

# IT WOULDN'T KEEP.

## One Thing the Scotsman Did Not Dare to Buy in Bulk.

The chairwoman of the board of governors of a New York woman's club was discussing the question of the club's liquor license.

"It is rather a matter of indifference to us," she said, "whether we get a license or not. Women, you know, are not given to drinking. They are too careful of their appearance. They desire to remain slim and fresh, and wine, as you know, tends to make us coarse and stale and fat."

"So if we had a license I think we should sell little. It would not be with us as with a farmer I once met in Scotland."

"Traveling in the Scottish highlands one summer, I stopped at a farmhouse for a cup of milk, and the view from the door was so lovely that I said to the farmer:

"Ah, what a superb place to live in!"

"Oh, ay," he answered in conventional Scotch, "it's a' richt, but hoo wad ye like, ma'am, to hae to walk fifteen miler ilka time ye wanted a bit glass o' whiskey?"

"Oh, well," said I, "why don't you get a demijohn of whiskey and keep it in the house?"

"He shook his head sadly. 'Whusky,' he said, 'won't keep.'"—New York Tribune.

### ULTIMATE FATE OF FISH.

#### They Never Die a Natural Death, Says an Observant Fisherman.

"Fish never die a natural death," said an old fisherman who has observed as he fished. "If they did, bodies of dead fish would be floating on the surface of the water about all the while, because such bodies if unmolested would have to float."

"I mean, of course, fish in nature never die a natural death, not fish in captivity. And perhaps it should not be called natural death that fish in captivity die. Their environment induces mortality that fish in their native habitat would escape, and these causes might be properly classed as among the accidents that carry the captive fish off."

"If fish in their native element were never molested I believe they would never die. If they had sufficient food, which would be impossible if they no longer preyed on one another, there would be no reason for their dying. It was to prevent such uninterrupted tenure of life that all fish were made fiercely predatory if not remorselessly cannibalistic, as many kinds are."

"A fish's life is a constantly strenuous one and one entirely selfish. A fish lives only to eat and to avoid being eaten."—New York Sun.

#### A Literary Month.

April has been a generous month in regard to the gift of writers of the first rank. To begin with, there are Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Swinburne, among the poets, and Fielding, Hans Andersen, Charlotte Bronte, Hobbes, Gibbon, Kant, Froide and Zola are among the number of other notable April born. On the other hand, the month of showers proved fatal to Shakespeare, Wordsworth (both on April 23), Goldsmith, Otway, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Byron, Chaucer, Tasso, Racine, to name only the principal among the poets who have passed away in April, while among other writers that April has taken away have been Bacon, La Fontaine, Humboldt, Darwin, Franklin, De Foe and Emerson.—Dundee Advertiser.

#### Overshot the Mark.

McClusky was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked. One fine morning he announced that he had received a handsome offer from an English firm and had decided to give up his Glasgow job. His fellow employees collected a purse of sovereigns and presented it to him as a thank offering.

"Weel, weel," said McClusky as he took the purse. "This beats a' I niver thocht ye liket me sae weel. But noo that I see ye're a' sae sorry to lose me, I think I'll no gang awa', but jist stop whaur I am."

He is still in Glasgow.—Glasgow Times.

#### "Sick" Yachts.

There is a form of sickness among boats, declares Forest and Stream, that resembles hereditary diseases, in that they are handed down through succeeding years as a result of mere custom. The cause of this form of ailment, nine times out of ten, is some artificial limitation, called racing rules, to suit which the yacht's shape is distorted, just as women, to be in style, will lace themselves into a sixteen inch waist measure or will pad themselves out of all proportion to their natural shape.

#### The Verdict.

A Georgia coroner's jury brought in the following verdict: "The deceased came to his death from a railroad in the hands of a receiver, and the same is manslaughter in the first degree."—Atlanta Constitution.

#### Voice Cultivation.

Pedestrian—What a horrible whine you have in asking for assistance. You ought to have your voice cultivated. Tramp—Dat's wot I wants money fer, boss. I'm t'inkin' uv havin' me voice irrigated.—Chicago News.

#### To Make Sure.

"An old subscriber writes us to know what a married couple can live comfortably on," said the stenographer. "Tell her a thousand a year more than they have," answered the correspondence editor wisely.—Life.

## THE AGASSIZ FAMILY.

### Remarkable Careers of Louis, the Father, and Alexander, the Son.

Very interesting comparisons can be made between the careers of the great scientist, the late Louis Agassiz, who was born 100 years ago on May 28, and of his son, Alexander Agassiz, who recently retired as head of the National Academy of Science after five years of active and valuable service in that position. Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1807, died in America, his adopted country, in 1873 and was buried in Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston, where his monument is a boulder from the Alps. His son Alexander was born in Switzerland in 1835, his mother being the first wife of the elder scientist. In 1848 Louis Agassiz came to the United States on a mission from the king of Prussia and was prevailed on to remain in this country and become professor of geology and zoology at Harvard. The younger Agassiz received his collegiate education at Harvard, and his career has



PROFESSOR ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

been largely associated with that institution. He also studied at the Lawrence Scientific school. His stepmother, the second wife of Louis Agassiz, was long at the head of Radcliffe college, the woman's department of Harvard. The father is usually spoken of as "the great Louis Agassiz," yet the work of the son has been scarcely second to that of the father in value. It is said that the elder Agassiz never in all his life had \$1,000 he could call his own, and he often said he had no time to make money. But his son has made a fortune by wise use of the mining opportunities that have come to him through his scientific knowledge, and he has spent a great deal of his money in the promotion of scientific projects. Much of it has been expended for the benefit of the Harvard Museum of Comparative Anatomy, of which Louis Agassiz was founder and of which Alexander Agassiz became curator on the death of the elder scientist. The son's gifts to the museum are said to approximate \$1,000,000 in value. The fortune which he made in Lake Superior copper mining has enabled him to achieve scientific victories which, had he been poor, might never have been won.

### MRS. HENRY W. LAWTON.

#### Widow of the Gallant Officer Who Fell in Philippines.

The unveiling of a monument in honor of the late General Henry W. Lawton at Indianapolis on Memorial day recalls the heroism and patriotic achievements of this soldier of many battlefields, who fell in the Philippines Dec. 19, 1899. General Lawton was idolized by his comrades and was held in the utmost esteem by the people of his home state of Indiana, and after his death in the far off orient a fund of \$98,000 was raised by his friends



MRS. HENRY W. LAWTON.

in the United States for the use of his family. Mrs. Lawton, who is a woman of sweet face and gracious manners, has devoted herself since her husband was killed to the rearing of her children. She was Miss Mary Craig of Kentucky. Among her possessions is an attractive homestead in California. Her husband was her hero, and she has been much touched by the tributes paid to his memory and by the honor shown him in the erection of the splendid memorial at Indianapolis.

#### A Youthful Delusion.

The man who thinks he understands woman is never married; usually he isn't old enough to be.—Aitchison Globe.

## —The— Scrap Book

### Oglesby's Pardon.

Governor Oglesby went down to Joliet to inspect the state prison. In one of the cells was a very ugly man. "How did you get in here?" asked Oglesby.

"Abduction," was the reply. "I tried to run off with a girl and they caught me."

"I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the governor. "I don't see how you could expect to get a wife in any other way."

### NEVER TALK BACK.

Never talk back; sish things is reprehensible;

A feller only hurts himself that jaws a man that's hot. In a quarrel if you'll only keep your mouth shut and act sensible. The man that does the talkin' 'll get worsted every shot.

Never talk back to a feller that's abusin' you; Just let him carry on and rip and snort and swear. And when he finds his blamin' and defam'in' jest amusin' you. You've got him clean kerfummixed, and you want to hold him there!

Never talk back and wake up the whole community. And call a man a liar over law or politics. You can lift and land him furdur and with gracefuller impunity. With one good jolt of silence than in half a dozen kicks. —James Whitcomb Riley.

### He Remembered.

A restaurant keeper hung out this sign:

Coffee: Such as Mother Used to Make. A customer asked, pointing to the sign: "Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?" "It is," replied the proprietor. "Then," said the man with a reminiscent look, "give me a cup of tea."

### Politeness.

At a dinner given by a high official at Washington a distinguished Frenchman, who was visiting this country as a delegate to a certain industrial conference, gave expression to extravagant praise of his beloved France. His neighbor at table, on the right, would smile and bow in polite acquiescence every time the visitor would mention an instance of France's superiority above every other nation. "The French," exclaimed he, "are the politest people on earth."

The neighbor at table again smiled and bowed. A little pliqued by the other's silence, the Frenchman asked, "Americans admit, do they not, the superiority of the French in politeness?" "Oh, yes," came the reply; "that's our politeness."—Lippincott's.

### Always Up to Date.

Tourist—Get any newspapers here? Boatman—Ou aye, when the steam'er comes. If it's fine she'll come once a week, but when it's stormy I winter we dinna catch a glint o' her for three months at a time.

Tourist—Then you'll not know what's going on in London!

Boatman—Na. But, ye see, ye're just as ill off i' London as we are, for ye dinna ken what's gaun on here!

### Literally the Truth.

Two or three generations ago Dr. Samuel Reed was one of the prominent physicians of Boston. His large practice included many patients outside the city limits, and these he visited in his buggy.

One day he bought a new horse, with which he was much pleased until he discovered that the animal had an insurmountable objection to bridges of all kinds and could not be made to cross one.

As, at this period, it was necessary to cross some bridge in order to reach any one of the surrounding towns, the doctor decided to sell the horse. He did not think it necessary to mention the animal's peculiarity, but was much too honest to misrepresent him, and, after some thought, produced the following advertisement which he inserted in a local paper:

For Sale.—A bay horse, warranted sound and kind. The only reason for selling is because the owner desires to leave Boston.

### He Never Quarreled.

In 1815 Benton went to Missouri, then a territory inhabited by a fierce population, where his fights continued with the usual result. What the result was may be inferred from a declaration he made in the senate after a senator had referred to what he called "a quarrel" of Benton's. "Mr. President, sir," said the great Missourian sternly, "the senator is mistaken, sir. I never quarrel, sir; but I sometimes fight, and whenever I fight, sir, a funeral follows."

### When the Lion Wags His Tail.

Some years ago George R. Peck, formerly of Kansas, after he became general solicitor of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway company, was called to South Dakota to argue an important case before the federal court. He was accompanied to the seat of justice by Alfred Beard Kittredge, the local attorney of the company, who has since become a United States senator.

Mr. Peck made a fine argument and afterward walked to the hotel with the judge of the court. "I liked your argument this afternoon, Mr. Peck," the judge said. "It was a masterly presentation of your case. I don't think you left anything unsaid that could have been said."

Mr. Peck thanked the judge for the compliment and afterward went to Mr.

Kittredge, elated. "I am going to win that case, Kittredge," he said. "What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Kittredge. "Why, I'll tell you on the quiet. Walking with me to the hotel today, the judge complimented me and added that I had left nothing unsaid."

"Oh, is that all?" Mr. Kittredge said. "Don't let him fool you by that kind of talk. We all know him here. I'll tell you a story."

"Once there was a lion tamer whose duty it was to go into the cage and put his head in a big lion's mouth twice a day. One day, after he had got his head in the animal's mouth he asked the keeper in a low voice, 'Is the lion wagging his tail?' 'He is,' replied the keeper. 'Then I'm gone,' said the tamer, and the next moment the lion closed his jaws and killed the tamer."

It was both a story and a prophecy. Mr. Peck lost his case.

### The Doctor's Joy.

Doctor Doane was demonstrator at a clinic which had under advisement a patient suffering with a carbuncle of unusual proportions. In a burst of scientific rapture the demonstrator delivered something in the following vein: "Perfect specimen! Perfect specimen! I never saw one superior. A beautiful inflammation. There—isn't that a gem?" The unhappy victim raised his hands in protest. "Enough!" he gasped. "Hell is full of joy like yours."

### He Was Willing to Oblige.

A young North Carolina girl is charming, but, like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing party last week and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great big, red faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but moist hands despairingly and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then she said with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but, if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.

And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Benton and Calhoun.

A short time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied: "No, sir! When God Almighty lays His hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

### Never Again.

One day a learned judge was listening to a case that had been appealed

from one of the lower courts. The young lawyer who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all the elementary textbooks and quoted the fundamental legal propositions.

At length the judge thought it was time to make an effort to close the argument.

"Can we not assume," he said suavely, "that the court itself knows a little about the law?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the other court," answered the lawyer, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice!"

### Jackson and the Mutineers.

While General Jackson was conducting his campaign against the Creeks in Alabama the privations and hardships the raw levies had to endure were too much for a company of Tennesseans. They mutinied, declared their intention of returning home, and set out, every man with his arms. The general lay on a sick bed in his tent, but hearing of the revolt, sprang up, dressed, ordered his horse, and picking up the first gun in his way, started on a gallop, alone, after the disaffected ones. Overtaking and passing them, he wheeled his horse and presenting his gun as he swept the line with his stern and fiery glance, he shouted: "Back to your duty! I'll blow out the brains of the first man that dares to move a step forward! Wheel, march!" The men covered under his eye, hesitated a moment, then obeyed his order, wheeled and returned to camp, the general following. When they had entered the lines and stood in the presence of the whole force, the general came around in front, alighted, threw his gun on the ground and said, loud enough to be heard by all, "That old gun had no lock in it!"

### Joe Jefferson Found Out.

The late Joseph Jefferson once received a cable dispatch from his son Thomas, who was in London, asking his father to remit to him £100. The father was doubtful, and so he wired back, "What do you want it for?"

Back came the answer, "For Tom." This so tickled the old man that the money was forthcoming.

### The Drummer and the Dukes.

A commercial traveler got into the same railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Argyll and conversed with them freely, not knowing who they were. The Duke of Northumberland got out at Alnwick, where a handsome equipage was in waiting. The traveler said with surprise, "I'll bet you that's some big nob we've been talking to." "It is the Duke of Northumberland," said Argyll. The traveler stared after the equipage in amazement. "By gums!" he said at last. "Who'd have thought that a duke would have talked to two little tnoobs like us?"

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