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Ask Your Grocer.

MARION.

J. H. Wicks was to Orleans on business a few days the first of the week. Floyd Lafferty left last mid-week for a short visit with the Roemans of Hill City, Kansas, formerly of this place.

Maxwell Raisten was up the first of last week and started a motor cycle he sold to Dr. Bartholomew. Jowel & Nilsson shipped four car-loads of fat cattle to St. Joe the first of last week. Marion Powell came up from Lincoln and accompanied the shipment.

L. D. Cokley from Dry Creek was in town a few days the first of the week.

Earl Keith who lives north of town was quite badly hurt by having a horse fall with him while riding near their home one day last week. Earl was confined to his bed several days however with a bruised side and hip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lafferty returned from their Missouri trip the first of last week. Mrs. Lafferty says greatly improved by the operation she underwent.

Ernest Galuha was considerably under the weather last week.

County Attorney Sidney Dodge and grandson Cassius came over from McCook last mid-week. Cassius returned to McCook Saturday evening, accompanied by his wife and children.

Jasper Hove who has been working in the Elfert store for some months, left Tuesday for his home in Trenton. Willie Wyckoff accompanied him.

Rumor says that Will Rozell has rented the hotel and livery barn at Cedar Bluffs and expects to take possession some time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Plumb who have been visiting relatives at Ashland since Thanksgiving, returned home the first of last week.

Mrs. Mary Brott came down from Hernon last week for a visit at the home of her daughter Mrs. F. E. Lafferty north of town.

Sam McKague from west of Cedar Bluffs was on our streets Saturday.

Frank Musgrave from south of Danbury did some shopping in our town Friday.

W. C. Shackley of Danbury was on our streets a few days the first of the week.

The M. B. A. elected the following officers at their meeting Monday night:

Pres.—T. F. Gockle.
Vice-Pres.—Evelta Stilgebauer.
Physician—W. S. Bartholomew.
Sec.—Birdie J. Dodge.
Conductor—W. W. Radabaugh.
Treas.—S. H. Stilgebauer.
"Watchman"—Clara Radabaugh.
Sentry—J. E. Dodge.
Tustee—J. E. Dodge.
Chaplain—Mattie Gockley.

Our Public Library.

The public library is supported by taxation, and its use is free, under reasonable regulations to every resident of the city. It contains a wide selection of books, and every effort is made to meet the needs of its patrons. The books are so arranged as to be accessible for examination and use by any one, whether a card holder or not. They are issued for home use to those persons complying with certain library rules and securing cards.

The reading room receives many current magazines and newspapers. It is open to every one. Periodicals cover every phase of literature, education, history, religion, business, arts, fashions, music and all the mechanic trades. These with a good periodical index form an encyclopedia of current knowledge. The use is large. It is a pleasant and profitable place to spend an hour.

Children are provided with special books, and extra attention is given to aid in school work.

The library may be the college for many; for others it may be the means of increasing the earning power. Patrons are asked to make their wants known. Every resident is entitled to a card. There are 3263 card holders at the present date.

The lighting of the library was planned by the architect who is an artist in his line and a patron may sit in any part of the room and read with perfect ease.

LIBRARIAN.

You know lots of people who have moved from the state into Lincoln. The Daily Journal will keep you posted about these people and everybody else you know over the state. See the editor of this paper for a special \$3 rate for next year.

Advertisement for Bids.

Notice is hereby given that the county commissioners of Red Willow county, Nebraska, will receive sealed bids for the furnishing of the following supplies to said county during the year 1911, to-wit:

—BOOKS.
One 8-quire mortgage record, plain.
One personal tax list for 1911.
One real estate tax list, for towns and lots, 1911.

One real estate tax list, for farm lands, 1911.
One 6-qr., medium, treasurer's cash book.

7000 tax receipts, original and duplicate per town.

One dozen chattel mortgage files, numbered, each.
Lithographed warrants, (one color, one black,) per thousand.

23 sets primary election poll books, tally sheets for all parties and register of voters, all combined in one book,) per book.

23 sets general election poll books, per book.

92 poll book envelopes, per dozen.

46 ballot sacks, per dozen.

225 primary election "Instructions to Voters" per 100.

225 general election "Instructions to Voters" per 100.

5000 assessor's schedules, punched and folded, per thousand.

27 assessment schedule binders, complete.

25 assessor's personal assessment books.

Patent backs for records, per quire.

24 primary election laws.

24 general election laws.

1000 loose leaf record blanks, printed form, per 100.

1909 or 1911 statutes, per book.

All records to be full bound, extra ends, bands and fronts and to be made of Byron Weston 36-lb. medium linen ledger paper.

—LEGAL BLANKS.

Size 8 1/2 x 28, printed one side, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 28, printed two sides, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 14, printed one side, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 14, printed two sides, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 7, printed one side, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 7, printed two sides, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 5 1/2, printed one side, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Size 8 1/2 x 5 1/2, printed two sides, per first hundred and each additional hundred.

Postal cards printed, (cards furnished by county), per hundred.

III—STATIONERY. (Class 1.)

Senate pads, 8 1/2 x 14, per package of 10.

Senate pads, 4x7, per package of 10.

Writing Fluid, Carter's, Sanford's, Stafford's, Arnold's, Bankers', per quart.

Lead pencils, E. Faber, No. 2, per gross.

Lead pencils, Memphis No. 77, copying, per dozen.

Election pencils, per gross.

Velvet pencils, rubber tips, 557, per gross.

Venus copying pencils, No. 165, per dozen.

Typewriter carbon paper, (best grade 8 1/2 x 14), per dozen.

Typewriter ribbon, best grade.

Typewriter paper, best grade, heavy, medium, light, per ream.

Mucilage, best grade, per quart.

Library paste, 8 ounces, Utopian, each.

Pen holders, cork tip, bank, each.

Pens, Easterbrook, Blyner Bros., Glucinum, Silver Series, per gross.

Rubber bands, No. 18, No. 16, No. 30 and 31, No. 002 1/2, No. 00 1/2, per gross.

Eraser rubber, No. 102 and No. 104, per dozen.

Blotting paper, best grade, per pound.

IV—STATIONERY. (Class 2.)

Memo heads, 6x9, 7 pounds, flat paper, per 1000.

Letter heads, size 8 1/2 x 11, 10 pound bond paper, per 1,000.

Letter heads, size 8 1/2 x 11, 12 pound flat paper, per 1000.

Envelopes printed, No. 6 1/2, No. 1 rag paper, per 1000.

Envelopes printed, No. 10, No. 1 rag paper, per 1000.

Bar dockets, 4 1/2 x 7 1/2, per page.

Notice of election, per hundred.

Sample and official ballots for primary and general election for 1911, including precinct changes, per hundred.

Claim blanks against county, per 1000.

V—LEGAL NOTICES, COMMISSIONERS PROCEEDINGS AND DELINQUENT TAX LIST.

Publishing legal notices, per square foot.

Publishing commissioners' proceedings, per square.

Publishing delinquent tax lists.

Separate bids must be furnished on each one of the 5 sections, or any one of them.

All supplies must be furnished as ordered.

Bids must be addressed to "County Clerk" and marked proposals for books, blanks, stationery and legal printing or any one or more of these items.

All successful bidders must file good and sufficient bond for the faithful performance of their contract.

Bids will be opened according to the requirements of the law at the regular meeting of the county board, January 10, 1911.

Sealed bids will be received at the county clerk's office up to noon, January 10th, 1911.

The county commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids and to enter into separate contract for each one of the five sections advertised.

Dated at McCook, Nebraska, December 8th, 1910.

CHAS. SKALLA,
County Clerk.

Subscribe for The Tribune.



MADONNA AND CHRIST-CHILD.

A CHRISTMAS DRYAD.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

It was Christmas day, and the sun shed a golden radiance over the Arizona desert, brown breasted and spotted with mesquite and cactus. As the cow pony bore Lela Warren over the indistinct trail she took deep breaths of the ozone of the foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, stretching her arms toward the trees which bordered the canyon. "It's grand to spend Christmas all alone by oneself out on this great desert."

"To see me now no one would think me thirty-five years old," she laughed, swinging lightly to a seat on a favoring branch of a live oak. "The west has given me back strength, youth and—well, in a degree forgetfulness of the past. The change has taught me a wonderful philosophy—not to keep trouble."

She took an apple from her lunch bag and ate it. Suddenly a stir in the manzanita bushes behind her attracted her attention. Peering through the leaves of her retreat Lela saw a tall, well built man in hunter's garb picking his way through the chaparral directly toward her tree. He approached with the elastic tread of virile manhood, resting his rifle against the oak. Then he flung himself at its trunk and stretched his limbs upon the earth to rest.

For a minute she studied the intruder, debating in her mind the best means of acquainting him with her prior occupancy of that retreat. Suddenly a spirit of mischief overcame her, and she let fall an oak ball she had plucked from a nearby twig. The small green globe struck the man squarely on the head.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, caught up his rifle and began peering up through the live oak's branches.

"You can't challenge me that way, Mr. Squirrel," he said, pointing the rifle upward; "not with impunity."

Lela gave a little cough. "Don't shoot me, please," she called down. "I plead guilty."

She encountered a pair of surprised brown eyes looking up at her. Dropping his rifle to his side, the man lifted his hat politely.

"I never shoot dryads," he answered.

"I suppose," she said, a smile hovering on the lips, "that you are perfectly familiar with dryads."

"Hardly," he answered, smiling up at her. "I know very little except they are said to live in trees. Are the other live oaks in this canyon inhabited by your cousins?"

A twinkle came into the dryad's blue eyes. "Possibly," she returned; "you know we have family trees."

"Do they all have turquoise eyes like this one?" he asked.

A frown crossed the dryad's face, but the man's good natured playing quickly banished it, and she said: "Oh, yes, and their color is beryl," looking at her sage-green sweater.

"I don't believe," he pursued, "that the woods would reveal another just like you if one looked all day."

"Not likely," she replied, continuing the play. "I think all my kind turned into topaz when the forest became petrified."

The dryad, thinking the play had progressed quite far enough, made no answer. The man started toward the spring, whistling. Suddenly he wheeled about and called back:

"Miss Dryad, not being familiar with your code of etiquette, I hope you will

pardon me if I have seemed overpresumptuous. Having no cards with me, I'll introduce myself by telling you I am the mining engineer from the Copper Knight property. I came over to the mines to do some construction work, but the men deserted me for a holiday, so in self defense I turned nimrod and found a dryad."

From her leafy perch the dryad watched the man as he went whistling away over to the spring. There was something in his half playful speech and the easy swing of his gait that seemed strangely familiar to her.

He was building a fire between some rocks when he called to her.

"If the dryad will look I'll show her how to cook game without pot or pan. An Indian guide showed me," he explained.

Over a fire of dry bark and twigs he fixed some green mesquite sticks to which the game was carefully suspended. The aroma of the broiling rabbits was sufficient to cause the dryad to descend, for the ride across the foothills had given her a vigorous appetite.

"I will spread the table," she announced, spreading paper napkins over a smooth rock. "Here are beef and waffles, olives, cheese, crackers, fig wafers and one large apple," she continued, taking the various articles from her lunch bag and arranging them on the improvised table.

"A feast for a dryad!" said the man. "And a marvel," she added, meeting the boyish smile on his face with confidence. "It will be a unique Christmas dinner."

"It will be the most delightful one ever eaten," recklessly declared the man, deftly turning the broiling game.

When the game was done the two sat down and ate together with no constraint and with real enjoyment.

As she stood under the live oak fastening up her abundant auburn hair, which had provocatively tumbled down, the man gave her a peculiar searching gaze.

"I have certainly met you before," he said abruptly, "but before you entered the dryad state. Are you from the east?"

"Formerly from Vermont," she answered, mastering the refractory mass of hair.

"Lela Warren!" he cried, his face glowing with gladness. "I wondered from the first if I hadn't met you in some aeon long ago."

"And you are John Fletcher," she returned, shaking hands. Then her eyes fell under the radiant light in his. "Your beard prevented my recognizing you before," she added.

"I was a mere stripling in those days and you a girl just through high school," he said. Then he asked with gentle reproach: "Why did you sell the old home, Lela, and go away without leaving one word for me? When I returned from Europe I searched everywhere for you, but no one knew where you had gone."

A shadow from the past crossed the woman's face.

"Of course you heard that my brother defaulted. Mother and I sold the old home to settle up for him," she explained. "Then we went to Chicago, where I taught school. After mother's death I came west. I am governess for the Evans family at Circle T ranch."

"Lela," he said tenderly, "I have never forgotten you. We are both still unmarried, thank God! Look!" he commanded, his boyish spirit returning, as he pointed to a cluster of mistletoe that clung to a branch of the oak just above her head. As she looked upward he kissed her, murmuring with endearing accents:

"My Christmas dryad!"

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