

How Many Bricks Have You Sent Away?

That sounds like a funny question, addressed to every citizen of this town and community, but it's really a serious one.

Listen: There is now just completed a magnificent building of red brick exterior and concrete interior right in the business heart of one of the biggest of American cities. It occupies a whole block and calls itself in a large lettered sign "The Largest Monolithic Building In the World." It has many floors, with about a hundred acres of floor space. The entrances are of solid marble. The floors are beautifully tiled.



Altogether it is a credit to the big city in which it stands. Oh, it's a Jim Dandy!

Now, how many bricks have you sent to the city to go into this big building? Honest, how many? Of the hundreds of thousands of bricks put into the walls of this building the city where it stands has contributed not a single red brick. Country people, the people of small towns and cities far away from the big metropolis, have sent in the bricks for the construction of this splendid edifice.

You may have sent in a few hods of bricks yourself without knowing it. Listen: This magnificent structure, which ornaments a city you probably never will see yourself, is built of bricks bought with the dollars of people living in towns just like ours—towns that would like to have some new brick buildings themselves now and then. Every dollar contributed to the city building fund means a nice, hefty hod of bricks for this big, beautiful skyscraper, "largest in the world" of its kind. This building was put up, through the kind donations of their unknown country cousins, by a firm that ran a small store in that city a few years ago.

But this firm conceived the cute idea of having thousands of strangers contribute bricks to build its fine, large, new store. And the building is a Mail Order Store. See?

IN A FALLING BALLOON

Fearful and Tragic Experience of Three Aeronauts.

ONE SAVED AS BY A MIRACLE

The Terrific Cold and the Peculiar Sensations That Encompassed the Daring Voyagers at an Altitude of Over Five Miles—The Descent.

One of the most terrific experiences in the history of ballooning was that of three aeronauts who in 1875 made an ascension in a large and well made balloon, the Zenith. In this voyage the object was to reach the greatest possible altitude. The balloon rose to a height of 28,000 feet—that is, about five and a half miles from the earth. At this point something happened—what, no one will ever know, since the only surviving balloonist, Tissandier, was at the time insensible. But the balloon began a rapid fall and finally struck the ground with such a frightful shock that Sivel and Croce-Spinelli were killed instantly, while Tissandier's life was spared by a miracle. The account of this voyage is perhaps best told in Tissandier's own words:

"At 23,000 feet we were standing up in the car. Sivel, who had given up for a moment, was revived. Croce-Spinelli was motionless in front of me. I felt stupefied and frozen. I wished to put on my fur gloves. But without being conscious of it the action of taking them from my pocket necessitated an effort that I could no longer make. I copy verbatim the following lines which were written by me, although I have no very distinct remembrance of doing so. They are traced in a hardly legible manner by a hand trembling with cold:

"My hands are frozen. I am all right. We are all right. Fog in the horizon, with little rounded cirrus. We are ascending. Croce pants. He inhales oxygen. Sivel closes his eyes. Croce also closes his eyes. Sivel throws out ballast." Sivel seized his knife and cut successively three cords, and the three bags emptied themselves, and we ascended rapidly.

"When Sivel cut away the bags of ballast at the height of about 24,000 feet I seemed to remember that he was sitting at the bottom of the car and nearly in the same position as Croce-Spinelli. For my part, I was in the angle of the car, thanks to which support I was able to hold up, but I soon felt too weak even to turn my head to look at my companions. This was about 1:30 p. m. At 2:08 p. m. I awoke for a moment and found the balloon rapidly descending. I was able to cut away a bag of ballast to check the speed and wrote in my notebook the following words:

"We are descending. Temperature, 3 degrees. I throw out ballast. Barometer, 12.4 inches. We are descending. Sivel and Croce still in a fainting state at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly."

"Hardly had I written these lines when a kind of trembling seized me, and I fell back weakened again. There was a violent wind from below upward, denoting a very rapid descent. After some minutes I felt myself shaken by the arm and recognized Croce, who had revived. "Throw out ballast," he said to me. "We are descending." But I could hardly open my eyes and did not see whether Sivel was awake. I called to mind that Croce unfastened the aspirator, which he then threw overboard, and he threw out ballast, rugs, etc.

"At 3:30 p. m. I opened my eyes again. I felt dreadfully giddy and oppressed, but gradually came to myself. The balloon was descending with frightful speed and making great oscillations. I crept along on my knees and pulled Sivel and Croce by the arm. "Sivel! Croce!" I exclaimed. "Wake up!" My two companions were huddled up motionless in the car, covered by their cloaks. I collected all my strength and endeavored to raise them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, and his mouth was open and full of blood. Croce's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was bloody.

"To relate what happened afterward is impossible. I felt a frightful wind. We were still 9,700 feet high. There remained in the car two bags of ballast, which I threw out. I was drawing near the earth. I looked for my knife to cut the small rope which held the anchor, but could not find it. I was like a madman and continued to call, "Sivel, Sivel!" By good fortune I was able to put my hand upon my knife and detach the anchor at the right moment.

"The shock on coming to the ground was dreadful. The balloon seemed as if it was being flattened. I thought it was going to remain where it had fallen, but the wind was high, and it was dragged across fields. The bodies of my unfortunate friends were shaken about in the car, and I thought every moment they would be jerked out. At length, however, I seized the valve line, and the gas soon escaped from the balloon, which lodged against a tree. It was then 4 o'clock. On stepping out I was seized with a feverish attack and sank down and thought for a moment that I was going to join my friends in the next world, but I came to. I found the bodies of my friends cold and stiff. I had them put under shelter in an adjacent barn. The descent of the Zenith took place on the plains 155 miles from Paris as the crow flies. The greatest height attained in this ascent is estimated at 28,000 feet."—W. E. C. Latson in Minneapolis Journal.

The Spanish Royal Standard.
The Spanish royal standard is most complicated. The red and yellow of the Spanish flag is said to be derived from this occurrence: In 1378 Charles the Bold dipped his fingers in the blood of Geoffrey, count of Barcelona, and drew them down the count's golden shield in token of his appreciation of the latter's bravery. The shield, so marked, became the arms of Barcelona, which became part of Aragon, and its arms were taken by that kingdom. Now to the royal standard: In the first quarter or upper left hand part of the flag are the arms of Leon and Castile, the lion and the castle. The second quarter is taken up one-half by the arms of Aragon, one-half by the arms of Sicily. The upper third of the third quarter—directly under the first—shows the Austrian colors. The lower two-thirds is divided between the flag of Burgundy and the black lion of Flanders. The upper third of the fourth quarter shows the checkers, another Burgundian device, while the lower two-thirds is shared by the red eagle of Antwerp and the golden lion of Brabant, and on the top of all this are two shields, one showing the Portuguese arms, the other the French fleur-de-lis. Considerable of a flag that.

Good Cause For Tears.
A certain medieval sultan had all the mirrors removed from his palace, so that he might avoid the pain of seeing his own face. This sultan called on his grand vizier one day and by accident happened to catch sight of his reflection. His hideousness overpowered him, and he broke into violent sobbing. In this outbreak the vizier joined. Finally the sultan calmed down, wiped his eyes and got ready to smoke and talk. But not so the vizier. He sobbed on and on. His master, tapping his slipper impatiently on the cushions, waited for him to cease. At length the sultan got angry and exclaimed: "Why do you weep longer than I, vizier?" "Alas," the grand vizier replied, "you wept, O commander of the faithful, because you saw your face but for an instant, but I see it all day and every day."

A Dubious Compliment.
"It looks well, but I am afraid it is dubious," said a financier, speaking of a proposed scheme. "Yes, it is dubious. It reminds me of the Turkish pasha and his wife."

"A Turkish pasha lay dying. He summoned to him the youngest and fairest of his forty-six wives and said to her in a low, weak voice: "Put on your richest costume, your most brilliant jewels. Deck your hair with pearls and brighten your finger tips with henna."

"The young wife blushed. Even in her grief she was flattered. "And why, my lord," she said, "do you desire me to make this sumptuous toilet?" "So that death when it comes," the man replied, "seeing you so beautiful, may perhaps carry you off instead of me."

Motion of the Sun.
Owing to the revolution of the earth the sun seems to make its daily circuit around us, which of course is not the case. But the sun is revolving about its center quite as truly as the earth is. It was one of the conceptions of that most remarkable man, Sir John Herschel, that the whole solar system had a motion in space and was advancing toward a point in the heavens near the star Hercules. Sir John's conception—as bold an idea as ever entered the human mind—is now generally accepted by astronomers, and the opinion is quite universal among them that the entire system is tracing out a curvilinear path in space, a course around some mighty center, probably at Hercules.

Good Enough to Charge For.
When William H. Scott was managing clerk in the early sixties for the firm of Cleveland & Titus, a client came in and wanted an opinion right away. No member of the firm was in. Accordingly, Mr. Scott, with some hesitation, wrote the opinion. When his principal, Mr. Cleveland, came in, he explained the circumstances and showed him the opinion. Mr. Cleveland looked at him with a smile and then read it with care. "Humph," said he: "pretty poor opinion, but it will do to charge."—New York Times.

A Caustic Reply.
A gentleman once said to a barrister. "That was a very good sermon of your father's today." To which he replied: "Yes. He must have cribbed it from some one." But the father overheard this remark and reminded him that the Bible says, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." This caustic reply silenced the barrister.—London Telegraph.

The Rapid Rise of Clive.
The evidences of Clive's genius, said Lord Curzon, were incontestable. In nine years he had risen from being a poor and unknown clerk to be one of the most famous captains of his own or any other age.

His Early Struggles.
"Tell me about your early struggles, grandpa."

"Oh, I never had no early struggles, Johnny. I alius took things jest as they come."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reasonably Sure.
She—Lols writes for the magazines. He—She'll get 'em if she sends the price.—Judge.

He scolds best that can hurt the least.—Danish Proverb.

AWFUL CREATURE WAS NINETY FEET LONG

Recent Growsome Experience of a Chicago Man Is Sample of a Series of Such Cases

During L. T. Cooper's recent visit to Chicago, where his new preparation and theory created the usual sensation, many hundreds of people brought enormous internal parasites to the young man, which had left the system after taking his medicine.

Among these people was Mr. Emil Winkler, who brought to Cooper a tapeworm that proved to be over ninety feet in length. Mr. Winkler, who resides at 182 East Ohio Street, Chicago, had this to say of his experience: "For five years I have been more or less complaining. I have had severe headaches, and any food that I would eat would nauseate me. I would have bad dreams almost every night; dizzy spells would compel me to quit work. Black spots would appear before my eyes when stooping over and rising quickly. I would feel tired most of the time; in fact, I had no life in me to speak for the last five years. I tried various treatments, and one

physician in St. Louis was recommended to me, and I was under his treatment some time, but as usual I obtained no relief.

"So many people asked me to try Cooper's preparation that I decided to do so, and after using it for a few days, this awful thing passed from my system. I feel much better already, and I want to say right here that I thank Mr. Cooper a hundred times for what his medicine has done for me. I would not take \$5,000 and have that thing back in my system again."

Mr. Winkler is a fair sample of the experience of many during Cooper's stay in Chicago, and this no doubt helped to account for the enormous sale of the Cooper preparation in this city and others, recently visited by the young man.

We sell and will be pleased to explain the Cooper preparations.

—A. McMillen.

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Paid Up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$12,000

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Bound duplicate receipt books, three receipts to the page, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

We're Just As Thankful

For a small package as a large one. Each will receive the same thorough and careful attention. If we get the former it may in time grow to the latter by the satisfaction you will derive in wearing our laundered work. Family washing 50c per pound.

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Plumber and Steam Fitter

Iron, Lead and Sewer Pipe, Brass Goods, Pumps, and Boiler Trimmings. Estimates Furnished Free. Basement of the Postoffice Building.

McCOOK, NEBRASKA

Closing Out Sale

Having sold my farm and decided to move to McCook, I will sell at public auction, where I now live, 5 miles south of McCook, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17th

commencing at 11 o'clock the following described property:

- 7 HEAD OF HORSES One span black mares, 7 yrs old, both with foal, season paid, 1100 lbs each; 1 dark mare, 9 yrs old, 1200 lbs, with foal; 1 light bay mare, 10 yrs old, 1100 lbs; 1 brown colt coming 3 yrs, 1000; 1 2 year old colt; 1 weanling colt.
 - 16 HEAD OF CATTLE Seven head of milk cows; three yearling heifers; 3 steer calves; 3 heifer calves.
 - 20 HEAD OF SHOATS 100 pounds each.
 - FARM IMPLEMENTS One lumber wagon; 1 wagon and rack; 1 spring wagon; 1 top buggy, 2 riding cultivators; 1 walking cultivator; 1 riding plow; 1 walking plow; 1 3-section steel harrow; 1 3-section wooden harrow; 1 McCormick mowing machine; 1 McCormick hay rake; 1 walking lister; 2 sets double harness, one set nearly new; 1 set single harness, and other articles too numerous to mention.
 - Free Lunch at Noon.
- TERMS: Sums under \$10 cash; on sums of \$10 and over, a credit of eight months will be given, purchaser to give note drawing ten percent interest from date, with approved security. A discount of five percent for cash on sums of \$10 and over. No property to be removed until settled for.
- FRANK RATLIFF, Owner.
- J. H. Waddell, Auct. V. Franklin, Clerk.

The best of everything in his line at the most reasonable prices is Marsh's motto. He wants your trade, and hopes by merit to keep it.

D. C. MARSH

The Butcher

Phone 12.

RED WILLOW.
Miss Gladys McCool is helping Mrs. Smith with sewing.
Miss Nellie Holland is at home now.
After staying with Mrs. L. C. Longnecker for about five weeks, Bessie Hess returned to her home.
Paul Hatcher has recovered from his attack of the grip.
Relatives of C. Smith made him a short visit on their way from California to their home in Pennsylvania.
Mrs. Hotze called on friends last week.
Mrs. Sexson is suffering with rheumatism.
The first land taken in this section, was when the exploring party, sent out by The Republican Valley Land and Townsite Co., located claims in the then unorganized county of Red Willow, and in Dec., 1871, entered them at the land office at Beatrice, when a special plat was prepared for the purpose. The recent selling of the Buck farm leaves John Longnecker's homestead the only one which has been continuously occupied by and still in the possession of the original owners.

Real Estate Filings.
The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since our last report:

John E. Hathorn and wife to Village of Bartley, wd to lots 1 to 12, 14 to 24 incl, blk 46 Bartley \$ 835 00
John E. Hathorn and wife to Village of Bartley, qcd to lot 13, blk 46, Bartley 25 00
Myrtle Miller and hus to Richard E. Hatcher, wd to s hf sw qr 33-4-28 2200 00
W. A. Dolan and wife to R. E. and A. G. Hatcher, wd to sw qr 2-3-28 1 00
Arnold F. Wheeler and wife to James A. Finnegan, wd to lot 2, blk 5, Central add to Bartley 80 00

Geo W Jones and wife to James A Finnegan, qcd to lots 11, 12, blk 48, Bartley 100 00
Miles Wholstenholm and wife to Burt Curtis, wd to sw qr 5-3-30 4800 00
The McCook Loan & Trust Co to Claude W Corey, wd to lot 3, blk 24, 2nd McCook 225 00
W S Coleman and wife to F M McFadden, wd to lot 6, blk 5, Marion 175 00
Frances I Boddy, wid, to A H Eldredge, wd to ne qr 34-2-30 3200 00

\$1.00--For Sale--\$1.00.
High-scoring Bared Plymouth Rock Cockerels \$1.00 each. J. W. Burtless. Phone ash 1351.--1 10-ft.

HAPPY WOMEN.
Pleanty of Them in McCook, and Good Reason for It.

Wouldn't any woman be happy, After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, She finds relief and cure? No reason why any McCook reader should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. W. B. Craven, living in the northwestern part of McCook, Neb., says: "I contracted a severe cold last spring which settled in my kidneys and caused me to suffer severely. The secretions from my kidneys were unnatural in color, contained a heavy sediment and the passages were always accompanied by a scalding sensation. I had sharp throbbing pains in my head, and had but little energy to do my housework and became very weak and run down. At this time my attention was drawn to Doan's Kidney Pills and I procured a box at McConnell's drug store. The results from their use were most gratifying. I continued taking them, improving steadily until I received a complete cure."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A weekly newspaper that publishes twenty-one columns of good, reliable news each week is rare in these days of cheap weeklies, intended only to sell some article that the publisher is interested in. Credit is due The Weekly Inter Ocean for keeping its columns filled with fresh and up-to-date news. Give it a trial by subscribing through THE McCOOK TRIBUNE.