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ODD THINGS IN NATURE

Every Known Object, Even Ice, Contains Some Heat.

SOME PARADOXES EXPLAINED

How the Wheels of an Express Train Going Forward at Sixty Miles an Hour Travel Backward at the Rate of Ten Miles an Hour.

In "Paradoxes of Science and Nature" the author, Mr. Hampson, explains the why and wherefore of many things which appear to contradict scientific principle or settled belief.

For example, when a train is going at a rate of sixty miles an hour, what part of it is moving backward? This is no trick, no "sell." The whole train is not going backward, and you are not the innocent goat to be sacrificed upon its rails. The train is going forward at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and yet a portion of that same train is going in a contrary direction at a pretty fair rate of speed. It is not going relatively even; it is actually and literally in a hurry in that direction. You may prove this for yourself with a bicycle. Push its front wheel up against a house wall. Make a chalk mark on the lowest part of the wheel and on the ground immediately beneath it. Back the machine a little from the wall, and when the wheel has moved an inch the marked spot will not appear to have moved at all. As the machine is slowly backed farther the first visible movement of the bottom of the wheel is upward from the ground, while it is impossible to see that the marked spot has backed from the wall to the smallest extent. This means that all wheels, traveling at any speed, have a part—the part in immediate contact with the ground—which has no movement at all.

But the wheel of a railroad car has a flange, a portion which juts down below the wheel's point of contact on the rail. That point of contact then becomes a center; the whole wheel passes forward above it, while the flange beneath it passes under it, going backward. That is the part of the wheel that travels in the contrary direction. And by a simple mathematical formula its rate of speed is calculable at about one-sixth of the speed of the axle of the wheel, which represents the forward rate of travel. So that on every express train going sixty miles an hour toward New York there's a portion that is traveling toward Boston its humble ten.

The paradox that salt and ice boats may fly faster than the wind which propels them is obvious and common-place to the point of boredom. But consider the intelligence of the average billiard ball. Place three balls in a row along the cushion, touching each other. Place another ball alongside the cushion, say eight inches from this row. Hit this lightly and smoothly, so that it strikes the row. It will come to rest at once on striking the nearest ball. The nearest ball and the next one to it will also remain stationary. But the third ball will start off from the bunch at precisely the speed of the ball you have struck, and it will quietly move off to the exact distance from the row that you had placed the ball which you struck. The balls will then be in a position exactly the reverse of the one at which you started. The ball you struck with your cue will be the third ball in the row, and the last ball in the original row will be at rest just eight inches away from them. If you had placed two balls eight inches from your row of three, and hit them with your cue so that they struck the row of three, then just two balls would leave the row of three and retire to the eight inch position occupied by your two cue balls. Plainly the billiard ball is smart enough to come in out of the rain. It can count and add and subtract. It probably has its opinion of the people who bat it about the cushions with not nearly so true an instinct for angles and velocities as it has itself.

Hereafter when coal is high we may heat our houses with ice, for ice gives out heat—not much. It would take a large chunk to heat the public library, but it might be done. Everything in nature has some heat, every known object, even ice. Ice is cold to us only because it has much less heat than our bodies. It hasn't much heat, to be sure, but still a little. You may lower its melting point by mixing in some salt. A mixture of water and salt requires 32 degrees of frost to freeze it. Therefore the mixture of ice and salt can be melted by the heat of anything that has a higher temperature than that. Such a thing is pure ice which has been exposed for some time to the air. It remains at freezing, or melting, point, 32 degrees F., or zero on the centigrade scale. At this temperature then it has heat enough to melt a portion of its own substance that has been made more easily meltable by addition of salt. It proceeds to melt a part of itself, devoting a part of its heat energy to this work—that is to say, that having used up some of its heat it has less heat left. And that is further to say that all the while the ice was melting it was growing colder.

We come now to the ice furnace. A large mass of pure ice is contained in a galvanized receptacle, having a flue leading from the top. About this receptacle is placed ice mixed with salt. The salted ice melts. In melting it draws from the pure ice its heat. Our patent flue conducts this heat to all parts of the house. And there is a great saving in coal.

Water may be made serviceable as a fuel. It is no mere reportorial hy-

perbole to say that the water which the firemen turned upon a fire rather added to the intensity of the conflagration. The heat of the flames instantly disintegrated the water and, converting it into its constituent gases, burned them. Let only some inventive genius set himself to work and apply this principle to the kitchen range and he shall have fame and fortune and we a cheap and handy substitute for anthracite at \$7 a ton.

The soundest of eyes has its blind spot. Anybody can find his own after a short search. On a plain piece of paper place the capital letters R and L some five inches apart, like this:

R L
Now close your left eye, holding it tight with your hand if necessary. Then hold the paper off, say, eighteen inches from the open right eye. Look only at the letter R. But "out of the corner of your eye," as we say, you will catch a glimpse of the letter L. Now slowly move the paper closer to the eye, keeping that eye peeled on the R all the while. When the paper is about six inches from the eye the L will disappear. You have ceased to see it out of the corner—that is, you have apparently ceased to see it. Move the paper closer yet to your eye, and the L will reappear. It has simply passed the blind spot in your organ of vision.

We hear a great deal about the heartstrings—those famous heartstrings which the theater press agent promises us shall be played upon by his drama. You sit in your seat before the play, turning the leaves of your programme, and you hit upon the announcement of the next attraction. It is sure to say that this powerful attraction will reach the heartstrings. Now, most of us have held those heartstrings to be but a figure of speech. Poor lay fools that we are, we know not that they have a place in physiology and a very large place in everyday life. The heart without heartstrings doesn't work, that's all.

We all know that between the auricle and ventricle are valves. But those wonderful automatic valves are not stout enough in their own tissue to hold back the pressure that the heart imparts to the flow of blood at each of its beats. And nature, with her wonderful provision for everything, has fitted to those valves complete sets of tiny guy wires which stiffen them to their work. Of course they are not of wire; they are tendons, but they do very well, considering the double duty they perform. Go to the Bowdoin square and learn for yourself the extras they are called upon to perform.

Truly harmonious nature has her capricious moments and dearly loves a feat, a paradox, a bit of sport.—Boston Transcript.

The Nonchalant Canton Merchant.
Frequently on entering a Canton shop you will find its owner with a book in one hand and pipe or fan in the other and wholly absorbed in his studies. You will be doomed to disappointment if you expect the smoker to start up at once, all smiles and blandness, rubbing his hands together as he makes a shrewd guess as to what he is likely to take out of you and receiving you with obsequiousness or with rudeness accordingly. Quite the reverse. Your presence is apparently unnoticed unless you happen to lift anything. Then you hear that the fan has been arrested and feel that a keen eye is bent on your movements all the while. But it is not until you inquire for some article that the gentleman, now certain that you mean to trade, will rise without bustle from his seat, show you his goods or state the price he means to sell at, with a polite yet careless air which plainly says, "If it suits you, we will make an exchange."—"Through China With a Camera."

The Minutest of Shells.
Among the minute existences upon the face of the globe that have been elevated by means of the microscope into an honored position of independence are the foraminifera, mostly marine atoms inhabiting many chambered cells. At one time they were considered mollusca, at another they were ranked among the Infusoria and eventually they were settled comfortably in the subkingdom protozoa. The calcareous shells have in the past formed vast deposits of chalk. They are often today congregated as realms of sand. These animals are not always minute, but generally they are subjects imperatively demanding the lens. An ounce of sand has been known to contain 6,000 of their shells, and in the West Indies the figure once ran into millions. Your object under the naked eye seems to be merely a pinch of brown sand; under the microscope you have a great variety of the loveliest lilliputian shells, representing every variety of form known to the conchologist.

Pampered Dogs.
London veterinarians tell surprising stories about dogs. There was a poodle for which a prime leg of lamb was roasted every day; and there were other pets which, when taken into the custody of the veterinary, were visited every day by their owners in carriages, whose footmen would get down from the box and hand in partridge breasts and other dainties on silver dishes for the sick dog.

Old Noble, Queen Victoria's favorite collie, was often taken in as a patient by one veterinary and found to be suffering from overfeeding. It would frequently eat a whole roast pheasant, and the wonder is that it lived so long.

A veterinary once got a telegram from Oxford to go down instantly and treat a pet dog that had fallen downstairs and broken its leg. But the veterinary had to wire that the last train was gone, whereupon another message came: "Take special." And he did, at a cost of \$100.

AN ITALIAN BALL GAME.

A Staturesque Beauty in Pallone Seen In No Other Game.

Pallone is the king of ball games, requiring not merely great strength and alertness in the player, but offering also such a succession of noble plastic poses as may be seen in no other game. Goethe, who saw his first match with delight at Verona in September, 1786, wrote that such attitudes were "worthy of being put into marble." Our more enlightened archaeology would probably declare for the nobler bronze if the pundits could be persuaded to follow Goethe and occasionally exchange the library for the pallone court.

Be that as it may, the gist of the game is almost as readily grasped as its staturesque beauty. Pallone is merely the perfected and titanic form of the jeu de paume that is played from end to end of Europe. You see it in its incipency when two urchins with tambourines beat a rubber ball to and fro in the open or against a side wall. In Spain the thing is done with a wicker racket in a court and is called pelota. But pallone, the ancient game, which is the parent of tennis, rackets and half a dozen other wall games, is as far superior to its rudimentary forms as baseball is to rounders.

One look at the big ball, the pallone itself, would convince you that here is a sport for men, if not for giants. The pallone looks like a huge baseball, but has twice the diameter and weighs two-thirds of a pound. I have seen its like in Columbia county, N. Y., where, years ago, the old Dutch game of wicket was played. Imagine a twelve pound shell or an enlarged croquet ball soaring from end to end of a 300 foot court or ricocheting treacherously off the side wall as the agile player gives this or that turn of the bristling wooden cestus. This bat is as noteworthy as the ball. A wooden cylinder, about eight inches long and six in diameter, with an outer array of inserted wooden spikes and an interior cross grip shaped to the player's hand—such is the arm piece, or praecelle. It is so heavy—weighing at least four pounds—that one may rather say it sways the bearer than he it. Once it swings at the hurtling ball, the whole body must follow the gesture; hence the remarkable plastic quality of all the attitudes of play.

And the contestants are dressed in a fashion to give value to these momentary poses. A trim jacket, the right sleeve short, tight knickerbockers, stockings and canvas slippers, all spotless white, make up a costume that admits a touch of color only in the gold-fringed sash—gift of an admirer, generally—which marks the player as belonging to the reds and blues. Returning to the praecelle, it is not a comfortable thing to wear. At every pause the players rap it sharply against the wall to drive the bandaged wrist home, and they often breathe on the hot and half exposed knuckles in a vain attempt to cool them.—Frank J. Mather in Century.

The Triumph of Titus.
The total number of those who perished in the siege and capture of Jerusalem is estimated by Josephus at 1,100,000 persons; 97,000 were taken captive by the Romans. Of these 700 of the finest and strongest were selected to grace the triumphal procession of Titus. The old and the weak, who could not be used, the Romans had butchered in cold blood. Those over seventeen years of age were part of them sent into the Egyptian mines, part of them forced to appear in battle with wild beasts and be torn to pieces by them or to fight as gladiators with one another to delight the eyes of the heathen populace. In Caesarea Philippi alone, at the celebration of the birthday of Domitian, more than 2,500 Jews shed their blood in the arena. The males under seventeen years of age and the women were sold directly into slavery. Titus, with all his prisoners and all his booty, marched to Rome, where he had a brilliant triumph in the year 71 A. D. The sacred vessels of the temple were carried before the "imperator," and Simon and John, for the first time shoulder to shoulder, were obliged to march before the chariot of the victor with the 700 chosen captives. Simon, being the real leader, was first scourged and then throttled at the stake, in accordance with Roman custom. John finished his career in prison.

A Magnolia Elysium.
When good Charlestonians die, their bodies, it is said, go to Magnolia cemetery and their souls to the Magnolia gardens. Indeed, it were quite excusable in a wandering spirit if, chancing on these gardens when the azaleas were in their radiant perfection, he should mistake the place for Elysium, especially if looking for such a gardenlike Elysium as Herick's. Although widely known and visited yearly by hundreds, Magnolia is not a public garden, but a noble old estate on the Ashley river, belonging now, as it has belonged for 200 years, to the Drayton family of South Carolina. Very much as the folk of Tokyo go out to worship the beauty of the cherry blossoms, so in March and April Charleston people and any strangers fortunate enough to be within their gates make a pilgrimage to Magnolia. During the season the little steamer plying between Charleston and Magnolia, making the trip twice daily.—Francis Duncan in Century.

Horse Sense.
Mr. Jogtrot—I don't want this horse. He hasn't any sense at all. Every time he sees an automobile he wants to climb a tree. Dealer—Well, that's good horse sense, it seems to me.—Chicago News.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

To James D. Wright, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 22nd day of August, 1907, Alice Wright filed her petition against you in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff without good cause, for the term of three years last past, and for the custody of Iola Wright, a child born the issue of said marriage. You are required to answer the said petition on or before Monday, the 26th day of September, 1907.—8-25-10s. ALICE WRIGHT, Plaintiff. By Starr & Reeder, her attorneys.

To George Lillie, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 12th day of August, 1907, Annie Lillie filed a petition against you in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the ground that you have been guilty of extreme cruelty toward this plaintiff and that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff, without good cause, for the term of two years last past. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 26th day of September, 1907.—8-16-10s. ANNIE LILLIE, Plaintiff. By Starr & Reeder, her attorneys.

NOTICE OF HEARING.
On petition for distribution of residue of estate. State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. To all persons interested in the estate of James Cain, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Mary Cain, administratrix of said estate, has filed her petition in the county court of said county, the object and prayer of which are that a decree of distribution may be made of the residue of said estate now in her possession to the parties entitled by law to receive the same. You are hereby notified that said petition will be heard by the county judge at the county court in the city of McCook, in said county, on the thirty-first day of August, 1907 at ten o'clock a. m. It is ordered that a copy of this notice be published once each week for three successive weeks in The McCook Tribune, a newspaper printed and published in said county. Dated this sixteenth day of August, 1907. SEAL. 8-16-10s. J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

No. 8823.
NOTICE OF AUTHORIZATION.
Treasury Department.
Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C., August 24, 1907. WHEREAS, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "THE MCCOOK NATIONAL BANK," in the City of McCook, in the County of Red Willow, and State of Nebraska, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking; NOW THEREFORE I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "THE MCCOOK NATIONAL BANK," in the City of McCook, in the County of Red Willow, and State of Nebraska, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I witness my hand and seal of this office this Fifth day of August, 1907. T. P. KANE, Deputy Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

OFFICIAL SEAL. First: August 9, 1907. Last: October 11, 1907.

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CITY LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M.
McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CHARLES L. FAHNESTOCK, W. M.
LON CONE, Sec.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
Mrs. LAURA OSBURN, C. of H.
Mrs. MATTIE G. WELLS, Rec.

EAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 1514, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. Social meetings on the first and third Wednesdays.
W. H. CUMMINS, W. Pres.
H. P. PETERSON, W. Sec.

EASTERN STAR
Eureka Chapter No. 86, O. E. S., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
Mrs. SARAH E. KAY, W. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
McCook Council No. 1125, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
C. J. RYAN, G. K.
F. G. LECHLEITER, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PTTHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
J. F. CORDEAL, C. C.
C. W. BARNES, K. R. S.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
EMERSON HANSON, E. C.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Rec.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every first and third Saturday of each month, at 8:00 in Berry's hall.
W. C. SCHENCK, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN
McCook Lodge No. 569, B. of L. F. & E., meets every Saturday, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
W. R. PENNINGTON, M.
W. S. BIXLER, Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 663, M. W. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
JOHN HUNT, V. C.
BARNEY HOFER, Clerk.

ODD FELLOWS
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
E. H. DOAN, N. G.
SCOTT DOAN, Sec.

P. E. O.
Chapter X, P. E. O., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., at the homes of the various members.
Mrs. C. W. BRITT, Pres.
Mrs. J. G. SCROBEL, Cor. Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS
Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 3:30 p. m., in Berry's hall.
JOE HEGERBERGER, C. Con.
M. O. McCLURE, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 457, B. of R. T., meets every Friday at 8:00 p. m., in Berry's hall.
H. W. CONOVER, M.

R. A. M.
King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets every first and third Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.
CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

ROYAL NEIGHBOURS
Noble Camp No. 862, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
Mrs. MARY WALKER, Oracle.
Mrs. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec.

R. S. M.
Oe-co-ox-ee Council No. 16, R. S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Berry's hall.
WEBB STEPHENS, M. W.
C. R. GRAY, Rec.

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