

Time Card	
McCook, Neb.	
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:	
No. 6 (Central Time)	9:30 P. M.
No. 2	5:15 A. M.
No. 12	7:15 A. M.
No. 14	10:00 P. M.
No. 15	7:30 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:	
No. 1 (Mountain Time)	8:55 A. M.
No. 3	11:58 P. M.
No. 5	5:50 P. M.
No. 11	9:54 A. M.
No. 13	12:30 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 176 arrives (Mountain Time)	5:55 P. M.
No. 175 departs	6:45 A. M.
Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.	
For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write George Scott, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.	

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

The pay car is scheduled for this afternoon at 5:30.

Ed Emberling is arranging to make a Denver visit soon.

W. F. Meyers made Conductor George Martin's run, Tuesday.

Mrs. H. A. Rouch is in Chicago for an operation on her spine.

Gang Boss Turner took in the Indiana ball game, Wednesday.

Mrs. William Richelieu has been visiting in Omaha, this week.

Engines out of backshop, this week: Nos. 1339, 1059, 1369. In: 1339.

L. W. Shirley and mother are back from their visit up on the high line.

Conductor A. P. Ely has Conductor Mose Carmony's old car—the 14009.

Engineers B. F. Bowen, Steve Flinn and Ellis Ford now have regular passenger runs.

Conductor Frank Quigley is on the Republican City Oberlin run since the last line-up.

Engine 2711, a P3 compound, was over the drop pit, yesterday, for a pair of new front trucks.

Conductors A. H. Bagley and Mose Carmony have the Orleans-St. Francis branch run now.

A third crew has been placed on the Denver-Alliance run and Conductor G. M. Hackett has the run.

Floyd Curran has resigned his clerkship to Machinery Shop Foreman J. D. Young, and will enter the telegraph office.

Conductor G. H. Pierce is running on the Denver-Lyons branch vice Conductor L. C. Wolff, who is not yet able to return to work.

Machinists and helpers will have a stag picnic at the water works pumping station park, tomorrow. There is nothing significant about the location.

F. W. Schultz, late general foreman of the Burlington shops here, is now holding a similar position with the Missouri Pacific at Osawatimie, Kansas.

Conductors E. O. Scott and Neal Beeler are now running regularly on the local freight between McCook and Holdrege, formerly held by Conductors A. H. Bagley and Frank Quigley.

J. W. Eastman has resigned from the Burlington service here and expects in a few days to depart for Osawatimie, Kansas, where he has been offered a position in the Missouri Pacific service.

Roswell Cutler arrived home, last Saturday night, from Lincoln, where he went a few weeks since, for an operation for an abscess in his left ear. He has quite recovered from the effects of the trouble and operation.

C. F. Heber arrived home, last Saturday morning on No. 2, from Denver, very much encouraged as to his condition by the report of the examining physician there. Charlie has gained materially in weight since his last illness and is in fine fettle.

The Scrap Book

Charging the Jury.

During reconstruction days a venerable negro, solemn and imposing in appearance, was elected a Justice of the peace in a backwoods district of Georgia. His first case was one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in and the argument had been concluded, the lawyers waited for the judge to proceed with his instructions to the jury. The justice seemed somewhat embarrassed. Finally one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury. Looking at the jury, with a grim judicial air the judge said:

"Gentlemen ob de jury, sense dis is a very small case I'll jes' charge ye a dollar an' a half apiece."

WHAT IS.

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb. "Roll on!"
I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze,
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung tear,
I am intoxication, grapes, wine press, and must, and wine,
The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;
I am the breath of the flute, and I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the sea pearl's luster wan,
The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,
Flint sparks, the flame, the taper, the moth that about it flies,
I am both Good and Evil; the deed, and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, and punishment;
I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of All.
—Oriental Lyric Translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter.

His Villainy.

A lady in New York who had been tenderly reared married an adventurer who had many ups and downs. She stood by him bravely and faithfully through poverty, and even in disgrace. He served a sentence in Sing Sing for forgery; she took a room near the prison to be near him, and by her devotion secured a commutation of his sentence. Late in life she abandoned him, informing her friends that he was a villain. She had discovered that all the love letters he sent to her were copies of letters sent to his first wife.

A Memory For Faces.

Six-year-old Marie is a minister's daughter, says Lippincott's Magazine, and Christmas, 1905, found half a dozen dolls under the Christmas tree. There they stood during the Christmas week, when, realizing that six or seven dolls in addition to other toys was too much of a good thing, mother, who had the look-ahead temperament, resolved to kidnap one of the family and put it by for the next year. To all appearance the scheme was carried through successfully, as no inquiries were made. So on Christmas, 1906, the last year's baby reappeared under the new tree. Next morning Marie, accompanied by the usual number of admiring grownups, was taken to view the tree. Fixing her eyes on the absentee and holding her dimpled chin with a chubby hand, after a period of deep thought she remarked in a puzzled tone:

"Where the dickens have I seen that face before?"

About Bach.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert was once visiting at the house of a wealthy woman. She asked Mr. Gilbert several questions about musical composers to show that she knew all about them.

"And what about Bach?" she asked. "Is he composing nowadays?"

"No, ma'am," answered Gilbert. "He is decomposing."

Gave Back His Money.

A fabulously rich man who is quoted for his economies died. He appeared at the gates of heaven. He was met by St. Peter. Gabriel, as recorder of deeds, sat near by. St. Peter said:

"What have you done to cause you to think you should come into heaven?"

"Well," said the applicant timidly, "I met a crippled child and gave it two cents."

"Um-m," replied St. Peter, "that was something. Is it all right, Gabriel?"

"Yes," grudgingly answered Gabriel. "That is not enough. Anything else?" asked St. Peter.

"Yes, I met a newsboy. He was crying because he was stuck with his evening papers. I bought a paper."

"Um-m," said St. Peter, "that was good. Is that all right, Gabriel?"

Gabriel referred to his books and answered in the affirmative.

St. Peter thought an instant, then walked over to Gabriel. They consulted in low tones. Finally Gabriel closed his records with a bang and said impatiently:

"Oh, give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell!"

Couldn't Fool the Newsboy.

"You know how lean Senator Ingalls was?" said a Kansas man to a Tribune reporter. "Well, down in Atchison there was a doctor who was a great friend of his. This doctor had been greatly annoyed by a newsboy who would come into his office very unceremoniously and pester him by trying to tell newspapers.

"One day when Ingalls was in the office the boy was heard coming up the

stairs, and the doctor decided to put up a job on him. He rushed out an articulated skeleton, placed it in a chair by the desk and then the two men withdrew to the back room.

"In rushed the boy and, without noticing what was at the desk, came directly up to the skeleton. When he looked up and saw it grinning at him he was nearly scared into convulsions and bolted for the door yelling bloody murder. The joke tickled the doctor, but Ingalls' conscience pricked him, and, going to the window, he looked out at the boy, who was standing below crying.

"Come upstairs, my boy," he said. "I'll buy one of your papers."

"But the newsboy began to yell harder than ever, and between his sobs he managed to blubber out:

"Oh, you can't fool me, even if you have put your clothes on."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Minnie's Prayer.

There had been a dressmaker in the house, and Minnie had listened to long discussions about the very latest fashions. That night when she said her prayers, she added a new petition, uttered with unwonted fervency:

"And, dear Lord, please make us all very stylish."—Everybody's.

The Engine and the Cow.

A cow that wore a bell having been run over and killed on the railway, the owner brought suit against the railway for damages. It was proved that the driver blew the whistle loudly and tried to frighten the cow off the track. But the farmer's lawyer also proved that the cow rang her bell and tried to frighten the engine off the track, and so the jury decided in his favor.

Taking Chances.

A small boy had been punished and in consequence was feeling at enmity with all the world, but with his father in particular. When he came to say his prayers at night he gabbled through them at a high rate of speed and while asking for the customary blessing on all the other members of the family, including the cat, he left out his offending parent.

His mother understood, but thought it best to "appeal to his better self."

"Harold," she said sweetly, "what about papa? You forgot, dear."

"Didn't. Don't want papa blessed."

"Why, Harold! When you love him so! Just think, dear, papa has gone downtown now, and how would you feel if he got lost or hurt because you hadn't prayed for him?"

This rather worked on the boy's mind, and slowly he began to clamber out of bed, when, just as he got on his knees, he heard the familiar click of his father's key in the lock. "I guess I'll risk it," he announced and jumped back into bed.—Lippincott's.

An Alibi.

Guest (in restaurant)—Bring me a Welsh rarebit, a broiled lobster, a bottle of imported ale and a piece of mince pie.

Waiter—Will you please write out that order and sign it, sir?

Guest—What for?

Waiter—As a sort of alibi for the house to show the coroner, sir.—Chicago News.

Story of Three Boys.

Three boys were told to go and take the exact time by the town clock. The first came back and said, "It is 12 o'clock." He became in after life a bookseller. The second was more exact. He said it was three minutes after 12. He became a doctor. The third looked at the clock, found out how long it took him to walk back to the house, returned to the clock, then added the time of his walk to the time shown and reported the result thus: "It is at this moment twelve hours, ten minutes and fifteen seconds." That boy came to distinction as Helmholtz, the scientist.

The Jury Panel.

"Look sharply after your jury panel," says Mr. Warren. "Only the other day I saw at Guildhall the brother of the defendant upon the jury! And a friend to whom I mentioned this circumstance assured me that he himself almost fancied that he recollected, some years before, seeing the plaintiff himself sneaking into the jury box."

An Incident of Shiloh.

During the battle of Shiloh an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid and inquired for Grant. "That's him with the fieldglass," said the aid.

Wheeling his horse about, the officer furiously rode up to the general and, touching his cap, thus addressed him: "General, I want to make one report—Schwartz's battery is took."

"Ah," said the general. "How was that?"

"Well, you see, cheneral, de sheshenists come up in front of us, and de sheshenists flanked us, and de sheshenists come in de rear of us, and Schwartz's battery was took."

"Well, sir," said the general, "you of course spiked the guns."

"Vat," exclaimed the Dutchman, in astonishment, "schpikie dem guns, schpikie dem nice new guns! No; it would spoil dem."

"Well," said the general sharply, "what did you do?"

"Do? By jiminy, we charge—the Cherman brigade, cheneral—we charge and took dem back again!"

The Writ of Habe Scorbous.

The following is a literal copy of an indorsement on the back of a warrant returned by a Michigan constable:

I do hereby certify that I arrested the within wiles as I am directed, and should have taken the horses, but they were withheld from me by warren wiles and Biger Wiles by fiscal strength, and the defendant Biger Wiles was taken from me by a writ of Habe Scorbous.

Mr. Swell Dresser Wins. He dresses well

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D. C. MARSH

The Butcher

Phone 12.

Burlington Route

JUNE SPECIALS

Opening of Huntley Lands:

33,000 acres government irrigated land near Billings, Montana, opened by lottery system June 29; cheap excursion rates to register for these rich irrigated lands. Finest prizes yet offered by the government. Cost approximately \$30 an acre, divided into ten yearly payments. Get details.

To Pacific Coast:

Specially low round trip California rates, June 5th to 15th; June 22nd to July 5th. Also to Portland, Seattle and Spokane June 29th to July 15th. Daily low rate Coast tours commencing June 1st. Slightly higher via Shasta route.

Good Chances Eastwards:

Daily low Jamestown Exposition rates with side trips available for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlantic Coast resorts. Also July 3rd to 6th very cheap to Saratoga with side trips to New York, also July 11th to 13th to Philadelphia.

Big Horn Basin:

We run personally conducted homeseekers' excursions, June 4th and 15th, under guidance of D. Clem Deaver, General Agent Landseekers' Information Bureau. Round trip \$20.00.

Call or write for details.

GEORGE S. SCOTT,
Ticket Agent, McCook, Neb.

L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP Cures BRONCHITIS.

THE SACRED CODFISH.

Famous Emblem That Adorns the Massachusetts Statehouse.

A codfish carved in wood hangs on the white mahogany wall of the Massachusetts hall of representatives in the statehouse in Boston. Between two classic pillars it occupies a place of honor, directly opposite the desk of the presiding officer. This wooden fish is the renowned original sacred codfish of the Old Colony, and it has assisted at the deliberations of the lawmakers of Massachusetts for more than a century and a half, gathering sanctity year by year. It is a relic of the old building which preceded the present statehouse, and great is the dignity of this souvenir of colonial art and industry.

The following account of its origin is given in a Boston paper:

"Captain John Welch of Boston was the creator and carver of the celebrated fish. He was a wood carver of renown for his time and in 1747 established his business in Dock square. He belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company and afterward became its captain. He was called upon to contribute to the decoration of the colonial assembly hall, and as at that period codfish was the colony's main article of export Captain Welch conceived the idea of immortalizing the king fish of the Massachusetts waters. When completed the carving was finished off and colored so as to be a fac simile of life and was hung on the wall of the assembly hall."

A Fool's Identity.

Some of the best known people pass unrecognized by those to whom they should be known. Harold Frederick sat one night at dinner next a man whose very silence and taciturnity caused him the more closely covertly to survey him. Not a word was exchanged between the two. "Who was that hopeless idiot that I sat next to at dinner?" asked Frederick at the close of the meal. "That hopeless idiot was Cecil Rhodes," he was answered. It was the fact. The Colossus had been in one of the moods in which he would not talk, and Frederick, though he had seen his portrait a hundred times, had not recognized him.—St. James' Gazette.

The Human Brain.

The human brain has not steadily increased since paleolithic times, and as Professor Lankester tells us, by way of concrete illustration, the brain of Isaac Newton was not much larger than that of an Australian black.—London Outlook.

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2-Day Celebration

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PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION

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Mike Walsh

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It can always be depended upon, even in the more severe attacks of cramp colic and cholera morbus.

It is equally successful for summer diarrhoea and cholera infantum in children, and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year.

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