



A FOG AT SEA.

It Frightens the Timid and Even Discourages the Brave.

This curious picture of an arrival at the Hook of Holland is by C. Lewis Hind: "I awoke suddenly. It was full daylight. My watch indicated 4 in the morning. We should be nearing the Dutch coast. But why had the boat stopped? Why had the devastating screech of the screw ceased? I clambered from my berth and withdrew the curtain from the porthole. Sea and sky had gone. We were enveloped in a dense fog. The wail of the siren roused the passengers. A fog at sea unstrings the nerves of the timid and discourages the brave. I noticed that the landing platform had been extended and that two life lines were coiled upon it. On the bridge were five men. The captain stood in the center with two of his subordinates on either side. They leaned over the rail peering into the wall of fog. I went forward. Three of the crew were bent double over the bows seeking the black mass that might be moving toward us. I could almost fancy I heard the crash, the shouts and the rush of feet.

"The air was damp. I went below. A dozen passengers were gathered around the breakfast table sipping tea and toying with toast. When the siren wailed my neighbor, a girl, who was about to eat a mouthful, replaced the crust upon the table and folded her hands. A woman cried silently. A large, flabby man took the seat adjoining mine, rested his elbow upon the table and covered his eyes. I thought he was praying, but when the steward advanced and stood inquiringly before him he raised his head for a moment and said, "Ham and eggs."

"Those homely and unfamiliar words relieved our depression; also the vessel began to move faster. Soon the siren ceased, and when the captain slouched into the cabin and called for a cup of hot coffee we—well, I think some of us could have danced a jig. I went on deck.

"There was Holland. The sun was scattering the fog. We passed the place where the Berlin was wrecked. Pooh! Who minds fear on the morning after, with all the adventures of a new day waiting?"

ENGLISH LOCAL SPEECH.

Peculiar Way the Names of Some Towns Are Pronounced.

We English are horribly phonetic and think nothing of spelling our name Featherstonehaugh and pronouncing it Beecham. If you motor you must twist your tongue to the local speech. There is a quiet village in Kent that is spelled Stalfield and has achieved the distinction of keeping a railway station at nine miles distance. But if you ask your way to it you must call it Starchfield or you will never find it. Huntingdonshire claims the purest English, as Hanover the purest German. But by the peasants Papworth is called Parpur. And not far distant is another village of beauty. The motorist turned upon a rough road and asked the intelligent laborer where it would take him. "That road," said the honest countryman, wiping his brow, "will take you to 'Ell, sir." The courageous motorist went on and found Ellsworth, which is merely Ellser.

The trouble as to the pronunciation of place names makes one very diffident, a correspondent complains, as to venturing upon pronouncing any that one knows only by the eye and not by the ear. Being a Suffolk man, he knows that Waldringfield is Wummerl and Chelmondston is Chinaston. While in the adjoining county of Norfolk Happisburgh is Hazebro and Hunstanton Hunston, and visits to the west country have revealed that Badgeworthy is Badgery and Cornwood Kernwood. The result is that he would not dare to make a shot at Uttoxeter or Bathampton, never having happened to hear either referred to by a native. After all, there are unfortunate differences of opinion among Londoners, even as to Southwark, Brompton and the two Bromleys.—London Chronicle.

Don't Be Too Thoughtful.

Some people are often accused of being thoughtless, but better that should happen sometimes than always being regarded as too thoughtful. The habit of thinking too deeply on every item has an immense amount of failure at the bottom.

Whether it was best to learn shorthand or a language perplexed one individual for seven months. He could not make up his mind as to which he would derive the most advantage from. He might have learned any one of those accomplishments in the time he took to think about it.

This is the case with many people, and Fortune has an awkward habit of crushing the too thoughtful just as much as the thoughtless.—London Answers.

What Is Sound?

The natural question, "What is sound?" opens up a world of mystery and of delight to those that like that sort of thing. Anything that sets up vibrations in the air, where there is an ear to receive them, makes a noise. An alarm clock in a vacuum jar may whir ever so busily, but it makes no noise. There must be air or there is no sound, and there must be an ear to carry the vibrations to the brain or there is no noise.—Delineator.

Majesty.

"My wife adores the majesty of the Alps, whereas I the majesty of the ocean," said Pfeif.
"And your daughter?" inquired a friend.
"Oh, she just adores majesty by herself."—Lustige Blatter.

A CASTILIAN BRAVADO

Revolted Scene Pictured by a Spanish Novelist.

NERVE OF THE HAUGHTY DON

Striking Description of the Daring and Courage Displayed by the Old General Who Would Not Permit an Englishman to Outdo Him.

The realistic Spanish novelist, Valdes, in one of his most popular stories ("Sister San Suplice," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole) gives a description of a retired Spanish general's afternoon out which will illuminate many chivalric incidents in Spanish life and aptly illustrates the reckless daring and courage of which the average haughty don is liberally possessed. The scene is a sort of picnic grounds in the outskirts of Seville: "Meantime the animation had been on the increase among the ruffians. The period of unmannerly action had come. One of them climbed upon a table to make a speech, and then the others, by way of applause, threw sherry and manzanilla in his face. Another was trying to lift with his teeth a companion whom drunkenness had stretched out on the floor. He did not succeed. He merely tore his sack coat. Still others were committing absurd and extravagant actions, making a great noise and uproar.

"The count remained grave and silent, drinking one glass of sherry after another. But his eyes were no longer, as usual, incomprehensible and unfathomable, like those of a man tired of life. Though he did not speak or move about he seemed a different man.

"The Englishman had taken off his jacket and waistcoat and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, was exhibiting his biceps, which were really powerful, and trying to break empty bottles on his arm. Once blood had come, but he went on breaking the bottles without paying any attention to it. Then he asked the waiter to bring a bottle of rum and a large glass. He filled this to the brim with the liquor, and then slowly, without moving a muscle or even winking, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sat down at the table opposite the count and said solemnly: "You can't do that."

"A flash of fury gleamed through the harebrained nobleman's eyes, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and, turning the rest of the bottle into the glass, he calmly ordered the waiter to bring him some pepper. He threw in a pinch of it, then threw into his cigar ashes heaped up before him and, without saying a word, with the same scornful, contemptuous smile, drained the glass and, not content with that, bit it in pieces. We saw his lips spotted with blood. The company received with oles and shouts of triumph this proof of an unconquerable stomach, in which it seemed as though the national honor were concerned.

"Our neighbors in the other booths must have reached the same happy grade of temperature, for nothing was heard but extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses, coarse laughter and swearing.
"The count was not yet satisfied with his victory over the Englishman. While he was swallowing with apparent calmness the glasses of liquor which were offered to him he did not cease to devour him with his eyes, carried away by a dull madness, which soon broke out. His eyes, which were the only part of his impassive face that moved, gleamed more and more ferociously, like those of a madman when a straitjacket has been put on him. The Englishman continued to boast of his strength. He was now thoroughly intoxicated and talking inaudibly enough to the others, who were not so drunk.

"So you are very valiant, are you?" asked the count, still smiling disdainfully.
"More than you," retorted the Englishman.

"Don Jenaro started to spring at him, but the others restrained him. Soon calming himself, he said:

"If you are so brave, why not put your hand on the table?"
"What for?"
"To pin it down with mine."

"The Englishman without an instant's hesitation stretched out his huge, brawny hand. The count took out of his pocket a damasked dagger and laid his delicate, gentlemanly hand on the Englishman's, and without hesitation and with a ferocious grip he raised the point with the other and drove it through both into the table.

"The women uttered a cry of terror. All of us men ran to their assistance. A few left the place in search of help. In an instant our booth was filled with blood. From the wounds great drops of blood streamed, staining the handkerchiefs which we applied to them.

"A doctor who happened to be among the bystanders dressed the wounds provisionally with the few means at his disposal. The count smiled while they were dressing his hand. The Englishman was as sick as a horse, and soon the count was the same, and both were taken to such rooms as the establishment had to offer and went to bed. Every one left, commenting on the barbarism of the deed."

Hit Harder.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet"—
"Well?" she queried as she hesitated.
"And yet," she continued, "man is the oftener broke."—Exchange.

Be rich in patience if thou in goods be poor.—Dunbar.

MEETING A CROCODILE.

The Animal and the Hunters Were All Taken by Surprise.

While looking for a hippopotamus it was the fortune of the author of "Uganda to Khartum" to encounter a crocodile under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was following a fresh track leading through the dense undergrowth from the lake inland. Two men accompanied him, one carrying his camera and the other his second gun, while he shouldered his rifle.

Suddenly I heard a rustling noise in front of me and realized that some creature was approaching, but what? It could not be the hippo, because there was no thunderous tread, but I had no time to think, for the creature, whatever it might be, was upon me in a second.

At two yards I discovered what it was—an immense crocodile more than twelve feet long.

I was right in its path, and there was no possible escape on either side, so I stood still with my rifle at shoulder and waited. The "crook" did not wait, however, and in some remarkable way it hustled me to one side, almost knocked me over, and endeavored to make his way to the water.

To dispute his right of way would have been folly. I realized only a horrible, soft, wriggling mass pressing against my legs in a most sickening way. Why he did not bite me I do not know. At first I thought he had done so as he brushed against my leg, but I found it was only his horny scales that scraped my shin. And he was more taken by surprise than I was and forgot all about his huge jaw and the lasting impression he might have made upon my legs.

After he had passed I turned to see how the men would fare. One had got back to the shore and so was no longer in view. The other man with the camera was the funniest sight. His head was stuck fast in the thick brambles, and his legs were in the air, the camera of course in the mud beside him.

I do not think the "crook" could have seen him, for he had literally taken a header into the bush, and his legs were far above the crocodile's jaws.

THE SNEEZE

In Past Ages It Played a Very Important Part in Life.

Many odd notions still exist as to sneezing, and some persons may be heard to exclaim "Bless, my soul, once!" "Bless my soul, twice!" and so on after each sneeze. But in past ages the sneeze really played a very important part.

In ancient Greece the people saluted each other whenever any one present chanced to sneeze. As Xenophon was addressing the Greek army in a moment of defeat on a historical occasion a soldier sneezed. The lines of battle were formed at once, for the sneeze was deemed a good omen, and the Greeks were successful.

Among the Hebrews when a person sneezed the bystanders would say, "Tobinz chaim!"—"A long life to you." In India criminals on the rack of torture have saved their own lives by sneezing accidentally.

A humorous story about sneezing is told in that wonderful collection of oddities, "The Arabian Nights." A schoolmaster was particular in teaching his pupils the value of politeness. He also told them that whenever he sneezed they should clap their hands and say, "Long live our noble master."

One day master and pupils went out for a stroll. The air was hot, and all soon grew very thirsty. Great was their joy at last to find a well. But the bucket was at the bottom of the well, and so the schoolmaster went down to bring it up. The boys seized the rope and tugged for dear life. Just as the schoolmaster reached the top of the well he sneezed. The boys let go the rope and clapped their hands, shouting, "Long live our noble master!"

As for the poor schoolmaster, he fell to the bottom of the well, where he may be to this day, for all one knows.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Swords Bent Double to Test Them.

If you have an opportunity at any time of examining a sword such as is used in naval and military services you may notice that just below the hilt, an inch or two down the blade, there is a small disk of brass welded into the blade. The meaning of this brass might well escape any one not possessed of a well developed sense of curiosity. Swords are subjected to very severe tests before being issued, and this brass piece indicates that one of the tests to which the sword was subjected was to have its point bent right back until it touched the hilt at the brass spot. Swords that have successfully withstood this severe test are trustworthy.—London Chronicle.

Tested It.

"Willie," said the boy's mother, who was preparing to go out, "you musn't eat that cake in the pantry while I'm gone. It will make you sick."

Three hours later when she returned Willie said: "You didn't know what you were talking about, mamma. That cake didn't make me sick a bit."—Chicago News.

Too Willing.

Old Lady (in tears, to chemist)—Will you poison my dear lit-little Fido? He's in such—such agony. Chemist (politely)—With pleasure, madam. Old Lady (indignantly)—With pleasure, you nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it!—London Answers.

A Fast Train.

Passenger—Does this train stop anywhere for dinner? Brakeman—Nah, it don't. Passenger—Then I understand for the first time why it is called a "fast" train.—Judge.

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