

**Dollar
"Decoys"**

Did you know that there was a relationship between dollars? Well it must be true anyway. Did you ever notice that once a man gets a few dollars others seem to fly into his pocket as if by magic? Most of the dollars of the United States are gathered together in large amounts. The more dollars a man gets the faster others join them. You may be unable to account for this but it is true nevertheless. Dollars like to congregate. Why not start a congregation of your own? Let's explain. You make quite a bit of money don't you? You spend it don't you? Well now just for once try putting a few dollars — just a few — in this bank. See if others don't follow. The first few act as a "decoy." You are cordially invited to place your "decoys" in this bank. We are sure that by using one of our bank books for a "blind" you will be able to "bag" considerable.

**The First
National Bank
of McCook, Neb.**

The McCook Tribune
By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co

Entered at postoffice, McCook, Nebraska, a second-class matter. Published weekly.

Bishop Bonacum of the Catholic See of Lincoln died on Saturday last. He has been bishop of this diocese for the past 20 years—being the first in the line, and withal a notable churchman.

The recent destruction of the state capital building of Missouri reminds the Omaha Bee that Nebraska is not better situated than Missouri was in the matter of fire proof buildings for its state records, etc.

Luke Lee, Tennessee's new United States senator, is only 32 years old. Is a Prohibitionist, wealthy and of an old and aristocratic Tennessee family—and is a newspaper publisher.

A Holdrege news item states that Nebraska Telephone Co. officials were in that city, last week, figuring on placing the company's wires in that city under ground on the principal business streets of that city.

State Treasurer George will not issue a monthly statement hereafter showing the whereabouts and amount of state money in state depositories. The next statement will be forthcoming April 1st, and thereafter statements will be made public on each recurring quarter.

The news report that the Harriman lines have completed arrangements for the expenditure of \$75,000,000 in extensions and betterments promises the revival of demand for railroad supplies and equipments and is a harbinger of renewed activity. Cmins, as it does, before the rate decisions, it also carries its own comment on the recent railroad doctrine that if they could not get advanced rates they would have to sit down and let their properties go to wreck to spite the public.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The American people are not as trustworthy as they might be, as they ought to be, as their opportunities could make them, but they are the most reliable article we have, and they will have to be as long as we remain a government by the people. When the time comes that they cannot be relied upon as well as some trust magnate, or other plutocratic grafter, then we are in line for a king or an emperor, whom we can hold responsible to the extent of his head.

The financial stability of the government naturally means more to those who have come to America from the European countries, where the government stands for about everything stable in finance, religion, etc. The first month of the postal savings banks in operation shows that the argument advanced favoring the postal banks on the score that the foreign element in our country would use them in which to deposit their money rather than send it across the ocean, has been eminently sustained in fact. A large majority of the January depositors were foreign-born residents.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER
CURES disease with Pure Blood.

**The
Liberator**

A Story of How a Small Boy Tries to Imitate Lincoln

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Little Azariah Ichabod Peters sat on the topmost rail of the fence and looked thoughtfully down at the shiny new rubber boots that incased his fat legs. A warm overcoat was buttoned tightly about his form, and on his black, woolly head was drawn a bright red toboggan cap that matched his red mittens.

"I reckon I's mighty lucky," he mused. "Jes' t'ink, dat ole Sandy Claws a-bringin' me all dese yere spandy new clothes w'en my ole ones wasn't all wore out 'yit! Now, dat no 'count Caesar Woodson he say it's jes' because my pappy has a butler job at de hall an' gits a sight ob munny fer standin' behin' Marse Clement's cha'r."



HANDED IT THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOW.

dat I kin hev all dese t'ings, but I likes to t'ink dat yere ole Sandy Claws bring some ob 'em. O Lawdy me! I done fergot Marse Abe Linkum an' how granny ses if he hadn't set grand-pap free my pappy couldn't hev a butler job an' git a sight ob munny. I dunno!"

"Whah yo' ben, li' Azariah?" said his old granny. "I guess yo' toeses is mos' froze off; come close to de fiah an' warm up."

Azariah Ichabod sat down on a stool near the stove and slowly removed his outer garments. "Granny," he hesitated, "did ole Marse Sandy Claws bring dese clothes to me or did Marse Abe Linkum?"

"Marse Linkum?" Granny stared over her spectacles. "Dat good man been dead an' berried dis fifty year. How come it yo' got dem mixed up, 'less now, li' Azariah, I guess yore recollectin' whut granny said to yo' 'bout how if Marse Linkum hadn't set de slaves free mebbe yore pappy wouldn't be wurkin' up to de hall an' earnin' sights ob munny fer us."

"I wish yo'd tell me all 'bout dat yere Marse Abe Linkum ag'in, granny," said Azariah.

Both Granny Peters and Azariah Ichabod were in tears at the conclusion of her recital, and when granny had brought forth the brown covered "Life of Abraham Lincoln" the old woman and the little boy pored over its crude woodcuts and large type with complete forgetfulness of the burning potatoes in the oven.

"Yore pappy larned his letters in dat yere book," said granny proudly, "and yo' remember dat he larned yo' yores too. Now, doan' yo' never fergit, li' Azariah, dat yo' larned yo' fust readin' in Marse Abe Linkum's book."

"S'posin' yo' read a li' 'bout him now," coaxed granny, thrusting the book into his hands. She lighted a kerosene lamp and fished the charred potatoes out of the oven with philosophic cheerfulness and thrust in another batch. "Begin now, honey."

Azariah Ichabod opened the book at the first chapter and ran a small black finger along the lines, reciting glibly what he had already learned by heart under the tuition of his father.

"Marse Abe Linkum wuz bo'n on Febry twelve in de yeah—what's de matter, granny?" Azariah paused as Mrs. Peters grasped the book from his hand.

"Li' Azariah," cried his grandmother excitedly, "I done forgot whut yore pappy said dis mornin'. He come down from de hall wid er newspaper from de no'th whut he'd found, an' ses he, 'Ternorrer will be Marse Abe Linkum's birthday, an' dey's gwine ter celebrate it up no'th. It's all in dis yere paper. Now, do yo' tell Azariah ter git some er dat creepin' stuff from de woods an' hang ober Marse Linkum's pictur.' I declar' I done fergot all about it, an' yore pappy'll be mighty struck if yo' doan' do it."

"I'll git it in de mornin'. Dat Marse Linkum mus' have been drefle good ter make folks 'member his birthday. I wish I was like dat man, granny. I reckon I'd do jes' as he did," asserted Azariah warmly as he drew up to the table prepared by his grandmother.

"Li' boys kin do jes' as much good in dere way," said granny wisely. "I couldn't set nobuddy free."

"Yaas, yo' could set somebody free," said granny suddenly. "Whah's dat li' rabbit yo' found in yo' trap yistiddy?"

Azariah rolled a startled eye at his grandmother. "It's locked up in de woodsbed. I reckon dat yere li' rabbit likes me mo'n he does to run aroun' de col' woodses, granny. I want ter keep him, I do!"

"Go 'long, Azariah Peters. I's 'shamed ob yo', I declare I am, wid dat sample ob Marse Abe Linkum right befo' yo' all de time. Doan' yo' talk to me!" "Ternorrer I'll let him go free. Den I'll be some like Marse Linkum. I reckon I'll give him some cabbage now," and Azariah left the table and went to his little captive, while granny hobbled around the room singing in a high, cracked voice.

The next day Azariah's first duty was to go to the adjacent woods and search under the covering of dead leaves for trailing vines of sassafras and "old man's hand," with which to adorn the large picture of Abraham Lincoln which hung on the kitchen wall.

After that he took the little gray rabbit from the woodsbed and stumped doggedly across the winding path to the upland pasture. He could feel the beating of the little frightened heart against his hand, and he snuggled the little furry body closer into his neck.

"Doan' yo' be 'fraid, li' rabbit. I's gwine ter take yo' straight ter yore mammy," he comforted it. Then at the pasture fence he kissed the trembling animal and set it on the ground. For an instant it crouched, frightened and tense, and then with a bound it left him and disappeared in the hedge.

"Lawdy sakes!" ejaculated the round eyed Azariah. "I didn't reckon it made folks so glad to git away. I wished I could be moah like Marse Linkum an' set moah folks free." He walked meditatively back to the cabin and peered through the palling into the chicken yard. "I reckon yo' chickens would be mighty glad to git away. But I doan' know whut granny'd t'nk 'bout dat."

All the afternoon little Azariah pondered over the story of Abraham Lincoln and the lesson taught by his noble life. Toward night he went the lonely two miles into Collinsville to replenish the molasses jug. As he was leaving the town on his way home he came across that scapegrace Caesar Woodson, and, wonder of wonders, that marvel of hardness and abandoned wickedness was bawling lustily in the back yard of his father's isolated cabin.

"Mah pappy he's gone ter jail!" he wept noisily in response to Azariah's solicitous inquiry. "Kunnel Fenn he tole de constable dat dere wuz only five chickens lef' in his roos', an' he said pappy hed sold 'em ober ter de town folkses. An' all becuz de kunnel could only find five chickens in his roos' dey locked my pappy up!"

Henry Woodson's reputation as a connoisseur of fine poultry was too well known in the county for Azariah Ichabod Peters to express much surprise or indignation over that colored gentleman's incarceration in the lock-up. Nevertheless as he left his playmate and went his homeward way his little heart was filled with pity for the genial Mr. Woodson, who was confined within four walls away from the sunshine and the crisp February air and corn pone and sweet potatoes. Azariah wondered what Mr. Abraham Lincoln would have done in like circumstances, and he finally concluded that Mr. Lincoln would have made every effort to obtain the freedom of Henry Woodson and restore him to the bosom of his family.

Azariah hid his molasses jug in the hedge, and, turning his shiny rubber boots toward the town he had just left, he trotted swiftly back, turning and twisting until he reached the small, isolated brick building that served as a temporary place of confinement for the evildoers of the vicinity. The little boy crept up under the small barred window, and in the falling darkness his form became part of the shadows.

"Hi, Mr. Woodson!" he hissed anxiously.

There was a shuffling step across the floor, and Henry's rich voice came in a hushing whisper: "Who's dere? Is dat yo', Caesar, yo' lin' ob Satan?"

"It ain't Caesar. It are somebuddy like Marse Abe Linkum come to set yo' free," whispered Azariah. "Jes' yo' tell me how an' I kin do it."

"Lawdy me!" ejaculated Mr. Woodson. "Lemme see. I reckon I oughter know dis yere ole lockup like a—like a coop. He, he! Whoever yo' be, do yo' know whah my house is?"

"Yaas, yo' run erlong an' bring me er crowbar outer my shed. Put yo' han' inside de do' an' it's in de corner. Fetch it heah."

Azariah went and without adventure he returned with the desired implement, and at Henry's direction he handed it through the barred window. That gentleman grabbed it hastily.

"I'm mighty obleeged to yo', an' I better not guess who yo' are, but yore shore a mighty little feller. Now, yo' better run erlong befo' de guard comes back from he's supper. Nobuddy 'll know 'twas yo' dat helped me out erway, an' I shall git to Richmond as fas' as I kin till de smell ob chicken he gone from de kunnel's nostrils—he, he!" he chuckled gleefully.

"Goodby," whispered Azariah Ichabod Peters. "I spect yore mighty happy to be free."

"Glory, chile, dat I am," said the grateful Mr. Woodson. "Now, yo' run erlong home, li' Azariah Ichabod Peters Abrahm Lincoln! I'm gwine ter be free!"

Azariah scampered away and reclaimed his molasses jug, and as he trudged the weary lonely two miles homeward every step of his soft rubber boots seemed to emphasize Henry's words in his happy heart:

"Li' Azariah Ichabod Peters Abrahm Lincoln."

COLOR BLINDNESS.

The Incident That Opened John Dalton's Eyes to His Affliction.

John Dalton, the famous English chemist and natural philosopher, without whose discovery of the laws of chemical combination chemistry as an exact science could hardly exist, was wholly color blind. His knowledge of the fact came about by a happening of the sort which we call chance. On his mother's birthday, when he was a man of twenty-six, he took her a pair of stockings which he had seen in a shop window, labeled "Silk, the newest fashion."

"Thee has bought me a pair of grand hose, John," said the mother, "but what made thee fancy such a bright color? Why, I can never show myself at meeting in them."

John was much disconcerted, but he told her that he considered the stockings to be of a very proper go to meeting color, as they were a dark bluish drab.

"Why, they're as red as a cherry, John," was her astonished reply.

Neither he nor his brother Jonathan could see anything but drab in the stockings, and they rested in the belief that the good wife's eyes were out of order until she, having consulted various neighbors, returned with the verdict, "Varra fine stuff, but uncommon scarletly."

The consequence was that John Dalton became the first to direct the attention of the scientific world to the subject of color blindness.

THE DRINK CALLED COFFEE.

Here Is the Way They Made It in the Seventeenth Century.

There are in existence in Great Britain a few copies of an ancient cookbook, published in 1662, that gives what is perhaps the first English recipe for coffee. The recipe reads: "To make the drink that is now much used, called coffee.

"The coffee berries are to be bought at any Druggist, about seven shillings the pound. Take what quantity you please, and over a charcoal fire, in an old frying pan, keep them always stirring until they be quite black, and when you crack one with your teeth that it is black within as it is without, yet if you exceed, then do you waste the Oyl, and if less, then will it not deliver its Oyl, and if you should continue fire till it be white it will then make no coffee, but only give you its salt. Beat and force through a lawn sieve.

"Take clear water and boil one-third of it away, and it is fit for use. Take one quart of this prepared water, put in it one ounce of your prepared coffee and boil it gently one hour, and it is fit for your use; drink one-quarter of a pint as hot as you can sip it. It doth abate the fury and sharpness of the Acrimony, which is the gender of the Diseases called Cronical."

Beat the Bank's System.

The boy entered the Cleveland bank and laid a half dollar with his bank book on the receiving teller's window. "We don't receive deposits of less than a dollar," said the teller. The boy yielded reluctantly to the system and drew back. But he did not leave the bank. He crossed the corridor and seated himself on a settee. The teller noticed him sitting there and also noticed the reflective look on his face. The boy waited for some time, thinking it over. Finally he arose and went to the paying teller's window. A moment later he confronted the receiving teller. "I want to deposit this dollar and a half," he said. The teller grinned. The boy had just drawn a dollar from his little balance and was using it as an entering wedge for the rejected half dollar. And so the system was beaten by the boy, and a considerable accession of book-keeping labor was the price of defeat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

History Made Palatable.

Joseph Salvador, the French historian, and Jules Sandeau, a novelist, made their meeting at a public reception the occasion for a dispute as to the respective places which they occupied in the world of letters.

"The reading of history is like a pill—it needs the sugar coating to make it palatable," argued the novelist.

"Ah, but it is the ingredient which cures, not the coating," remarked the historian.

"Then let us divide honors," said Sandeau, "for if it were not for my sugar coating your historical facts would dry on the shelves."

Tolstoy's Intensity.

Everything in Tolstoy's character, says a Russian writer, attains titanic proportions. "As a drinker he absorbed fantastic quantities of liquor. As a gambler he terrified his partners by the boldness of his play. As a soldier he advanced gayly to bastion four, the bastion of death at Sevastopol, and there he made dying men laugh at his witty sayings. He surpassed every one by his prodigious activity in sport as well as in literature."

Agriculture.

No other human occupation opens so wide a field for the profitable and agreeable combination of labor with cultivated thought as agriculture. Ere long the most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable subsistence from the smallest area of land.—Abraham Lincoln.

A Strike.

"Why don't you go to the dance to-night, Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, lad," said the Harvard student, "a flame, but no fuel."—Life.

A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.—Saadi.

A. Galusha and son Adair of this city have purchased the clothing business of the Drebert Clothing company of McCook and are now in possession of the store. They are both experienced clothing men, the senior Galusha having been in the clothing business at Red Cloud for twenty years. For the past six years Adair has ably filled a responsible position in the office of the secretary of state and he has a host of friends and acquaintances in Lincoln who regret that he will leave this city; but the knowledge that he will engage in business for himself gives considerable satisfaction to his friends here. A. Galusha was formerly secretary of state, but for the past few years has been traveling out of this city. —Lincoln Trade Review.

ZION LACE EXHIBIT
In a few days we will announce particulars of an exhibition and sale of

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ZION LACE INDUSTRIES
Zion City, Illinois

Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

C. L. DeGroff & Co.

School Board Meeting.		On motion the above bills were allowed.	
McCook, Nebr., February 6, 1911.		The superintendent reports attendance at first semester. Total enrollment 965. Average attendance 891. Supt. Taylor endorsed Miss Ethel Bone of Denver, Colo., at \$60.00 per month as a teacher in the schools here. On motion Miss Bone was elected at the salary of \$60.00 per month.	
Board met in regular session in the superintendent's office. Present Doan, Barnett, Barnes, Lawritson, Suess. Absent: Culbertson. The minutes of January 2, 1911, were read and approved. The following bills were read:		A hearing was had of the lack of harmony between Miss Jones and the principal in the East building. Evidence was submitted and a stenographic report taken by the clerk in the superintendent's office, which is to be transcribed and filed. Upon the evidence a motion was made by Mr. Barnett that we discharge Miss Agnes Jones as a teacher in the McCook public schools and the vote be taken by calling the roll. Seconded by Suess. Roll call: Doan, yes; Lawritson, no; Barnett, yes; Suess, yes; Barnes, no. Negative votes given on account of fear in lack of legal grounds. Yes, 3; no, 2. On motion board adjourned.	
Jennings, Hughes & Co., plumbing \$14 35			
Middleton & Ruby, plumbing 8 20			
Jennings, Hughes & Co., plumbing and hydrant 6 50			
L. W. McConnell, drugs, etc 38 85			
H. P. Sutton, repairing clocks 7 75			
Osborn, Kummer & Co., drays 11 35			
F. M. Kimmell, paper 2 00			
J. E. Ludwick, furniture 31 19			
McCook Machinery & Iron Works, work 2 00			
Mrs. Howe Smith, laundry 3 40			
Howe Smith, setting glass 5 50			
Chivers Book Binding Co., books 21 35			
D. B. Berry, books 5 26			
Ginn & Co, books 24 41			
N. A. Bengtson, set of Nebr. rocks 5 00			
Silver Burdett & Co., books 10 80			
Hammond Stephens Co., diplomas, 40 65			
Nebr. School Supply House, books 31 47			
Mrs. W. H. Rankin, laundry 4 55			
		Miss Agnes Jones has been transferred to the third grade west. Miss Ella Caffrey to the third grade east and Miss Ethel Bone to the fifth grade east.	
		The second issue of the High School Megaphone is out.	
		C. W. BARNES, Secretary.	