen.

We Usually Find Our Level.

Do not hypnotize yourself with the idea that you are being kept down. Do not talk such nonsense. Nobody of any sense would believe it. People will only laugh at you. Only one thing is keeping you down, and that is yourself. There is probably some trouble somewhere with you. Of course there are employers who are unjust to their help, there are instances in which employees are kept back when they should be advanced; but, as a rule, this is only temporary, and they usually find their level somewhere.—Success Magazine.

Flattery Wins.

Woman of the House (scrutinizing him sharply)—I believe you are the same worthless vagabond that was here last week begging for something to eat. Saymold Storey—Yes'm, I'm the feller. The cold biled ham I got here wuz the best I ever ett, an' I couldn't resist the temptation to come ag'in. That's why. Thanky, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Dear Friend.

"What nonsense all this is about men getting on their knees when they propose," said Mrs. Parslow to her dear friend. "My husband didn't do any such absurd thing when he asked me to marry him."

"He did when he proposed to me," said the dear friend without thinking.

Too Costly.

"According to this paper," said Mrs. Naggs, "widows make the best wives." "I don't doubt it, my dear," replied Naggs, "but nevertheless I don't feel justified in shuffling off at the present moment merely for the sake of making a good wife of you."

Cheering Suggestion.

Cobbs—To tell you the truth, I don't think my wife cares very much for me. Dobb—Well, cheer up, old man. You can at least be proud of her good sense.—Detroit Tribune.

Not Complaining.

Belle—I think he has lost his heart. May—Well, he is an extremely cheerful loser.

Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.—George Elliot.

NELSON'S FIGHTING MEN.

Had Few Pleasures and Faced Death With a Jest.

Of the "wooden walls of England," the great sailing ships in which Admiral Nelson won his victories, and of the men who worked them, a critic writes: "Though beautiful to behold and terrible to fight with, those old men-of-war were more often than not abodes of tyranny and wretchedness. The violence of the press gangs, which seized men of all ages and occupations, was but a prelude to the oppression that followed. Decent men were herded indiscriminately with ruffians, the rights of free born Englishmen were rudely snatched from them—for their thenceforward there was no law save the will of the captain and the dread articles of war. Shore going leave was nonexistent, the food was atrocious and scanty, punishments were barbarous, and the only thing served out with any liberality was rum, on which the men got drunk and then were flogged for that offense at the gratings next morning.

"In Nelson's time the seaman had few pleasures save the prospect of a hot fight and his daily pint of rum. But to these must be added the vain-glorious satisfaction he took in his clothes. When rigged out in his best he frequently wore rings in his ears and silver buckles on his low shoes, his short blue jacket would be decorated with gold buttons and colored ribbons sewed down the seams to give an additional gayety, his waistcoat might be red or canary, and a black silk handkerchief would be knotted loosely round his throat. As the finishing touch his hair would be hanging in a cue down his back. The broad collars were first worn as a protection against the grease and pomatum used in dressing the pigtail.

"But all these fripperies were discarded when the guns were cast loose from their lashings and the linestocks were lighted. It was the custom of the men when going into action to strip to the waist. They took their black silk handkerchiefs and bound them very tightly round their heads over their ears, so that the roar of the guns might not deafen them for life. It was remarked that men going into action always wore a sullen frown, however merry they were in their talk.

"Methods followed in that day were curiously primitive and tollsome, but the results were undoubtedly satisfactory save to the nameless and numberless sailors who met grim death on the black and blood stained decks or in the dark horror of the cockpit. That those hardy and careless men often faced death or disablement with a jest or a cheer only renders their unconscious heroism the more impressive."—Chicago News.

Four Good Reasons.

An amusing incident happened the other day at a club which had hospitably thrown open its doors to two other clubs. A certain well known officer in the brigade of guards was guilty of the offense of smoking in the morning room. As a matter of fact, he was under the impression that it was the smoking room. A brother officer told him of his mistake. He went up to the only other occupant of the room, an old gentleman dozing in a corner, and apologized for having inadvertently broken one of the rules of the club. The old gentleman replied, without haste, as follows: "My dear sir, pray do not apologize. In the first place, I am sure you would not have smoked had you known that it was prohibited; in the second, I should be the last person to blame you if you had done so; in the third, I am not a member of the club, and in the fourth, I have just been smoking myself."—London Globe.

The Empire of Dollars.

Wall street is the capital of the empire of dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its duels, its cabals and its camarillas, and, like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotism—"wolf honor"—which brings its citizens together at times in defense of the dollar and of property rights. The empire of dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those Venice bankers who "financed" the crusaders. We do not like to think of those Wall street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our civil war, when the nation needed gold.—Samuel Merwin in Success Magazine.

Time For a Change.

What shall we do with our parents? There is my father ruling himself and me by his willful ignorance and my mother running us by her extravagances. It is a great development of the times that the ordinary child who is past twenty is altogether better educated, more experienced and wiser than are his parents! It has occurred to me to suggest that after the eldest child reaches twenty the parents should therefore come under the control of the children.—Letter in London Graphic.

Belgium Shrimp Fishers.

Horses play an important part in shrimp fishing along the Belgian coast. A procession of weather beaten fishermen starts from the shore, each man mounted upon the back of a trained horse, dragging the triangular purse shaped net which scoops in the shrimp as it passes over the sands. These fishermen on horseback frequently make hauls of several hundredweight in a single trip.

"David Harum," the novel written by the late Edward Noyes Westcott, netted the author's estate about \$125,000, according to a statement made in the surrogate's court, Syracuse, N. Y.

BARTLEY.

1906, and it snowed the very next day. John Glandon was a Bartley visitor, Saturday.

Mrs. Beck and daughter left for the east, Saturday.

A. J. Dodd was called to Lincoln on business, this week.

The ice gatherers are now arranging for this year's harvest.

James Farrell of Lebanon was a business caller here, Monday.

Miss Effie McCord went to Stockville, Saturday, to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox moved into their pleasant new home, Monday.

A watch meeting was held at the Dry Creek church, Sunday night.

Miss Leva Williams is at her sister's Mrs. Elmer Oxley's, this week.

C. E. Matthews has contracted a \$170 job of plastering the new hotel at Minden.

The Misses Ethel Rockwell and Greenlee of Cambridge attended the Burton party.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hoover returned to their home at Wauneta, Friday evening, on No. 5.

A party of about one hundred had a fine time skating south of town New Year day.

Mrs. Geo. Webber visited with her sister Mrs. M. O. Voorhees south of Cambridge, this week.

Mrs. Ora Stevens and children returned from Wynora, Friday night, her health much improved.

B. O. Walsworth has resigned his position in the Bartley mill and moved onto a farm northeast of Bartley.

The members of the Degree of Honor will have installation of officers and a box supper, Tuesday evening, January 9th.

C. F. Martin of Waco, Neb., will preach in the Christian church, morning and evening, January 7. Everybody invited.

A. F. McCord will leave, Monday, for a two months' visit with relatives and friends in Eastern Nebraska and Missouri.

Ira Rietchie came home, Tuesday evening, from Cambridge where he has been shelling corn. He returned, Thursday morning.

There was a pleasant party at the Burton home, Friday evening, in honor of their relatives from North Loup, three gentlemen and two ladies by the name of Rich.

P. E. McKillip, brother of Dan and Ed. McKillip near here, is mentioned as an available candidate for congress in his district or for governor of Nebraska. Pat could fill either position to a queen's taste.

LEBANON.

Quite a crowd of boys went to Wilsonville, New Year day, to skate.

Robert Orr is running the Farmers' elevator, Mr. Blair having resigned.

Sam Judy has a new cylinder corn sheller and is doing some fast shelling.

Miss Hannah Kaiser gave a party, New Year night. They report a splendid time.

The St. Francis branch has two passenger trains daily since January 1st. One each way.

Mr. and Mrs. George Abbott and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Abbott and Floyd have been visiting in Iowa.

Urban Bartholomew drove to Bartley, Tuesday returning Wednesday, with his mother who returned from Lincoln on No. 5, Tuesday evening.

Platte Cuning and Anna Garrett were married at the home of the bride's parents, January 3rd. They will live in Grandma Ralston's residence.

Ledie Welborn died the 23rd and was buried Christmas in Lebanon cemetery. Mr. Welborn was sick with the measles and suffered a relapse. He leaves a wife. They were married in the spring of 1905. Others in his father's family have the measles but are getting along nicely.

The Lebanon businessmen are putting out some costly and very taking calendars. They have some printed on paper and some on paste board, the paper ones being furnished with a tube so that a customer can send one to an old timer any where. This is a splendid feature for those who are longing for a reminder of the home folks.

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Hair Renewer
Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing.

DANBURY.
School reconvened, Tuesday.
Cecil Stilgebouer is under the doctor's care.
Jesse Naden has returned from school for the vacation.
Mr. Hindmans have moved into the Morgan property.
E. M. Woods and Mrs. W. A. Minniear are sailing citizens.
Mrs. Sarah Boyer fell, Tuesday, and injured herself badly.
Miss Alta Morgan returned to her school, Monday evening.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Leisure a baby boy, December 27th.
Rev. Hall has returned from Steckton, where he had been visiting.
Miss Alta Morgan and Miss Bertha Gliem visited in Lebanon, Friday.
Miss Alma Noe of Auburn, Neb., is here visiting at the home of her uncle J. E. Noe.
Ethel Ashton and Miss Viva Wright have gone to the State University to take music lessons.
H. N. French has purchased the billiard hall in Herndon and is going to put in a drug store.
W. J. Stilgebouer has resigned his position in Philip Gliem's store and Warnie Simonson has taken his place.
Roy Thomas and Miss Flossie French were married in McCook, New Year day. The young people have the respect and well wishes of the entire community.
Ben Murphy has quite a number of men preparing an ice house. Danbury has improved to the extent it is necessary to have two ice houses to keep cool in the summer.
Mrs. Bull and children were going to Jake Wicks', Tuesday, and the team ran off and broke one of the little girl's nose and injured her arm. They were all shaken up pretty badly.
BOX ELDER—EAST SIDE.
Snow, beautiful snow, January 2nd.
Two weeks more of good weather and all the corn will be shucked.
Mrs. Paul Stone gave a dinner to friends and relatives, last Sunday.
George Harrison hauled rye to McCook, last week, for Charles Foye.
George Loomis will move to Haigler, where he has rented a ranch of about 1,000 acres.
Special meetings are being held in the Box Elder school house, with Rev. A. Adams in charge.
George Henderson had the misfortune to break his machine while shelling corn for William Doyle.
George Haraison assisted Will Saxon butcher, last Thursday. Two porkers and a beef were disposed off.
Rhen Hauxwell will begin the building of a barn just as soon as the weather permits and carpenters can be had.
Nelson Boyce has gone to Kansas, to take possession of his new home, first of the year. He will return in about a week and have a sale and move to Kansas.
Herman Andrews is shucking corn for Will Saxon, doing 75 bushels a day. The corn is averaging 56 bushels per acre. It is of the Iowa White Dent variety and has been raised but two years in the west.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Saxon gave a dinner to a number of friends, last Sunday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Andrews of McCook, Mrs. Nelson Boyce, and son Vernon, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Garrison.

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