Slipper Time

Oxford Time

We can and will be pleased to show you a full line of

Babies', Children's, Misses' and Ladies' Slippers and Oxford Ties

in White Canvas, Kid, Patent Leather, Tans, in welts, hand turned, high, low and spring heel. Not the extreme toe or price, but a line carefully selected for style, fit and comfort. Don't forget that we always carry the LOW COMFORT SHOE for home wear: GENTLEMEN'S LOW (UTS and DANCING PUMPS. If you are a customer of ours we will be glad to take core of your footwear. Nailing and sewing always gratis.

NOT THE ONLY ONLY, BUT JUST

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INSURE WITH

The Farmers Mutual

Insurance Company

OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

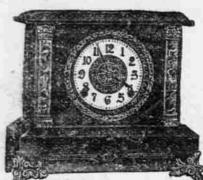
The Cheapest and Most Reliable in the State. Owned, operated and controlled by farmers entirely. Over \$54,000,000 in force; \$51,417.11 losses paid in 1905.

JOHN W. BURTLESS, McCook, Neb.,

Phone Ash 1351.

Local Agent.

Free! Free!! AN IDEAL CLOCK. 1



This High Grade 8 Day Mantel Clock

will be given away absolutely free with purchase checks. One check

with every 10 cents purchased. Description:—Best black enameled wood, gilt feet and side ornaments, marbleized columns with gilt embosed capitals gilt sash, white dial with fancy gilt center, cathedral goug and half hour bell strike, 8 day, wt about 12 lbs.

This beautiful clock is now on dis-

play at THE IDEAL BARGAIN DEPOT.

Opposite P. O. McCook, Neb.

Always Remember the Full Name Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

6. The Livers on Box. 25c.

Dr. E. O. Vahue

Office over McAdams' Store

Stokes' Grocery

PHONE 30 CITIZENS BANK BLOCK M'COOK, NEB.

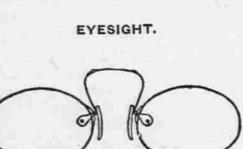


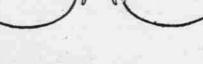
E. J. MITCHELL, Auctioneer

Catalogue and Sale Bills Compiled. Stock and Farm write ups. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

With the Republican.

McCook, Nebraska.





EYESIGHT OR TEETH.

Why is it that you will spend \$5.00, \$10.00 or \$20.00, yes even \$100.00 upon your teeth, while you wear a \$3.00 pair of glasses, with no thought prove with educational advantages, and be taken from the hands of the spectacle peddler (no matter how elaborate may be his apparent means and distributors for the west. of testing sight, etc.) and placed into



the hands of competent opticians, who make a study of preserving eyesight by the aid of glasses-properly fitting glasses. The Kryptok Invisible Bifocal Lenses are a wonderful improveof the damage you may be inflicting ment over the old style bifocals and had left the bow and shattered the carupon your sight? The answer is sim- possess great advantages which are buncle into a thousand pieces. Pitch ple. The field of optics, like the field entirely absent in the others. If in- darkness overspread the place. of medicine, dentistry, etc., must im- terested in further information about these lenses, send your name and address to the Columbian Bifocal Co., Temple Court, Denver, Colo., makers

** THE PALACE OF DOOM

STRANGE LEGEND OF A MYSTERIOUS STATUE IN ROME.

It Pointed the Way to a Scene of Silent and Dazzling Splendor-The Fate of the Man Who Solved the Enigma of the Finger Message.

There stood in Rome many ages ago a beautiful marble statue the mystery of which attracted the attention of all the wise men from far and near. Nobody could remember when it had been erected, and nobody knew what it

It was the figure of a woman, tall, strong and supple. She stood erect, with her right arm outstretched, her mantle falling in graceful folds about her figure, on her face a look, half smile, half frown, luring, yet appealing, but always holding the observer by a strange feeling that it roused of mystery, glory and horror.

But even all that, written so clearly in the mystic signs that art uses, might have been overlooked by the people had it not been for a more material puzzle presented by the statue. On the third finger of the outstretched hand was written in unfading letters, "Strike here." And therein lay the mystery.

Years came and went, and wise men puzzled their brains to find the secret. Seers from faroff lands came to Rome. attracted by the statue, and still it stood, mute, cold, inexplicable.

One day a young man stood before it. He had grown up with the idea of solving the mystery, and each day since he was a little child he had come for a few moments and stood silently gazing at the strange countenance.

He had learned to love the face, the wise lips that looked as if they might part and tell the secret that ages had yearned to know, but through these ages only he had been sincere in his search. Faithful through all disappointments be had gained strength and wisdom, and now as he stood before the statue the sun, halfway up the eastern sky, shone full upon the image.

A strange thrill passed through the man, and, looking in the direction indicated by the pointing finger, he saw. some yards away, the shadow of the outstretched hand on the ground. He gave a low cry, and, after noting the spot well, he departed.

That night at midnight he went to the place and began to dig in the ground where the shadow of the hand had fallen. A long time he worked, never ceasing his digging, when suddenly his spade struck something hard,

Then his zeal increased, and, clearing a space, he saw beneath him a trapdoor, with a great stone ring. Grasp and started back, dazzled, for a flood | will be. It will be a rival to the Met- do do do. This unceasing Sisyphean of light burst upon him from out of

Quickly recovering, the young man looked again and beheld a wide marble staircase descending from the trapdoor. Throwing down his spade he passed through the door, down the steps and found himself in a vast ball. The floor of this room was of marble, pure white, while the walls and ceiling were of the same material in many colors. The huge pillars upholding the vast dome shone like alabaster. Rare paintings hung upon the walls, and

rich rugs lay strewn upon the floor. In the center of the room a fountain stood. The water in its basin was as pure as crystal, but not a ripple stirred its surface, and no pleasant lapping charmed the ear as it does when water falls from on high, for, though the fountain was apparently perfect, no water rose from it to fall again.

On seats running around this silent fountain were many men in rich brocades and costly fur robes. Lifelike they looked, but to the touch they were as marble. It was as if in the midst of life death had come and petrified these beings in mockery.

Around on tables and benches were scattered piles of gold and precious gems. Delicate enameled vases and swords inlaid with gems added their wealth to the place.

But rarest of all the gems was a great carbuncle, which stood in a corner of the room and from which came the sole light by which the place was relieved from darkness. In the corner opposite to this stone stood an archer, his bow bent, his arrow on the string, aimed at the carbuncle. On his bow, shining with reflected light, were the

"I am that I am. My shaft is inevitable. You glittering jewel cannot escape its stroke."

As he looked on all this in silent wonder the young Roman heard a voice utter one word-"Beware!"

Then he passed into the next room and found it fitted up as magnificently as the one he had just left. All manner of couches were about this room, and reclining on them were wonderfully beautiful women. But their lips

were sealed in this place of silence. From there he passed on, finding many more wonders-rooms filled with treasures of art, stables filled with fine horses, granaries filled with forage. Everything that could make a palace complete was there.

The young Roman returned to the "I have here seen," he said, "what

no man will believe. I know that of this wealth I should take nothing, but to prove to them that I speak truth can be no harm."

Then he took in his arms a jeweled sword and some rare vases, but suddenly all was dark.

The charm was broken. The arrow

Then the young man remembered the warning, but too late. And there he probably adds one more to the silent

watchers in the magic chamber. Has this story a moral? Let those answer who have eyes to see

HER MARRIAGE A FAILURE. Countess di Castelmenardo and Her Brilliant Social Career.

The Countess di Castelmenardo, who is suing for separation from her titled busband, was formerly Miss Edith Van | do not seem to have learned the secret Buren of New York and was a noted of persuading the water courses of this figure in American circles abroad. She is a grandniece of the late President Martin Van Buren and daughter of the how to utilize the power of the current late General Thomas Van Buren, who of the river Kur without building was United States minister to Japan, dams. What they have accomplished She was married in 1900 to Count Ves- possibly might be done by an Amerisichio Gurgo di Castelmenardo, son of can farmer living on the banks of a the Duchess Tortora Brayda di Belvedere Giuditta Gurgo di Castelmenardo



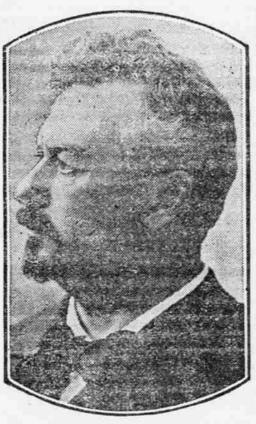
THE COUNTESS DI CASTELMENARDO.

countess is a globe trotter, she has brous axle just outside the town. European fashionable resorts.

A VERSATILE GENIUS.

His Achievements. give productions of grand opera in on some cyclopean organ. The diayet at prices within the reach of the the deepest organ stop. Now they are masses, believes in legacies. He wants in unison, now repeating the theme, to leave a legacy to the people when he one after another, now for a brief modies. Others have left libraries and ment in a sublime harmony never to colleges and hospitals and art galleries, be forgotten, according to one traveler, but nobody seems to have thought of then once more together in a tremenleaving a home of music, an educator dous chorus. The sounds are describof musical taste, at theater prices, ed as a slow movement up the scale, This is what he hopes the Manhattan followed with a heavy drop to the key ing the ring he pulled open the door Opera House, which he is now building, note as: Do mi sol, do do do; do sol la, ropolitan Opera House, which has nev- music, it is said, has been going on er had a rival before. Its existence for a century at least.—New York M. Sharp, W. M. Rozell and several will mean competition for the services | Tribune. or the great operatic singers, with corresponding benefits to the pockets of the latter, and Mr. Hammerstein promises that the works produced at his opera house will reach a high standard,

The impresario is one of the most versatile men in the theatrical world, He has made fortunes and lost them several times. He has built some half dozen big amusement places in his time and has won distinction in various ways as a purveyor of public entertainment. Mr. Hammerstein came to this country from Germany before he had reached his majority and landed in New York penniless and friendless. He found employment in a cigar store and learned to roll cigars. One



day he thought out a machine which would make a hundred cigars while a man was making one. He had been rent was due, and he had no money little in the cupboard, though the Hammersteins were good eaters. Nevertheless he came home to a scanty meal with a cheerful countenance, for on the table in front of his plate he laid a certified check for \$68,000, the sum realized from the sale of his invention. He afterward made over \$200,000 from another cigar making invention, and he has invented and patented many other devices, some forty in all; has built apartment houses, composed operas and tried his hand at a variety of other things. This colloquy once occurred between him and an interviewer:

"How much do you sleep?"

"Four hours a day." "And eat?"

"A banana for lunch, breakfast and dinner very light and simple. My expenses come easily within \$1.50 a day.

"Not at all. No likee. Never drank a glass of champagne in my life. Never touched a card, either, or bet at a race track or insured my life."

ODD WATER WHEELS.

Some Float on Streams-Huge Ones Make a River Lift Itself.

The people of Syria and Tiflis make their streams do things that Americans country to perform.

At Tiffis the natives have learned rapidly moving stream and desiring a small, cheap power. The Caucasians build floats on the surface of the river. Into them are set water wheels. The whole affair is fastened to the bank in such a way that it will rise and fall with any change in the level of the surface of the river, so that the power is about constant all the time.

In Hama, the ancient "entering in of Hamath," the Syrians have accomplished a feat that makes one think of lifting oneself over a fence by tugging at one's bootstraps. They have harnessed the historic Orontes, or Nahr el Asi, as the Syrians call it, into the work of lifting itself many feet toward the zenith and trained it thus to water their fruitful gardens and orchards.

As for size, the water wheels which do this work are as to other water wheels what Niagara is to other waterfalls. As one stands by one of these great wooden frames revolving upon its wooden axle and looks up at its perimeter forty feet above one thinks it large and is astonished when he turns his gaze up stream to see that of Naples. The count has been con- relatively it is not a great wheel, for in toward destruction have passed out of victed of unfaithfulness and, as pro- the distance looms up one sixty feet in the power of the companies to stop them vided by Italian law, sentenced to height. Even then he is not prepared three months' imprisonment and to for the spectacle of one ninety feet in pay the costs of the action. The diameter grunting around on its cum-

been around the world several times. Life in Hama for some people is won fame by roughing it in the Klon- like the liking of others for olives, an dike, has traveled in South America, acquired taste, because of these very has been admired by King Leopold of water wheels. According as one feels Belgium and has ruled as a belle at about it, it is a musical city or one filled with nerve racking groans. Day and night without ceasing these massive, slow revolving structures utter speech. For those who have acquired a Oscar Hammerstein, Impresario, and taste for their companionship the never ceasing tones are soothing, resembling Oscar Hammerstein, who proposes to the ocean roar or a slow fugue played New York on a magnificent scale and pason tones are deeper and louder than

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How hard a man falls after having been boosted too high!

When a man gets the baby to sleep, how proud he is of himself!

There is usually enough humiliation in all our lives to keep us modest.

It is not the stingy man who becomes a burden as age approaches; it is the spendthrift.

A pathetic admission older people often make is, "The romance has all been having the measles. been knocked out of me."

What has become of the old fashioned woman who called her friends eight months school, last Satur-"copycat" when they bought something day.

When a man is reasonably happy and content, it doesn't just happen. He is work on W. B. Wolf's new house, compelled to use common sense and this week. work to an end.-Atchison Globe.

Estimating a Horse's Height.

The Arabs have two methods of estimating the height to which a colt will grow, the first being to stretch a cord from the nostril over the ears and down along the neck and compare this measurement with that from the withers to the feet, and the other method being to compare the distance between the knee and the withers with that from the knee to the coronet. In the first method it is considered that a colt will grow as much taller as the first measurement exceeds that of the second, and in the second method, if | We want you to step in and see, the proportion is as two to one, the horse will grow no taller.

Birds That Carry Their Young. The woodcock, it is said, has been known to carry away her young when threatened with danger. She places them on her spread feet, pressing them between the toes and the breast. A naturalist says many woodcocks also carry their young down to marshy getting married about that time, the feeding grounds in the evening, returning before dawn. In fact, they with which to pay it. There was very have no means of feeding their young except by carrying them to their food, for they cannot convey their food to

Not a Bombardment. Kissam-Has her papa ever fired

Higgins-He has never resorted to bombardment. His tactics are more in the nature of a passive blockade. "How is that?"

"When I call to see his daughter he remains in the parlor during the whole of the interview.'

Also When Is a Sea Dog? "

"Maw!"

"What is it, Johnny?" "Do the ocean greyhounds ever bite the ocean tramps?"-Louisville Courier-

It is very easy to get angry with somebody for doing what it would be very unreasonable for anybody to get angry over if you do it.

McCook Market Ouotations

	mennon municipal f	and a second second second
	(Corrected Friday a	fteruoon.)
Corn		
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Oats.		
Rye		
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Hogs	N and the contract of the cont	5
Eggs.		
Good	Butter	

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES. Kang Yu Wei (The leader of the Reform Association, who escaped from China in 1898, when upon the order of the Empress Dowager, his associates were beheaded. Since then, he has been making a study of conditions in various countries, and is now in Mexico writing his observations for circulation in China through the reform press) has written an article on "The hostility of China"-The causes of the boycott of American goods-Anger at the closing of the Philippines to the Chinese-The new China willing to imitate American ways except in family life.

"A Corn Gospel Train" by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.—The story of a trip through Nebraska adding nearly \$100,000,000 to the wealth of a state by adding a few kernels to the ears of corn. Lectures to farmers that are resulting in a new kind of farming.

"Shall Niagara be saved?"- The Gigantic circle of Financial interests that are rapidly making certain the destruction of the Cataract-How the economic forces of this movement

-An international treaty the only rem-

edy-by French Strother. "A personal study of the Japanese Emperor." His characteristics and working habits-His attitude to his people and their worshipful relation to him-The important part that he plays in the government and in the sentiment of the nation-Anecdotes of his private life and an explanation of the imperial

house-hold. By Mary Crawford Fraser. Library hours: mornings 10:30 to 12 clock; afternoons from 1:30 to 6 o'clock; evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock; Sunday afternoons from 2 to 5 o'clock,

COLEMAN. Geo. Troendly has sold his farm.

R. E. Divine took a load of potatoes to McCook, Wednesday.

C. W. Lepper has sold his farm here. He is here now visiting his children. Rev. Holmes of the Baptist church of McCook, preached at Zion Hill church,

last Tunday. Jake Betz, J. N. Smith, E. Bair, W.

others were in McCook, Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Lindemann of McCook drove through this place, last Sunday, on their way to attend the wedding of her brother, Leslie Jones and Miss Alice Stewart. We wish them a long, happy and prosperous life.

BOX ELDER.

Clarence Stone is working for Stephen Bolles.

F. W. Easton's family has

Mrs. S. D. Bolles closed an

The carpenters commenced

Next Sunday will be a rally day in the Sunday School. The little tots will give an entertainment, Sunday morning and the cradle roll will be organized. Everybody invited to attend the services and especially those havings mall children to enroll, come and bring them.

How it Looks

even if you don't buy, the goods we have opened and we will open for our spring attrac-

tions. We want you to see the beautiful stationery to arrive soon, too-in fact how it all looks. Plenty of opportunities to make purchases with a small

outlay of funds. The Ideal Bargain Depot.

JAKE BETZ McCook, Neb., for terms on Auctioneering . . He will do your work right

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> C. L. Walker PAINTING -and-

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