

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES.

Four new trays for the card catalog have been added to make room for the increasing number of books. The card catalog is now in up-to-date shape, and all books in the library, with the exception of the government reports may be found on the cards, indexed alphabetically as to both titles and authors. The trays are in the main room, easy of access to all patrons, and they will do well to consult it often when looking for special books or subjects. The following is a list of new books. Patrons will find it convenient to preserve this list for future reference:

- Leidro..... Mary Austin
- The Lawbreakers..... Robert Grant
- The Mystery..... Stewart E. White
- Constance Prescott..... S. Weir Mitchell
- In Old Beirne..... Mary Dixon
- The Cherry Ribband..... S. R. Crockett
- 54-40 Or Fight..... Emerson Thoug
- Yoppea of the Postoffice..... Mabel Wright
- By Whittaker's Place..... Joseph Lincoln
- The Point of Honor..... Joseph Conrad
- The Unlucky Family..... De-La Pasture
- Jerry Junior..... Jean Webster
- Biography of a Silver..... K. X.
- Thompson Seton
- Armed's Son..... Harry James Sutton
- Nelice..... John L. Long
- The Militant..... May Raymond Andrews
- Mias Esperance and Mr. Wycherly..... L. Allen Harker
- Sebastian..... Frank Danby
- The Fair Mississippian..... Charles Egbert Craddock
- In Calvert's Valley..... Margaret Montague
- Fate's A Fiddler..... Edwin Pinkham
- The Hermit and the Wild Woman..... Edith Wharton
- The Bronze Bell..... Louis J. Vance
- Drumhilda of Orr's Island..... Wm. J. Nicolls
- Wm. J. Nicolls
- Helen M. Winslow
- The King of Arcadia..... Francis Lynde
- A Certain Rich Man..... Wm. Allen White
- Interplay..... Beatrice Harraden
- In the Wake of the Green Banner..... E. P. Meisour
- An Idyll of An Fool's Day..... Josephine D. Bacon
- On the Road to Arden..... Margaret Morse
- Kinead's Battery..... George W. Cable
- Two Gentlemen of Virginia..... Geo. E. Eggeson
- Catharine's Child..... De La Pasture
- The Sword of Dundee..... Theodora Peck
- The Coming Harvest..... Myra Kelley
- Rosnah..... Rene Bazin
- Romance of a Plain Man..... Ellen Glasgow
- The Brides of the Mistletoe..... James Lane Allen
- Sambolling With Galatea..... Curtis Dunham
- With the Night Mail..... Elizabeth Jordan
- Many Kingdoms..... Ernest Oldmeadow
- Antonio..... Juliet W. Tompkins
- Open House..... E. T. Thurston
- Mirage..... H. K. Vile
- Heartbreak Hill..... Adeline Knapp
- To Be Well in the Desert..... Harold Bindloss
- For Jacinta..... Henry Harland
- The Royal End..... Arthur Train
- The Butler's Story..... Rina Ramsay
- The Straw..... Henry M. Rideout
- Dragon's Blood..... L. Merick
- Stories of Jewish Home Life..... S. H. Mosenthal
- By Right of Purchase..... Harold Bindloss
- A Woman for Mayor..... Helen Winslow
- Flower of the Dusk..... Myrtle Reed
- Old Lady No. 31..... Louise Forslund
- Oh! Christmas!..... J. J. Bell
- The Inner Shrine..... Anonymous
- Jason..... M. Forman
- Lynch's Daughter..... L. Merick
- Such Ado About Peter..... Jean Webster

LIBRARIAN.

Cut To One Dollar.

The Lincoln Daily State Journal wants a few thousand new trial subscribers and has cut its price from now to Jan. 1, 1910, to only \$1, or daily and Sunday both, \$1.25. This is a specially low price for such a newspaper and will result in a big business. The Journal stops when the time is out so that people need not be afraid to take one of these special offers. It's not a trick to get you started. The Journal has greatly enlarged and improved each year and has been having a wonderful growth in its readers. Being the paper of our state capital it is especially the paper for Nebraskans to read, and it has an especially clean lot of readers because the paper itself is clean, having cut out all liquor and objectionable medical advertising. The Journal is thoroughly independent, and has been making a determined fight to have our representatives at Washington do something to lower the cost of living.

If you want to read not only all of the news of the world, but a practical, helpful newspaper, working in the interests of the masses of Nebraskans, try The Lincoln Journal until Jan. 1, 1910, at this cut price.

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THE GREAT INDIANS ARE COMING—

CHAUTAUQUA

HOOKING ALLIGATORS.

A Florida Sport With an Element of Uncertainty In It.

"Hunting alligators at night with a bullseye lantern and shotgun is tame sport compared with what is called a gator hunt in Florida," said an old Floridian who is visiting New York. "I mean the feat of capturing an alligator alive and then towing the fellow to high ground through mud and water from what is called in Florida a gator hole."

"The gator fishermen first find the hole, which is indicated by an opening in a dense growth of vegetation, where the ground is worn smooth by the alligator in his pulls in and out. Sometimes these gator holes are in the nature of a cave in the bank of a stream and may be fifteen or twenty feet deep, and if so it is not an easy matter to get the animal out."

"The fisher is supplied with a long pole with a metal hook on the end. He takes a strong rope and throws it about the entrance of the hole. Then the fisher rams with the hooked pole down the den and waits and listens. If he finds a gator in the hole he teases the beast by poking him until the gator in a rage finally grabs the hooked pole and is pulled from the den. It is with uncertainty that he is dragged forth, for it is not known whether the catch is large or small. The fisher does not know whether to get into shape to run or to fight. Out the gator comes, bellowing and roaring mad."

"After the gator is dragged to the surface he in his rage turns and rolls and finally twists himself up in the rope or noose that has been previously prepared. With the assistance of the others in the party the gator's legs and mouth are tied and the gator is a prisoner."

"The gator is for the most part caught in marshes where the ground is soft and slushy and too wet for either horse or wagon to enter. The fishers are compelled to carry their catch to higher ground, there to be loaded into the waiting wagon, and the hunt is ended."—New York Sun.

UNCONSCIOUS WORRY.

Born of the Habit of Taking Things Too Seriously.

A great many people worry unconsciously, says O. S. Marden in Success Magazine. They don't understand why they are so tired in the morning, why their sleep was so disturbed and troubled.

This mental disturbance is often caused by the habit of taking things too seriously, carrying too great a weight of responsibility. Everywhere we see people who take life too seriously. Most of us are like the motorman who not only starts and stops the car and tries to keep from running over people, but also feels tremendous anxiety and responsibility about the motive power.

One of the most helpful lessons life can impart is that which shows us how to do our work as well as it can be done and then let principle take care of the result. How often have we been caused to find things come out much better than we anticipated; to find that the great unseen power that governs our lives through a wilderness of trial and tribulation into the open has guided our life ship through the fogs of difficulties and of sorrow, through storms of hardships and losses, safely into port.

The pilot does not lose heart when he cannot see his way. He turns to that mysterious compass which sees as plainly in the fog and guides as faithfully in the tempests as when the sea is like glass. We are in touch with a power greater than any compass, greater than any pilot, a power that can extricate us from the most desperate situation.

Family Floriculture.

George Blank, the stage manager, is a lover of nature and a hater of overcoats and umbrellas. Recently during a violent rainstorm he called on his mother, entering her presence wringing wet.

"George," said she firmly, "you ought not to expose yourself in such weather. You will get pneumonia."

"But, mother," exclaimed George, with a theatrical wave of his hand, "why should I fear the rain? Does it not nurture the grass? Is it not life to the flowers?"

"It is a long time," said the good woman, closing a window, "since you were a flower."—Success Magazine.

Origin of the Word Academy.

Academus was a wealthy Greek of Athens who lived several hundred years before the birth of Christ. Among his possessions was a beautiful grove, where young men used to congregate and listen to the teachings of wise men, such as Plato and Socrates. This developed into the school of modern times, and these modern schools take their name "academy" from the old Greek, Academus. The real meaning of the word academy is a school for boys.

Sterilized.

"Have you," inquired the city visitor, "a moss covered bucket about the place?"

"No, sir," answered the farmer. "All our utensils are sterilized and strictly sanitary."—Kansas City Journal.

No Danger.

The Lady—I'd buy you a nice pearl handled knife for your birthday, but I'm superstitious. I'm afraid it would cut our friendship. The Man—Cheer up! No knife a woman buys could ever cut anything.—Cleveland Leader.

NEW SPANISH MINISTER.

The Marquis de Villalobar a Diplomat of Ability and Repute.

The Marquis de Villalobar, who recently succeeded Senor Don Ramon Pina as minister of Spain to the United States, stands very high in Europe as a diplomat, and it was he who brought about the recent meeting between King Edward VII. of England and King Alfonso of Spain. He is a little under forty and has been a cripple from birth, but is of distinguished appearance. He is a bachelor and comes of an old and renowned house. He is not unknown in Washington, for he spent a year there as attache at the ministry in 1887 and another year as second secretary in 1895. For the last



THE MARQUIS DE VILLALOBAR.

ten years he has been first secretary at the embassy in London.

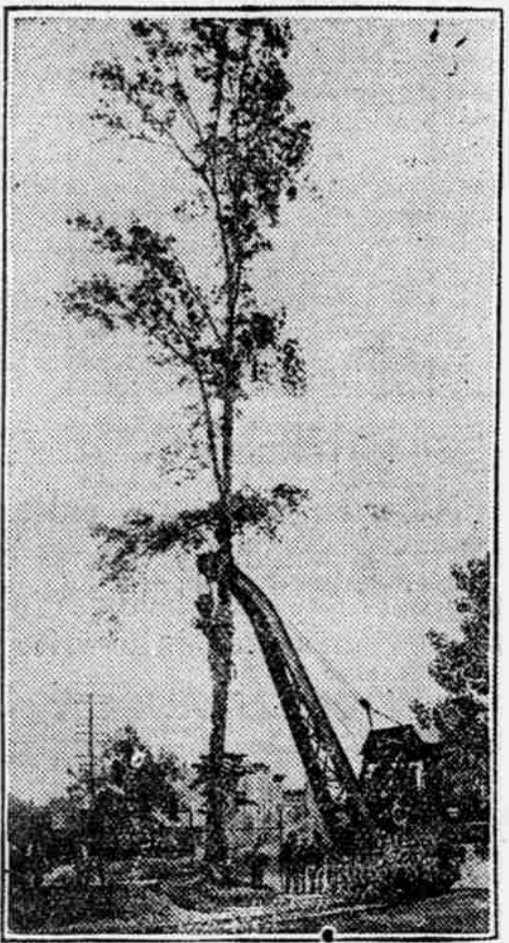
He is chamberlain to King Alfonso, whose close personal friend he is, and is a grandson of the Duke de Rivas, one of Spain's most famous poets.

He may have specially important duties should the present revolutionary elements in his country get the upper hand.

MOVING TALL TREES.

Wonders Accomplished by Electrical Engine For This Purpose.

The moving of well grown trees used to be considered so difficult that it was rarely attempted, but now by the aid of electrical hoisting and moving engines it can be done quite successfully. Owing to the scarcity of trees and the great care that is being taken to protect our forests from the woodman's ax and every other form of desecration many towns that otherwise would have been glad to have obtained young trees for the purpose have been obliged to forego this luxury. But not so Amperre, N. J., which furnishes a striking illustration of what may be accomplished in tree moving by the aid of the electrical engine designed especially for this branch of work. Trees that by many



ENGINE MOVING A TREE.

were considered a part of the soil itself have been removed from remote and out of the way corners of the town and made to beautify the public park, the grounds of the public library and the inclosure of the large plant of a company which manufactures electrical engines. The town has been made to assume an altogether different appearance by the adoption of this method of moving trees.

Strange Cause For Divorce.

A husband brought suit for divorce against his wife in a Silesian court on the ground that she had become "intolerably thin." In his petition he stated that when he married her she was naturally pleasing as to her figure, nor, as the years went on, did this figure change materially. This year she decided that she must accommodate herself to the dress in fashion. She wished to excite the admiration or the envy of her sisters. She was indefatigable in her efforts to lose in weight. In the morning she rode for three hours on horseback. She played tennis for two hours. She walked for an hour, and several times in the day. A rigid diet helped. She lost thirty-one pounds in three months. Her height was five feet ten and she weighed only 133 pounds. The dress in fashion fitted her, and great was her joy. But it failed to please her legal lord; hence the strange suit to separate her from his "bed and board."

AN OLD TIME HANGING.

The Dark Day When "Old Jennie" Was Executed in Maryland.

"As dark as the day when old Jennie was hung" is one of the many quaint sayings that for generations has been used on the lower eastern shore of Maryland, but from the accounts that have been given by those who lived in old Jennie's day there never has been a day since that time as dark as the day on which she was executed for wholesale murder in the neighborhood in which she lived.

The old murderess was publicly hanged in 1815 in the old jail yard at Princess Anne, and all those who remembered that particular day have passed into the great beyond long ago. The murderess was a white woman, tall and angular, and it was said that she resembled what was popularly supposed to be a witch far more than she did the up-to-date woman of that day. In fact, local history records that she practiced witchcraft. No one ever knew where she came from, she having "dropped down" very mysteriously into the neighborhood, where she killed a family of four.

Old Jennie was not hanged on a scaffold. In those days murderers were executed with a little trouble and expense as possible. The wizen faced terror of old Somerset was placed in a cart drawn by two oxen and placed directly under a stout limb of an old oak tree which stood in the jail yard. The rope was fixed in rude fashion around her neck, amid the hurrahs of the crowd and the curses of the doomed woman, and when all was in readiness a bunch of fodder was placed ten paces from the oxen's heads, and they were given the word to start. Obeying the command, they made a bee line for the fodder and left old Jennie dangling at the end of the rope.

That day, it has been told thousands of times, was the darkest ever known in this section. Chickens remained on their roosts throughout the entire day, while candles by the score burned in the houses that the servants might see to do their work. The local scientists of that day were at a loss to account for the strange phenomenon, and the graphic descriptions which they gave of it and which were recorded years ago make interesting reading.

The darkies and superstitious whites of those days naturally thought that the end of time had come. A great many negroes declare today that the ghost of old Jennie may be seen stalking around on the edge of the woods near where she committed her crimes any time on a dark, cloudy night, and they are very careful not to encounter her.—Orlolo (Md.) Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

WINGS THAT WERE FINS.

Evidence That Penguin's Pinions Were Once Used For Swimming.

Ornithological puzzles are the penguins, with their curiously shaped wings and odd, unbirdlike, upright carriage. The peculiarities of their wings suggest that the penguins are descendants of birds which used their wings rather than legs in the pursuit of prey under water, and as the struggle intensified between the competing individuals the most expert at this sort of swimming would get the most food and out less successful rivals. The winners gained advantage over their neighbors in proportion as their wings improved as swimming organs and inversely and of necessity became less suited to perform the work of flight.

In all other birds the feathers, though shed annually, are more or less gradually displaced. But in the penguins the new feathers all start into being at the same time and thrust out the old feathers upon their tips so that these come away in great flakes. Whereas in all birds save penguins the new feathers as they thrust their way through the skin end in pencil-like points, formed by investing sheaths, in the penguins these sheaths are open at the tips and attached by their rims to the roots of the old feathers, and hence these are held to their successors until they have attained a sufficient length to insure protection against cold.

The curious device for retaining the warmth afforded by the old feathers until the new generation can fill their places is apparently due to the fact that penguins are natives of the antarctic regions, although some now inhabit tropical seas.—Chicago Tribune.

Short and to the Point

A coal merchant who was a man of few words once wrote to an agent the following brief letter:

Dear Jones—" "

In due time the agent's reply came as follows:

Dear Mr. Sinclair—" "

The coal dealer's letter, translated, said, "See my coal on," which is the semicolon expressed verbally.

The agent informed the dealer that the coal was shipped by saying simply, "Col-on."—Scrap Book.

Unless They Are Heiresses.

"It's hard to lose a beautiful daughter," said the wedding guest sympathetically.

"It's a blame sight harder to lose the homely ones," replied the old man who had several yet to go.—Boston Transcript.

Not Consistent.

"What was I saying when I dodged that automobile?"

"You were saying that life is not worth living. But if you think so why did you dodge?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Man is made of dust, but he is usually out for more.—Exchange.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper, and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.



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