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Everything in the Building Material line, and grades that will please the most exacting.

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LIVE STOCK MARKETS AT KANSAS CITY

THE WEEK'S TRADE REPORTED BY CLAY, ROBINSON & COMPANY, LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

OFFICES AT CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, OMAHA SIOUX CITY, ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER

Kansas City, Jan. 24, 1906

Receipts of cattle thus far this week are 32,300; last week, 41,100; last year, 26,000. Monday's market was strong to 10c higher; Tuesday slow and barely steady for beef steers with cows and heifers steady to strong and stockers and feeders 10 to 15c higher. Trade in beef steers today was slow and prices were quoted anywhere from steady to 15c lower. Other grades held unchanged. The following table gives prices now ruling:

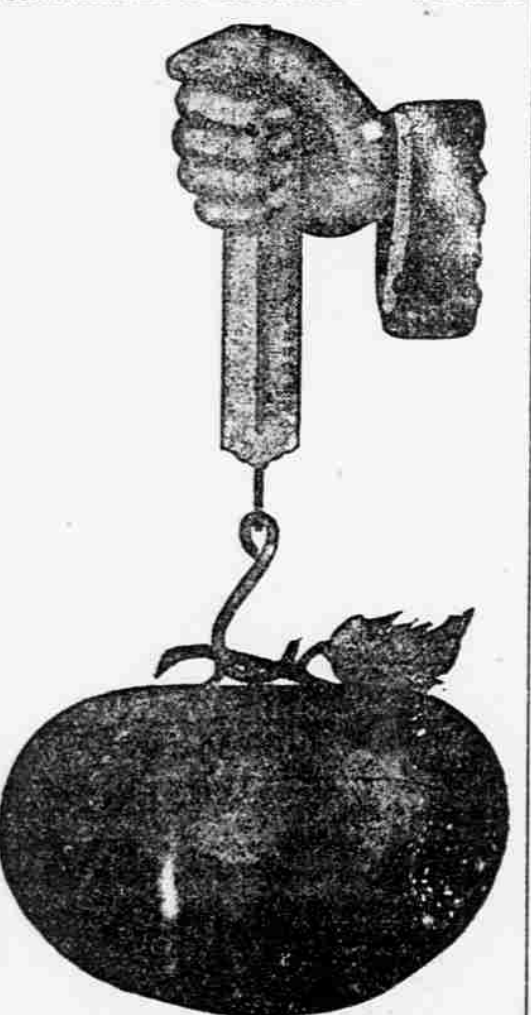
Extra prime cornfed steers	45.25 to 45.80
Good	44.75 to 45.25
Ordinary	44.00 to 44.75
Choice cornfed heifers	44.50 to 45.00
Good	43.50 to 44.00
Medium	42.75 to 43.25
Choice cornfed cows	43.00 to 44.00
Good	42.00 to 43.00
Medium	41.00 to 42.00
Canners	1.50 to 2.25
Choice steers	3.75 to 4.00
Choice fed bulls	3.50 to 4.00
Good	3.25 to 3.50
Bologna bulls	2.25 to 2.50
Good to choice native or western stockers	3.75 to 4.25
Fair	3.40 to 3.75
Common	3.00 to 3.40
Good to choice heavy native feeders	3.75 to 4.30
Fair	3.25 to 3.75
horned feeders	3.25 to 3.75
Fair	3.00 to 3.25
Common	2.50 to 3.00
Good to choice stock heifers	2.75 to 3.00
Fair	2.25 to 2.75
Good to choice stock calves, steers	3.75 to 4.50
Good to choice stock calves, heifers	3.25 to 3.75
Fair	2.75 to 3.25
Choice ewes	5.25 to 5.75

Receipts of hogs thus far this week are 32,600; last week, 37,200; last year, 43,900. Monday's market was strong to 5c higher; Tuesday steady and today steady to 5c lower with bulk of sales from \$5.37½ to 5.45; top 5.47½.

Receipts of sheep thus far this week are 19,900; last week, 35,500; last year, 28,000. Monday's market was steady to 10c higher; Tuesday steady to 10c higher and today unchanged. We quote: choice lambs \$7.25 to 7.35; choice yearlings, 6.25 to 6.50; choice wethers, \$5.65 to 5.75; choice ewes, \$5.25 to 5.75.

It invigorates, strengthens and builds up. It keeps you in addition physically, mentally and morally. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents. Tea or tablets. L. W. McConnell.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TOMATO WEIGHT 6 LBS. 2 OZS. THE MARVEL OF THE GARDENING WORLD



Never before has there been such an enormous Tomato grown as the one herewith illustrated. This wonder being grown by Mr. W. H. Richards of Wilburton, Ind. Ter., who raised numerous other tomatoes in the same patch, weighing 3, 4 and 5 pounds each. This new tomato was originated by the St. Louis Seed Co., 504-506 North Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo., who are giving away FREE packets of the seeds to all who write them for it. Their beautiful new enlarged Catalogue also describes and illustrates the world's largest cucumber, length 22 inches. Their wonderful new corn, that they offer a cash prize of \$5.00 per ear for. Their new mammoth yielding oats, which has a record of 183 bushels per acre and an endless variety of other new offerings that cannot be found elsewhere. We urge our readers to write them to-day, for their handsome new Seed Catalogue, also the FREE packet of Tomato Seed, kindly mentioning this paper. Address them as above.

SPOILED HIS DINNER

WHY GENERAL CLARK ONCE REFUSED TO EAT WITH VEST.

Sad Flight of the Old Missouri Fighter Under the Skillful and Merciless Baiting of the Artful and Tantalizing Senator.

Among the most prominent story tellers in Missouri annals were General John B. Clark of Wilson creek fame and the matchless George Graham Vest. The writer remembers a story Senator Vest used to tell about General Clark that is worth while.

Vest and Clark were seated at a table in a popular restaurant in Washington chatting about Missouri and Missourians while the waiter was out preparing their order for dinner. On this particular occasion Vest was doing most of the listening, while General Clark in his peculiar scrappy, piping voice was discoursing upon the merits and demerits, principally demerits, of Missouri political leaders. Those who knew General Clark well during his lifetime undoubtedly remember with what extravagance the general could praise and laud those he had a liking for at the moment and with what grim humor he could satirize and ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of those he happened to dislike. It was these dispositions on the part of the general that caused him to get into trouble at this time.

Although Vest was listening attentively and respectfully to the general's conversation, assisting him on with his story with a grunt of approval now and then, even offering suggestions as occasion would permit, yet all the while the senator was casting his eyes to the daily paper spread out upon the table near him. The general, encouraged by Vest's grunts and suggestions, was working himself up to a striking climax in a ludicrous story about a Missouri politician whom the general for the moment had concluded he didn't like, when he was abruptly interrupted by Senator Vest's speaking as if he had just discovered something in the paper he had been glancing at.

"By the way, general," said Vest, "do you know one Captain Smith?" (we will call him "Captain John Smith" for the purpose of this story), "down in Missouri?"

"Yes," snapped the general, showing some irritation at having his story interrupted right in the very flower of its growth, "certainly I know him, and a dirtier coward never walked the face of the earth than this same Captain John Smith."

This little fling at Captain Smith was a left handed stroke at Vest for interrupting his (Clark's) story, as Vest had planned and expected it would be. However, the general showed a disposition to let it all go at this and attempted to resume his fractured story about the Missouri politician.

"As I was saying"— "Well," Vest interrupted again, not pretending to notice that the general had attempted to resume his story, "I don't know anything about the fellow being a coward. In fact, I know nothing about him. But I knew you did, and I thought I would get you to tell me something about him."

"Of course I know him, Vest," the general responded, pitching his scrappy voice in a little higher key, "and I have already said enough about him to cause any genuine Missourian to lose interest in him. There is nothing to him, I tell you, except a yellow streak from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, a forked streak. Know him? Why, I know him like a book. He's a coward, I tell you, and that's enough for any Missourian to know about anybody. Why, I tell you that fellow is afraid to go out in the cornfield where they are gathering corn because the popping of the breaking cornstalks sounds so much like a gunshot that it frightens him nearly to death. Don't talk to me, Vest, about Captain John Smith. I know him."

"I didn't know him, general," Vest innocently responded, "but since you have given such a graphic description of his character I feel that I know him better. Nevertheless, general, the fellow seems to write a right good article."

"Humph!" snorted the general in disgust. "I'd like to know what that fellow could be writing about. Nobody would believe a word he could say. He's a coward, I tell you. I know, for I've had him in command under me, and I've seen him flicker time and again. Nobody will ever believe a word a coward will say, but what is the fellow trying to write about, Vest?"

"The Battle of Wilson Creek," the senator replied as he picked up the paper and prepared to read the story to the general. The senator knew he had the general at the verge of the precipice and that it was time to topple him over, and right well did he do it.

The battle of Wilson creek was General Clark's theme on any and all occasions, and as soon as Senator Vest mentioned that as being Captain Smith's subject the general was all attention in a moment.

The senator began the story at the beginning and read it clean through for the general's benefit, occasionally glancing over the edge of the paper out of the corner of his eye to observe the effect it was having on the general. The senator was soon rewarded, for the general soon began to twist and wriggle uneasily in his seat. In other words, the general was over the precipice. He knew it and was working his brain for all it was worth for a hold to recover.

The senator chuckled quietly to himself as he read on. Presently he came

THE CODE OF HONOR.

Duelling as it Was in France in the Time of Richelieu.

The passion for duelling, which had cost France, it was said, between 7,000 and 8,000 lives during the twenty years of Henry IV's reign, was at its height when his son came to the throne. The council of Trent in 1545 had solemnly condemned the practice of single combat, impartially including principals, seconds and spectators in its penalty of excommunication. In 1602 an edict of Henry pronounced the "damnable custom of duelling introduced by the corruption of the century" to be the cause of so many piteous accidents, to the extreme regret and displeasure of the king and to the irreparable damage of the state, "that we should count ourselves unworthy to hold the scepter if we delayed to repress the enormity of this crime."

A whole series of edicts followed to the same effect, but it was easier to make edicts than to enforce them. Degradation, imprisonment, confiscation of property, loss of civil rights and death were the penalties attached to the infringement of the laws against duelling, and still the practice prevailed. In 1626 Richelieu published a milder form of prohibition. The first offense was no longer capital, a third only of the offender's property was to be confiscated, and the judges were permitted to recognize extenuating circumstances.

A few months later the Comte de Bouteville thought fit to test the minister's patience in this direction. The Place Royale had long been a favorite dueling ground, and De Bouteville traveled from Brussels to fight his twenty-second duel here, in the heart of Paris, in deliberate defiance of the king's authority. The result was not encouraging. Montmorency though he was, the count went with his second to the scaffold, and the marked decrease from that time in the number of duels may be attributed either to the moderation used in framing the law or to the inexorable resolution with which it was enforced.—Macmillan's Magazine.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Roguary is the last of trades. Without cheating, no trading. Every fox praises his own tail. A debt is adorned by payment. A good beginning is half the work. Every little frog is great in his own bog.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself. Go after two wolves and you will not catch even one. If God doesn't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you find it. Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues. Send a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

Dr. Holmes' Revenge.

When "The Last Leaf" was published by Oliver Wendell Holmes a critic attacked it savagely and cruelly. Dr. Holmes, though imperturbed by friends, did nothing in revenge. He waited for time to avenge him, which time did liberally. The critic fell upon evil days and ended his existence with suicide. The only morceau of personal revenge which the good doctor allowed himself was to cut out the paragraph about his enemy's career and paste it in his scrapbook on the same page which contained the original criticism and the announcements of the successive editions of the poem. This was a mild revenge, but even this was unworthy of Dr. Holmes.

Seemed to Have Him Cornered.

The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders of nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a wasp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When examined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough. "It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature." "It isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class. "Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked. "Cause nature made me cross eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."

He Saw the Joke.

"One day," says an American, "I walked into a bookshop in the Strand and asked for Hare's 'Walks in London.' In America the book is sold in one thick volume. The clerk brought it in two. 'Oh, I said as I looked at them, 'you part your 'Hare' in the middle, do you?' 'I, sir?' he said, with a bewildered look. 'Oh, no, sir!' I saw he didn't see the joke, so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I went to the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he rushed from the back of the shop, laughing vociferously. 'Good!' he shouted. 'Capital! Part your 'Hare' in the middle! That's capital, sir, capital!'—London Tit-Bits.

Love's Grammar.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Helen," said Percy, with trembling voice and wabbling chin. "Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said demurely. "Because I can see 'No' in your eyes." "In both of them?" "Y-yes." "Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—How dare you, sir? Take your arm from around my waist instantly!" But he didn't.

A Question.

"You'll let me come to your wedding, dear, of course?" "Well, I can't promise. My people are so enraged at my choice that I hardly know whether I shall be allowed to go myself."

A Dyer.

He—Do you think blonds have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. You might ask Miss Turner. She has had experience in both capacities.—New Yorker.

Patience—It's a very bad sign to tumble upstairs. Patrice—Even so, I'd rather do that than tumble downstairs.—Yonkers Statesman.

RUNNING THE GANTLET.

This Punishment Was Once Used For Military Discipline.

The following extracts give information concerning the punishment of "running the gantlet."

"In running the gantlet the regiment was formed six deep, and the ranks opened and faced inward. Each man being furnished with a switch, the offender, naked to the waist, was led through the ranks, preceded by a sergeant, the point of whose reversed halbert was presented to his breast to prevent his running too fast. As he thus passed through the ranks every soldier gave him a stroke."—Grose's "Military Antiquities," volume 2, page 108.

But the oldest notice I have seen is given in "Monro—His Expedition With the Worthy Scots Regiment (called Mackeyes Regiment), Levied in August, 1626, Etc. London. Printed by William Jones in Red-Crosse Street, 1637."

"Other slight punishments we enjoye for slight faults, put in execution by their camarades, as the louegarthe (running the gantlet; Swedish gantulopp, to run through a hedge made by soldiers), when a souldier is stripped naked above the waste and is made to runne a furlong betwixt 200 souldiers ranged alike opposite to others, leaving a space in the midst for the souldier to runne through, where his camarades whip him with small rods ordained and cut for the purpose by the Gavilliger (provost marshal), and all to keepe good order and discipline."—London Notes and Queries.

WEDDING SPEECHES.

Some That Were Not in the Usual Conventional Style.

A wedding in New York at which the bridesmaids were representative of six nationalities and each felicitated the bride in the language of her own country was an odd affair, but probably not so well received as the speech of a young Englishman who was called upon to propose the toast, "The Bridesmaids." Apprised of his ordeal in advance, he had devised an escape, and with the single statement that silence was golden he brought from his pocket a set of gold bangles, which he bestowed upon the attendants of the bride.

At a wedding feast at Dol, in Normandy, the demand for a speech resulted in the production of a guitar, upon which the speaker accompanied himself while he chanted the praises of the bride. Had he stopped there all would have been well, but he changed to a praise of his store, and the guests threw him out of the house.

Doubtless a similar fate should have befallen the sharpshooter who wrote the name of the bride upon the wall with pistol bullets, to the serious damage of the wall paper. Almost as odd was the performance of a German music hall performer, who, when called upon for entertainment, mounted the table upon his hands and balanced himself upon glasses, cups and other furnishings.

Fanny Blanders.

A famous sculpture group recently exhibited in Glasgow represents Adam and Eve after they had left Eden. Eve, in despair, lies at Adam's feet. Through a mistake an intelligent attendant placarded it with this description: "Motherless." At the same exhibition was a sleeping nymph, by a well known sculptor, which by another mistake appeared in the catalogue as "Mrs. —," greatly to the horror of Glasgow. A Sunday school boy recently gave this account of the prophet Elijah: "Elijah, the prophet, was carried into heaven by a whirlwind, and the children stood up and cried: 'Go up, thou baldhead! Go up, thou baldhead!' And before he went up he divided the Red sea."

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Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. Buy of your Druggist or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. 2100 Madison Square, PHILA., PA. Mention this name.

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THE BUTCHER

D. C. MARSH The Butcher Phone 12.



THE above picture of the man and fish is the trademark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

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