HE AVERTED A PANIO

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.

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 lie must act.

Matsuki was before his audience. He had placed the rugs 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 long table seemed fairly alive.

Swallowed Table Knives For Fun. The glass eaters, iron chewers 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 Satsuma Matsuki, a Japanese juggler 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 Poston he boasted of the feat and upon ging 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 down with the plague, and one day Bonaparte sent for his chief surgeon, Larrey. "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 Larrey. Ronaparte 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 slck. 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 480 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 prentices on the previous May day. Fortunately they had good friends in three queens-Katherine, Mary of France and Margaret of Scotlandwho begged for their pardon on their moment perfectly perpendicular. The knees, and when Henry at last yielded to such supplications the prisoners, it Meanwhile those fighting the fire is said, "gave a mighty shout for joy, had worked bravely, and success was throwing their halters toward the top of the hall." The stage has never produced anything to rival that dramatic moment .-- London Graphic.

NELSON'S FIGHTING MEN.

Had Few Pleasures and Faced Death With a Jest.

Saturday. 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 soized 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 them 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 atroclous 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 den.

for that offense at the gratings next morning.

"In Nelson's time the seman had few pleasures save the prospect of a hot fight and his daily wint of rum. But to these must be added the vainglorious 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 Cambridge, this week. 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 linstocks were lighted. 'It was the custom of the 9th.

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 and evening, January 7. Everybody inears, so that the roar of the guns might | vited. 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.

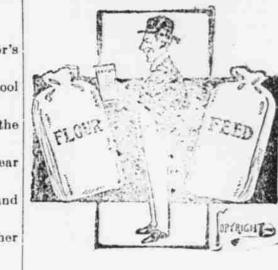
"Methods followed in that day were curiously primitive and toilsome, but the results were undoubtedly satisfactory save to the nameless and numberless sailors who met grim death on the black and blood stained decks or in the



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 dollars saved to your wife. 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



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PHONE 30

M'COOK, NEB.

VEGETABLE SICILIAN

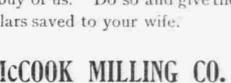
"Between Meals"

on prices. No one feels partic-Miss Alma Noe of Auburn, Neb., is ularly happy after making a purhere visiting at the home of her uncle chase to find he could have bought the same feed of us at considerably less money.

Good Standard Feed

W. J. Stilgebouer has resigned his has a certain value. We know that value and never charge above it. It's a saving the year round to buy of us. Do so and give the

MCCOOK MILLING CO.



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

Creek church, Sunday night.

Mrs. Elmer Oxley's, this week.

job of plastering the new botel at Min-

lee 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

ed from Wymore, Friday night, her health much improved.

position in the Bartley mill and moved

The members of the Degree of Honor will have installation of officers and a

preach in the Christian church, morning

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

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

There was a pleasant party at the Bur- in the summer.

an available candidate for congress in

LEBANCN.

Quite a crewd of boys went to Wilson-

Robert Orr is running the Farmers'

Mr. and Mrs. George Abbott and Mr.

Grandma Ralsten's residence.

elevator, Mr. Blair having resigned.

ville, New Year day, to skate.

One each way.

you have ample time to post up

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, flire!" And Matsuki sent the 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 Hke whipcords.

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

"Ye-ar, flire!" And again was the tathe 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

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 table nearly to the ceiling, turning a 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 ble hurled aloft and caught again with Mines," the first novel that made a reputation for Rider Haggard .- London

We Usually Find Our Level.

Queen.

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 thhelp, 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 b'iled 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.

think my wife cares very much for me. --Detroit Tribune.

Not Complaining.

ful loser.

dark horror of the cockpit. That those hardy and careless men often faced ton home, Friday evening, in honor of death or disablement with a jest or a their relatives from North Loup, three cheer only renders their unconscious gentlemen and two ladies by the name heroism the more impressive."-Chicaof Rich.

Four Good Reasons.

go News.

An amusing incident happened the other day at a club which had hospi- his district or for governor of Nebraska. tably thrown open its doors to two Pat could fill either position to a queen's other clubs. A certain well known off- taste. cer 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 do not apologize. In the first place, I time. 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. been visiting in Iowa.

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 No. 5, Tuesday evening. 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 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 measles but are getting along nicely. 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 ruining himself and a customer can send one to an old timer me by his willful ignorance and my any where. This is a splendid feature mother running is by her extrava- for those who are longing for a reminder gances. It is a great development of of the home folks 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 Cobbs-To tell you the truth, I don't mounted upon the back of a trained horse, dragging the triangular purse Dobbs-Well, cheer up, old man. You shaped net which scoops in the shrimp can at least be proud of her good sense. as it passes over the sands. These fishermen on horseback frequently make hauls of several hundredweight in a single trip.

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 P. E. McKillip, brother of Dan and all shaken up pretty badly. Ed. McKillip near here, is mentioned as

BOX ELDER--EAST SILE.

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 Mc Cook, last week, for Charles Foye. George Loomis will move to Haigler, where he has rented a ranch of about Sam Judy has a new cylinder corn sheller and is doing some fast shelling. 1.000 acres. Special meetings are being held in the Miss Hannah Kaiser gave a party, New haste, as follows: "My dear sir, pray Year night. They report a splendid Box Elder school house, with Rev. A.

Adams in charge. George Henderson had the misfortune The St. Francis branch has two passto break his machine while shelling corn enger trains daily since January 1st.

for William Doyle. George Haraison assisted Will Sexson and Mrs. Albert Abbott and Floyd have butcher, last Thursday. Two porkers and a beef were disposed off.

Rhen Hauxwell will begin the build-Urban Bartholomew drove to Bartley, Tuesday returning Wednesday, with his ing of a barn just as soon as the weather mother who returned from Lincoln on permits and carpenters can be had.

Nelson Boyce has gone to Kansas, to Platte Cuming and Anna Garrett were | take possession of his new home, first of married at the home of the bride's par- the year. He will return in about a ents, January 3rd. They will live in week and have a sale and move to Kan-835.

Herman Andrews is shucking corn for Ledie Welborn died the 23rd and was the dollar and of property rights. The buried Christmas in Lebanon cemetery. Will Sexson, doing 75 bushels a day. empire of dollars is not altogether a Mr. Welborn was sick with the measles The corn is averaging 56 bushels per noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at and suffered a relapse. He leaves a wife, acre. It is of the Iowa White Dent vari-They were married in the spring of 1905. ety and has been raised but two years in Others in his father's family have the the west.

> Mr. and Mrs. Will Sexson gave a din-The Lebanon businessmen are putting ner to a number of friends, last Sunout some costly and very taking calen- day. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. dars. They have some printed on paper J. W. Andrews of McCook, Mrs. Nel and some on paste board, the paper ones son Boyce, and son Vernon, and Mr.

being furnished with a tube so that a and Mrs. J. H. Garrison.

and Saturday.

Fifty Years the Standard .DR. for her baby and little girl. CREAM BAKING DAWDFD



YOU WOULD DO WELL TO SEE

J. M. Rupp

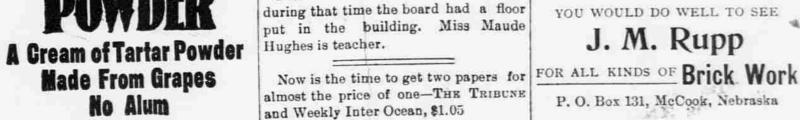
P. O. Box 131, McCook, Nebraska

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.

12.15

Belle-I think he has lost his heart. "David Harum," the novel written May-Well, he is an extremely cheerby the late Edward Noyes Westcott, netted the author's estate about \$125,-Hatred is like fire-it makes even 000, according to a statement made in the surrogate's court, Syracuse, N. Y. light rubbisb deadly .-- George Ellot.



District 3 had a week's vacation and