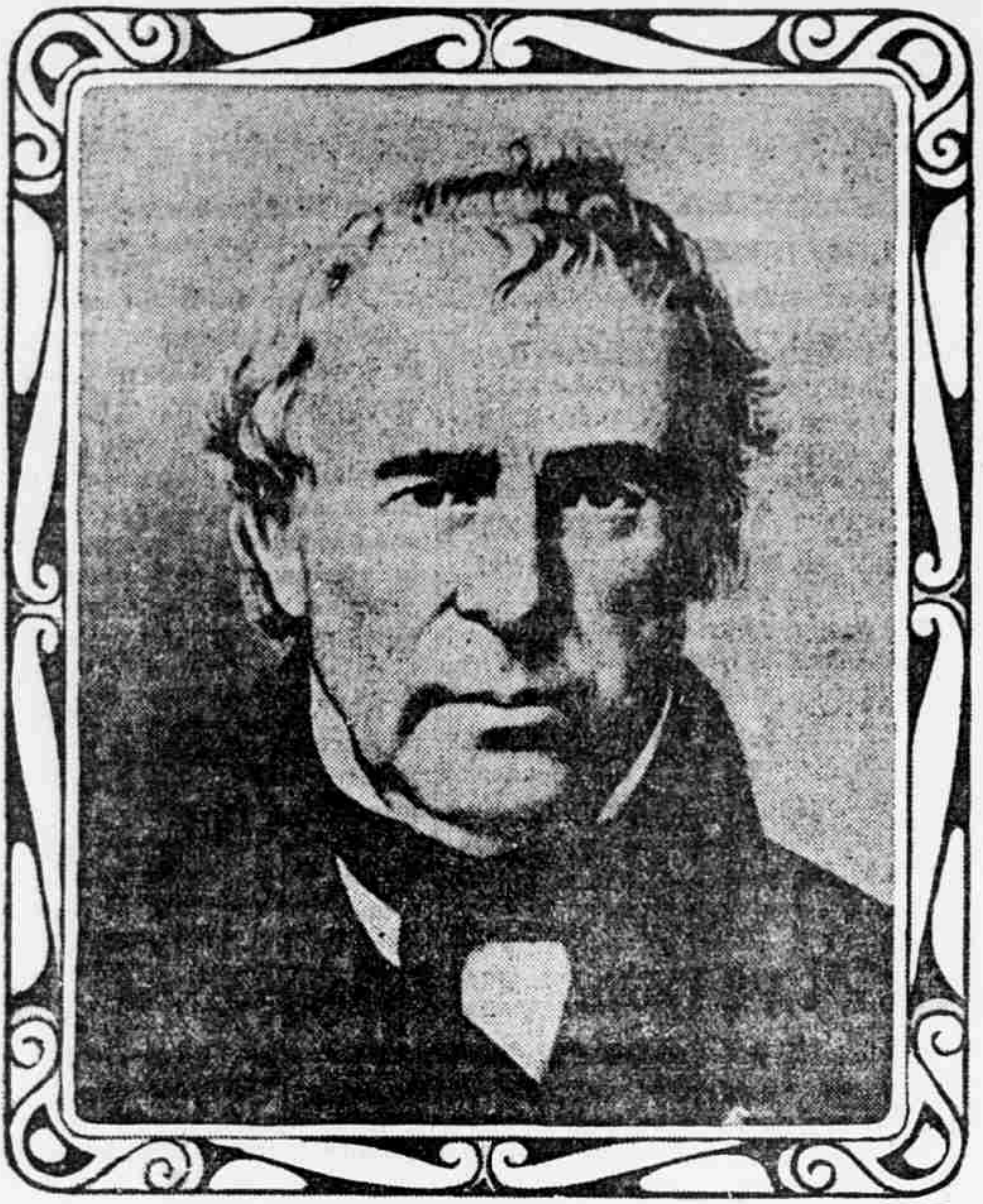


# OUR PRESIDENTS



ZACHARY TAYLOR.

The twelfth president of the United States was born in Orange county, Va., in 1784. He grew up in Kentucky. He was an officer in the United States army from 1808 until his election to the presidency in 1848 as the Whig candidate. General Taylor's election was due to the reputation he won in the Mexican war, from which he returned with a remarkable series of victories to his credit. He was known to his men as "Old Rough and Ready." President Taylor died in office after serving sixteen months. During his brief occupancy of the presidential office the opposing party had a plurality in congress. President Taylor's fame rests chiefly upon his military career, culminating with his great victory at Buena Vista.

## The Scrap Book

### A Phenomenon.

A negro preacher chanced to make use in the course of his sermon of the word "phenomenon." At the close of the meeting one of his congregation asked the meaning of the word. The preacher put him off until the following Sunday, when he thus explained: "If you see a cow, that's not a 'phenomenon.' If you see a thistle, that's not a 'phenomenon.' And if you see a bird that sings, that's not a 'phenomenon' either. But if you see a cow sitting on a thistle and singing like a bird, then that's a 'phenomenon.'"

### TO YOUNG MEN.

Be firm! One constant element in luck is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck. See you tall shaft. It felt the earthquake's thrill. Clung to its base and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim. The mongrel's hold will slip. But only crowsbars loose the bulldog's grip. Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet in opinions look not always back. The wake is nothing—mind the coming track. Leave what you've done for what you have to do. Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### An Easy One.

A teacher was giving a lesson on the circulation of the blood. Trying to make the matter clearer, he said, "Now, boys, if I stood on my head the blood, as you know, would run into it, and I should turn red in the face."  
"Yes, sir," said the boys.  
"Then why is it that while I am standing upright in the ordinary position the blood doesn't run into my feet?"

A little fellow shouted, "'Cause yer feet ain't empty."

### It's All In the Seasoning.

Orville and Wilbur Wright, inventors of the flying machine, live in Dayton, O., where they conduct a bicycle factory. An aged Irishman, a faithful employee of theirs for a number of years, was absent on account of illness. Orville Wright, a basket on his arm, visited the sick man and left with him some dainties, including beef tea.

In a week or two the Irishman was back at work. Seeing him at his post, Mr. Wright asked him how he liked his beef tea.

"Shure, not a bit," said the old man bluntly.  
"Why, beef tea is delicious if you heat it and add a little salt and pepper."

"Well, sor, it may be good that way," said John, "but I put milk and sugar to it."

### Plenty of Specimens.

"And what did my little darling do in school today?" asked mother.  
"We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the boy.

"That was nice. What did you do?"  
"I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I would bring one every day."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Entranced.

Soon after his first baby was born his wife went upstairs one evening and

found him standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight, and tears filled her eyes. Her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch.

"Darling," he murmured dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as that for 99 cents."

### Known by His Friends.

A forlorn looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair and said: "Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe or as debauched as"—

"That will do. Thirty days. And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."—Lippincott's.

### How to Do It.

"In a family there are five children, and mother has only four potatoes. She wants to give every child an equal share. What is she going to do?" asked the teacher.

Silence reigned. Finally a little boy exclaimed:  
"Mash the potatoes, sir!"

### The Noble Two.

In a Scotch regiment the colonel in charge had the option of changing the time honored kilt and rugged bare knees for trousers and up to date uniform. This order was to go by a majority vote of the men themselves, and the sergeant was sent on a friendly canvass.

On his return with the list the colonel inquired:  
"Well, sergeant, how many men have you found so false to the traditions of their race that they are willing to wear the hated trousers of the Saxon?"  
"All except two, sir."  
"Cowardly sons of Bonnie Scotland!" exclaimed the irate colonel. "And noble—noble two! Noble two! True to the costume of their proud ancestors! Give

me the names of these Scotchmen that they may be handed down to generations yet to be as examples to them that come after them as patriots, every inch of them!"

The sergeant, looking at his list, said proudly:  
"Michael Doolan and Patrick Murphy, sir!"

### He Knew Only One.

A teacher had been telling her class of boys that worms had become so numerous that they destroyed the crops and it was necessary to import the English sparrow to exterminate them. The sparrows multiplied very fast and were driving away our native birds.

Johnny was apparently inattentive, and the teacher, thinking to catch him napping, said:  
"Johnny, which is worse, to have worms or sparrows?"

"Please, I never had the sparrows."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### They Were Agreed.

"Lack of education is a great drawback, Farmer Jones," said the summer boarder.

"Ain't it?" replied the farmer.  
"Why, there's men comes out here who are fifty years old and never saw corn planted."

### Should Leave It to the Lord.

A gentleman residing in a small town recently lost his wife and, in deference to the last wishes of the deceased, the remains were cremated. Bridget Flannigan, a former servant in the family, heard of her old master's trouble and called to console him.  
"Oh, wirra, wirra!" she cried, rocking herself to and fro. "An' yer poor lady is dead! Sure an' it's miserable we all are, for a more blessed soul niver lived."  
"You are very kind to say so, Bridget."

"An' ye had 'em burn her up?"  
"Yes; she was cremated."  
"Och, the saints presarve us! Why didn't ye let the Lord tend to that?"—Lippincott's.

### The Middle Ages.

Ella—I have been reading an article on the chivalry of the middle ages.  
Stella—I think there is something in the idea. I have always found that the middle aged men were more apt to offer me a seat in a street car than the young fellows were.

### Had the Real Thing at Home.

Simeon Ford, the New York humorist, tells of a little girl who constantly carried with her a big wax doll he had given her. Recently there arrived in the household to which the little girl belongs another youngster. During the afternoon following this interesting event Mr. Ford noticed to encounter his little friend on the street. "Why, Marie," said he, "where's your nice doll?" Whereupon the little one elevated her nose to an unwonted angle and said: "I don't have any use for wax dolls now. We've got a real meat baby at our house, and that takes up all my time."

### Perkin Warbeck's Parents.

King Edward asked Prince Edward of Wales what he was studying, and the little prince said, "All about Perkin Warbeck." Asked who Warbeck was, he replied: "He pretended he was the son of a king, but he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents."

### His Fighting List.

Mike sat busily engaged in copying the names of the male population of the immediate vicinity. His good wife, noting the apparent industry of her lord, asked what he was doing.  
"Begorra, an' it's wrothin' the names o' the mia phwat Oi kin lick, so Oi am!" he explained.

A few minutes later the woman put on her shawl and went to Pat O'Leary's humble home, where she informed Pat that she saw his name was on the list.

Without waiting to don his coat, O'Leary sallied forth in search of Mike, who was found still engaged at the list.

"Moike," said Pat in a tone that sounded like the thunders of heaven, "they say as how ye air makin' a list o' the felley's yez kin lick an' that me name's on it!"

"An' so 'tis," retorted Mike.  
"But, rist yer sowl!" exclaimed Pat, shaking his fist close to Mike's proboscis, "yez can't do it!"

"Thin O'll scratch yer name off," said Mike feebly, and he continued adding to the list.

### Not Frightened by the Warning.

"If such a thing occurs again, Marie, I shall have to get another servant," said the lady.  
"I wish you would, madam; there's quite enough work for two of us," was the reply.

### How to Teach Sister to Swim.

F. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, says he overheard a conversation between two Boston youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.  
"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts your left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand!"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

### Evidently His Mother Raised Chickens.

The teacher recited to her pupils "The Landing of the Pilgrims," after which she requested each one to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth rock. One little fellow hesitated and at length raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what is it?"  
"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

### He Didn't Dine.

Mr. Brown had just had a telephone put in connecting his office and house and was very much pleased with it.

"I tell you, Smith," he was saying, "this telephone business is a wonderful thing. I want you to dine with me this evening, and I will notify Mrs. Brown to expect you." Speaking through the telephone—"My friend Smith will dine with us this evening." Then to his friend—"Now, listen and hear how plain her reply comes back." Mrs. Brown's reply came back with startling distinctness: "Ask your friend Smith if he thinks we keep a hotel."

### Watching Plants Grow.

Procure a little collomia seed. Take one of the seeds and with a razor cut off a very thin slice, place it on a slide, cover with a glass and place under the microscope. The instrument must be in a vertical position. When it is well focused and lighted, moisten it with a drop of water. The seed will absorb the moisture and throw out a very large number of spiral fibers, giving the appearance of veritable germination. Beginners will find it easier if one applies the moisture while the other looks through the instrument.—Exchange.

## FRANK ROCKEFELLER.

Brother of John D., Whose Hobby Is Collecting Wild Animals.  
Frank Rockefeller, who denies the authenticity of a recent interview in which he was quoted as calling John D. a monster and other unpleasant names, is the youngest of the three Rockefeller brothers. He is worth several millions, but by no means so wealthy as either of his brothers. Formerly he was interested to some



FRANK ROCKEFELLER.

extent in Standard Oil, but now he has no connection with that business.

Mr. Rockefeller lives near Cleveland. He has a country place on the lake several miles out of the city called Lakeland. His chief hobby is the collection of wild animals. On his place he has a large assortment of wild live stock, including bears, elk, buffalo, antelope and other interesting beasts.

"Next to my family," he once remarked, "I love animals more than anything else in the world, and by simply having fun with them I have found out a good many things and learned a good many lessons that I never could have learned otherwise."

In Kansas and Texas Mr. Rockefeller owns large ranches. His Kansas ranch, comprising more than 14,000 acres, is one of the largest in the world.

Mr. Rockefeller has three daughters. He spends much of his time traveling. During the five or six months of each year which he spends at Cleveland he goes daily to his office and works from six to eight hours. It is assumed that he is estranged from John D. Rockefeller because of business dealings in which the younger man was worsted.

## SHUMAKER AND HUSTON.

Men Mentioned in Connection With Pennsylvania's Capitol Scandal.

Criminal prosecutions are expected shortly in Pennsylvania in connection with the great graft scandal in relation to the building of the new state capitol. The investigating committee which probed the affair has made its report. Following this report James M. Shumaker, who as superintendent of public buildings and grounds was conspicuous in the construction of the capitol, makes a statement in which he promises to spring a sensation.

Shumaker declares that he is innocent of wrongdoing, but that he knows a great deal about the big graft and will go on the witness stand and tell everything. A certain man high in official life at Harrisburg, he says,



JAMES M. SHUMAKER AND JOSEPH M. HUSTON.

should be in the penitentiary. Shumaker also states that the grafting was to cover a shortage in the state treasury, thereby saving the reputation of a former United States senator from Pennsylvania, who is now dead.

Another man who had much to do with the construction of the new capitol is Joseph M. Huston, who was the architect of the building.

Public interest in the matter is considerably enhanced by the committee report and by the Shumaker statement.

## A "CURE" FOR CUSSING.

The Penitent Scotsman Found His Load a Heavy One.

A clergyman in Scotland observed with much perturbation that a member of his congregation was greatly given to the use of strong language. Over and over again he remonstrated with the man to give up the bad habit. In time the man himself came to see the error of his ways, and desired no less earnestly to break himself of the use of bad language. The difficulty, however, was to find a method of doing so. One day the clergyman hit upon a happy thought.

"Get a bag," he said to the man, "and every time you swear put a pebble into it. At the end of the month you will bring that bag to me. I will count the pebbles and see what the effect has been."

The man accepted the idea with alacrity. He got a bag, and, religiously, every time he swore what Mr. Gilbert in the "Pinafore" calls a "big, big D," he duly put a pebble into it. At the end of the month he went to the clergyman, taking the bag with him. It was not an easy task, for, as any one might see, the bag was very full and very heavy. He went into the clergyman's study and put the bag on the table.

The minister looked up with a serious expression. "This is very serious, my friend. I am sorry to see you have so many pebbles in the bag."

"Hoot, minister!" exclaimed the man cheerfully; "this is only the 'devil's'—the 'damns' are all at the dike side in another bag. They were over heavy to bring up!"—Excelsior.

## A CLEVER TRICK.

The Way Lord Cockrane Once Won an English Election.

When Lord Cockrane was a candidate for parliament in Honiton he refused to give any bribes. As his opponent gave 45 a head, Lord Cockrane suffered defeat. The latter, however, sent the bellman round the town announcing that all those who had voted for Lord Cockrane would receive 10 guineas apiece if they called on his agent. In those preballot days of course it was known how each man voted, and the happy minority marched off to the agent, each getting his 10 guineas. Naturally enough, the majority began to think they had made a mistake, and they resolved to rectify that mistake at the first possible moment. In due course an opportunity came. There was another election, Lord Cockrane stood again, and the voters, remembering his lavish methods, asked him no questions, but returned him with a roaring majority. Then they conveyed a delicate hint to the noble lord asking what he proposed to give them for this distinguished service. "Not one farthing!" roared his lordship. The unhappy men reminded him that he had paid 10 guineas a head to the minority at the previous election. A complacent grin brightened the face of the member as he gave this explanation: "The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribe of 15 from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles."

### Identified.

Tommy made himself the hero of a story, which the Boston Record prints, when he called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribbons and it made him sick."

Aunt Ethel was puzzled. "I know of no such story," she said, after searching her memory vainly.

Nothing she could suggest answered the description. Tommy cannot read, but he thought he could find the book. He found it. They read one thing after another, until in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas" Tommy gave a whoop of glee. Aunt Ethel was reading:

"He rushed to the window and threw up the sash."  
"That's it! That's it!" cried Tommy. "You see, it's just as I told you!"

### A Dutch Ironclad.

It is of interest to note that, according to some authorities, the Dutch were the first in the modern period of history to build an ironclad and that during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585 the people of that city built an enormous flat bottomed vessel, armored it with heavy iron plates and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery. This they named Finis Belli. Unfortunately the vessel got aground before coming into action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was held by Alexander of Parma to the end of the siege as a curiosity, but was never employed by either side in any action.

### A Handy Measure.

If you have a pint jug and wish to measure off half a pint with tolerable accuracy it is useless to try and do so by guessing when the jug is half full. A better way is to tilt the jug until the contents just reach to the upper end of the bottom of the vessel and just touch the lip at the lower end of the mouth. In this way the space in the pint jug is practically cut into two equal portions, each half representing the space taken by half a pint.—London Graphic.

### Man Is Wiser.

Gerryman (at the mirror)—Put a monkey before a looking glass, they say, and he will look behind it. Miss Sharpe—But a man knows better. He knows he won't find anything funnier than the face he sees before him.—Boston Transcript.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—Lavater.

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