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I am bringing out another new magazine that you will come pretty close to liking. I wouldn't be surprised if it hit you harder than anything in the shape of a magazine you have ever seen. There isn't much style to it, but it has the stuff in it that you and everybody else will want to read. It is called

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On all news stands or from the publisher

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (ISOLATED TRACT).
United States land office, Lincoln, Nebraska, January 25, 1906. Public land sale. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of instructions from the commissioner of the general land office under authority vested in him by section 2455 U. S. Rev. Stat., as amended by the act of congress, approved February 26, 1905, we will proceed to offer at public sale on the 22nd day of March next, at two o'clock p. m. at this office the following tract of land to-wit: Southwest quarter northeast quarter section 7, township 1, north, range 29, west, 6th P. M. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims in this office on or before the day above designated for the commencement of said sale, otherwise their rights will be forfeited. 2264.
W. A. GREEN, Register.
ALVA E. KENNARD, Receiver.
Boyle & Eldred, attorneys.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
By virtue of an order of sale, issued from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, under a decree in an action wherein Amos D. Aultouse is plaintiff, and the heirs of William E. Glynne et al. are defendants, to me directed and delivered, I shall offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the east door of the court house, in McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 26th day of March, 1906, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, to-wit: The south west quarter of the southeast quarter, and the south east quarter of the southwest quarter of section twenty-three (23) in township one (1), north, range twenty-nine (29), west of the 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska.
Dated this 21st day of February, 1906.
H. L. PETESON, Sheriff.
Starr & Reeder, attorneys for plaintiff.

Tribune Clubbing List.
For convenience of readers of THE TRIBUNE we have made arrangements with the following newspapers and periodicals whereby we can supply them in combination with THE TRIBUNE at the following very low prices:

PUBLICATION	PRICE	TRIBUNE
Detroit Free Press	\$1.00	\$1.50
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Souvenir Postal Cards.
The McCook Souvenir Postals Cards printed by THE TRIBUNE are on sale at The Post Office Lobby
L. W. McConnell's
The Tribune Office.
Other designs are in preparation.
THE TRIBUNE will do your printing right.

Good looks bring happiness. Friends care more for us when we meet them with a clean, smiling face, bright eyes sparkling with health, which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. L. W. McConnell.
Good reading cheap may be secured from THE TRIBUNE clubbing list.

THE PENSION OFFICE

HUMOR THAT SPICES THE ROUTINE WORK OF THE OFFICIALS.

Some of the Quaint and Original Applications for Payments That Have Been Handed In to the Representatives of Uncle Sam.

If he dared to do so the commissioner of pensions at Washington could compile a delightful volume, putting therein the strange applications for pensions that come to his office. Some of these letters belong to the "too good to keep" class, and they find their way out into the world, where they add a good deal to the hilarity of nations. Some applicants for pensions manifest the most childlike ignorance regarding the method of procedure necessary when applying for a pension. They seem to think that all they have to do is to send an application to the pension office and Uncle Sam will forward a check by return mail.

Soon after the close of the civil war there came to the pension office in Washington the following unique and poetical application for a pension that went the rounds of the newspapers years ago:

to Commissioner of Pensions Washington, these many years I've tried in vain an honest pension to obtain For wound received in Sixty one at first Battle of Bull Run one of obloes sons so brave who went to the front the union to save And whilst Engaged in above said night a rebel Shell took half my sight Not content by taking an Eye this treacherous shell in Passing by took my Eye Brow Clear of the bone and Left me as unconscious as a stone burning a blister of Crystal Clear from the jaw bone tot the Ear but thanks to god my life was spared Cheek and Eye brow but Slightly Seared and one Eye was left to me for to wright and read Poetre I hope that with that Eye to see the day when unkel Sam his Cripples will Pay.

Much more recent is the letter sent to the commissioner of pensions by an applicant who had contracted blood poisoning in the following remarkable manner:

I got blood poison by beinge hit with a hens eg wen I cam back from the front. The eg was not good wen you send my pension I want the Deed made sos my wife cant get none of it. She throde the eg. She war a rebbel.

Equally appealing and remarkable was another letter sent to the pension office in which the applicant set forth his claims to a pension in this wise:

The way I got my War Inzery was a ketchin of a hog. The Hog war wanted by our captain for forego. We was chasin the hog and she crawled throu a hole and I got I was about the size of the hog and tried to crawl throu, but I stuck an in tryin to wiggle out I throde the rules off an one it hit me on my hed and necked me senseless. I do not think the hog had nothin to do with my line of duty, for I did not ketch the hog. Wich she never was caust, so pleze send along my pension.

One aged pensioner had evidently made a serious blunder by taking unto himself a wife in his old age, for love of gain seems to have been the motive of the woman who married him if the following letter stated the facts in the case:

Dear Mister Government, Pleze to fix up my penshun papers so as my wife cant draw my twelve dolers a munt when I am dod, she say she married me for joy an to be old mans During but now I no it was for to git my penshun on herself by being my widower so pleze let my penshun end with me but pleze doant let on to her that you got this from me or I would have a hot time of it and times is beiter now than I can stand. So when I send word that I am no moar then send her this if you want to but not until the penshun is shut off witch it is her just deserts for marryin for money in a Mersheany spirrit.

One day there came to the pension office a very old and subud looking man who could scarcely totter along with the help of two canes. By his side was a very robust and perfectly self reliant young woman of perhaps thirty years of age. When some one went forward to ask what was wanted the young woman said:

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is my husband, and we ain't getting enough pension—that's what we ain't. We're getting only \$10 a month, and we know a man that wasn't in the war half as long as my husband was and didn't get a shot in him and he gits his \$12 a month, and we want our pension raised to that figger or more."

One applicant was willing to give the most palpable proof of the genuineness of his injuries, for he wrote as follows:

If you don't think I was shot in the war I am willing to come on there and you or any one else can lay their finger on the bullet imbedded in my back which pines me when I stoop or lay on it and which it has brought on permanent disability so I can't work like I used to could I guess if you would speak to President Maykney and tell him about the bullet he would say to send on the pension and any medikal doctor would say the same. A doctor here will go his affidavit that he has layed his fingers on the bullet wich I am proud of as scars of War where I fit and bled for my country wich it is America and Union forever. —New York Tribune.

Not a Fair Division.
"If a house contains six bureaus, eleven armoires, seven chiffoniers and fifty-three miscellaneous drawers, how many of 'em is the husband entitled to and how many is the wife?" asked the young clubman.
The second clubman laughed harshly. "You are young and have much to learn," he said. "You may as well understand first as last that if there were in your house a mile of bureaus, three acres of armoires and 17,000 drawers all these would still be stuffed full of veils, ruching, hatpins, ribbons, silk stockings, petticoats, powder puffs and safety pins, and the best course for you to pursue would be to wrap your own things—your shirts, underclothes and so on—in a newspaper and keep them under the bed."—New York Press.

He that falls into sin is a man; he that grieves at it is a saint; that boasts eth of it is a devil.—Fuller.

A MURDEROUS WEAPON.

The Explosive Harpoon, the Whale Hunter's Chief Reliance.

The explosive harpoon, which is the modern whale hunter's chief reliance, is a truly murderous weapon, six feet in length and strong in proportion, made chiefly of malleable iron and admirably designed for the slaying of the immense creatures. Its most striking feature next to the bomb head, which is operated by a time fuse and explodes in the vitals of the whale, is the anchor-like device that prevents the harpoon "drawing" out of the body again under the terrific strain of the wounded monster's frantic efforts to free itself. This consists of four hinged bars, which lie along the shaft before it is fired, but which are forced apart and imbed themselves in the whale's body after he is hit, so that if the prize escapes, which sometimes occurs, it is only by breaking the rope.

When "fish" are numerous and there is a chance of killing more than one in a day a novel method is adopted with the first victim. When it is seen to be dead a hole is bored through its back into its stomach and air is pumped into it by a pipe from the steamer's engines until it is inflated like a great balloon. The orifice is then closed with a wooden plug, and a man is left alongside in a small boat to establish ownership, while the whaler steams off in quest of other prey. As many as five whales have been killed by a ship in one day, four is not an unusual "bag," and three and two are commonly got. A single ship killed twenty-two in a week, and the record year's work for one is 258, an amazing number when it is remembered that on stormy days it is impossible to cruise at all, as the sprays bury the gun, and that during the winter months fishing is abandoned. During that period the whales "strike off" the coast to escape the ice floes, to which the orquals are not partial, being in this respect unlike their arctic congeners, whose habitat is now the remotest section of Hudson bay and the channels which strike north from its farthest bounds into the polar sea itself.—Technical World.

LINCOLN'S CARELESSNESS.

His Hat His Favorite Receptacle For Letters and Papers.

When Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem he used to tuck the letters inside his hat and deliver them whenever he happened to meet the persons to whom they were addressed. As this is a fair example of his business system, it may readily be imagined that the office of Stuart & Lincoln was not a model establishment, where there was a place for everything and everything in its place. And it was not. Indeed, as a managing clerk the junior partner would have been a hopeless failure, and as an attorney, in the technical sense of the term, he would never have distinguished himself. He disliked everything connected with the drudgery of legal routine, hated drawing the declarations and pleas, despised the artificialities and refinements which were even then beginning to creep into the pleadings and disregarded forms whenever it was possible to do so.

There was nothing mechanical, precise or methodical about the man, and in all those housewifely virtues which characterized the careful, orderly, exact solicitor he was utterly deficient. He never knew where his papers were, and apparently the only attempt he ever made to better the disorder was to write on one of his bundles of papers which littered his desk, "When you can't find it anywhere else, look in this." But that was long after the firm of Stuart & Lincoln had dissolved, and even then we find him explaining to a correspondent that he had placed his letter inside an old hat and had thus neglected answering it, which shows he had not wholly outgrown the habit of his postoffice days. Indeed, his hat continued to be his favorite receptacle for papers as long as he lived, and he never acquired any sense of order.—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Moon Cure For Bald Heads.

The superstition in agricultural communities that the phases of the moon affect the germination and growth of seed has a parallel in a queer belief that the moon also influences the growth of hair on the head. Here is an old recipe. The baldheaded should take "two ounces of boar's grease, one dram of the ashes of burned bees, one dram of the ashes of southern wood, one dram of the juice of a white lily root, one dram of oil of sweet almonds and six drams of pure musk. Make an ointment of these and the day before the full moon shave the place and anoint it every day."—New York Tribune.

The Brute!

"This hat of mine," stormed the wife, "has been out of date for ten solid years."
"I should certainly have thought," responded her shameless husband, "that the styles would have swung back to it at least once in that length of time."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Saving System.

"I saved a big pile of money today," said Mr. Hardhead.
"That is lovely! How?" said his wife.
"Instead of going to law with a man for what he owed me I let him have it."—London Tit-Bits.

His Specialty.

Mrs. Knicker—Is your husband an after dinner speaker. Mrs. Bocker—No, but he does a powerful lot of grumbling during it.—Brooklyn Life.

There are ways of showing satisfaction without a superabundance of words.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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