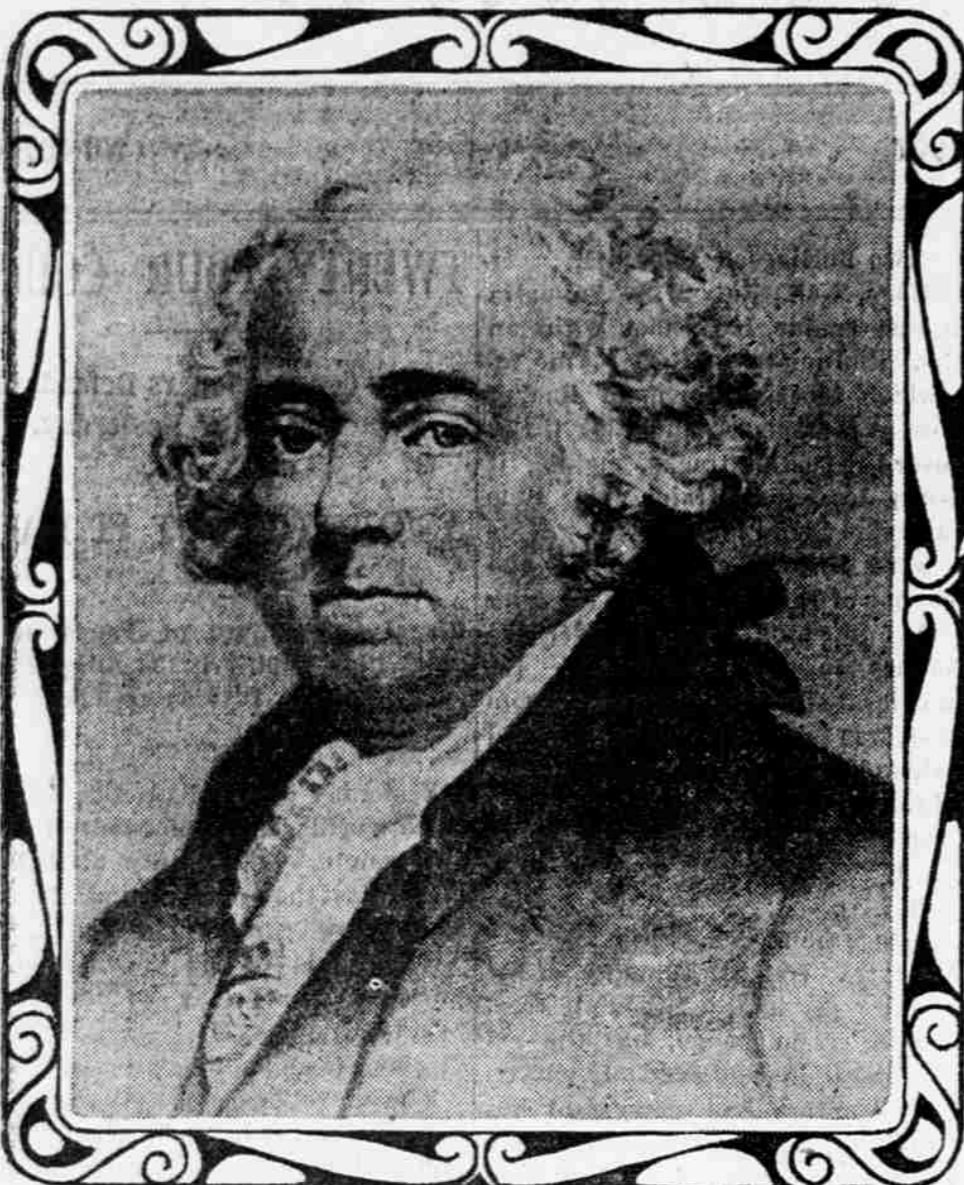


OUR PRESIDENTS



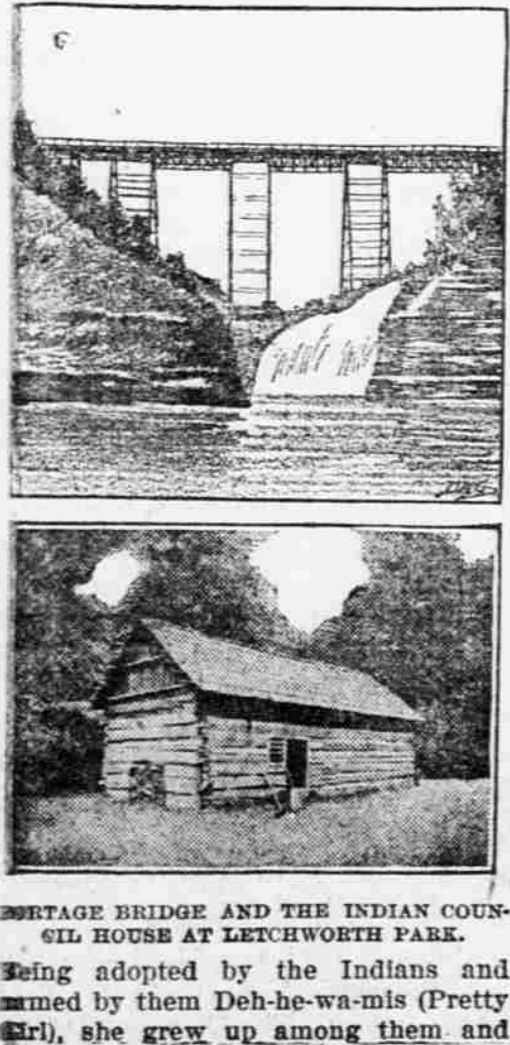
JOHN ADAMS.

The second president of the United States was the first vice president. He served as president of Washington's two terms, succeeding the latter as president in 1797. He was a native of Braintree, Mass., and was sixty-two years of age when he became president. He lived to the great age of ninety, dying on the Fourth of July, 1826, while his son John Quincy was president of the United States. John Adams was one of the staunchest of patriots during the Revolution. His term as president was marked by a violent quarrel with Alexander Hamilton and his followers, Adams, like Hamilton, was a Federalist. His manner was dictatorial, and this made him many personal enemies.

The Gift of Glen Iris by Hai-wa-ye-is-tah.

By EDWARD HALE BRUSH.

ONE of the most beautiful and historic regions in the United States is the far famed Genesee valley of New York. The name of the valley is Indian and signifies "beautiful," and it has always been agreed that the red men chose well when they selected it. In this valley is the large private estate known as Glen Iris, which has recently been presented by its owner, William P. Letchworth, to the state of New York for use as a public park. It embraces about a thousand acres and extends about three miles along both sides of the Genesee river. Mere mention of the gorge and valley of the Genesee calls to mind the deeds and fame of the Indian chiefs Red Jacket and Coraplanter and Joseph Brant; of Robert Morris, that great Revolutionary financier who, with Hamilton, had so much to do with placing the fiscal system of the young republic on a sound and enduring basis; of the Holland Land company, the big real estate syndicate of a century ago, which "developed" western New York, and of the Wadsworths, who generation after generation have served in legislative halls and on the battlefield. It recalls, too, the strange story of "the old white woman of the Genesee," Mary Jamison, who once owned 18,000 acres of the "beautiful valley" and might have been richer than King Croesus had she survived to the present day. It was at the "big tree council" of 1797, when Morris negotiated the purchase of a great portion of the lands of the Genesee valley from the Indians of the Six Nations, that Mary Jamison's claim was presented, and, though Red Jacket opposed for her, it was agreed to reserve for her those 18,000 acres of rich land, with the Genesee river running through it, which was long known as the Garden reservation. "The old white woman" was captured in 1742 and was born in 1742 as a child by a party of Shawnees.



PORTAGE BRIDGE AND THE INDIAN COUNCIL HOUSE AT LETCHWORTH PARK. Being adopted by the Indians and named by them Deh-be-wa-mis (Pretty Girl), she grew up among them and

married first She-nin-je, a Delaware, and after his death Hi-ok-a-too, a Seneca, also known as Gardeu, who figured in the massacre of Cherry valley. She declared in the memoirs which she dictated as an aged woman that despite his ferocity in war Hi-ok-a-too had always treated her with the utmost kindness. This strange woman died a Christian at ninety-one and was buried on the old Buffalo Creek reservation, but when in after years the opening of a street in the city of Buffalo interfered with the repose of her bones her grandson, Dr. James Shero, disinterred them, and Mr. Letchworth gave them a resting place at Glen Iris and erected the monument which is now one of the sights of the park. Near by is a section of the big tree under which Morris made the famous treaty. In the same vicinity is the old council house, which formerly stood at Canadea and in which in days long gone by the Senecas not only smoked the pipe of peace, but in their own primitive and picturesque fashion worshipped the great Ha-wen-ne-yu, the master of life. Mr. Letchworth, when it was threatened with destruction, had it removed to his estate for preservation, and here in 1872 the Senecas met for the last council held in the Genesee valley. It was on this occasion that they gave Mr. Letchworth his name as an adopted son of their tribe, Hai-wa-ye-is-tah, "the man who always does the right thing." In a museum is a collection of Indian relics.

Mr. Letchworth has long been known for his interest in historic and patriotic societies, and for over a quarter of a century his life has been wholly devoted to unselfish work for the benefit of humanity, especially the unfortunate who inhabit prisons and asylums. The splendid domain which he has given to his state and which is to be called in his honor Letchworth park is visited by thousands of persons every year. The Erie railroad's bridge at Portage crosses the Genesee within the bounds of the park. It is 800 feet in length, and it is 234 feet from the railroad tracks to the turbulent stream beneath. Below the bridge is a series of three falls of great beauty. Seldom, indeed, has the public come into possession of a domain possessing at once so many natural charms and so many historic associations.

A Catch Question.

Of Bishop Short, who held the see of St. Asaph, many curious stories are told. Occasionally he put questions to candidates for ordination that apparently had no connection with the discharge of their parochial duties. They tested probably their wit or tact, two necessary qualifications to public men, but nothing more. One such question proposed by the bishop was the following: "Which has the greatest number of legs, a cat or no cat?"

As might be expected, this created a tiff, but the bishop would not take a flatter as the answer, and consequently he repeated the question and desired some one to solve the problem. At last one of the candidates, smiling, said, "I should think, my lord, a cat." "No," retorted the bishop; "there you are wrong, for a cat has four legs, and no cat has five."—London Telegraph.

The Epitaph of Mary Lyon.

In the grounds of Mount Holyoke seminary, overlooking the beautiful valley through which the Connecticut flows seaward, is a monument to Mary Lyon, the Massachusetts teacher who founded the college. On it is inscribed a sentence of her own. "There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of but that I shall not know and do all my duty."

The Dressmaker's Diploma.

Many New York women who patronize a new dressmaker for the first time propound an embarrassing question. "Have you a diploma?" they ask. "I didn't know what answer to make to the first customer that put that question to me," said one dressmaker. "I certainly did not have a diploma. I knew how to sew, but I had no certificate to that effect. Finally I found that many women have suffered so grievously at the hands of incompetent tailors that they were unwilling to trust their work to a person who could not show some guarantee of experience and efficiency, so, although I knew more about sewing than half the fashionable dressmakers in town, I actually worked in one such establishment for four months so that I could point to a printed diploma which says, 'Formerly with Mme. A. of Fifth avenue.' It pays any dressmaker to arm herself with credentials of that kind. She ought to have her diploma framed and hung on the wall like a doctor's diploma, so as to give confidence to doubtful customers."—New York Sun.

Great Schemers.

"These traveling men are great schemers when it comes to getting rooms assigned to them ahead of other guests who registered first," said a hotel clerk. "There were several guests on the waiting list for rooms yesterday. One traveling man came up to the desk holding his hand to his stomach, saying he was so sick he must have a room at once. He was accommodated. In a few minutes another traveling man who was among the list of guests waiting for rooms, came up and said he had boarded a sleeper at 2 o'clock in the morning and tried to get some sleep, but that it ran into an open switch and gave him such a shaking up he couldn't sleep. He said he was almost dead with exhaustion and loss of sleep and must have a room at once. Hardly had he gone to his room when a third one came up and said he, too, must have a room immediately. What do you suppose his reason was? He said a horse fell on him the day before, and he thought he was injured internally."—Kansas City Star.

Pepper and Onions and Garlic and— At a restaurant downtown, redolent of pepper and garlic, where swarthy representatives of Spain and all the Spanish-American countries gather every day at the lunch hour a lone American, accustomed to strictly unseasoned food, was gazing apprehensively at the bill of fare. "What is chile con carne?" he asked the waiter.

"Ah, señor, zat is pepper and a leetle meat and pepper again and once more pepper and"— "No matter. What is bacalao a la vizcaina?" "It is delicious—codfish and red pepper and gar"— "Forget it! What is olla a la Española?" "Ah! Zat is onions and pepper and garbanzos and chorizos and"— "Bring me roast beef!"—New York Times.

Barrymore's Dilemma.

Maurice Barrymore, the once famous actor, was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager, and it had been decided that he was to play the leading role. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled Barrymore received a note from the manager asking him to call. Barrymore called, and the manager said: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I can't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it." "Well, that's strange," said Barrymore. "They told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly-English dialect. What am I to do, give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"

No Inquisit Intended.

A London exquisite had gone into a west end restaurant and was far from pleased with the way in which his order was filled. "Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self respecting calf in the British empire." The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said in a tone of respectful apology: "I really didn't intend to insult you, sir!"—London Answers.

Origin of the Cross Bun.

The exact significance or origin of the cross bun is not too certain. A superstition regarding baked bread on Good Friday appears to have existed from an early period. Bread so baked was kept by a family all through the ensuing year under the belief that a few grains of it in water would prove a specific for any ailment.—Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury.

Suspiciously Cheap.

Mrs. Schoppen—The price seems low, but I'm afraid of antique rugs. You know the old saying, "Snug as a h"— Salesman—"As a bug in a rug." Ha! Ha! But there are no bugs about this rug. Mrs. Schoppen (shrewdly)—No? I half suspect the presence of a little humbug.—Philadelphia Press.

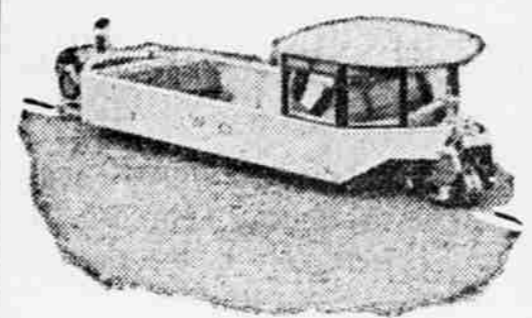
Her Troubles.

Teacher—Who was the most patient person that ever lived? Student—Mrs. Job. Teacher—How do you make that out? Student—Why, Job endured a whole lot, but she had to endure Job.—Judge.

He who seeks a brother without a fault will have to remain without a brother.—Talmud.

THE LATEST MARVEL.

The Gyroscope Locomotive, Which Runs on a Single Rail or Cable. A train that will spin along on a single rail or even on a wire cable up hill and down, across ravines and rivers, around curves, performing miracles of mechanical engineering, is what is promised by Louis Brennan, C. B., of the Royal Society of London, inventor of the Brennan torpedo and other devices that are now in extensive use. He promises that trains shall run at high speed, as much as 125 to 150 miles per hour, and that the cars shall be hotels on wheels, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, permitting of much more convenient arrangement than even in the case of cars run on two rails, according to the present system. He promises that the engines and cars of such trains shall maintain their balance on the single rail or cable perfectly despite differences of load and the tenden-

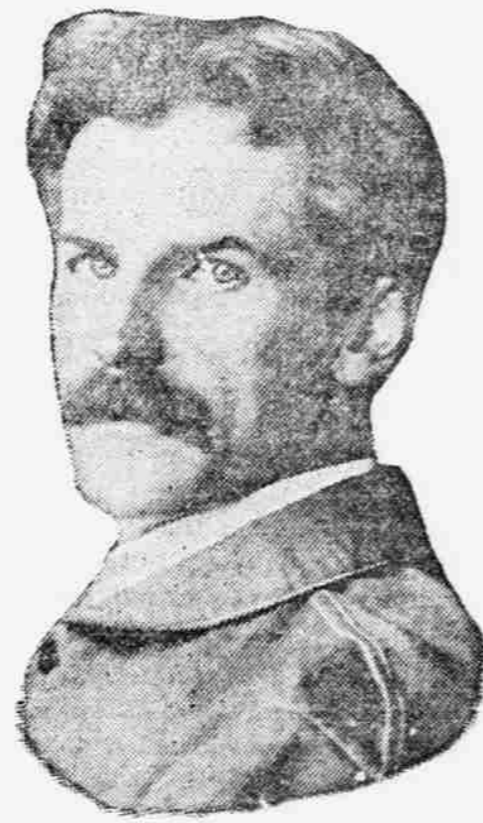


THE GYROSCOPE LOCOMOTIVE.

cy to fall earthward, due to the law of gravitation. All this is promised on the strength of the performances of his miniature engine, or model, which is six feet long and powerful enough to take his little daughter on trips upon a monorail line constructed around his private estate in New Brompton, Kent. It has also carried easily a man weighing 140 pounds. This engine, which the inventor calls the gyroscope locomotive, was recently put through a performance before the Royal Society, and the members of that learned body were convinced that it would ultimately work a revolution in the railway world. The principle of the invention is simply that which enables the common top to maintain its equilibrium when in rapid motion, despite all temptations to fall over. If one end of the gyroscope locomotive is the gyrotary apparatus, consisting of two flywheels, rotated in opposite directions by electricity. These flywheels keep the engine perfectly balanced on its one rail. Electricity or other motive power may be used in moving the engine along the rail and thus dragging a train of cars.

ROOSEVELT-LONG.

"Nature Fakir" Controversy Between Stamford Author and President. A good many people had never heard of the Rev. Dr. William J. Long of Stamford, Conn., before President Roosevelt in a recent magazine article called in question some statements the former made in his books about animals. Now the author's name is a household word, his works are among the books in special demand at the libraries, and incidentally the controversy the president's criticisms provoked has added considerably to the gaiety of the nations. One of the Long stories which caused Mr. Roosevelt to put the Stamford author in the "nature fakir" class related to the feat of a wolf which, according to Dr. Long, killed a caribou by biting him through the chest to the heart. This story was brought to the attention of no less distinguished a body than the cabinet a short time ago, when President Roosevelt read to his conciliators an affidavit of a Sioux Indian produced by Dr. Long to prove his assertion about the wolf. In connection with the affidavit was an editorial paragraph which



THE REV. DR. WILLIAM J. LONG.

asked how E. H. Harriman and Poutney Bigelow would like to have a Sioux Indian elected a member of the Ananias club. It is said there were chuckles over the reading of the paragraph, though the nature fakir controversy did not come officially before the cabinet for consideration.

Dr. Long is forty years of age, a native of Massachusetts, a Harvard and Heidelberg graduate, has been writing books about animals for some ten years and belongs to the ministry of the Congregational church. He charges that President Roosevelt is not a real student of animals and condemns him for shooting them.

What Came Up.

"I planted some grass seeds in the front yard, and what do you suppose came up?" "Grass?" "Nope." "What then?" "A lot of birds came up and ate the seed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LETTING A FLAT.

The Agent Found There Were Two Sides to the Question. The agent of the building did not like the looks of the man who wanted to rent the second floor flat. "We require the payment of the rental monthly in advance, of course," he said. "That will be all right," answered the man. "The rooms suit me, and I am willing to pay a year in advance if necessary." "You don't object to music perhaps?" "There's a piano on the first floor and a harp and zither on the third." "No objection to that. I am fond of all kinds of music." "We don't take renters who have children, you know." "We haven't any. My family consists of my wife, myself and a grown son." "Also we require the best of references." "Here they are." The agent looked at them and handed them back. "They are all right. I'll have to let you in. You are fortunate, Mr. Spoudoo, in getting the apartment at this particular time. By order of Mr. Hunks I have had all the rooms thoroughly"— "Does old Hunks own this building?" "Certainly. As I was saying"— "Great Scott! The only object I have in moving is to get out of one of old Hunks' apartment houses. I wouldn't live here rent free. No, thanks; I can find my way out without any assistance. Morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

THE STRAWBERRY.

It Was First Cultivated by a Blind King of Hungary.

Where Eperies, the picturesque Hungarian town, is now surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruited fields there was at the time of King Bela II, nothing but thick wilderness. Once this blind and unhappy sovereign was traveling in his realm. It was a hot, sultry summer day, and while searching for a shady spot in which to rest he became lost. Deadly tired in consequence of his long wandering, he asked his attendants for a drink of water. They seated him on the soft, green grass in the cool shade of big old trees, and then the cavaliers separated to hunt for a refreshing spring. Mean while the king wanted to find out more about his resting place and began to grope about him with his hands. Thus he discovered strawberries growing all about him, says the New York Herald. He ate them; so, partly quenching his thirst, he waited quietly for his attendants. After a short time they returned, some with empty cups, some with pearly spring water. The king then said to his attendants: "Have the trees cut down around this place where my hands found the refreshing strawberries. Here shall rise a town whose name shall be Eperies (strawberry) in remembrance of this day for all time." As the king commanded so it was. The wilderness was cleared, and in its place is a town whose arms carry the strawberry even today.

His Idea of Scoring.

At a country cricket match in Lancashire a local farmer's boy was appointed scorer, his duties being carefully explained to him. The first inning was not very productive of runs and soon came to an end, and every one made a rush for the scorer. Judge of their surprise, however, when they found that not a single mark had been made in the carefully ruled book that had been provided. When reproached in somewhat strong terms the boy was not in the least disconcerted, but with the most ingenious air in the world said: "I was sate enterested in the sport that I quite forgot to mak' the crosses. But it disna matter—that wee laddie wif the red face is the smartest runner among ye."—London Tit-Bits.

Arms and the Tax.

There are sufficient people in England and Scotland paying the annual tax imposed by the inland revenue upon the use of armorial bearings to produce a sum of \$350,000 each year. The great bulk of this sum is paid by people who care not of an atom either about their family of their arms, but pay the tax regularly simply because they have carriages or plate heraldically decorated. The really old families of the realm, however, use armorial emblems for decorative purposes to an extent almost incredible in the eyes of those familiar with them only on note paper, table silver and carriage panels.

A Curiosity.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out. Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.—Strand Magazine.

A Fellow Feeling.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Henry Peck, "that I would be afraid of a man eating tiger." "I don't believe you'd need to, Ma'm," responded Hen Peck. "He'd recognize a kindred spirit."—Houston Post.

No Ballast Needed.

A dear old lady, on reading that several aerolites weighing five hundred weight each had fallen in the Ghazipur district of India, remarked that these balloons appeared to be astonishingly heavy people.—Punch.

At the end of some generations races perish or degenerate in towns. It is necessary to renew them, and it is always the country which furnishes this renewal.—Rousseau.

The State Fair to be held at Lincoln, Sept. 2-6, gives promise of being the greatest State Fair ever held in Nebraska. Secretary W. R. Mellor informs us that the exhibits in all departments are very heavy, and promise to exceed in magnitude those of last year, which was the record breaker heretofore. The management have secured Chas. J. Strobel and his airship, which are now making flights at the Jamestown Exposition, to make daily flights at our Fair. The stake races have 128 horses named in them, as against 58 named last year, and this feature of the Fair is looked forward to with great anticipation by the horse lovers. Fully 25 per cent more swine will be exhibited this year than last, and all the live stock departments are receiving an abundance of entries. If no more entries of County Collective Exhibits are received from now on, Agricultural hall will have a finer exhibit than ever before. Nebraska has the best agricultural exhibit shown at any Fair in the United States, and such an exhibit is a credit to our state and worth going miles to see. The Implement section is even greater than that of last year, and a farmer contemplating the purchase of a piece of machinery will secure the best of satisfaction by comparing the different kinds of the same machine, all of which will be shown by experts, who can teach you the points of superiority.

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