

The Footpad and the Colonel.

A New Year's Sketch
By C. B. Lewis

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WHEN Colonel Ransome was held up by a footpad in the suburbs New Year's night he quietly handed over \$50 in cash and said:
"My friend, I make no kick. I have the reputation of being a good fellow and of having ready money. On this blessed New Year's day I counted up ten notes I had indorsed for friends within a twelvemonth past. I had each and every one to pay. In addition I had a list of twenty-two men who borrowed from \$5 to \$20 and forgot to pay it back. I had fully made up my mind it was cheaper and better for me to be held up on the highway."
"There's something in that," mused the footpad as he lingered.
"More than you see at first glance. Not only would it be cheaper, but it would save my circle of friends. By lending and indorsing I lost a score of them last year. It is also more satisfactory in another way. What a robber robs me of is gone, and I don't worry over it. What I lend I must wonder if I will ever get back. You have no feeling against me because you have robbed me, eh?"
"None, sir, unless it be a feeling of respect and gratitude."
"That's it. Now, then, had you borrowed \$15 of me and neglected to return it you would not only drop out of my list of friends, but you would go around with a feeling that I had actually wronged you."
"I see. You either return a loan and are grateful or you beat the man out of it and dislike him because you have

He Approved That Plan.
It was said in the Norton family that Uncle Hiram had no ear for music, as he failed to appreciate the vocal efforts of his niece Margaret. But if his ears were defective his pocketbook left nothing to be desired.
"We've been talking over Margaret's voice," said a dauntless and tactful relative who had been delegated to approach Uncle Hiram on the subject. "It really seems as if she ought to take lessons and practice regularly. Her mother talks of selling a little of her mining stock for Margaret's sake."
Uncle Hiram's keen old face wore a mutinous expression.
"Have to practice two, three hours a day, I suppose?" he said dully.
"Oh, yes," said the venturesome relative. Then she had a sudden inspiration.
"It would be best of all if she could go abroad for two or three years," she murmured thoughtfully, "but of course that is out of the question, the expense."
"Never your mind about the expense!" broke in Uncle Hiram joyfully. "If she can go abroad—a good long way abroad—to take her lessons and do her practicing I'll foot the expense."—Youth's Companion.

French Schools.
The quality of the secular instruction in the French schools seemed to me extraordinarily high. It happened, for example, that I was taken into a classroom where a lesson in English was being given to some French boys of sixteen, mostly the sons of operatives. The exercise was conducted in excellent English, which the pupils seemed to speak almost as readily as the teacher, and the point under discussion when I visited the class was one which would have puzzled Harvard freshmen. It was the distinction in meaning between the words priest—a Catholic ecclesiastic; clergyman—an Anglican, and minister—a dissenter. In American schools, or, rather, in the results of the instruction there afforded, I have never come across the teaching of any foreign language

JAPAN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Shimeta Neesima and What He Did For His Country.
Half a century ago, in the ancient city of Yeddo, was born a child whose birthday marked the beginning of the greatest epoch in the history of Japan. This child was Shimeta Neesima, the son of a man of the samurai class, one of the aristocrats of old Japan, a retainer of a great prince. He was born to high privileges, and the joy of his parents at the coming of an heir was unbounded.
Japan at this time was entirely pagan. Her gates were closed to foreigners, and signboards throughout the empire bore decrees against Christianity. Reading the Bible was one of the three crimes punishable with crucifixion.

The Neesimas were idolaters, and they taught their little son to worship the array of ugly images which adorned their home. But Shimeta was a lad of keen intellect and sturdy common sense. He soon began to lose faith in gods of wood and stone and after he was sixteen would no longer join in the family worship. One day in the library of a friend he had found an abridged copy of the Bible printed in Chinese characters. From that time his great desire was to learn more of the God who was worshipped in the west. He had begun also to realize the benighted state of his country in other things than in religion. The visit of Commodore Perry had opened his eyes to the wonders of western civilization, and his young heart was stirred with longing to serve his country in some better way than his sword bearing ancestors had done. He had a history of the United States, printed, like his little Bible, in Chinese, and this he studied assiduously.
With great difficulty he obtained from his parents permission to go to Hakodate, an open port, where he hoped to find an English or American teacher who would unfold to him the world of learning of which he had had but a glimpse. Arriving at Hakodate, he was doomed to disappointment. No teacher was there. Then he determined to make his way to America. The rigid laws against emigration were still in force, and the undertaking was fraught with danger. But finally he succeeded in making his escape and boarded at night an American schooner bound for Shanghai. The Japanese officials searched the vessel the next morning, but the captain hid Shimeta in his cabin.

At Shanghai he was forced to wait for many days until the captain of the Wild Rover, a Boston ship, offered to let him work his passage to America. While in Shanghai he had obtained his first great desire, an English Bible, for which he had traded one of his swords. The kind hearted captain of the Wild Rover became interested in the boy, dressed him in American clothes and taught him English. The Wild Rover spent several months in trading at oriental ports, and it was not until a year had passed that Shimeta landed in Boston. Much of the time during the long voyage Shimeta had spent in reading his English Bible. It so happened that the Wild Rover belonged to Alpheus Hardy, one of the merchant princes of Boston and a famous philanthropist. When he was a young man, studying at Andover, Mr. Hardy's ambition had been to enter the ministry. His health had failed, and he was forced to leave school. That he could not become a minister was a cross which almost broke his spirit until it was shown to him that he could serve Christ in other ways than by preaching, and he had dedicated his life to "making money for God." When he learned from the captain of the Wild Rover of the Japanese youth who had come so far to find the truth, he saw that here was a great opportunity, and he sent for Shimeta. So deeply moved was he by Shimeta's story that he took him into his family and sent him to Andover to be prepared for mission work in Japan. At Andover the young Japanese noble was fully converted to the Christian faith, made public profession and was baptized with the name Joseph Hardy Neesima.

In 1874 he returned to Japan under the auspices of the American board of foreign missions. During his ten years' absence many changes had taken place in Japan. The country was now open to foreigners and western civilization was being rapidly introduced. Neesima's scholarship and familiarity with American institutions gave him great influence, and he was soon one of the foremost men of the nation.
He was repeatedly urged to take high office under the government, but he had devoted himself to the cause of Christian education, and he knew that he could better serve his country in that field than in the field of politics. His success, which included the founding of the great Doshisha university, was wonderful, and after fifteen years of distinguished service for God and his native land he passed to his reward on Jan. 23, 1890, mourned by the people of Japan as no other private citizen had ever been.

Hopeless.
"He's no good at an argument, is he? Not at all convincing?"
"Well, I should say not. Why, that man couldn't convince a woman that she was pretty!"—Cleveland Leader.

Value of Humor.
The man who becomes a humorist is the man who contrives to retain a certain childlike zest and freshness of mind side by side with a large and tender tolerance.—Cornhill Magazine.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

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 COLE, Sec.

BOILERMAKERS
McCook Lodge No. 407, B. M. & I. S. B. of A., meets first and third Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
MRS. LAURA OSBURN, C. of H.
MRS. MATTIE G. WELLES, Rec.

EAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 154, 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. 58, 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.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

G. A. R.
J. K. Barnes Post No. 207, G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
J. M. HENDERSON, Cmndr.
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.
FRANK REAL, G. K.
G. R. GALE, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
M. LAWRIE, C. C.
J. N. GAARDE, K. R. S.

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.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Rec.

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. E. MILLS, Commander.
HARRIET E. WILLETTTS, R. K.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every first and third Saturday of each month at 8:30 in Berry's hall.
W. C. SCHENCK, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.
McCook Lodge No. 500, B. of L. F. & E., meets every Saturday, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
W. S. BIXLER, Sec.
W. R. PENNINGTON, M.

MACHINISTS
Red Willow Lodge No. 587, I. A. of M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.
D. O. HEWITT, Pres.
W. H. ANDERSON, Rec. Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 681, 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, Pres.
MRS. J. G. SCHOBEL, 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 Diamond's hall.
JOE HEGENBERGER, C. Con.
M. O. McCLEURE, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 487, B. of R. T., meets every Friday at 8:30 p. m., in Berry's hall.
H. W. CONOVER, M.
F. J. HUSTON, Sec.

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
WEB. 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 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.
CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS
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, Orator.
MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec.

R. S. M.
Oo-co-nox-ee Council No. 16, R. S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.
RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

W. O. W.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 8 o'clock, in Diamond's hall.
CHAS. F. MARKWAD, C. C.
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HUMAN RACE AFFLICTED WITH QUEER DISEASE

Cooper Says Internal Parasites Cause Much Suffering Everywhere.

The following remarkable statement was recently made by L. T. Cooper. It concerns the preparation which has been so widely discussed throughout the country during the past year, and has sold in such enormous quantities in leading cities:
"It is now a well-known fact that wherever I have introduced my New Discovery medicine, hundreds of people have brought internal parasites, or tapeworms, to me. In many cases these people did not know the nature of the parasite, and were consequently extremely nervous until I explained the matter to them. In some cities so many have had this experience that the public generally became alarmed.
"I take this opportunity of explaining what these creatures are, and what I have learned about them in the past. Tapeworms are much more common than would be supposed. I venture to say that ten per cent. of all chronic stomach trouble, or what is known as a 'rundown' condition, is caused by them. An individual may suffer for years with one of these great parasites and not be aware of it.
"Contrary to general belief, the appetite is not greatly increased—it only becomes irregular. There is a general feeling of faintness, however, and a gnawing sensation in the pit of the stomach.
"People afflicted with one of these parasites are nervous and depressed. Their chief sensation is one of languor, and they tire very easily. Lack of energy and ambition affect the body, and the mind becomes dull and sluggish. The memory becomes not so good, and the eyesight is generally poorer.
"The New Discovery, in freeing stomach and bowels of all impurities, seems to be fatal to these great worms, and almost immediately expels them from the system. I wish to assure anyone who has the experience just related with my preparation, that there is no cause for alarm in the matter, and that it will as a rule mean a speedy restoration to good health."
The Cooper medicines are a boon to stomach sufferers. We sell them.—A. McMillen.

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The New Year's and time for the usual stunts—We're going to turn over a new leaf at once!

wronged him. I've been right there in a dozen instances."

"And now about the highway robber," continued the colonel as he offered the man a cigar and a light. "You may wonder that I don't warn you against such a career and advise you to reform. There are several reasons for my action. In the first place, you are giving the public a squarer deal than the so-called friend who borrows your cash or wants to use your name. He is a hypocrite, prevaricator and general cheat; you are only a robber."

"In the second place, you can only get what little money a man happens to have in his pocket, and you ask for no outside favors. In the third place, the man who reforms is more dangerous than he was before. I had a clerk who stole \$5 and reformed, and the first thing I knew he got away with \$50."

"That's about all, my friend. So long as you rob people in fairly good English and without unnecessary violence you are something of a novelty and a good deal of a boon."

A Snappy Conversation.
Mr. Snappy—My dear, I'm going to swear—
Mrs. Snappy—Now, Mr. Snappy, I've warned you many times against that bad habit, and you a member of the church! You ought to be ashamed of yourself and—
Mr. S.—I'm going to swear—
Mrs. S.—Don't you dare to do it—and in my presence! Why, have you no respect for a lady? You're positively—
Mr. S.—I'm going to swear—
Mrs. S.—Mercy! I'll cover up my ears! I simply won't listen to your profane—
Mr. S.—I'm going to swear sure pop if you don't shut up and let me finish what I was trying to say. I'll cuss. It's enough to make any man cuss the way you talk! Tomorrow, as I started to say—
Mrs. S.—What were you trying to say, sir?
Mr. S.—I was trying to say that tomorrow is New Year's day, and I'm going to swear—off—swearing!

which compared in efficiency with the teaching of English in secondary schools throughout France. And to all appearances this was only one example of the thoroughness and the vitality of French teaching in all its branches.—Barrett Wendell in "France of Today."

Chinese Sarcasm.
Once in a while you meet a common Chinaman who has some of the native wit of his country. One such has a laundry in Lexington avenue, not far from Twenty-third street. The other day I heard him yell at a recalcitrant customer: "You no pay? Then you paper tiger?" I asked what he meant by a "paper tiger," and he replied, "Oh, in China a paper tiger is a blackguard who blows much, but is harmless!" He added: "When a man is very proud of himself, what Americans call 'stuck up,' we compare to a rat falling into scale and weighing itself. When a Chinaman overdoes a thing we say he is a hunchback making a bow. The rich son who quickly spends his father's money we call a rocket which goes off at once. We say of you rich Americans who send money to the heathens by missionaries and neglect their family at home, 'They hang their lantern on a pole, which is seen from afar, but gives no light below.'"—New York Press.

An Arab Honeymoon.
For seven days after the wedding the Arab bride and bridegroom are supposed not to leave their room. The bride may see none of her own family and only the women folk of her husband's, who wait on her. She remains in all her wedding finery and paint and does absolutely nothing. The bridegroom generally slips out at night after three days and sees a few friends privately, but he persistently hides from his wife's family, and should he by accident meet his father-in-law before the seven days are over he turns his back and draws his burnous, or haik, over his face. This is their view of a honeymoon, and they grow as weary of it as any European couple do of their enforced continental tour.—Wide World Magazine.

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