

Opening Announcement

We wish to announce to the public that we have purchased and are now in possession of the Cone Bros. drug store.

We will carry a full line of drugs, toilet articles, paints, oils, wall paper, sundries etc.

We are daily receiving new shipments in all above lines and are prepared to serve all customers promptly and satisfactorily in anything to be had in a first-class drug stock.

We will be pleased to have the business of all old patrons and to merit the patronage of many new ones.

C. R. Woodworth & Co.
At the Old Cone Stand

JOHN E. KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and
BONDED ABSTRACTER
McCook, NEBRASKA.

Agent of Lincoln Land Co. and of McCook Water Works. Office in Postoffice building.

WRITE
JAKE BETZ
McCook, Neb., for terms on

.. Auctioneering ..
He will do your work right

H. P. SUTTON
JEWELER
MUSICAL GOODS
MCCOOK, NEBRASKA

WHITE'S
Cream Vermifuge

THE GUARANTEED
WORM
REMEDY

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE TONIC.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
THE GENUINE PREPARED ONLY BY
Ballard-Snow Liniment Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. McMILLEN
America's Greatest Weekly

The Toledo Blade
Toledo, Ohio.

The Best Known Newspaper in the United States.

Circulation 185,000
Popular in Every State.

In many respects the Toledo Blade is the most remarkable weekly newspaper published in the United States. It is the only newspaper especially edited for national circulation. It has had the largest circulation for more years than any newspaper printed in America. Furthermore, it is the cheapest newspaper in the world, as will be explained to any person who will write us for terms. The news of the world so arranged that busy people can more easily comprehend, than by reading cumbersome columns of dailies. All current topics made plain in each issue by special editorial matter written from inception down to date. The only paper published especially for people who do or do not read daily newspapers, and yet thirst for plain facts. That this kind of a newspaper is popular, is proven by the fact that the Toledo Blade now has over 185,000 yearly subscribers, and is circulated in all parts of the United States. In addition to the news, the Blade publishes short and serial stories, and many departments of matter suited to every member of the family. Only one dollar a year.

Write for specimen copy. Address
THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss. In the
RED WILLOW COUNTY, ss. County Court.
In the Matter of the Estate of James Deshon,
deceased.

To the CREDITORS of SAID ESTATE:
You are hereby notified, that I will sit at the County Court Room in McCook in said County, on the 25th day of April, 1907, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day to examine all claims against said Estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. All persons having claims against said Estate are required to present the same to this court on or before the 25th day of April, A. D. 1907, and the time limited for payment of debts is One Year from said 25th day of April, 1907.

Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court, this 20th day of October, 1906.—10-26-06
[SEAL] J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

NOTICE OF HEARING ON PETITION FOR LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.
STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss.
RED WILLOW COUNTY, ss.

To All Persons Interested in the Estate of James Cain, Late of Said County, Deceased:
You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of October, 1906, Mary Cain filed her petition in the County Court of said county for her appointment as administratrix of the estate of James Cain, late of said county, deceased, and that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of McCook, in said county, on the 10th day of November, 1906, at the hour of two o'clock p. m.

It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given to all parties interested in said estate by the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county.—10-26-06.
Dated this 24th day of October, 1906.
[SEAL] J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

Important Notice.
All persons are hereby notified and warned that TRESPASS in any form on the following described lands in Red Willow county will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law:
W3/4NW1/4, W3/4SW1/4 4-4-30. Somers land.
E1/4NE1/4, E1/4SE1/4 4-4-30. Olinhart land.
E1/4NW1/4 8-1-25. Crogar land.
D. S. Farabee, owner, Newton Centre, Mass.
6-8-80cs. W. S. MOLLAN, Attorney, McCook.

BIRTH OF A HYMN.

Story of the Origin of "In the Sweet By and By."

A song of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett of Elkhorn, Wis., had its birth in a country store. Mr. Bennett told the story, which is given in "Wisconsin in Three Centuries," as follows:

It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster, "What is the matter now?"

He replied, "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied: "The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said indifferently.

I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the Signet Ring a few days later and as it has been sung the world over ever since.

A NAVAL REBUKE.

Two Admirals, a Captain and a Fool in Manila Bay.

When Dewey's fleet was at Manila the late Admiral Chichester was then a captain. On one occasion Admiral Diederichs, the German, sent out the Irene on an unexplained errand and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet. Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so the admiral sent a vessel across the Irene's bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination. It was not Admiral Diederichs' mission to quarrel with both the American and the English fleets on this critical occasion, so he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he angrily exclaimed, "Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?"

"Yes," replied Chichester.

"What would you have done if it had been an English ship?"

"Well," said Chichester, conveniently assuming that the Irene's captain had sailed without orders from Diederichs, "I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the Olympia and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in command of one of my ships."—Harper's Weekly.

A Poet's Homely Face.

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, cadaverous countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance, he joked about his ugliness incessantly and deceived his friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said: "Chantry wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?" "If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers, my face buried in my hands." Rogers laughed with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonmot.

Thankfulness.

I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat you may laugh. When the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man whom St. Peter healed skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the beautiful gate of the temple. There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.—Henry Van Dyke.

Facial Horticulture.

"A new milkman left our milk today," announced Dorothy.

"Did he have whiskers?" asked her mother, thinking perhaps it was the proprietor.

"No," said the four-year-old; "he didn't have whiskers, but he had the roots."—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course, but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk too."

Unfair.

Another unfair thing in life—the bride, with a wealth of hair, wears a veil, but the groom, who has a bald spot and really needs a veil to cover it, is denied the privilege.—Atchison Globe.

The noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

A LAND OF BLIZZARDS

THE FIERCE GALES THAT SWEEP AND WRECK SEISTAN.

These Terrible Windstorms Always Blow, as They Have Done For Ages, From the Same Direction—A Pandemonium of Noise, Sand and Dust.

Every one who has visited Seistan or written about Seistan has mentioned its celebrated wind, called the "bad-i-sad-o-last roz," or wind of 120 days, which blows in the summer. Few of these have had the misfortune to experience it, but as we went through two seasons of this wind we are able to say something about it. It more than justifies its reputation. It sets in at the end of May or the middle of June and blows with appalling violence and with little or no cessation till about the end of September. It always blows from one direction, a little west of north, and reaches a velocity of more than seventy miles an hour. It creates a pandemonium of noise, sand and dust and for a time gets on one's nerves, but it is in reality a blessing in disguise, for it blows away the insects which from April to June make life in Seistan a perfect purgatory, mitigates the awful summer heat and clears the country of typhus, smallpox and other diseases rife in the country in May and June. One would think this 120 day wind enough, but violent winds prevail all through the winter from December to April, and blizzards are of constant occurrence. These winds always come from the same direction. The winter blizzards are terrible, and the wind attains a terrific velocity. In a blizzard at the end of March the anemometers registered a maximum of 120 miles an hour. The average velocity for a whole sixteen hours was more than eighty-eight miles an hour.

The extraordinary frequency and violence of the Seistan wind and the regularity with which it blows from the same quarter are very remarkable. That it has blown from the same quarter in past ages is proved by the fact that all the ruins of Seistan are built at the same angle, with their front and back walls at a right angle to the wind and their side walls at the same angle as the wind. No wind can blow with such violence and frequency without leaving its mark on the country. Its effects are everywhere visible in Seistan. Everything looks wind swept and wind stricken. Over the greater part of the country not a single tree exists.

The present villages and habitations are all built with their backs presenting lines of dead walls on the windward side. The old ruins are oriented at exactly the same angle on account of the wind. The effect of wind is everywhere visible on these ruins. Their bases are undercut by wind as though by water action. The thickness of the walls, the excellent quality of the burned bricks made and used by the ancient inhabitants for the lower courses of their buildings and the extreme hardness and durability of the Seistan soil when made into the sun dried bricks of which the upper portions of the ruins are composed, have withstood the destructive effect of the wind in a wonderful manner, but in the older ruins we often find that the walls facing the wind have entirely disappeared, and only the side walls remain, while in still older ruins only one or two solitary pinnacles remain to mark what were once large, massive and extensive buildings.

The wind has buried large tracts of the country under sand. Many of the old ruined towns are wholly or partly buried in sand, and this burying process goes on all the year and every year and is covering up not only valuable lands, but inhabited villages. In Seistan, as elsewhere, the invading army of sand is preceded by lines of skirmishers in the form of traveling "burkhans," horseshoe shaped sand hills, which steadily advance until they meet some obstacle which retards them until the reserves come up to their support and bury all before them under hills of sand.

On our arrival in Seistan we found Kilainau, a big and flourishing village, built on the south side of a high ridge for protection from the wind. Before we left the sand had attacked that ridge, surmounted it and buried the village, forcing the inhabitants to build a new village elsewhere. An example of still greater rapidity was afforded at the village of Kilaikohna. Up to June, 1904, this village had a large, deep pond on its northern side. By September—that is, less than three months—this deep pond was converted into a sand hill some ten feet high.

The wind, however, did not confine its energy to burying only. While it sweeps some tracts deep in sand, it also sweeps other tracts clear of sand, rendering valuable land available for cultivation and exposing long buried ruins once more to view. These are, however, only the milder effects of wind action. The Seistan wind in its more destructive moods has in places removed not only sand from place to place, but has scoured away the whole face of the country. Everywhere we find the sides and banks of the canals which irrigated the lands on which the dwellers of the old ruins depended left standing like walls high above the present surface of the surrounding land. These banks, having been hardened by water, have withstood the action of the wind better than the surface of the land, which has all been blown away to a depth of several feet. This depth in places is very considerable, and we find the outlines exposed of still older canals which existed at some yet earlier age and which must have been buried deep in the ground when the canals above them, old as they are, were in use.—Geographical Journal.

The idle always have half a mind to do something.

TRAINING DOG POLICE.

Breaking In of the Seine Patrol One of the Sights of Paris.

The training of the young Newfoundlanders that are periodically added to the staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quayside not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is nevertheless a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance, and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris the police dogs are a proved success.—Century.

A GREAT BEER HOUSE.

Munich Owns the Oldest and Largest Saloon in the World.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is perhaps the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the king of Bavaria and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers, plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end, which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it to one of the basins of running water which line the walls and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. The price is 6 cents a stein, and the profits support the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surfeit of Oratory.

One of the mistaken theories is that a "public speaker" is necessary to the success of any public affair. This theory had its rise at a time when oratory was a fad. Orators were cultivated, and they were supposed to take human passions in their hands and toy with them. In this practical age public speakers are a bore, and nobody cares anything about them. People gather to be entertained and not lectured. But, this theory having been established that a "public speaker" is important to a picnic, an orator is hauled out and set loose on a few old gentlemen with canes and a few mothers who must occupy the benches in taking care of the children.—Sabatha Herald.

Shot an Angel.

Now and again we hear of strange and rare birds being shot in England, but how many sportsmen except Mr. Wells' clergyman can claim to have shot an angel? One such man exists, though it is doubtful whether he is proud of his skill. It was nighttime, and he was passing Crayford parish churchyard with his gun over his shoulder when he saw what he took for a ghost. He leveled his piece and fired, but his aim was wild. He had failed to wing his quarry. Investigation showed that the ghost was a sculptured angel on a tomb, and he had shot off one of its toes.—London Chronicle.

High Finance.

"Say," began Burroughs, "lend me a five, will you?"

"See here," replied Markley. "If you'd only save your own money you wouldn't have to borrow from your friends."

"But by borrowing from my friends I do save my own money."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sleep.

Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep. It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot.—Cervantes.

Quite Different.

He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes; but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it!

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some couldn't tell to save their necks how it happened.

PLANT RETARDATION.

The Method of Producing Flower Out of Season.

Lilies of the valley and many other plants are now placed on the markets of the world's great cities months after they are out of season. This is accomplished by "plant retardation," holding back the development by means of cold and darkness until whatever time is desired. Then they are once more subjected to light and warmth, when they blossom. The most prominent feature of a plant retardation establishment is the huge cold storage building in which the plants are stowed away. Under the care of the guide the visitor passes the portals. In a moment he steps from the warmth and light of a summer's day into the cold bitterness of a winter's night, the darkness of which is but feebly relieved by the flickering hand lanterns. The interior of the building is divided into various chambers, and each one of these is allotted to some particular kind of plant. One chamber is full of lily of the valley roots, the next is packed with boxes containing lily bulbs, while again a compartment is crammed with small potted plants of azalea and spirea.

Each and all of these varieties are in a dormant condition, sleeping away their time entirely unconscious of the changing seasons in the outside world. The walls of the chambers are thickly coated with a deposit of frost crystals, and millions of these flash like diamonds in response to the rays of light from the lamp. The degree of cold is usually obtained by means of a compressed air apparatus, and the freezing current is led into the different chambers through wooden channels.

In course of time these passages get choked with hoarfrost, and it becomes necessary for a man to enter them and clean the accumulation away. This is a cold job. In places the temperature is as low as 20 degrees below zero. The costume of a workman engaged in this clearing out operation is practically an arctic outfit. Every part of the body with the exception of small holes for eyes and mouth must be protected with thick wool. Otherwise serious frostbites would ensue.

Retarded plants may be kept in check for eight months or at times as long as a year, and curiously enough they do not seem to be any the worse for the treatment. Indeed, the experience seems to make them grow all the faster when they are allowed to make a start. Some varieties grow at a tremendous rate when they are brought into heat.—Chicago News.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It doesn't take much to make a fool of any one.

Being busy has kept many a man out of mischief.

When a man does another man a favor, somehow it seems to strengthen his memory.

A great many people do not talk scandal, but they furnish the material, which is just as bad.

Indulge in as little fool talk as possible. People are quick to pick up your foolish sayings and repeat them behind your back.

Investigate and you will find that jealousy sends more people to insane asylums than any other thing. It will even do up drink in making a record.

Thank heaven, the multiplication table doesn't change! It is the only thing a mother knows that is the same as when she went to school and which she can speak of without being corrected.—Atchison Globe.

Intermarriage and Cancer.

So little is really known of the mysteries of cancer that the merest scraps of information with regard to it ought not to be neglected. At the village of Crovelly, on the north Devon coast, a very large percentage of deaths is due to cancer, and the reason locally given is the habit of intermarriage necessarily brought about in a place so widely severed from the outside world. The state of affairs appears to be even worse at Buck Mills, a fishing hamlet three miles away, where intermarriage has been carried to such an extreme that one surname is almost sufficient to designate the whole of the population.—London Telegraph.

An Uncertain Obituary.

A Georgia man wrote the following on an oak slab which marks a supposed grave in a meadow: "This spot is sacred to the memory of a faithful animal, a white mule, born ten years before the civil war and went through that war on a rush from Bull Run to Lee's surrender. We ain't certain that the mule died here, but when last seen the faithful critter was grazing on this identical spot and trying to kick a lightning flash back to the clouds."—Atlanta Constitution.

And Then He Ran.

"Did any man ever tell you," asked Mr. Henpeck as he edged toward the door, "that you were the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world?"

"No," replied his wife.

"Gee! Men are honestest than I thought they were."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Brown Study.

"How do you intend to have the study decorated, Mrs. Goldrocks?"

"I think I'll have it decorated in deep brown," replied Mrs. Goldrocks. "My husband always likes to sit in a deep brown study."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Agreed With Her.

"After all," remarked Mrs. Inswim, "home is the dearest spot on earth."

"It is," answered her husband, who was engaged in auditing the month's bills.—Chicago News.

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Ensure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.



SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
409 Pearl St., New York
50c. and \$1.00.
All Druggists.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND



Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PILLS, the DIAMOND BRAND, for twenty-five years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. Sold by Druggists everywhere. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., PHILA., PA.

FEELING LIVER-ISH This Morning? TAKE



THEFORD'S
Black-Draught
Stops Indigestion and Constipation
25c
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
A Gentle Laxative and Appetizer



The best of everything in his line at the most reasonable prices is Marsh's motto. He wants your trade, and hopes by merit to keep it.

D. C. MARSH
The Butcher
Phone 12.