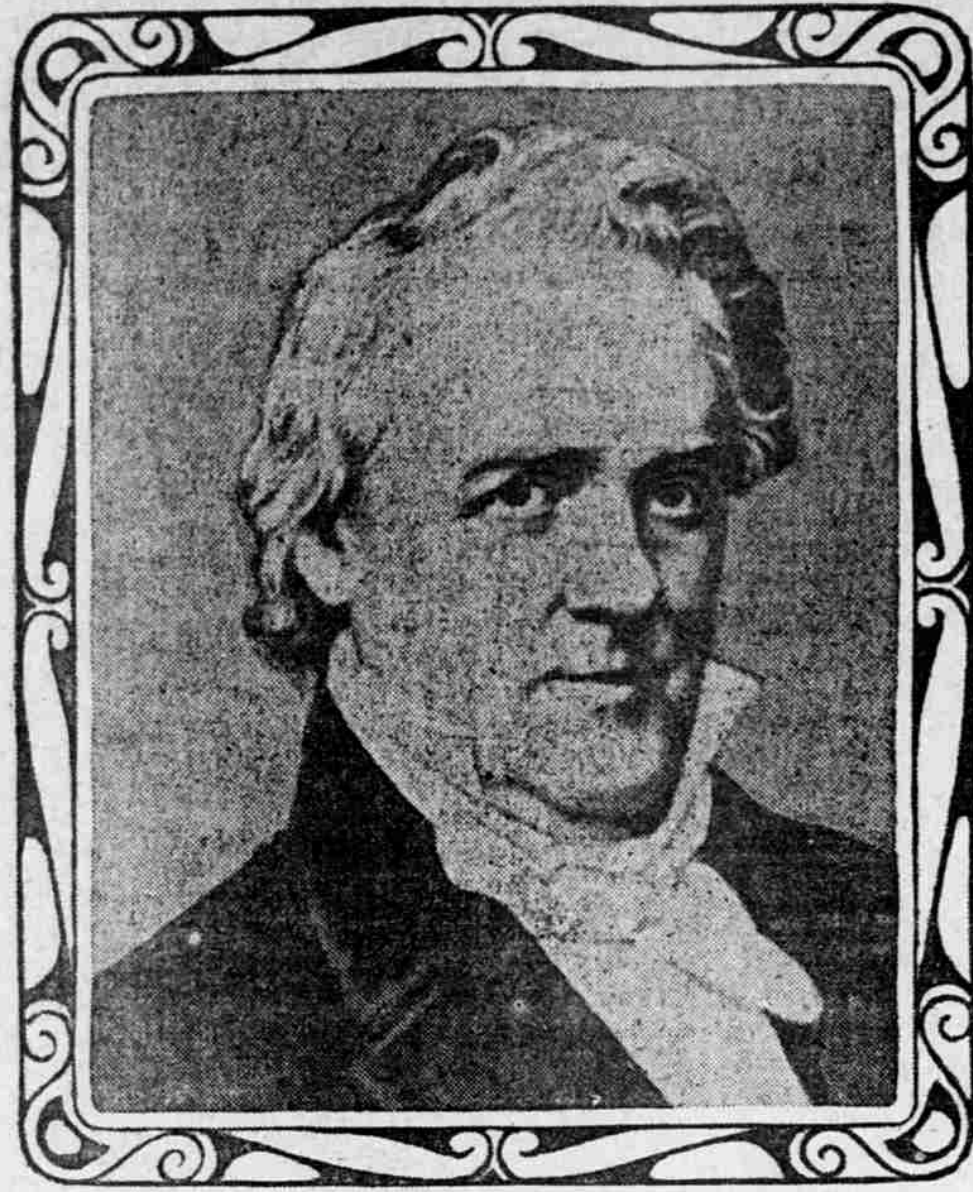


# OUR PRESIDENTS



JAMES BUCHANAN.

The fifteenth president of the United States was born at Cove Gap, Pa., in 1791 and died at Wheatland, Pa., in 1868. He was a private soldier in the war of 1812. He served in both houses of congress and was secretary of state under President Polk. He was elected president in 1856 as a Democrat, defeating John C. Fremont, the first Republican candidate. Buchanan's administration was marked by his feeble resistance to impending secession. After his retirement, however, he upheld Lincoln's policy in prosecuting the war against the Confederacy. He declared that the administration of his successor should be sustained at all hazards and lent his influence to that end.

## CALIFORNIA LEGENDS.

Weird and Thrilling Tales of the Olden Days.

### A MINE THAT WAS HAUNTED.

The Ghost of Tom Bowers, an Elusive, Luminous Warning and a Race Between Life and Death—The Building of Lofty Mount Shasta.

A haunted house in the family sends delicious shivers down the spinal cord of the ancestral tree, but even more delightfully spooky is the possession of a haunted mine, and such a boast California can make on the authority of early legend.

Once upon a time in the days of old and the days of gold a miner of the name of Thomas Bowers lived and delved in the vicinity of Pike City.

A shy, silent man was Thomas, doing his prospecting without a partner and even holding aloof from the jolly company of the other miners after the day's work was done. And in the same shy, silent way that he had lived he died—noiseless footsteps across the snow to the brink of the slope where he had been prospecting and at the foot of a landslide his speechless body—alone in death.

After his remains were buried decently and in order there were excited whispers about strange noises at the mouth of the old shaft, and soon, quite incidentally, of course, the mine was abandoned.

The greed of gold, however, taps impatiently at closed doors, and after some little time a thriffling miner hoping for a short cut to wealth undertook to work the old mine again and suddenly surprised his creditors by paying his bills. But things flowed not so smoothly as they seemed. There was many a slip of nerve between nugget and pick. Every morning the miner found that his sluice had been tampered with, that during the night the water had been turned on by unknown hands. Yet the most diligent search led to no discovery, and as a last hope of untangling the clammy mystery the miner one evening inaugurated a watch, well armed with a rifle.

The shadows deepened into darkness, into an absolute blackness. Suddenly while reconnoitering a phosphorescent light attracted his attention, and as he boldly advanced toward it he discovered a placard hung from a tree—a sort of spectral transparency, it seems—bearing the following words: "Notice! I, Thomas Bowers, claim this ground for placer mining."

When the reader's mind had recovered from its earthquake of astonishment the miner made a snatch at the placard. A pricking thrill went through his fingers, as though they had taken liberties with an electric battery. The luminous writing was gone, but in his ears roared the flowing water of the sluice and through the roar the sharp, clear cut tap, tap, of a pick. Again the flash of warning light—and before him stood Tom Bowers.

The California miner is no coward. The rifle was lifted, fired. With a yell of rage the ghost, brandishing pick and shovel in excited arms, pursued the trespasser.

A race between life and death in a new sense was the one that followed—all the way to Pike City. There the other miners, celebrating a new find by a dance in a saloon, were suddenly

alarmed by terrified screams. Running out, they found neither man nor ghost, but tossed upon the ground a rifle and a pick and a shovel with the initials T. B. cut in the handle.

A legend of an entirely different type is connected with the same period of California history.

During the rush for gold in the fifties a party came west by the Gila river route. The heat was intense. The supply of water gave out. On the hot, barren sands just below Yuma the dying cavalcade pitched their desperate camp.

In the silence of the early night from one of the wagons came the prattling voice of a little child lifted in prayer: "Do, dear God, give us water, and I never will be naughty again."

And scarcely had the petition gone up to the stars when the sound of running water was heard, and up from the dry, hot sands bubbled a pure, life giving spring.

The water of this New river, as it was called, swept north for twenty miles, at one place spreading into a deep lake two miles wide, but when migration went by the northern route, the pretty tradition naively ends, no longer needed, the New river's spring dried up.

Perhaps no more desolate spot can be pictured than Death valley, with its terrific heat, its lack of water, the soda dust of its plains strewn with mummified animals and the bleached bones of lost prospectors. But fair and fertile once lay the valley, a flourishing pueblo ruled over by a beautiful queen.

Alas, the beauty was only skin deep, and ambition alone ruled a cold, cruel heart. A palace to surpass the houses of the neighboring Aztecs was her dream, and she cared not how many lives might be sacrificed in speeding the labor.

For miles the tribe carried stone and timber, and when they faltered by the wayside she lashed their naked backs. So sacred was royalty regarded that her people dared not protest, but in her zeal to have the palace erected before accident or possible death she had forced her daughter even to join the throng of workers, and when the lash was lifted against her own flesh and blood the princess turned before sinking down in death from exhaustion and cursed both her mother and the kingdom.

The gods answered quickly. The sun sent down a heat so fierce that the streams dried up, vegetation became scorched, the animals sought new abodes, while queen and people died as though by plague.

But in the midst of the desolation the palace half completed may be seen to this day—if fortune favors the traveler with a mirage.

An amusing ghost story haunts the early history of Santa Barbara island. Such were the awful noises heard by ships in passing that every sailor on board devoutly crossed himself, convinced that it was the headquarters of swimming and flying monsters. Unfortunately for the sailors' yarns it was latterly discovered that some shipwrecked cats had landed on the island, their numerous progeny living sumptuously on dead fish and the eggs and the young sea fowl.

Long before the first white man entered Kern county that locality was inhabited by a superior race far advanced in arts and devout worshippers of the Great Spirit. In fact, one of their number so excelled in wisdom that the others fell down and wor-

shipped him, and in jealous anger the Great Spirit caused the earth to shake and swallow up the entire population, afterward wiping out every vestige of their idolatry by pouring water into the valley until it became an inland sea.

Later repenting him of the evil and in impatience over his own vengeance, the Great Spirit threw up the earth smoking with heat into the Sierra Nevada mountains, broke away the hills damming up the lake at its foot and drained off the water into the sea at the Golden Gate. Then he opened the mouth of the earth and released the Jonahs from their long captivity.

Little took they the lesson to heart. No sooner had the place blossomed into beauty again than they fell into idolatry once more, the worshiped chief going so far as to challenge the Great Spirit to single combat. The answer was a thrust of the gage in their very faces. The race was exterminated forever by a horde of savages from the Mojave desert, while a whirlwind swept away all vegetation.

But if we are tracing back to the origin of things we must dig deeper till we reach the legend of Mount Shasta, the very first part of the earth to be created.

The Great Spirit broke a hole in the floor of heaven with a huge rock and went on throwing down more rocks until he could step from the sky upon the top of the pile.

Then caressingly he touched the sides of the heap with his hands, and forests sprang into being. Leaves from the trees he plucked and breathed upon until they fluttered into the air, fleet winged birds, Beasts and fishes he also formed from his staff.

And so in love he became with the mountain of his creation that he hollowed it out into a wigwam, "where he dwelt for centuries, the smoke of his lodge fire being often seen pouring from the cone before the white man came."—May C. Ringwalt in Los Angeles Times.

#### Convenient Banking.

The bank examiners of the treasury department have some odd and amusing experiences during their investigations of country banks. At one small and primitive institution an examiner found a deficiency of \$100. Of course an explanation was demanded. The cashier made a brave attempt to look wise. Finally he took \$100 from a private money drawer. "There, that will fix it," he said.

"How will you enter that to make good the balance?" asked the examiner.

The cashier looked bewildered, but finally said he would not enter it at all.

"You see," he remarked, "that drawer I just went into to make the balance is what we call the 'outs and over' drawer. Whenever we're out of balance we go to 'outs and over' to make things right. Then, again, when the sheet shows more cash than we ought to have the surplus goes to the drawer. Funny the city banks never thought of that scheme."—Harper's Weekly.

#### Some Notes on "Origins."

"Humpty Dumpty Sat on a Wall," etc., has come down to us from the days of King John. "The Babes in the Woods" dates from the fifteenth century, being founded upon facts, an old house near Wayland Wood, Norfolk, having the whole story in carvings on a mantelpiece. "Little Jack Horner," "Little Miss Muffet," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Mother Goosey" and "Goosey, Goosey Gander" are each traceable to the sixteenth century.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "Three Blind Mice" first appeared in a music book dated 1609. "A Froggie Would a-Wooing Go" was licensed to be sung as far back as 1609. "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" and "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket" both hail from the period of Charles II. And, last of all, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Bluebeard" and "Tom Thumb" were published by their author, Charles Perrault, in the year 1697.—London Notes and Queries.

#### Fish Stories.

Mr. Townguy—How long does a fish grow in a year? The Guide—Waal, it depends on who's tellin' it an' his education an' nateral inventiveness.—Chicago News.

#### Fortunate.

"I thought," said the author as he took back the manuscript, "that the story would just about do for you." "Yes," rejoined the editor, "that's just about what it would do if I printed it, but fortunately I happened to read it myself, so I am returning it to you for fear of accidents. People are so careless."—Judy.

#### Starting Him in Business.

Bride's Father (to his prospective son-in-law, a young lawyer)—I am not going to give my daughter a cash dowry, but I have some doubtful claims for \$10,000 that I will make over to you, and you can sue on them.

#### She Was a Countess.

Squiggs—Say, Squiggs, is there anything in the story that your nephew married a countess? Squiggs—Well, yes, I suppose there is. The young lady ran the adding machine in Bughouse & Bingle's office.—Toledo Blade.

#### Too Late to Die.

Gerald—I would die for you. Geraldine—But pa says you are a dead one already.—New York Press.

Go astray and everybody knows it; reform, and nobody will believe it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## CHINESE FOOTBALL.

It is More Like a Prolonged Riot Than a Pastime.

"The first game of football I witnessed upon my arrival in China," one of our consular representatives at home for a visit remarked recently, "I mistook for a very serious riot, and you wouldn't have blamed me either.

"In the first place, I was not aware that the Chinese had any such game, but later found that it is very popular in north China. It is not played as is the American game, and instead of eleven players to the side there are fifty. These northern Chinese are almost giants, and every man on the team will be six feet or over in height and weigh on the average 200 pounds. There are no goals, side lines or halves. The game lasts until one side is the winner, and frequently this is not accomplished before two or three days.

"The idea of the game is to force a small wicker basket, which takes the place of our ball, into the territory of the other side—this territory being one-half of the town—and up and down the streets the fight rages. Each man is equipped with a whistle with which to summon assistance when too hard pressed.

"Stealth as well as main force may be used in getting the 'ball' into the enemy's country, and I know of one clever player who did so by passing over the roofs of the houses. As you may imagine, a hundred giants yelling and fighting in the streets create some excitement."—Harper's Weekly.

## SOUL HOUSES.

One of the Queer Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.

Egyptian "soul" houses were curious edifices made probably between the tenth and twelfth dynasties—that is, about 3600 and 3300 B. C. The same principle that caused the warrior's steed to be slain on his grave seems to have actuated the early Egyptians when they built a house for the dead man's soul.

The beginning of the custom was that a mat was laid on the grave, with a pan of food upon it. Afterward this offering was carved in stone as a table of offerings to give permanent satisfaction for the soul. Then to the table was added a shelter copied from an Arab tent, and this gradually was elaborated. The shelter was placed on columns, a hut was put into this portico, chambers were copied, and finally appeared complete two story houses furnished with pottery models of couch, chair, stool, fireplace and the figure of a woman making bread.

The soul was conceived of as ascending from the grave through the ground and requiring shelter while feeding on its everlasting provision, and yet, though it ascended through the earth, it needed a staircase to go up to the upper floor, and the soul had a donkey, for which a manger was required.—Chicago News.

#### Ventilate Well.

An old writer says: "When men lived in houses of reed they had constitutions of oak; when they lived in houses of oak they had constitutions of reeds." This is a picturesque description of the injury which may come to us from fine houses too closely confined to keep out the fresh air and too heavily curtained, preventing the entrance of sunshine, which is almost if not quite as important as air. But it is not at all necessary to have our fine houses unhealthy, and it requires only intelligence and thoughtfulness to render a brick house as good a promoter of health as a cabin. Fresh air will come into well ventilated modern houses as well as through the open cracks of a house of reeds and sunlight through a window in a palace as well as a hovel.

#### The Discovery of Iron.

The stone age, bronze age and iron age so overlap one another it is impossible to say just when one begins or ends. Men began to use both bronze and iron long before stone had ceased to be used. In fact, America was in the stone age so late as its discovery by Columbus 400 years ago. It is safe to say that history proper and the iron age were born together anywhere from 8,000 to 10,000 years ago. It is more than likely that men gained their first information concerning the properties of iron through experiments with the pieces of it that had fallen from the sky in the shape of meteors.—New York American.

#### Energy.

Aubrey de Vere, an Irish poet and gentleman, mentions in his "Recollections" that when ten years old he had a tutor who constantly inculcated in him rectitude, purpose and energy. The tutor's praise of energy was expressed by the saying: "There are three letters of more value than all the rest in the alphabet—namely, N R G."

#### Headed Him Off.

"My wife," began Hicks, "dropped in to see me at the office today and—" "Sorry, old man," interrupted Wicks, "but my wife held me up before I left home; I can't lend you a cent."—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### Destitute.

Hungry Hank—I feel sorry fer de lady wot lives in dat mansion on de hill. She is absolutely destitute. Sauntering Saul—Destitute? Hungry Hank—Yes. Destitute uv generosity.—Exchange.

#### The Whole Show.

Visitor—And what is the special distinction of this theater? Actor—L—Fliegende Blatter.

A little neglect may breed great mischief.—Chesterfield.

## 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 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall. CHARLES L. FAHNESTOCK, W. M. LON CONE, Sec.

DEGREE OF HONOR McCook Lodge No. 2, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. MRS. LAURA OSBORN, C. of H. MRS. MATHIE G. WELLES, Rec.

EAGLES McCook Aerie No. 1314, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8:30 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 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall. MRS. SARAH E. KAY, W. M. SILVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

G. A. R. J. K. Barnes Post No. 27, G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. J. M. HENDERSON, Comdr. J. H. YARGER, Adjt.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS McCook Council No. 1125, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. C. J. RYAN, G. K. F. G. LECHLEITER, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall. C. W. BAENES, K. R. S. J. F. CORDEAL, C. C.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall. EMERSON HANSON, E. C. SILVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

LADY MACCABEES Valley Queen Hive No. 2, L. O. T. M., meets every first and third Thursday evenings of each month in Ganschow's hall. MRS. W. B. MILLS, Commander. HARRIET E. WILLETTE, R. K.

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. SCHESCH, C. E. W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN McCook Lodge No. 559, 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. 664, 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 8:30 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, Pros. Mrs. J. G. SCROBEL, Cor. Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS Harvey Division No. 25, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall. JOE HEGENBERGER, C. Con. M. O. McCLURE, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 487, B. of R. T., meets every Friday at 8:00 p. m., in Berry's hall. F. J. HUSTON, Sec. H. W. CONOVER, M.

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

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 R. SAWYER, Sec.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS Noble Camp No. 822, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. MRS. MARY WALZER, Orator. MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Sec.

E. S. M. Oe-co-lex-ee Council No. 16, E. A. S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall. RALPH A. HAGERBERG, T. L. M. SILVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

W. O. W. Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 8 o'clock, in Diamond's hall. CHAS. F. MARROW, C. C. W. C. MOYER, Clerk.

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