

Time Card	
McCook, Neb.	
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:	
No. 6..... (Central Time) .....	11:40 P. M.
16..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	2:30 A. M.
2..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	5:50 A. M.
12 arr. 6:15 p.m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	7:00 A. M.
14..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	9:42 P. M.
10..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	6:50 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:	
No. 1..... (Mountain Time) .....	1:20 P. M.
3..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	11:42 P. M.
5 arr. 8:50 p.m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	9:30 A. M.
13..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	9:05 A. M.
15..... " " " " " " " " " " " "	12:30 A. M.
9 arr. 7:50 a.m. " " " " " " " " " " " "	7:00 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 135 arrives. (Mountain Time) .....	4:20 P. M.
No. 135 departs. " " " " " " " " " " " "	1:30 A. M.

**RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.**

J. O. McArthur, foreman of the boiler department, was a Lincoln-Havelock business visitor, Saturday.

Dave Booth, C. F. Sexton, Kirby Irwin and C. H. Nash were given conductors' outfit, first of the week.

The stock pickup west was run on Tuesday instead of Wednesday, this week, account of no market, Thanksgiving.

One of Fenney's crews is preparing to move the dept at Cambridge across the track north and about two hundred feet west of where it now stands.

Locomotive No. 2046 exploded at First and A streets, Lincoln, last Thursday afternoon, killing Fireman C.R. Mescham and badly injuring Engineer George A. Pierce and brakeman M. H. Upton. Lack of water in the boiler is ascribed as the probable cause of the explosion. This is the first explosion of an engine on the Burlington system in over forty years, according to Sup't Bignell.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works has just completed for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway the most powerful passenger locomotive now in use. Apart from it tender this locomotive weighs 376,450 pounds, and is 65 feet long. The tender carries 12,000 gallons of water and 4,000 gallons of oil, which will be used as fuel. The length of the locomotive and tender is 105 feet. The tractive power of the locomotive is 53,000 pounds. There are five pairs of driving wheels, 73 inches in diameter, working in sets of two, the locomotive being of the Mallet articulated type. The locomotive is the first for passenger service to be built of this type, and is the first to combine feed water, heater, superheater, and reheater in one machine. Its firebox is built on an entirely new plan which eliminates staybolts.

Harry Murphy is a new machinist, this week.

New tires were fitted onto the 2012 and 1758, this week.

A train of fifty Denver and Rio Grande flat cars passed through the yard, Tuesday.

During the trying rush times the dispatchers are given occasional day layoffs to recuperate from the strain.

The Thanksgiving bulletin discontinued work in the locomotive and repair track service as far as possible.

Dispatcher Tom Campbell enjoyed a vacation, Monday, which he happily utilized in celebrating his 28th wedding anniversary.

J. P. Snyder, alias "Put," left for McCook last night, where he expects to work for our friend, Jimmy Hill—Arapahoe Pioneer.

The big viaduct is fast approaching completion. A pang of men was placed on the final grading at the north approach, yesterday.

Engineer Martin Scott of Brush, Colo., has been advanced to passenger run and after December 1st his headquarters will be in Denver.

Engineer George A. Pierce, who was terribly injured in the engine boiler explosion in Lincoln, last week, Thursday, died on Saturday, and was buried in Wyuka cemetery of that city on Tuesday of this week.

The funeral of Jacob Lebsack, who was killed last Friday in the Burlington yards, was one of the largest held this fall. Over a thousand of his friends and neighbors turned out to do his memory honor.—Lincoln Journal.

Orders have been received to install two new up-to-date drop-pits in roundhouse here. They will provide for the dropping of wheels and allow of their removal to the backshop for work. The present ones only provide for dropping the wheels.

Wednesday afternoon Amelia, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Benning, who reside on the Latta ranch east of town, was married to Mr. Earl Newkirk of McCook, at the home of the groom's parents and left Thursday morning for a trip to Denver, and other western points.—Cubbertson Banner, 19th.

The tool-room of the McCook backshop is the best on the line west of the Havelock shops, and the backshop is second to none west of the big shops. Still Foreman Langston insists upon orderly arrangement and more logical lining up all the time. While the shop was shut down, today, some of the machines were overhauled and rearranged.

**How Sugar Melts.**

If we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of tea we find it takes a considerable time to melt if allowed to remain at the bottom of the vessel, but if we hold it up in the spoon near the surface of the liquid it dissolves much more rapidly. This is owing to the sugar as it melts rendering the portion of the tea containing it heavier. The sweetened part, therefore, descends, leaving the sugar constantly in contact with unsweetened or only partially sweetened tea—in fact, a continual circulation of fluid is promoted until the whole is dissolved. When the sugar is placed or permitted to lie at the bottom of the cup it dissolves until the layer of fluid next it is thoroughly sweetened or saturated, when it practically ceases to dissolve any further. The sweetened and heavier stratum above it acting for a considerable time until the law of diffusion comes gradually into play, like an impervious covering, in keeping back the lighter, unsweetened fluid above; hence the reason also why stirring, in breaking up the saturated layer and allowing access to the unsweetened portion, is so effectual in bringing about the uniform sweetening of tea. Life is not infrequently sweetened by the same stirring up process.

**The Family Pair.**

The wriggly stillness of the study period was broken by a slamming door, and a thin boy in dirty, ragged clothes slouched across the room. Halfway to the teacher's desk he drawled, "Pa wants that you should let Jim go home right now." As Miss Davis looked a little doubtful, he added, "He kin come back right away."

The permission given, the two badly soiled, half starved sons of the most shiftless family in the district stuffled down the stairs. Very shortly Jim returned, wearing a pleased and important smile on his pathetic little face.

"I come as soon's I could. Pa's brother's dyin' to Poplar," he announced cheerfully. "That's why pa wanted me."

"But you weren't gone long; you didn't stay home. I can't see why you went at all," answered the bewildered Miss Davis.

"Why, pa's goin'," explained Jim.

"Yes, but what has that to do with you?" asked the teacher.

"Pa had to have his suspenders," was Jim's matter of fact reply.—Exchange.

**The Power of Snails.**

One day by way of experiment I harnessed two common garden snails to a toy gun carriage to see if they could pull it along, says a writer in a London magazine. Although the gun carriage was a heavy leaden one, the snails pulled it so easily that I loaded the body of the carriage with small shot. The snails, however, were more than equal to the task. Anxious to test their powers still further, I attached a toy cannon (made of lead and brass) behind the gun carriage, but the snails and their additional load moved on once again with the same apparent ease. Out of curiosity I decided to weigh the cannon, gun carriage and shot and to my great surprise found the total weight to be almost one pound. I venture to think this a very good load for two snails to manage.

**The Frying Pan.**

"People are always decrying the frying pan," said an experienced cook, "but the thing they refer to—cooking meat, etc., in a shallow pan with butter as fat—isn't really frying it; it is sauteing. The real frying pan is a deep kettle filled with hot clear lard or olive oil. In this the food—doughnut, croquette or whatever it may be—is immersed just long enough to make it crisp and brown on the outside and feathery and light on the inside. Food cooked in this way is entirely digestible if properly made. But so many cooks make the mistake of putting too much shortening in the mixture to be fried, and the fat inside, combining with the fat outside, prevents the formation of the crisp crust and makes the food soggy."

**Meanness to a Blind Man.**

A man with dark glasses over his eyes touched the conductor on the shoulder as the car neared Euclid avenue and East Fifty-fifth street.

"Pardon me," the man said, "but if you're the conductor I want to ask a favor. I'm blind, and I want you to lead me over to the curb when the car stops, if you'll be so good."

"Not that I minded the little bother of doin' that for him," remarked the conductor when he got back on his car, "but 'tain't right to let a blind man go around all alone like that at night trying to find his way around in the dark."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**His Idea of Economy.**

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it, what do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Up and Down.**

Mistress—Here's the man for that clock to be repaired. Get it for him. Nora—And, shure, where is it? Mistress—Upstairs, of course. Nora—Faith, an' I thought it had run down!—New York Press.

**She Was Willing.**

Man—Well, it's just this way: if I buy you a new coat I'll have to wear my old one another season. Wife—You sweet, generous thing, you!

None but the ill bred ridicule the peculiarities of others.

**Gladdening a Humorist.**

The financial burden which Mark Twain carried some years ago weighed in his mind heavily. In those moments of despondency there was one faithful friend who could make the humorist forget his troubles. This was Dan Beard, the artist who illustrated some of Twain's books.

"Dan Beard, there is no tonic that can equal the company of a cheerful man," said the humorist as he entered the artist's studio.

"Ah, but I have such a pleasant subject to work upon that I am not in need of either man or tonic for my cheerfulness," retorted the artist.

"Beg pardon; it is I that need the tonic, and that is why I am here," said Twain forlornly.

"Then allow me to prescribe a dose of your own medicine." And Mark was handed a copy of his book which Beard had been studying.

"I thank you," replied the humorist. "It took me a year to get that medicine out of my system, and I do not propose to imbibe it again."

A discussion of the book was followed by a hearty dinner, and Twain left his friend, having received the cheer that he needed.

**The Alligator's Tongue.**

On one occasion when traveling along the west coast of Africa with an old skipper who had known many missionaries, but "did not see the use of them," Bishop Taylor-Smith was obliged to endure a string of taunting questions, such as "What was the good of spouting at Exeter hall?" and "What did missionaries know, anyway?"

At last the bishop could stand it no longer. Turning to the skipper, he said: "I know you are an expert. Can you tell me the length of an alligator's tongue?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but it depends on the length of the alligator."

"Very well, then; given an alligator fifteen feet long, what would be the length of its tongue?"

"Three feet," was the answer.

But the bishop, who had kept alligators and watched their ways, knew better. "It is evident that you are an authority on the west coast of Africa," he said, "but it is also evident that some people see more in ten minutes than others in twenty years. Let me tell you that an alligator has no tongue."

**Declined the Job.**

A writer of cheap fiction relates a trick played on him by a collaborator in the days when dime novels were longer than they are now, and the compensation made it worth while for two men to write one story between them. After his partner had finished the first chapter of their initial collaboration it was handed over with the following announcement:

"There, I've just thrown the hero over a thousand foot cliff and told the reader that nothing could prevent the lad from falling to death on the rocks below. It is up to you to save the boy."

The other writer said nothing, but sat down and wrote furiously for an hour. Then he quietly handed the manuscript back. A glance at the second chapter showed the funny man that his friend had completely ignored the events in the first part of the story. Introduced a new set of characters and left the hero still hanging over the cliff, waiting to be rescued by his creator.—New York Sun.

**Poetry Didn't Save Them.**

A New York prisoner accused of drunkenness who pleaded his case in rhyme before a magistrate got a sentence of six months on "the island," for, as the judge remarked, his "jaz" was bad enough, but his poetry was worse. Over in London a "plain drunk" put forth this:

I've been drinking wine that is drawn from the wood;  
No bottle rubbish, but sparkling and good.  
But it got in my head, so my friends all explain  
That the wine has gone back to the wood once again.

The effusion and the celebration cost him 10 shillings.—New York Tribune.

**College Sentiment.**

Dr. Blank, about twenty years a professor in a certain college, was on the eve of a trip to Europe, to be absent two years. In pathetic and rather harrowing tones he made his farewell address to his class:

"Yes, I am about to part with you. This is more than distressing to me. Would that there was a window in my breast, my dear boys, that you might see the innermost recesses of my heart."

A stripling in the rear, seized with a happy thought, shouted:

"Professor, would a pane in the stomach do?"—Lippincott's.

**Unusual Luck.**

"So you've rented that haunted house which was on your hands so long?"

"Yes; rented it to an actor."

"Did he find out its reputation?"

"That's the very thing which decided him to take the house."

"Rather surprising?"

"He said it would be such a comfort for him to get inside of a house where the ghost walked every night."—Baltimore American.

**Mrs. Malaprop.**

"You mustn't think you ought to run around barefooted, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsling chidingly, "just because Bobby Stapleford does. He's no centurion to go by."—Cassell's Journal.

**Engagement Broken.**

Merchant—I have had hard luck—lost all my money. Suitor—Surely you would not wish to lose your daughter also.—Flegende Blatter.



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