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THE TRIBUNE Stationery Department

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. FARNSTOCK, W. M.
LON CONE, Sec.

E. S. M.
Oceonoe Council No. 16, R. & S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M.
W. W. W. WHITTAKER, Sec.

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.
W. B. WHITTAKER, Sec.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
DAVID MAGNER, E. C.
HENRY C. CULBERTSON, Sec.

EASTERN STAR
Eureka Chapter No. 86, O. E. S., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.
MRS. SARAH E. KAY, W. M.
W. E. HART, Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN
Noble Camp No. 653, M. W. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Morris hall. Pay assessments at White House Grocery.
JULIUS KUNERT, Consul.
J. M. SMITH, Clerk.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS
Noble Camp No. 882, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
MRS. CAROLINE KUNERT, Oracle.
MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec.

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

WORKMEN
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall.
MRS. DELLA McCALLAIN, M. W. J. M. WENTZ, Financier. ROY ZENT, Foreman.

DEGREE OF HONOR
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall.
MRS. CARIE SCHLAGEL, Rec.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every second and fourth Sunday of each month, at 2:30 in Morris hall.
WALTER STOKES, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS
McCook Lodge No. 599, B. of L. F. & E., meets on the first and third Saturdays of each month, in Morris hall.
I. D. PENNINGTON, Pres.
C. H. HUSTED, Sec.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS
Harvey Division No. 95, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Wednesday nights of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Morris hall at 204 Main Avenue.
S. E. CALLEN, C. Cou.
M. O. McCLURE, Sec.

RAILWAY TRAINMEN
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 457, B. of R. T., meets first and third Sundays at 2:30 p. m., and second and fourth Fridays at 7:30 p. m., each month, in Morris hall.
C. W. COREY, M.
R. J. MOORE, Sec.

RAILWAY CARMEN
Young America Lodge No. 456, B. R. C. of A., meets on the first and third Tuesdays of each month in Morris hall at 7:30 p. m.
RAY O. LIGHT, C. C.
N. V. FRANKLIN, Rec. Sec.

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

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 Morris hall.
THED DIEBALD, Pres.
FRED WASSON, Fin. Sec.
FLOYD HERRY, Cor. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
D. N. COBB, K. R. S.
H. W. CONOVER, C. C.

ODD FELLOWS
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday, at 8:00 p. m., in Morris hall.
H. G. HUGHES, N. G.
W. A. MIDDLETON, Sec.

EAGLES
McCook Aerie No. 1514, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Diamond's hall. Social meetings on the first and third Fridays.
R. S. LIGHT, W. Pres.
G. C. HECKMAN, W. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Diamond's hall.
G. R. GALE, F. Sec.
FRANK REAL, G. K.

DAUGHTERS OF ISABELLA
Comt Granada No. 77, meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8 p. m., in Monte Cristo hall.
ANNA HANNAK, G. R.
NELLIE RYAN, F. S.

LADY CANTABERS
Valley Queen Hive No. 2, L. O. T. M., meets every first and third Thursday evenings of each month in Morris hall.
MRS. W. B. MILLS, Commander.
HARRIET E. WILLETS, R. K.

G. A. R.
J. K. Barnes Post No. 337, G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
WM. LONG, Commander.
JACOB STEINMETZ, Adjt.

RELIEF CORPS
McCook Corps No. 98, W. R. C., meets every second and fourth Saturday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Gauschow hall.
ADELLA McCALLAIN, Pres.
SUSIE VANDERHOOF, Sec.

L. O. G. A. E.
McCook Circle No. 33, L. of G. A. E., meets on the first and third Fridays of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Morris hall.
MARY WALKER, Pres.
ELLEN LEHEW, 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. J. A. WILCOX, Pres.
MRS. J. G. SCHOBEL, Cor. Sec.

Try This For Catarrh.

Free tests are now being supplied by mail to all Catarrh sufferers. There is no expense—no obligation whatever. Dr. Shoop is combining Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, Oil of Wintergreen, etc., and is incorporating these ingredients into a pure, snow-white cream-like Imported Petrolatum. This Cream—Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy—gives immediate and lasting relief to catarrh of the nose and throat. That all may first test it free, these trial boxes are being mailed without charge, simply to encourage these tests and thus fully demonstrate, beyond doubt, the value of this combination. If Catarrh has extended down to the stomach or bowels, then Dr. Shoop's Restorative must also be used internally if a complete cure is to be expected. Otherwise the Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy will alone be entirely sufficient. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. for sample and book. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

Which book shall I send you?
No. 1 On Dyspepsia
No. 2 On the Heart
No. 3 On the Kidneys
No. 4 For Women
No. 5 For Men
No. 6 On Rheumatism.

A. Mc MILLEN.

Aunt Martha's Memorial Day

If you ain't never had no Aunt Martha in your family, ma says that you have missed one of the best things that ever happened in this world. She is ma's oldest old maid sister. Well, now, you needn't turn up your nose! She ain't one of them sour, lean, cranky, weazened, vinegary dispositioned, spit curl, spit fire, oilcloth fading critters—not by a long shot! She's short, stout, white and carries a smile that warms and lights a bull room, just as when father lays a fire in the fireplace.

Some folks say that the reason she ain't married is because she ain't never had no chance. Ma says 'tain't so. For five years Uncle Silas' hired man, Henry Peters, kept company with her, ma says, and come to see her every Wednesday and Saturday night right



"I'LL GO IN YOUR PLACE."

through corn plantin', hayin', harvestin' and thrashin', no matter how busy. I have heard ma tell the story about Henry Peters a good many times. Henry lived alone in a little house on Uncle Silas' farm, which jines ours—that is, Henry roomed there. Uncle's house was pretty small for the growin' family, so the hired man slept there. So did extra help durin' hayin', harvestin' and thrashin'.

It is a little two room affair. Aunt Martha lives there all alone now except when she is stayin' with some of the relatives, helpin' care for the sick, layin' out the dead or something like that. And it keeps her pretty busy, because both pa and ma have a grist of brothers and sisters livin' in these parts.

Well, durin' the war ma says pa was drafted. It didn't seem as if he could be spared. Ma had been sick all winter and had run up an awful doctor's bill. The crops had been mighty poor the season before, almost a failure. There wasn't enough sold from the farm to keep us going and pay the interest on the mortgage.

There was no money to pay for a substitute, and things did look blue. Through the orchard one mornin', scythe on shoulder, come Henry Peters, who had learned of the trouble. Pa was out by the pigpen when Henry walked up to him, placed his hand on pa's shoulder and said: "Uncle Hiram"—he always called pa that, the say—"I'll go in your place. I am a single man, without any ties. No one cares for me, and there is none dependin' on me as there is on you."

Pa bursts into tears and says, "Henry, I have no money to pay you."
"Drat the money," says Henry hangin' up his scythe in the apple tree by the pump.

Henry went to the county seat and 'listed and went to war. Ma says there was a tearful partin' between Aunt Martha and Henry, she guessed because Martha's eyes was nos swelled shut next day, but her smile was still there.

Good news was heard from Henry. He was brave and got to be second lieutenant till at some big battle, the name of which I forget, he was among the missin'. From that day to this nothin' more has been heard from Henry Peters. Aunt Martha was clean heartbroken, ma says, but she went about her work, carin' for the sick and layin' out the dead, as usual. Aunt Martha organized a society, ma says, to send lint bandages, canned fruits and jellies to the sick and wounded in the hospitals and worked on that all the time she could spare from family matters.

Henry Peters' scythe hangs out in the apple tree right where he left it when he went to war. Pa said none of us boys should tech it, and we never have. The blade is terrible rusty-spiled, I guess—but nobody has ever dared take it down.

Aunt Martha never goes to Memorial day down at the Forks, and I often wondered why. All the rest of us do, rain or shine. I didn't think I could go this year, because I was just over the mumps and it was a coolish day, with a raw wind. Just over the hill from our house, at its foot, runs the road to the West Branch cemetery, and, while it is out of sight of the house, you can hear the band as it marches by, but you can't see anything. It is quite a ways round by the road, but cross lots it ain't far.

Ma left her blanket shawl and my pea jacket lyin' on the sofa in the sittin' room, intendin' to take them along to use if we got cold, and in the excitement of gettin' started forgot 'em. "Georgie," she says to me—ma always calls me Georgie when she wants me to do anything—"can't you run home and get our wraps that I laid out on the sofa?" I hated to. The procession was just formin' for the cemetery—the

band ahead, next the orator of the day and the preachers of the town in carriages, then the flower wagon, with the little girls dressed in red, white and blue; next the Grand Army post, Woman's Relief corps, followed by citizens in carriages and on foot.

I hustled along home, and when gettin' near the house I thought I would steal in and see what Aunt Martha was doin' and mebbe I would find out why she don't ever go to Memorial day. The doors was all open. I slipped into the sittin' room and found the things as ma said. Then I went into the buttry by the window and listened and watched.

I heard Aunt Martha comin' down stairs. Instead of bein' dressed in white, as usual, she had on a dress as black as night and wore Aunt Martha's bonnet and veil that she got when Uncle Wall was killed on the log slide up Kittle creek.

The band was marchin' along the road to the graveyard. I could hear the dirge, and Aunt Martha walks with slow step, keepin' time to the sad music, around the house, out to the pump, where hung the scythe that Henry Peters hitched up there before he went to war. There Aunt Martha stopped. She had a book in her hand and I heard her read somethin' from it. It is somebody's oration; can't remember the exact words, but it is something like this: "We cannot concentrate; we cannot desistate this hallowed ground." It's a noble piece. I have heard it read on many a Memorial day by some lawyer at the Forks durin' the exercise. It winds up, "A government from the people, with the people, to the people, shall not perish from off this 'ere earth."

After this I heard Aunt Martha say in, "We will now procede to decorate the graves of our fallen heroes." And she stepped up and hung a wreath of everlasting flowers on that old scythe snath. Then she dropped on her knees, bowed her head, clasped her hands as if she was makin' a prayer to God. I could look no longer and took my sneak. I felt mean to think I spied on her, but now I knew why Aunt Martha never went to Memorial day.

I went back to the cemetery, and ma was glad to get her wrap. After drivin' all around through the graveyard and lookin' at the decorations we went to the ball game and saw the Catlin Hollow Daisy Cutters mow down the Stony Fork Giants by a score of 34 to 26.

We got awful cold goin' home, but when we all piled out there was a big fire in the elevated oven kitchen stove, the table was spread with a white cloth and a dandy supper ready, thanks to Aunt Martha—eggs "boiled" just three and one-half minutes in the shell and sure the water's bollin', says she; potatoes cut up fine; cooked in ham grease and then cream poured over them, which she knows so well how to fix; fresh apple sauce, warm biscuit, honey, spiced peaches and a one egg cake as light as a feather. Aunt Martha in her white dress, warmin' us all with her smile, bus tlin' about, helpin' us kids off with our things and givin' us several helpin's of our favorite dishes.

After supper I teased ma to walk out to the pasture with me and see some new lambs that had come while we were gone to Memorial day, and then while walkin' back I told her what I saw about Aunt Martha. She just broke down and cried and said she had never knew such love and de-

that city as a porter. He said that when he asked Brown how early in the mornin' he should come to work the reply was, "We usually be to work at 7, but come earlier, for I want to talk with you." He declared that Brown was wont to talk by the hour with white or black sympathizers.

It made little difference how pressing the business; the enthusiasm was always ready to call a halt when the opportunity to expound his views presented itself. He preferred to do most of the talking and appreciated a good listener.

In the collated correspondence of Brown there are two later items having a distinct bearing upon this wool working Springfield era. On the copy of Brown's letter to his son John, as given in Dr. G. W. Prown's book, appear these words apropos to the father's elation at making a business connection with Colonel Perkins (Jan. 11, 1849):

"This, I think, will be considered no mean alliance for the poor handiwork and his family in a manner so unexpected. I most certainly hope we will have the wisdom given us to make the most of it."

In the letter quoted in Frank B. Sanborn's book, under date of April 15, 1858, when he was rapidly nearing his self imposed martyrdom, addressing "dear wife and children, every one," Brown speaks of "the liabilities I incurred while connected with Mr. Perkins" and further says, "Most of you know well I gave up all I had to Perkins white with him."

It was somewhat startling to see recently, after almost sixty years have passed, on the great billboard which now completely hides this dilapidated, tumbledown wool storage warehouse from passers on the railroad, the lurid advertisements of a traveling "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, with fugitive slaves being chased by bloodhounds, when less than three feet from the base of the same boarding stands the same counting room which heard, back in 1849, fiery denunciations of just such scenes from the lips of old "Ossawatimie" Brown himself, even then planning the tragic course which led him at last to the Harpers Ferry rack and to the gallows.—Boston Globe.

General Fred Grant's favorite story of his father is one that very aptly illustrates that great soldier's faculty of sizing up a situation in a few words.

"We had an old coachman," he says "who was not the brightest man in the world, but what he did not know about a horse was not worth knowing. Mother used to call on him to do all sorts of things that were not in his line, and old John, of course, was always making mistakes to annoy her. Once she sent him to the bank to do some business, and he did it wrong. She told father about it and said:

"I guess you'll have to let John go. He never does as he should anything I want him to do." "Well, mother," said my father, "if John could do everything you want him to do, and do it right, he would not have to be our coachman."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Relic of John Brown

In a very dilapidated condition in the midst of the accumulation of old casting boxes and scrap lumber in the yard of the Emery company's copper smithy on Railroad row, Springfield, Mass., now given over to the tender care of rats and pigeons, with an occasional tramp drifting in as an extra guest—stands the identical warehouse used by John Brown and his sons, John Junior and Jason, between the years 1847 and 1851.

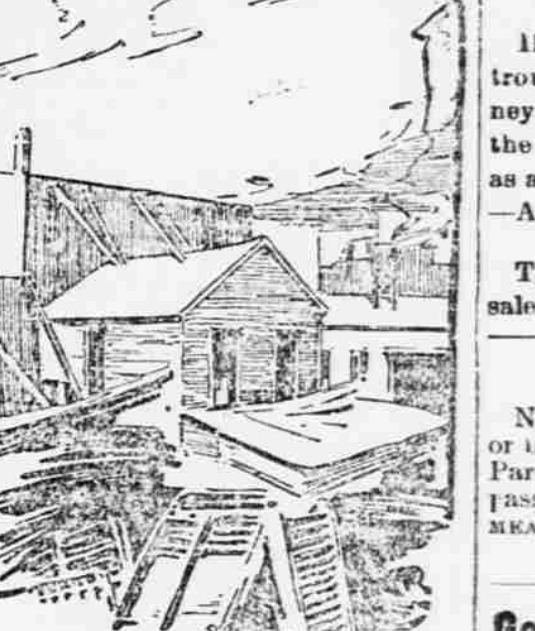
John Brown had lived in Massachusetts before. He studied to be a minister in the family of Rev. Moses Haillock of Plainfield just before he reached his majority in the winter of 1819. At that time he was described as "rather tall, sedate, dignified," and he was sent back to his father's tanyard in less than a year because of inflammation of the eyes.

In the warehouse John Brown worked daily with his men, some white and some colored, sorting, classing and transshipping wool. There (1848) Frederick Douglass called upon him and was surprised to find him in such a small wooden house on a back street.

In that same year Brown, elated at his successful sales, "plunged" to the extent of going to Europe to interview English buyers. It is related that he was phenomenally astute in grading wool by the sense of touch. A half dozen Englishmen met the Yankee farmer and, having heard of his keenness in this particular, resolved to put it to the test. He was led into a dark room in which three small sample packets were lying. Brown instantly detected which was Saxony, which was from Ohio, but at the third he hesitated a moment. Turning to the jokers, he said, "If you have any sausage machines in England that will work up dog's hair, put this in it!" The laugh was on his companions, for they had indeed used the shearings from a poodle to fool him.

Brown greatly endeared himself to the blacks. In his Springfield warehouse he formed a lodge of "Springfield Gleadians," primarily aimed to protect the negroes from gathering trouble with the whites. Forty-four members joined, Beverly C. Downing heading the list. He would have them come to the downstairs, low ceilinged office an hour before work began in the morning, and they were there far into the night after work was over.

The late Thomas Thomas, long a restaurateur in Springfield, was engaged at the very first of Brown's career in



JOHN BROWN'S WAREHOUSE.

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McCook Junior Normal. Write to your friends and tell them that the McCook Junior Normal will open June 7th and close July 30th. All subjects for first, second and third grade subjects will be given and professional subjects when there is sufficient demand or same.

The McCook Junior Normal has been one of the largest and best all the time in the past. Let everyone talk normal from now on. It is now only four weeks all June 7th.

For special information write Chas. W. Taylor, principal, or Claudia H. Hatcher, registrar.

Rev. I. W. Williamson's Letter.

Rev. I. W. Williamson, Huntington, W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foleys' Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all that you claim for it." Foleys' Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take. A. McMillen, Druggist.

Engraving and Embossing. Your wants can be supplied at THE TRIBUNE in the line of engraving and embossing, such as calling cards, invitations and announcements, monogram correspondence paper etc. Handsome samples of all on display. Prices reasonable. Prompt service. If interested come and inspect.

A CARD. This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foleys' Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package. A. McMillen.

If Your Tastes Are too fine for letter press printing—if they demand engraving and steel die embossing—come and get our figures on such work. Don't send away or give your order to some traveling hawk—that is, don't do it before you have seen our samples of such work and gotten our figures.

Many weak, nervous women have been restored to health by Foleys' Kidney Remedy as it stimulates the kidneys so that they will eliminate the waste matter from the blood. Impurities depress the nerves, causing nervous exhaustion and other ailments. Commence today and you will soon be well. Pleasant to take. A. McMillen, Druggist.

If you have headache and urinary troubles you should take Foleys' Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. A. McMillen, Druggist.

Typewriter ribbons, papers, etc. for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

NOTICE! No more hunting, fishing, picnicking or boat riding on the old Loomis place. Parties doing so will be taken for trespassers and treated as such. THIS MEANS YOU.—4-4-2m. S. L. WRAY.

Get Into Business for Yourself A BUCK CEMENT BLOCK MACHINE will make you money. The BUCK is the only two-piece, self-binding, self-locking, water-proof, frost-proof, sanitary, dry-air block made. Takes less material and is made quicker than any other block. Write today and let us tell you all about it, and how you can make from \$5.00 to \$10.00 every day. The BUCK is the only one of its kind in each county. Get in first.

Interlock Block Machine Co. City Office: 24th and Paul St. OMAHA, NEB.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the County Court, In the Matter of the Estate of Michael Franklin, Deceased. To the Creditors of said Estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the County Court Room in Nelok, in said county, on the 20th day of November, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive and consider all claims against said Estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said Estate is the 15th day of the 12th day of May, A. D. 1918, and the time limited for payment of debts is the 15th day of the 12th day of May, 1919. Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court, this 15th day of April, 1917. [SEAL] J. C. McVicker, County Judge. 6-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the County Court, In the Matter of the Estate of Patrick Steyle, Deceased. To the Creditors of said Estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the County Court Room in Nelok, in said county, on the 20th day of November, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive and consider all claims against said Estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said Estate is the 15th day of the 12th day of May, A. D. 1918, and the time limited for payment of debts is the 15th day of the 12th day of May, 1919. Witness my hand and the seal of said County Court, this 15th day of April, 1917. [SEAL] J. C. McVicker, County Judge. 6-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24.

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FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough and heals lung