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ADVERTISE

And Business Will Boom

Burlington Reduces Time.

The Burlington railroad today officially announces, effective September 12th, cutting the time of its fast Denver trains bringing the cities of Chicago and Denver two hours closer together than has been possible since June, 1907. The schedule of 1907 was lengthened on all lines because the heaviest traffic ever handled in the United States was continually in transit on all railroads. Besides some of the lines were carrying on construction work which made it impossible for them to maintain the schedule in effect at that time. The Burlington has proved its ability to make the schedule by running its trains precisely on time 355 consecutive days.

There is a reason why greater speed is possible. The Burlington has just completed an expenditure of over \$22,000,000 in track improvement; \$4,500,000 strengthening bridges and building new bridges of reinforced concrete; \$487,000 in additional telegraph facilities and blocking stations, so that there is a positive block behind every train operating on the System carrying passengers. Among other expenditures since the Hill interests took control of this property over \$20,000,000 has been spent for new and better equipment.

The Burlington has, for over two years, conducted an exhaustive daily system of speed tests and established on a scientific basis the maintaining on all trains a maximum schedule without exceeding a safety speed limit. It has installed on 261 engines registering speed recorders, making it possible to bring the train up to a maximum uniform speed maintaining it so that a schedule can be shortened and reach destination on time without reckless running. This is proven by the fact that the Burlington carried over 20,000,000 passengers during the year ending June 30th, 1909, without a single fatality. Coupled with the shortening of the time by the Burlington its trains will carry a complete set of new equipment of distinctive type and finer than anything produced up to date in the United States. The combination of the Hill Lines were the first to shorten the time from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Seattle, and it is the only through service between these points without change. They are the first to shorten the time between Chicago and Denver, making it possible to reach all Colorado points quicker than heretofore.

Three Million Acres of Government Land to be opened for settlement about Oct. 1st, in South Dakota. Uncle Sam's greatest land drawing. These lands to be opened under the United States homestead laws. For reliable information about these lands, send 25 cents (silver) for our interesting booklet, "The Cheyenne and Standing Rock Reservations." Tells about the history, topography and soil, climate, rainfall, who may take homesteads, etc., compiled by state historian. Includes also up-to-date map of South Dakota, showing lands to be opened.

If you are interested in securing 160 acres of this rich land, wrap up a quarter and send for this booklet and map at once.

Address Homestead Information Bureau, Pierre, S. D.

Rules for Carrying Liquor.

Fort Smith, Ark., Sept. 4.—Judge Bourland in the Arkansas state chancery court Friday handed down a decision holding that railroads carrying liquor into "dry" territory must hold the shipment thirty-six hours at its destination before delivering it to the consignee and in the meantime notify the state officers before such delivery. The decision was in the suit of the prosecuting attorney seeking an injunction to prevent the Kansas City Southern railroad from carrying liquor from Fort Smith to Scott county, Arkansas.

WARNING.

Do not be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for chronic coughs, bronchitis, hay fever, asthma and lung trouble, as it stops the cough and heals the lungs.

A. McMillen.

AN AUTHOR'S START.

When Marion Crawford Began His Career as an Author.

Marion Crawford I had known since he was a lad of fourteen years. I, too, was a youngster in those days. We were living in a New Jersey town and he came there to visit his aunt, Mrs. Adolphe Maillard, a sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Although he came from Italy he dressed as an English lad, with high hat, Eton jacket, wide collar and long trousers. You can imagine the sensation that he made in that quiet New Jersey town. We had had kings and princes as our neighbors, but a young boy in a high hat was unknown to us and therefore much more of a novelty. From those days, which were filled with youthful escapades, I did not see Frank Crawford, as he was then called, until he was a full grown man and had knocked about the world a bit. His uncle, the well known Sam Ward, brought him to the office of the Critic, then consisting of a single small room over Daniel's dry goods store in Broadway, New York. "This lad wants to be a writer," said his Uncle Sam. "I wish that you would give him a chance to earn the business." We gave him the chance, not only for old times' sake, but because we liked his looks. "That fellow can do anything he cares to do," I remarked after he left the office. So we let him write. He wrote book reviews, editorials and even poetry, and after that he wrote "Mr. Isaacs." You know the rest. From that on it was easy enough. He won out and we knew that, though we had given him the chance he wanted at the time that he wanted it, he would have found it quick enough anywhere else. But he never forgot what he chose to regard as a favor.—Jeannette L. Gilder in Putnam's.

POLENTA.

A Woman Tells of Her Introduction to the Italian Dish.

Did you ever eat polenta? Hear what one woman has to tell you before you say no.

"Just let me tell you about my introduction to this Italian dish. Last summer, after I had closed our camp in the mountains, I was invited to spend the night with an acquaintance who had the next camp.

"She is a charming woman, one who has lived abroad more than in this country. She is devoted to Italy and things Italian, and her cook from southern Italy has been with her several years.

"As I was about to retire my hostess said to me, 'Pardon me, but I didn't think to ask you what you preferred to have for breakfast.' Really, before I had opportunity to frame a reply, she continued, 'We always have polenta; Antonina makes delicious polenta, so I always have it.' I did not know polenta, I was quite sure, but it certainly sounded most attractive, and so I replied, 'I am sure I should like polenta, especially if Antonina makes it,' and I went to my room with my appetite already whetted for polenta made by Antonina.

"The next morning I awaited that meal with the greatest expectancy. The polenta was served, and I tasted it. Was it good?

"It certainly was, but I had eaten it hundreds of times before, only we prosaic Americans call it cornmeal mush. 'Truly, that is polenta. A name makes lots of difference, doesn't it?' she concluded.—Houston Post.

Professional Orators.

When Lord Rosmead, then Sir Hercules Robinson, was governor of New South Wales, in the early seventies, it fell to his lot to admit the erstwhile cannibal kingdom of Fiji as an integral part of the British empire. During the incidental ceremonies he noticed that none of the great fighting chiefs spoke in person and that each of them had a professional orator on his staff. As an Irishman, with a strong sense of humor, Sir Hercules was naturally tickled by such a novel situation, and when he got back to Sydney he repeatedly eulogized the arrangement, pointing out that the man of action was very rarely a man of words and that civilization might very well learn a lesson from Pacific chiefs.—London Chronicle.

Well Trained.

A farmer, finding a motor horn in the road, took it home, determined to turn it to some use. So he taught his poultry to gather for meals at its foot, and all nature may be said to have smiled till one morning a motor car passing the farmyard blew a loud blast. The full strength of the poultry yard instantly ran out into the road and began to pursue the car with all the ardor of railway travelers charging into the refreshment room. At the end of the fifth mile fourteen pullets and three roosters succumbed through exhaustion. The rest are still running.—English Paper.

What's in a Name.

Epicure—Walter this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old. Waiter—Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze mistake and have brought you ze venison. Epicure—Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah, to be sure, it is venison, and very nice, too—very nice, indeed!—Town Topics.

The Poor Poet.

"My husband never gets what he should for his poetry," said the poet's wife, with a tinge of sadness. "Oh, don't be too hard on him," replied the girl absentmindedly.—Yonkers Statesman.

Who teaches often learns himself.—Italian proverb.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

Little Things as Aids In Solving Problems in Crime.

THE VALUE OF SMALL CLEWS

"In All My Experience," Says Police Sergeant Cuff, One of Wilkie Collins' Creations, "I Have Never Yet Met Such a Thing as a Trifle."

If you ask some London publishers they will tell you that no book sells so well as a detective story and that people still find a fascination in the achievements of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, Gaboriau's Lecoq and Tabaret and the redoubtable Sergeant Cuff of Wilkie Collins.

These men were the forerunners of Sherlock Holmes, and their feats of criminal tracking were as remarkable as those achieved by the famous character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Perhaps the least known is Cuff, who figures in "The Moonstone." Cuff looked for clues in trifles. Investigating a smear on a newly painted door, he was told by the superintendent who had the case in hand that it was made by the petticoats of the women servants. The superintendent said petticoats were trifles.

"In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world," replied Cuff, "I have never met such a thing as a trifle yet. We must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain that the paint was wet."

Lecoq, the beau ideal of the French detective, was wont to explain his deductions to assistants, just as Sherlock Holmes did to his friend Watson. In the story of "File No. 113" a safe has been robbed. There is a scratch on the door of the safe which seems to have been made by the key slipping from the lock. But Lecoq explained that the paint was hard and that the scratch could not have been made by the trembling hand of the thief letting the key slip.

He therefore had an iron box made, painted with green varnish, like the safe. As Lecoq inserted the key he asked the assistant to endeavor to prevent him using the key just as he was about to insert it in the lock. The assistant did so, and the key held by Lecoq, pulled aside from the lock, slipped along the door and traced upon it a diagonal scratch from top to bottom, the exact reproduction of the one shown in a photograph of the safe. Thus it was proved that two persons were present at the robbery—one wished to take the money and the other to prevent its being taken.

In the play Sherlock Holmes, the detective, with the aid of an accomplice, raises an alarm of fire at the house of the Larrabees, during the excitement of which he is able to investigate the mystery of the purloined documents.

A somewhat similar incident occurs in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Purloined Letter," when Dupin, having obtained entrance to the house of a minister of the state who had purloined a letter of great importance from a lady, wished to take it from its hiding place—a card rack over the mantelpiece—and substitute a facsimile. While Dupin was talking to the minister there was a sudden report of a pistol beneath the window, followed by fearful screams and loud shouting. The minister rushed to the window, and while his attention was thus distracted Dupin took the real letter and substituted the false one which he had prepared. Needless to say, the diversion had been created by Dupin's assistants.

Although "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" somewhat overshadow the stories of other detectives which appeared in the Strand Magazine, one should not forget to mention Martin Hewitt, investigator, and Dick Donovan.

Both these detectives worked alone and were past masters in the art of solving robbery mysteries, murders and the crimes of secret societies.

And the value of noting trifles, particularly in detective work, is strikingly illustrated in "The Case of Mr. Foggart." The latter had been murdered in his chamber, which was situated at the top of the building in which Hewitt had an office. Hewitt was the first one on the scene. The door was locked, and when he got inside the room he found Foggart lying across the table, shot dead. There was a sheer drop of fifty feet outside the windows. How had the murderer got in, and how had he escaped?

On the sideboard were the freshly bitten remains of an apple. Hewitt noticed that it had been bitten by a person who had lost two teeth, one at the top and one below. He also saw that the dead man had an excellent set of false teeth, with none missing. He observed, too, that an active young man could, by standing on the window sill, draw himself on the roof and thus escape. Thus Hewitt comes to look for a tall, athletic looking young man with two teeth missing. He finds him, obtains by a ruse another apple which he has bitten, compares the two and ultimately obtains the startling story of the murder from the murderer himself after the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "accidental death."—London Tit-Bits.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Livonian.

GOING FOR THE DOCTOR.

And Also the Reason Why He Was After the Medical Man.

"Yes, your honor," said the man who had been arrested for driving his automobile at an illegal rate of speed. "I admit that I was running thirty miles an hour, but I was going for the doctor."

"Oh, you were going for the doctor, eh? Can you offer any proof to substantiate that statement?"

"Yes, I can bring in the doctor himself as a witness, if necessary."

"Um! That ought to make a difference. The law is explicit, but we must grant that there may be extenuating circumstances. There have been times when the court would have been glad to run thirty miles an hour if the court could have done so. Certainly a man should not be held too strictly to the provisions of the law if he happens to violate it for the purpose of trying to save a life. The court is very strongly inclined to dismiss the case. Did you explain to the officer who arrested you that you were going for the doctor?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Gibber, what have you to say?"

"Well, your honor, I asked him, when he said he was going for the doctor, what he was going for the doctor for."

"Yes, that was very sensible. What was he going for the doctor for?"

"For to take the doctor and two young ladies for a ride, as I found out unbeknownst to him."

"Thirty dollars and costs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A COLLECTOR'S RUSE.

The Way He Secured a Rare Piece of Dresden Ware.

We should cultivate our fancy for old china as did the late Mr. Wertheimer, the art dealer, concerning whom there is a story that every bargain hunter should take to heart.

Wertheimer was one day passing through Mayfair when he noticed a sale about to take place of the "turniture and household effects of a deceased nobleman." He walked through the rooms where dealers were critically examining choice specimens of undoubtedly genuine Chippendale and Sheraton, interspersed among early Victorian furniture, his eyes apparently dwelling on nothing. But when the sale was about to commence he asked the auctioneer if he would take \$5,000 for everything in the house.

The offer was accepted. "Now you can resell everything for me," said Mr. Wertheimer, "except this," and he took down from the mantelpiece a dirty ornament some nine inches high and put it into his pocket. It was a piece of the rarest Dresden, bearing the coveted mark of the wand of Aesculapius, which he afterward sold for \$10,000.

How the dealers metaphorically kicked themselves for overlooking it and how they hid against one another in the chance of securing a similar treasure is still a tradition in Bond street.—London Chronicle.

She Makes a Suggestion.

"How beautiful and clean the horizon looks," said Polly as on the second day out she came up on deck and threw herself down in the steamer chair beside me.

"Well it ought to be," said I, looking up from my book. "The captain has been sweeping it with his glass for the past six hours."

"That reminds me," said Polly, turning two very grave brown eyes upon me. "Did you remember to bring that vacuum cleaner along with you, as I suggested?"

"No," said I unwarily. "I remembered to forget it, however. What o'earth does anybody want with vacuum cleaner at sea?"

"It was only for you, dear," said Polly. "I thought you would like to have your brains massaged with it occasionally."—New York Times.

The Minister's Tools.

No workman can do good work without sufficient tools. Books are the minister's tools. He must have them if he is to serve his people well. Yet many a minister's salary is so small that he is unable to provide the commonest necessities for his family and have enough left to supply himself with needed books. The church that makes it impossible for its pastor to buy books harms itself even more than it harms the minister.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Etiquette.

In our republican atmosphere old fashioned etiquette has ceased to be necessary, but the word "etiquette" is suggested whenever one hears the phrase "that's the ticket," for "etiquette" is French for "ticket," and its present English signification sprang from the old custom of distributing tickets or etiquettes which contained the ceremonies, etc., to be observed at any formal event, exactly like our word "program."

An Alibi.

Examiner—What is an alibi? Candidate For the Bar—An alibi is committing a crime in one place when you are in another place. If you can be in two other places, the alibi is all the stronger in law.—Puck.

Marriage.

"Marriage is a lottery," quoted the wise guy. "Oh, that's an antiquated idea," observed the simple mug. "Nowadays it's a game of skill."—Philadelphia Record.

The fellow who doesn't allow an alarm clock to interfere with his morning nap illustrates the triumph of mind over matter.—Philadelphia Record.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

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About People in Nebraska.

Miss Minnie Alice Hawkins was married to Mr. Clifford C. Burbridge of McCook, Neb., at 10 a. m., Monday, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Edgar Hawkins, 3027 P street. Judge James P. Cosgrove officiated. The groom is a merchant of McCook and he and his bride left Tuesday for that city where they will make their future home. The bride was attended by Miss Pauline Hiler of Lincoln, and Mr. Leonard Hammell of McCook was "best man." The bride wore a dress of cream satin, trimmed in princess lace. Miss Hiler was gowned in white silk tissue. The wedding was held in the parlor of the bride's parent's home, which was decorated with pink carnations, smilax and ferns. These were also the decorations in the dining room, where, after the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served. Only the immediate relatives and friends were present. The out of town guests attending were, Mr. and Mrs. John Oeschger of Valparaiso, Neb., Miss Hattie Porter of Surprise, Mr. Leonard Hammell of McCook and Mr. Frank Burbridge of McCook, a brother of the groom.—Lincoln Star.

Do It Now.

The following beautiful sentiment is credited to Senator Taylor: "I would rather fill my purse with money and keep its gates ajar to my happy girls while yet they linger under my roof, than to clutch it with a miser's hand until the harpstrings of youth are broken and its music forever fled. I would rather spend my last nickel for a bag of striped marbles to gladden the hearts of my barefooted boys than deny them their childish pleasures, and leave them a bag of gold to quarrel over when I am dead. I abhor the pitiless hawk that circles in the air only to swoop down and strangle the song of the linnet, or bury his talons in the heart of the dove. I despise the man whose greed for gold impels him to strangle the laughter and song of his own family."

Burlington Plans Air Line.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 30.—The Burlington system is shortly to establish an air line through Nashville, connecting the grain fields of the northwest with the Atlantic coast. In this the Tennessee Central will play a conspicuous part, as it will be the connecting link between the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy at Paducah and the Seaboard Air Line at Rutherfordton, N. C., and the report is here that the Burlington system will acquire the Tennessee Central as the connecting link between the Burlington and the Seaboard Air Line. To complete the chain the Tennessee Central will build from Hopkinsville to Paducah, both in Kentucky, a distance of 70 miles.

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