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"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—Mrs. W. H. BRYMER, Shelby, Ala.

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McCook Tribune,
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sells the best LUMBER and COAL, and that he appreciates your past favors and solicits your future patronage.

And quit wondering what that new house, barn or granary would cost but come in and let us figure it for you, and you will be surprised to learn that you have been making a mountain out of a mole-hill.

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The one that blows without anything to blow about wastes time and energy. The excellence of our goods and delivery service warrant us for blowing. Always the best—always the greatest variety—always the highest quality.

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Phone 14. Fresh and Salt Meats.

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To have a happy home you should have children. They are great happy-home makers. If a weak woman, you can be made strong enough to bear healthy children, with little pain or discomfort to yourself, by taking

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A Tonic for Women

It will ease all your pain, reduce inflammation, cure leucorrhoea, (whites), falling womb, ovarian trouble, disordered menses, backache, headache, etc., and make childbirth natural and easy. Try it. At all dealers in medicines, in \$1.00 bottles.

"DUE TO CARDUI is my baby girl, now two weeks old," writes Mrs. J. Priest, of Webster City, Iowa. "She is a fine healthy babe and we are both doing nicely. I am still taking Cardui, and would not be without it in the house."

A Woman's Ruse

[Original.]

Many years ago Edward Bixby left a loving wife and their little ones to seek his fortune in the west. Bixby became a prospector in Colorado and bought a claim which he worked with a man by the name of Clark. One day Clark took Bixby to a little pocket of rocks near the mine and showed him where he had placed some articles he did not care to keep on his person. There were some money, a revolver, a gold pencil case, a bunch of keys and a picture of a woman.

"I want you to know where these things are in case anything happens to me," Clark said, and, having covered the pocket with a broad, flat stone, left no sign of the concealed articles.

Some time after this Clark was taken ill and, having no relative to leave any property to, made a will leaving his interest in their claim to Bixby, though there was then no great apparent value in the hole they were sinking. Clark recovered, but the will was not destroyed.

One day Bixby left the claim for a day to buy provisions, and when he came back he found that Clark had been murdered during his absence. There was no trace of the murderer, and Bixby was much puzzled as to who had done the deed. Bixby went on digging and finally struck very valuable ore. Then he filed Clark's will.

He had been suspected of Clark's murder, and now that it appeared he had a motive he was arrested. He could not prove that the murder was committed during his absence, and no one else was known to have an interest in Clark's death. Persons who had sold him and Clark the claim they had worked when it was thought to be of little value, hoping that if Bixby was hanged they might get it back, manufactured evidence against him, and he was convicted. The usual efforts were made by his lawyers to save his life, but they were all failures, and finally they told him he must prepare for death.

It was only a few days before the execution was to take place that a young man, an effeminate, apparently half witted fellow, entered a saloon at the county seat where Bixby had been tried and was to be executed. Going to the bar, he called for a drink and in payment offered a revolver. The bartender while examining it noticed scratched upon the handle "Jarvis Clark," the name of the man who had been murdered. The bartender took the revolver in payment for the drink and immediately sent it to the authorities. The young man who had offered it was arrested, and on his person were found two of the other articles Clark had buried, the gold pencil case and the picture of a woman. The man could give no account of himself, and since Clark had shown the picture to several persons they were enabled to identify it as his property. Bixby was released and the young man was put on trial for the murder of Clark.

Bixby's lawyers advised him to spare no pains to convict the accused, thus vindicating himself, but Bixby declared that his misfortune had shattered his nerves and he would go east to be nursed back to health by his wife. The prosecuting attorney had objected to his being permitted to depart. Bixby, however, got away before any legal move could be made to detain him.

He had had plenty of time to reach a safe distance when the young man who was about to be tried sent for the prosecuting attorney. When that official appeared the prisoner said to him: "I'm not a man. I'm a woman and the wife of the man you hoped to hang. My husband wrote me where Clark had concealed certain articles. I came here, found them and produced the revolver for the purpose which has been achieved. I had arranged it all with my husband."

The astonished official ordered the prisoner to be examined by a woman, who found her claim to be true.

"And now," said Mrs. Bixby, "I believe the picture of the woman Clark hid with the other articles to have something to do with the murder. Release me, and I will endeavor to find out."

Mrs. Bixby was released and set about the task she had assigned herself. It was not long before she discovered the picture to be that of a woman who had left her husband for Clark. The erring woman's husband was arrested for the murder, but he was not brought to trial. The sympathy of the people was in favor of one who had simply avenged a wrong in a way that they considered legitimate. The prisoner confessed that he had long looked for Clark and when he found him gave him a fair chance for his life. But, fearing arrest on charge of murder, he had fled as far as possible from the scene of his revenge.

There was a great deal of sympathy for Bixby, who had come so near being hanged for a murder he had not committed, and a great deal of admiration for the woman who had saved him. He remained in hiding till his wife had uncovered the real facts of the tragedy; then, on an invitation from the people of the region, he returned, took up the work on his mine where he had left it and became rich.

The Bixby case produced a great change for the better in the court before which it was tried. The court had been placed in an absurd position in convicting the wrong man, but had been set right by the trickery of a woman. Circumstantial evidence was thereafter not in favor.

MARY ALICE BOND.

RETRIBUTION

[Original.]

The great American desert is the home of queer people and queer things generally. With us the rattlesnake is the most dreaded of reptiles, but out there they have what they call the Gila monster, that is more terrible than the rattler. Its bite is almost certain death, and men have been known to end their lives with a revolver rather than endure the agony resulting from a Gila bite. When I went out there I had never heard of a Gila, but after I had seen one and its effect I never wanted to see another.

One afternoon while riding past a house, or, rather, hut, belonging to one of the herders of a ranch near by I heard a clatter and, turning, saw a man come galloping down the road. A child about two years old had just come out of the house and was toddling across the road. The horseman paid no attention to it. I thought he didn't see the little fellow, but he did, for just before reaching him he gave a whoop, cutting at him at the same time with his quirt. The child, too young to heed, stooped to pick up something that pleased its baby fancy. The horseman rode straight over him.

The boy's mother came to her door just in time to see what had occurred. With a shriek she rushed to her child, picked him up and ran with him into the house. I would have followed to administer to her, but there were others with her, and, to tell the truth, I had no heart for the work. The man rode on to a saloon farther up the road, where he dismounted and went inside.

I have never felt so ashamed of myself for omitting to do what honor seemed to call for in this case. In the east I would not hesitate to protect a lady from a ruffian, yet here was a woman whose child had been purposefully trampled before her eyes, and I did not raise a hand to avenge her. But what could I do? Any interference on my part must result either in my death or that of the man who had committed the outrage.

I reported the matter to the owner of the ranch, who told me that the boy's father was in his employ and was then away herding cattle. There was a feud between him and the man, a worthless and desperate vagabond who had ridden down the child to avenge some fancied injury. When the father returned one or the other would doubtless bite the dust.

"And if the father falls there will be two victims instead of one," I remarked.

"We can't help that out here," replied my informant. "There's too little law to cover such cases."

The next morning while riding over the plain I came upon the child's mother. She carried a stick and a coarse bag and was evidently looking for something. I did not see her face, for her back was turned. Suddenly I saw her raise the stick and strike at something on the ground. In a few moments she picked up what resembled a young alligator, holding it by the tip of the tail, dropped it in the bag, tied up the bag's mouth and carried her burden away, holding it apart from her. Then she turned and came toward me. I would have liked to ask her what she had been about, but there was a look in her face that decided me not to question her, and she passed on without seeming to be aware of my presence.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I turned and followed her. She went to the saloon up the road, and before reaching it I saw a man asleep on the porch, though I could not see who he was. The woman drew near him stealthily, pausing occasionally, with her eye fixed on him, till at last, coming upon him from a point where he could not see her, she untied the mouth of her bag, held it above him, and the alligator thing it contained fell on his breast.

The man started up and on seeing what had awakened him gave a cry as piercing, as full of despair, as had been given by the woman when her child was run down. I saw him struggling with something that had fastened upon one of his hands and finally throw it from him. It crawled away, and I saw it no more. The woman turned and walked toward her home.

I had seen the dreaded Gila monster. The woman had learned that her enemy was asleep on the saloon porch and, going out on the plain, had found a Gila. When attacked the monster feigned to be dead. She had therefore no difficulty in carrying out her purpose. She knew that when her husband returned the man who had run down his child would expect to die or kill his adversary. Her husband, not knowing of the outrage, would be taken unawares. She had resolved on her own method of felling their enemy and avenging her child.

I was surprised to learn that the child had not been killed. It had not seemed to me that there was one chance in a thousand for its survival. Perhaps it was that the horse—one of the noblest and kindest of dumb brutes—tried not to touch it; perhaps it was good luck; perhaps an interposition of Divine Providence. Be this as it may, the child, though severely injured, lived.

But the man who had sought to kill it—day after day, night after night, we heard the maniacal cries in his delirium and agony. It was a terrible but deserved retribution. One day he found relief, and the next the child he had sought to kill toddled out, and all who saw him rejoiced that it was his would be murderer and not he who had succumbed.

S. MARSHALL PHELPS.

Looking One in the Eyes.

There is a venerable specimen of proverbial philosophy which says that the man who cannot look you in the face is dishonest. No other saying has received greater currency. It strikes the popular mind with axiomatic force, and yet it is not a reliable test of character. Every confidence man who succeeds in his calling has the steady gaze of the immaculate person. No person who is skilled in the fine art of deception falls to take an obvious precaution to impress his dupes. On the other hand, many persons of unquestionable integrity are "put out of countenance" by mere shyness. So morbidly was this trait developed in the case of Hawthorne, in his earlier years at least, that he would go out of his way to avoid meeting those who desired to converse with him. It would be impossible for such a man to cash a forged check, to borrow money from a bank on bogus collateral.

The great rascals can face the world without shrinking.—New York World.

Advice to the Men.

Reams of advice are unloaded upon woman telling, instructing and admonishing her how to make home pleasant, so that the lord and master may find comfort therein. So, then, why should not some advice be given to the said lord and master? For verily there is more than one of them who make home mighty unpleasant. There is the man who does not realize that it takes money to make home pleasant. There is the man who does not realize that his wife needs recreation and outside amusement once in awhile, so that she can continue to make home pleasant. There is the man who does not realize that there is silence and grumpiness and a grouch now and then do not make home pleasant. There is the man who does not realize that children must be noisy sometimes and play and romp if home is to be pleasant to them.—A Woman Cor. in Philadelphia Telegraph.

Snakes Are Great Fasteners.

Snakes, though at times they gorge themselves, are great fasteners. In the French museum an anaconda twenty feet long was a very small feeder, though he gained in weight. Taken there in 1885, he had only thirty-four meals during the next five years, consisting of a small goat or a few rabbits. The interval between these meals varied from twenty-three to 204 days. He would not touch food unless he was in real need of it, and it was only by watching him and noting when he seemed to be uneasy that his keepers could conclude that he was hungry. During the long fast, which was in 1886, many strenuous efforts were made to tempt or force him to eat without the least success.

Profit and Loss.

Here is a story illustrative of the tribulations of an editor of a paper in the west in the old days. Away back in the early eighties of the last century a notice appeared in a journal published at Dodge City which ran as follows: "In view of the fact that we cannot pay the road tax of \$10 assessed against us this year we have been sentenced to a certain period of confinement by the judicial authorities of this state; consequently there will be no issue of this paper for the next three weeks. But, as the state will of course have to board us, we figure that we shall come out some \$20 ahead."—Harper's Weekly.

The Importance of Advertising.

Time was when advertising was regarded as "blowing one's own horn," and there have been in it at times fakes and frauds, just as there have been in other lines of business. All that has changed very perceptibly in the past three or four decades. Business men have realized that the world is too large to ask the people in it to hunt around and find out for themselves what the manufacturer makes and what the merchant has to sell. The possible consumer must be found and told about what is for sale and why he should buy it. That is all there is to advertising.—Indianapolis Star.

A Remarkable Scrapbook.

One of the most carefully guarded possessions of the United States treasury is a scrapbook that is always kept shut up in a massive burglar proof safe in the bureau of engraving and printing. Scarce any one has ever seen it save high officials of the department. Its shabby outside gives no suggestion of the precious contents, yet pasted on the yellow pages are "proofs" taken from all the important counterfeit plates for paper money that have ever been captured by the government.

The Easy Job Youth.

Whenever I see a youth looking for "a soft snap" I pity him. There can be no doubt where he will end if he does not change his tactics. If he does not brace up, take stock of himself and put vim and purpose and energy into his life he will surely join the great army of the "might have beens."—Success.

Philadelphia's Rapid Gait.

"These," said the epicure to the bright Philadelphia girl, "are snails. I suppose Philadelphia people don't eat them for fear of cannibalism."

"Oh, no," was the answer; "it isn't that. We couldn't catch them."—Washington Star.

Something Got Away.

"You say the chicken soup isn't good. Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

"No, I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

His Bluff.

Hojack—Why are you consulting the dictionary? I thought you knew how to spell. Tomdtk—I do. I am not looking for information, but for corroboration.

Historic Baby Bottles.

Bottles for babies date back to remote antiquity. Most people are of the opinion that feeding bottles for babies must be an invention of modern times. According to Professor Mosby, however, this is not the case. This gentleman, who was lecturing before an antiquarian society, stated that it was the custom among the Greeks for the nurses to carry a sponge full of honey in a small pot to stop children from crying. The professor went on to say that there are two Greek vases in the British museum dating from 700 B. C. which closely resemble the feeding bottles used subsequently by the Romans. In the old Roman cemetery of St. Sepulcher, Canterbury, a feeding bottle of bright red polished ware was dug up in 1861, and Professor Mosby came to the conclusion that this bottle must have been buried with the little Roman child to whose wants it had ministered during the child's lifetime.

Byron and Napoleon.

The more I think of Byron the more clear it becomes to me that he is first, second and third a tragic figure. He was the child of a loveless marriage, that constant source of huge armies of discordant natures. His upbringing was tragic; his marriage was tragic; his loves were tragic; his death, which at first I thought only tragic fare, is actual tragedy. Byron and Napoleon, contemporaries, were the analogues and complements of each other. Byron is the passive tragedy of the imaginative temperament as poet, using expression; Napoleon is the active tragedy of the imaginative temperament as warrior and world compeller, employing deeds. Byron inevitably ends in an abortive attempt at action in Greece, Napoleon as inevitably in an abortive attempt at expression (the debated memoirs) in St. Helena.—John Davidson in London Outlook.

A Bit of Oratory.

There was a time when our commerce was carried in American ships manned by American seamen. There was a time when the flag floated over American cargoes and when its bright, beautiful stars and emblematic stripes enlivened every sea and port where commerce was known. The American, looking out on the broad ocean, beheld it in the orient and in the occident. Whither he went—

To the northern wastes of snow
Or swayed where the soft magnolias blow—

It was there—there to remind him of his own native land, whose sons resembled in their strength the gnarled oak of her deepest forests and whose daughters rivaled in their beauty and loveliness the orange blossoms of her most fragrant orange groves.—From a Speech by Benton McMillin.

Origin of the Postmark.

Great Britain, it is said, can, without great contradiction, claim the honor of having originated the postmark. The first one, which was used in London as long ago as 1600, was a very simple affair, consisting of a small circle divided into two parts. In the top portion were two letters indicating the month, while in the lower half the day of the month was shown. No endeavor was made to denote the year, and it is only by the dates of the letters on which the mark is impressed that it is possible to fix the date of its use. The earliest known was on a letter written in 1680.—London Telegraph.

Advice to Kickers.

Kickers always attract attention. One class of them sells high on the market. The highest priced four legged kicker is a hybrid creature, irritable and somewhat unscriptural. The chronic kicker is an amusing two legged "animal," not so dangerous, however. A kicker never builds up. He is great on tearing down. The world's happiness has been promoted more by compliments than by curses, so, good reader, when you feel like kicking just retire to the back yard and kick yourself a few times rather than join the kickers' chorus.—Kansas City Journal.

An Irishman's Retort.

Cyrus W. Field of Atlantic cable fame once stopped an Irish peasant to make inquiries about Blarney castle. Receiving the information, he gave the Irishman the following conundrum: "Now, Mike, suppose that Lucifer was sure of us both, which would he take first, do you think?"

The Irishman looked thoughtful for a moment, then said, "Yer honor, I think he'd take me."

"Why?" said Field.

"Because he's always sure of you."

Its Great Fault.

Mrs. Chase—Oh, I don't like to go to that store. It's so unsatisfactory to do your shopping there. Mrs. Shoppen—Why, they have everything there. Mrs. Chase—That's just it. No matter what you ask for, they can suit you right off.—Philadelphia Press.

All the Change He Wanted.

In an English court recently a man was fined £2 for contempt of court. He offered a five pound note in payment, but was told by the clerk that he had no change. "Oh, keep the change!" was the reply. "I'll take it out in contempt."

A Backhander.

Mrs. Youngusband—I suppose you wish I didn't look under the bed every night. Youngusband—I don't care. I only wish you'd look there once in awhile in the daytime when you're sweeping.

Evidence.

"The duke is dead in love with her, isn't he?"

"He is prepared to lay all his liabilities at her feet."—Life.

Gratitude has a faithful memory and a fluent tongue.

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