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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.  
At the very urgent request of many Republicans, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of county attorney, before the Republican primary to be held, September 1, 1908.  
S. R. SMITH, Chairman,  
Republican Co. Central Com.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-nomination for the office of County Attorney at the Republican primary on September 1, 1908.  
P. E. REEDER.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.  
I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Commissioner of the First district, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election, September 1st, 1908.  
T. F. GOCKLEY.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of county commissioner for the First district, subject to the Republican primary election, September 1st, 1908.  
GEORGE B. MORGAN,  
Danbury.

I hereby announce my candidacy for renomination for county commissioner of the First district, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election, September 1st, 1908.  
FRANK S. LOFTON.

FOR STATE SENATOR.  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of state senator from the 29th senatorial district of Nebraska on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the primary election to be held September 1st, 1908.  
JOHN C. GAMMILL,  
Stockville, Nebr.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.  
At the request of numerous voters I hereby offer myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of representative for Red Willow county on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the primary election to be held September 1st, 1908.  
INDIANOLA, NEB., July 24, 1908.  
FRANK MOORE.

MERWIN is neither "mooney" nor "ready." And that do settle it.

THE government has special agents at work trying to collect evidence to substantiate proceedings for the disruption of the Harriman system upon the ground that the combination is in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act.

THE death of United States Senator Allison, this week, at once removes a large figure from our national life and political activity and opens the door of opportunity to another great Iowan—Governor Cummins.

THE Merchants and Manufacturers association of Omaha, be it said to the honor of the weekly press of Nebraska, is not meeting with much success in its efforts to have the weekly newspapers of Nebraska print its plate matter extolling the merits of the whiskey business. This piker move of the association does not have even the saving grace of an offer to buy space or pay for space in the press. Most Nebraska weeklies will not even print whiskey advertisements, be it said to their added glory. The cold fact of the matter is that most of the weeklies of this state are favorable to county option.

THE Evening Triage-a-Week Commercial Advertiser of Red Cloud will hereafter be a "straight" Republican newspaper.

JOHN F. CORDEAL, of this city, Red Willow county's candidate for the Republican nomination for state senator, 29th district, is a young lawyer of recognized merit and ability, one of the rising men in this district in his profession. Personally, he is above reproach in character. Intellectually, he has a splendid endowment. As to his sympathies, THE TRIBUNE believes they are with the people and that he stands foursquare with the policies of the progressive Republicans of the district and state and nation. He will be strongly endorsed at home.

THE government is wisely and properly boosting the good roads idea. Your Uncle Sam is doing it in his own peculiar way, too. For instance he is insisting upon good roads being maintained where he locates and continues rural free delivery service, and when proper roads are not kept up by the state, county, or precinct he announces that rural free delivery services of the post-office department will be discontinued. This is wise and just. People who are not interested enough in the expensive free delivery service maintained by the government to see that the roads in their own neighborhood are kept in good condition, are not entitled to such service. And what is more, the government declares they shall not have it. Look well to your roads.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

T. C. BEARDSLEY moved to Holbrook, Wednesday.

MRS. C. D. NOBLE returned Wednesday, from visiting in Beatrice.

H. W. CONOVER is visiting his mother and friends in Red Cloud. Mrs. C. will join him, Sunday.

MR. and MRS. ABNER CLARK and the children have gone to Boulder, Colorado, on a visit of a week or two to relatives.

MRS. V. H. SOLIDAY returned, Wednesday evening, from a Denver hospital, and is regaining her health and strength gradually.

J. A. WILCOX and F. S. Wilcox went down to Lincoln, Monday night, on a flying visit, returning home on 3, Tuesday night.

MISS LINNA MEHAFFEY went up to Fort Morgan, Colorado, Tuesday, to visit a couple weeks with some Pennsylvania friends.

J. W. DUNAWAY of Overton, Neb., spent some time in the city, this week, looking over the prospect for a Democratic newspaper in our city.

C. E. ELDERD enjoyed a brief visit from his brother of Green River, Utah, last Saturday, as the brother was passing through the city on his way home.

MRS. NELLIE CRONKHITE of Wyoming, New York, is here on a visit. Mrs. Cronkhitte is Mrs. J. H. Burns' mother and has considerable property interest in our city.

S. SEAMAN and son-in-law Charles F. Jones of Beatrice spent part of the week here, where Mr. Seaman has some interests. Mr. Seaman from here goes to Colorado for several weeks.

J. PICKRELL of Wymore is spending a few days here visiting his daughter Mrs. C. K. Shears and meeting friends of the olden time. Mrs. Pickrell is with her aged and failing mother in Iowa, and he is arranging to go to Iowa to live for the present.

MINOR ITEMS OF NEWS.

Crackers that are crisp in spite of the weather. Ask Scott about it.

Barney Hofer has received 20,000 new colored post cards of McCook.

Crackers that are crisp in spite of the weather. Ask Scott about it.

Dr. Hare examines eyes free, and guarantees satisfaction in fitting glasses.

No office is complete without a "Red Dwarf Ink Pencil." Hofer sells them.

Only three weeks more to get goods at less than cost, at The Phelps Clothing Co.'s.

If the elbow sleeve had ever goes south, there will be something doing for the corn doctor.

Our Colorado peas, corn, etc., are as near perfection as it is possible to approach in canned goods. Huber.

Use Fly-No on your horses and cows. It keeps the flies off. For sale at Woodworth & Co.'s, Druggists.

Word from San Bernardino, Calif., states that both Mr. F. D. Burgess and son Carl are improving, expecting to return in September.

Correspondence Wanted.

THE TRIBUNE wants correspondence from Perry and Coleman precincts, in fact from any part of the country where the paper is not now represented. Write the publisher to day.

Not Quite the Thing.

Matrimonial Agent—I have found for you, my friend, a veritable pearl—a wealthy widow of seventy-five. The Count—I like the pearl, but I'm afraid I shan't care for the shell!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BUYING A RING.

A Story They Tell in Japan to Illustrate Occidental Love.

"The Japanese marry out of esteem and trust to the coming of love afterward," said a Japanese lady. "With us when love comes it lasts. We have a song that we like to sing—I want to live to ninety-nine years, and you must live to be a hundred, so that we may be happy while our hair grows gray."

"That is better," she continued, "than the love that comes swiftly and as swiftly flies away again. They tell in Japan a story illustrative of this transitory love—the love of your west."

"A tourist, they say, was touring Brittany. He came to Quimper, and he found in the Place Publique beside the river an old woman selling trinkets."

"What is the price of this?" he asked, taking up an antique ring of silver and sapphires.

"Is it for your wife or for your sweetheart?" said the old woman.

"For my sweetheart."

"Fifty francs!"

"Fifty francs! Nonsense! And the tourist turned angrily away."

"Come back," said the old woman. "Take it for ten. You've been lying to me, though. You have no sweetheart. Had the ring been for her you'd have bought it at once without regard to its price."

"I will take it," said the tourist, smiling. "Here are the 10 francs."

"So the old woman wrapped the ring up."

"But you haven't a wife either," she grumbled. "If it had been for her you'd have beaten me down to 5 francs. Oh, you men!"

NATURE'S LITTLE SHIP.

A Curious Jellyfish Endowed With a Movable Sail.

While man makes the largest ocean vessels, nature makes the smallest. This is a species of jellyfish, found only in tropical seas, which has a sail.

The part of the fish under the water looks like a mass of tangled threads, while the sail is a tough membrane, shaped like a shell and measuring quite five inches and sometimes more across. The fish can raise or lower this sail at will.

Wise sailors let this curiosity of nature alone, for each of the threads composing its body has the power of stinging, the results of which are very painful and often dangerous. This power defends it from porpoises, albatrosses and other natural enemies.

It has no other means of locomotion than its sail, and when seen skimming bravely along the surface of the water it looks more like a child's toy boat than a living creature out in search of food.—London Saturday Review.

Treating Them All Alike.

There was only one thing in the world of which Eben Ransom thoroughly approved; that was hard, steady work. "I hope," said the philanthropic spinster who was spending a fortnight at the Ransom farm, "I do hope, Mr. Ransom, that you treat all your men alike; give them all equal advantages and wages. I find a varying standard, if I may use the expression, makes so much trouble and discontent among laborers in any field of work."

Mr. Ransom surveyed her gravely and nodded assent.

"You're right there, ma'am," he said dryly after a moment. "There is just one rule for the folks that work for me. 'Begin as early and keep it up as late as there's light to go by, and you'll get your one-fifty a day, unless the times are unusual hard, when I make it one-twenty-five.'"

"But I tell you, ma'am, you can't get as many fellers to work on an equal basis nowadays as you might think."

Her Modest Request.

When Andrew D. White was minister to Germany he received some queer letters from Americans. Perhaps the funniest of all was a mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor, the empress and the crown prince and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

A Maori Name.

A seaside resort in the Hawke's bay district of New Zealand is called by the charming Maori name Tamataukatangihangaokau. But this is only an abbreviation. The full name is Tamatauhakatangihangaokauatoneunirangikitanatatu. The translation is, "The hill on which Tanenuiarangi (the husband of heaven) played his flute to his beloved."—Auckland Letter.

Marital Persiflage.

"I must confess," remarked Mrs. Crabbe, "I don't believe there ever was a really perfect man."

"Well," replied Mr. Crabbe, "I suppose that's because Eve wasn't made first."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, if Eve had been made first she would have bossed the job of making Adam."—Philadelphia Press.

Wealth a Burden.

"Do you find great wealth a burden?"

"Sometimes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There's never any telling when mother and the girls are going to invest in a touring car or a steam yacht or a foreign nobleman or some such form of worriment and responsibility."—Washington Star.

THEY WENT TO CHURCH.

A Bit of Strategy That Won For the Minister.

"When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va.," said a Virginia minister, "he was much worried by the nonattendance at service on Sundays of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes. Marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days."

"Bishop Wilmer, then a 'parson' not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good bishop asked several questions and finally challenged the lot to play him for 'keeps.' They readily consented."

"Much to their astonishment, the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his winnings in a bag, he remarked as he walked away, 'Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow I hope to see you all at church.' And he did."—New York Tribune.

THE IVORY HUNTER.

Troubles Begin When He Has Got to Leave the Jungle.

First catch your ivory, then get it home—if you can. A man's troubles have barely begun when the tusks of the fallen monsters are chopped off, wrapped in sack and taken back to camp. Each weighs 50 or even 100 pounds. I have seen specimens that are on record as tipping the scales at 250 pounds. Suppose I have got together \$100,000 worth of fine ivory. I am perhaps a thousand miles from anywhere with this load of 50,000 or 60,000 pounds. There are no railroads, no wheeled vehicles, even no draft animals. The stuff must be carried across the wilds of Africa on the backs of native porters, who think nothing of dropping their loads and deserting if the fancy happens to seize them. The worst of the hunting is nothing to what such a homeward march may mean. I have had my men shot down by hostile tribes from ambush with poisoned arrows. I have seen them die in agony from the bites of noxious insects. I have been attacked by bands of Dinkas, who knew the value of ivory as well as I did and who tried to help themselves to mine.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Too Fat.

Fat hens, being wretched layers, are always sold off by farmers.

The early Romans banished all useless persons, including the fat in this category.

Ovid, in his "Art of Love," says, "Keep ever slender and supple, for the fat have no success with women."

The Gentoos tribe enter their houses by a hole in the roof of a certain prescribed size, and they who grow too bulky to enter by this hole are slain as useless and lazy.

In England it was once the law to put the fat to death—"All droukitins, fatt gluttinos and consumers of vitallis more nor was necessary to the sustentation of men, were tane, and first command to swelly their fouth of gubat drink they pleait, and incontinent tairafter was drounit in are fresche rever."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Spinach Omelet.

Make a purse of spinach in the usual way—that is to say, after having boiled it till tender chop it very fine and rub it through a coarse wire sieve, season with salt and pepper, stir over the fire and add two ounces of butter and a little cream. Take two tablespoonfuls of the spinach and stir it into four eggs which have been previously beaten, yokes and whites separately. Add a little piece of shallot which has been rubbed through the sieve, and salt and pepper to taste. When thoroughly mixed put the whole into an omelet pan with two ounces of butter and fry a pale brown. Serve very hot.—Bystander.

History of Smallpox.

Smallpox appears to have been first described by Rhazes, an Arabian physician living about 900 A. D. It was introduced into southern Europe in the time of the crusades and slowly spread into the more northern regions. In 1517 it was carried from Spain to San Domingo and thence to Mexico where it is said to have swept off 3,500,000 of the natives. It spread rapidly all over the new world, and whole villages and even tribes of Indians were carried off by it.

Enfer.

"That horse I have taken from you," said the disheveled tenant, "is horribly dirty. When I am sitting in the middle of the room my hair blows all over my head. Can't you do something to the wile horse?"

"Don't you think, sir," replied the house agent suavely, "it would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut?"—London Telegraph.

Useless Worry.

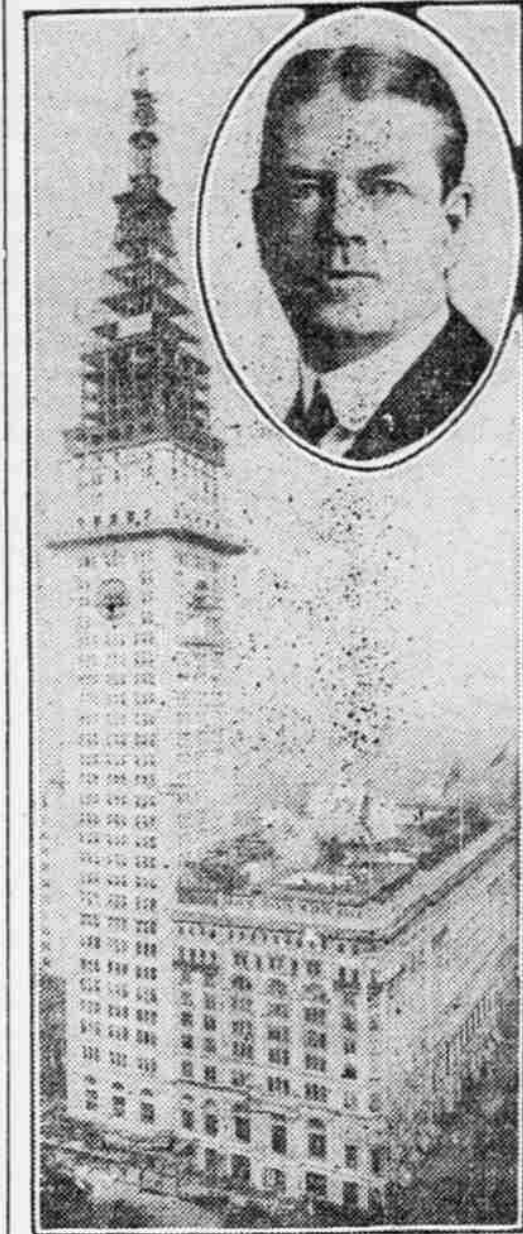
It frequently happens that a woman worries a great deal over the question of calling on another woman who does not care in the least whether she calls or not.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Folly is never long pleased with itself.—German Proverb.

VERY MUCH IN THE AIR.

Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock and Republican Headquarters in New York.

The Republicans have chosen the tallest office building in the world, the Metropolitan Life building on Madison square, New York, for the location of the headquarters where Frank H. Hitchcock, as chairman of the Republican national committee, will prosecute the canvass for the election of Judge William H. Taft to the presidency. Chairman Hitchcock and his staff will hold forth on the tenth floor of the building, which is the first floor of the tower. The latter has forty-eight stories on a liberal count and soars to about 700 feet above the street level. The framework of the tower



THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING AND FRANK H. HITCHCOCK.

is now complete, but the stonework which will cover the steel skeleton is not in place yet on the upper part of the structure. However, the lower floors of the new portion of the building have been rented without waiting for the completion of the tower.

Until the Equitable Life Assurance company completes its proposed new six-story skyscraper on lower Broadway the Metropolitan Life building on Madison square will enjoy the honor of being the highest office building not only in New York, but anywhere in the world. Mr. Hitchcock and his assistants will be able to get a pretty good view of the situation by taking the elevator to the upper stories of the tower. They can see how the land lies around New York at any time, and if their political vision is proportionate in scope to the view they can obtain from such a lofty height they will be at quite an advantage in laying their campaign plans.

Time She Began.

It was on a Sixth avenue surface car. A woman sat with her little daughter, who to all appearances was seven or eight years old. The conductor came for the fares, and the woman gave him a five cent piece.

"Is the little girl with you, madam?" asked the conductor.

"Yes," assented the woman.

"Her fare, please," said the man.

"But I never have paid for her," began the woman.

"And does that prove that you're never going to?" asked the conductor, taking the fare reluctantly tendered.—New York Press.

LITERARY HERESY?

Are Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Byron and Shakespeare Bored?

"We had the notion of doing something of the kind," the Easy Chair confessed when requested to furnish a list of the hundred best authors, "but we could not think of more than ten or a dozen really first rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What havoc we should have made with the British poets! The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation to a play if not to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than presidential messages; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse; Shakespeare himself when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare is reading the martyrs; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousandfold, and so on through the whole catalogue."—William Dean Howells in Harper's Magazine.

A Picture of Your Voice.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to tie a sheet of thin, strong paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds. In fact, there is no limit to the variation.

The Gila Monster.

The Gila monster is a large, clumsy lizard from one to two feet long. He is generally too lazy to be pugnacious, but if his anger is once aroused he will grip you with a clutch of a bulldog, turning over as he bites so that the venom—which is secreted in a gland in the lower jaw instead of the upper, like the rattlesnake—is pretty sure to mix well with his saliva and so make his attack fatally effective. His five-toed hands and feet render him adept at bush climbing. In his wild estate he lives on young rabbits and birds' eggs. When captured, he eats only eggs or a little chopped meat mixed with them.—Los Angeles Times.

The Armenian Alphabet.

An Armenian girl goes to school at four or five years old, but before that she has probably learned her "letters," which is almost an education in itself, as the Armenian alphabet contains thirty-nine. She learns these letters from a small slab of wood on which they are printed. This slab is fastened to a handle, making it something like a hairbrush in shape. The Armenians boast that their formidable alphabet is so perfect as to give every sound known to any other nation.

Criminals at Large.

Gibbs (visiting)—What sort of neighbors have you here? Dibbs—A bad lot. There's a blacksmith who's engaged in forging a carpenter who's done some counter fitting and a couple of fellows next door who sell iron and steel for a living.—Boston Transcript.

Flattering.

Very Stout Farmer's Wife (to little rustic, her protegee)—Well, Sam, your master and I are going to the cattle show. Cowboy—Oh, I'm sure I hope you'll take the first prize, 'm—that I do.—London Tit-Bits.

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We are going to help you by giving you an additional \$5.00 off on All McSherry Drills

These are one of the BEST DRILLS MADE. We bought a carload direct from the factory at Middletown, Ohio, and this saved the Jobber's profit, and are going to give you the benefit. We have these Drills in Low Down with 26-inch press wheels and end wheels with chain covers and foot board so you can do a good job of drilling.

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Of these SPLENDID DRILLS at the surprisingly low price. Our stock will surely not last long at these prices.

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