

One-Fifth Off

During December

During the month of December everything in our store will be sold at a discount of 20 per cent. Including our large and

Superb Stock of HOLIDAY CHINA

and remember we have everything in both Domestic and Imported Decorated and Hand Painted Chinaware, embracing

American and English Dinner Sets

SALAD BOWLS BERRY SETS
CUPS and SAUCERS FANCY PLATES

Hand Painted Japanese Ware

9x12 Smith Axminster Rugs, best grade, reduced from \$25.00 to 20.00

27x34 reduced to \$2.25 36x72 reduced to \$4.00

All other sizes reduced proportionately

Prices Good Only to January 1st.

DREW FURNITURE and CARPET CO.

The Leaders in Low Prices



In the New Home

You want the best when starting in the new home. Above all, you want that home to be snug and warm and comfortable.

You are sure of warmth and comfort with a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

The Perfection is the best and most reliable heater made. It is a sort of portable fireplace.

It is ready night and day. Just strike a match and light the wick. The Perfection is all aglow in a minute.

The Perfection Oil Heater does not smell nor smoke—a patent automatic device prevents that. It can be carried easily from room to room and is equally suitable for any room in the house. Handsomely finished, with nickel trimmings; drums of either turquoise-blue enamel or plain steel.



Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, or write for descriptive circular direct to any agency of Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

We wish to call your attention to the fact that most infectious diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. Sold by all druggists.

With the Coming of Middle Age there is a letting down in the physical forces often shown in annoying and painful kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are a splendid regulating and strengthening medicine at such a time. Try them. A. McMillen.

Magner's groceries meet fully the pure food law requirements.

"Best On Earth." This is the verdict of R. J. Howell of Tracy, O., who bought Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for his wife. "Her case was the worst I have ever seen, and looked like a sure case of consumption. Her lungs were sore and she coughed almost incessantly and her voice was hoarse and weak. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound brought relief at once and less than three bottles effected a complete cure." A. McMillen.

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in his shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Springs. That meant an expense of \$150.00 or more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application of this liniment he was well. For sale by all druggists.

Tribune advertisers get results.

A Chaparral Christmas Gift By O. Henry



THE original cause of the trouble was about twenty years in growing. At the end of that time it was worth it. Had you lived anywhere within 50 miles of Sundown ranch you would have heard of it. It possessed a quantity of jet black hair, a pair of extremely frank, deep brown eyes and a laugh that rippled across the prairie like

the sound of a hidden brook. The name of it was Rosita McMullen; and she was the daughter of old man McMullen of the Sundown sheep ranch. There came riding on red roan steeds—or, to be more explicit, on a paint and a flea-bitten sorrel—two wooders. One was Madison Lane and the other was the Frio Kid. But at that time they did not call him the Frio Kid, for he had not earned the honors of special nomenclature. His name was simply Johnny McRoy.

It must not be supposed that these two were the sum of the agreeable Rosita's admirers. The bronchos of a dozen others champed their bits at the long hitching rack of the Sundown ranch. Many were the sheeps' eyes that were cast in those savannas that did not belong to the flocks of Dan McMullen. But of all the cavaliers Madison Lane and Johnny McRoy galloped far ahead, wherefore they are to be chronicled.

Madison Lane, a young cattleman from the Nueces country, won the race. He and Rosita were married one Christmas day. Armed, hilarious, vociferous, magnanimous, the cowmen and the sheepsmen, laying aside their hereditary hatred, joined forces to celebrate the occasion.

But while the wedding feast was at its liveliest there descended upon it Johnny McRoy, bitten by jealousy, like one possessed.

"I'll give you a Christmas present," he yelled, shrilly, at the door, with his 45 in his hand. Even then he had some reputation as an offhand shot.

His first bullet cut a neat underbit in Madison Lane's right ear. The barrel of his gun moved an inch. The next shot would have been the bride's, had not Carson, a sheepsman, possessed a mind with triggers somewhat well oiled and in repair. The guns of the wedding party had been hung, in their belts, upon nails in the wall when they sat at table, as a concession to good taste. But Carson, with great promptness, hurled his plate of roast venison and frijoles at McRoy, spoiling his aim. The second bullet, then, only shattered the white petals of a Spanish dagger flower suspended two feet above Rosita's head.

The guests spurned their chairs and jumped for their weapons. It was considered an improper act to shoot the bride and groom at a wedding. In about six seconds there were twenty or so bullets due to be whizzing in the direction of Mr. McRoy.

"I'll shoot better next time," yelled Johnny; "and there'll be a next time." He backed rapidly out the door.

The cattlemen swept out upon him, calling for vengeance. But the sortie failed in its vengeance. McRoy was on his horse and away, shouting back curses and threats as he galloped into the concealing chaparral.

That night was the birthnight of the Frio Kid. He became the "bad man" of that portion of the state. The rejection of his suit by Miss McMullen turned him to a dangerous man. When officers went after him for the shooting of Carson, he killed two of them, and entered upon the life of an outlaw. When he was, at last shot and killed by a little one-armed Mexican who was nearly dead himself from fright, the Frio Kid had the deaths of 18 men on his head.

Many tales are told along the border of his impudent courage and daring. But he was not one of the breed of desperadoes who have seasons of generosity and even of softness. They say he never had mercy on the object of his anger. Yet at this and every Christmastide it is well to give each one credit, if it can be done, for whatever speck of good he may have possessed. If the Frio Kid ever did a kindly act or felt a throb of generosity in his heart it was once at such a time and season, and this is the way it happened:

One December in the Frio country rode the Frio Kid and his Satellite and co-murderer, Mexican Frank. The Kid reined in his mustang, and sat in his saddle, thoughtful and grim, with dangerously narrowing eyes.

"I don't know what I been thinking about, Mex," he remarked in his usual mild drawl, "to have forgot all about a

Christmas present I got to give. I'm going to ride over tomorrow night and shoot Madison Lane in his own house. He got my girl—Rosita would have had me if he hadn't cut into the game. I wonder why I happened to overlook it up to now?"

"Ah, shucks, Kid," said Mexican, "don't talk foolishness. You know you can't get within a mile of Mad Lane's house tomorrow night. I see old man Allen day before yesterday, and he says Mad is going to have Christmas doings at his house. You remember how you shot up the festivities when Mad was married, and about the threats you made? Don't you suppose Mad Lane'll kind of keep his eye open for a certain Mr. Kid? You plumb make me tired, Kid, with such remarks."

"I'm going," repeated the Frio Kid, without heat, "to go to Madison Lane's Christmas doings, and kill him. I ought to have done it a long time ago."

"There's other ways of committing suicide," advised Mexican. "Why don't you go and surrender to the sheriff?"

"I'll get him," said the Kid. Christmas eve fell as balmy as April. Perhaps there was a hint of far-away frostiness in the air, but it tingled like seltzer, perfumed faintly with late prairie blossoms and the mesquite grass.

When night came the five or six rooms of the ranch house were brightly lit. In one room was a Christmas tree, for the Lanes had a boy of three, and a dozen or more guests were expected from the nearer ranches. The guests had arrived in buckboards and on horseback, and were making themselves comfortable inside. The evening went along pleasantly. The guests enjoyed and praised Rosita's excellent supper, and afterward the men scattered in groups about the rooms or on the broad "gallery," smoking and chatting.

The Christmas tree, of course, delighted the youngsters, and above all were they pleased when Santa Claus himself in magnificent white beard and furs appeared and began to distribute the toys. "It's my papa," announced Billy Sampson, aged six. Berkly, a sheepsman, an old friend of Lane, stopped Rosita as she was passing by him on the gallery. "Well, Mrs. Lane," said he, "I suppose by this Christmas you've gotten over being afraid of that fellow McRoy."

"Oh, Thank You!"

Roy, haven't you? Madison and I have talked about it, you know."

"Very nearly," said Rosita, smiling, "but I am still nervous sometimes. I shall never forget that awful time when he came so near killing us."

"He's the most cold-hearted villain in the world," said Berkly. "The citizens all along the border ought to turn out and hunt him down like a wolf."

"He has committed awful crimes," said Rosita, "but—I—don't—know. I think there is a spot of good somewhere in everybody. He was not always bad—that I know."

Rosita turned into the hallway between the rooms. Santa Claus, in muffling whiskers and furs, was just coming through.

"I heard what you said through the window, Mrs. Lane," he said. "I was just going down in my pocket for a Christmas present for your husband. But I've left one for you, instead. It's in the room to your right."

"Oh, thank you, kind Santa Claus," said Rosita, brightly. Rosita went into the room, while Santa Claus stepped into the cooler air of the yard.

She found no one in the room but Madison.

"Where is my present that Santa said he left for me in here?" she asked.

"Haven't seen anything in the way of a present," said her husband, laughing, "unless he could have meant me."

The next day Gabriel Radd, the foreman of the X O ranch, dropped into the post office at Loma Alta.

"Well, the Frio Kid's got his dose of lead at last," he remarked to the postmaster.

"That so? How'd it happen?"

"One of old Sanchez's Mexican sheep herders did it—think of it! The Frio Kid killed by a sheep herder! The Greaser saw him riding along past his camp about twelve o'clock last night, and was so skeered that he up with a Winchester and let him have it. Funniest part of it was that the Kid was dressed all up with white Angora-skin whiskers and a regular Santa Claus rig-out from head to foot. Think of the Frio Kid playing Santa!"

(Copyright, 1910, by F. L. Nelson.)

In Regard to Xmas Presents

Why photographs of our friends make the most desirable gifts, especially so at Yuletide. When the inherent spirit of all is to remember and be remembered. First:—Everyone appreciates a good photograph above all things beautiful. Second:—They last longer than any other gift, increasing in value as the years roll by. Third:—They are the most economic, one dozen supplying twelve friends without partiality to anyone.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS: To obtain the greater use of our photographs as holiday gifts and their quicker admission to the homes of McCook we will give at once and during the whole of the season A SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 20 PER CENT. In addition to this liberal discount, we will give with every dozen purchase, one of our beautiful Art Calendars. No more desirable gift could be obtained for your own possession or for that of your best friend. We guarantee the results or money refunded.

Better decide in the Photograph's favor today. Make an appointment for our studio tomorrow and leave the rest to our care and attention. Phone Black 428.

The Ellingson Studio Co.

307 Main Avenue

Commercial Hotel Bldg.

OFFICIAL STATUS OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY CHANGED

THE PROPER COURSE.

Rome, Dec. 13.—As a result of a decree of the pope issued in July in reference to holy days, St. Patrick's day was struck off the list of obligatory holy days on which Catholics are called on to hear mass and abstain from unnecessary work. On the request of the Irish Catholic hierarchy, however, the holy see has just issued another decree, which is most important for Irish people throughout the world. According to this the feast of St. Patrick will continue to be a holy day without, however, being subject to the law of fasting and abstinence.

Information of Priceless Value to Every McCook Citizen.

How to act in an emergency is knowledge of inestimable worth, and this is particularly true of the diseases and ills of the human body. If you suffer with backache, urinary disorders, or any form of kidney trouble, the advice contained in the following statement will add a valuable asset to your store of knowledge. What could be more convincing proof of the efficiency of Doan's Kidney Pills than the statements of nearby residents who have been permanently cured?

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

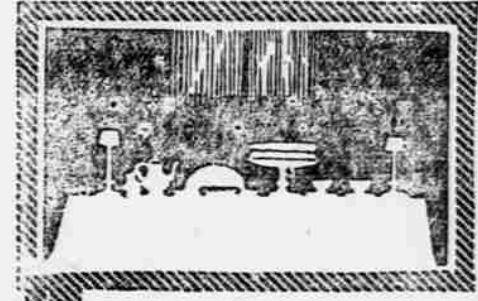
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all druggists.

Lewis W. LaBove, Main Street, Oberlin, Kan., says: "For many years I was employed on the railroad and this work finally told on my kidneys, causing a severe attack of kidney complaint. When Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I began their use. The contents of six boxes corrected my trouble. I am pleased to endorse this remedy in return for all that it has done for me." (Statement given April 8, 1907).

The Cure Lasted. On May 31, 1910, Mr. LaBove said: "I have had no trouble from my kidneys since I used Doan's Kidney Pills three years ago. You may continue to publish all I previously said in praise for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name — Doan's — and take no other."



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Flaky Biscuits
Delicious Cake
Healthful Food

made with

DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

The product of Grapes

No Alum
No Lime Phosphate