

**RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.**

Conductor Marshall and family have returned to their former home in St. Joseph, Mo.

Machinist and Mrs. J. W. Chase arrived home, close of last week, from an absence of two or three months on the Pacific coast and in the northwest.

Steve Whitlock is assisting Kubick in the roundhouse at Republican City.

Fred Lanberg, a former Burlington employe here, died on last Friday, from injuries received a few days previous in the Burlington shops in Denver. He was struck on the back of the head by part of the cable or attachment while a dead engine was being drawn into the shops. Fred was highly regarded by all who knew him here and his estimable young wife has tenderest sympathy in her husband's tragic death.

Machinist and Mrs. George Enoch are home from their visit.

Passenger trains No. 2 and 16 were about six hours late Tuesday on account of a head-on collision at Bijou, Colorado, Tuesday morning between No. 77, the west-bound fast freight and No. 76, running as an extra. Conductor Sam Cawthra was injured slightly and several cars were demolished.

The engine for train 12, this morning, ran into an extra baggage intended to go into the train, damaging the car and engine both slightly, and delaying the train about an hour. No one hurt.

**The Brain is Very Adaptable.**

Each vocation makes a different call upon the brain and develops faculties and qualities peculiar to itself, so that as the various professions, trades and specialties multiply the brain takes on new adaptive qualities, thus giving greater variety and strength to civilization as a mass, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

When the world was young the brain of man was very primitive, because the demand upon it was largely for self protection and the acquisition of food, which called only for the development of its lower, its animal part. As civilization advanced, however, there was a higher call upon the brain and a more varied development until today, in the highest civilization, it has become exceedingly complex.

**Only Two Kinds.**

Little Lawrence's grandfather was very ill, and a trained nurse had been employed to care for him. When he became convalescent a young woman who had studied in a hospital for a short time was secured in her place. A sympathetic neighbor meeting Lawrence, the following conversation took place:

"How is your dear grandpa this morning, Lawrence?"

"He is better."

"Have you the trained nurse still?"

"No; the trained nurse has gone away, and the one we have now is half trained and half wild."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Feminine.**

"What is Mrs. Green crying for?"

"Mrs. Watson snubbed her in the street car."

"But Mrs. Green doesn't speak to Mrs. Watson anyhow."

"I know, but she's crying because she didn't see Mrs. Watson in time to snub her first."—Detroit Free Press.

**Hotel Was Crowded.**

"If you remember I slept in this hotel last night on a pool table."

"I remember," said the clerk.

"Well, did you find a set of false teeth in the corner pocket?"—Pittsburg Post.

**In the Airship.**

"Conductor."

"Yes, madam."

"Let me off at that pretty cloud."—Woman's Home Companion.

Purposelessness is the fruitful mother of crime.—Parkhurst.

**A Sartorial Freak.**

Food is "chow" in the east, meals are "tiffin," and an I. O. U. is a "chit." China and India making these additions to dietetic nomenclature.

The most shocking sartorial thing visible in the east is the dinner jacket of white duck affected by the British and, alas, by some expatriated Americans. It is cut very short, barely reaching the suspender buttons, and flares widely in front. High collar and black tie complete the abominable combination. Yet no Briton can eat his evening meal without being thus garbed. White duck "pants," of course, cover the unmentionables. The white suits of Mark Twain and Frank Vanderlip which once excited New York are outdone and quite as a matter of course.—New York World.

**Barrett Wendell's Pun.**

When Professor Wendell of Harvard entered upon his Sabbatical year he remained in Cambridge some weeks after his leave of absence began and persisted in taking part in the departmental meeting. The head of the department protested.

"Sir," said he, "you are officially absent. You are non est."

"Oh, very well," replied Professor Wendell; "a non est man is the noblest work of God."—Success Magazine.

**A Matter of Choice.**

An old darky servant devoted to General Jackson waited on him in the general's last hours. Right after the general's death a preacher asked Rastus if he thought Jackson would go to heaven.

"I doan' know, boss, ef 'e'll go foah sure, but he can ef he wants to," replied the darky.—Independent.

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**SHE FOUND OUT**

Evangeline's mother was irritated, and justly so. For what can be more annoying than not to know the matrimonial intentions of one's own child?

Evangeline's mother would have given a great deal to know whether her daughter really cared anything about Ross Everts and whether she intended to marry him. That he intended to marry Evangeline was clear, but, of course, that was a different matter. A mother hates to give up her child, but even the most affectionate mother cannot be blind to such a combination of family, looks, position and wealth as Ross Everts when thrown at a daughter's feet and tacitly begging to be picked up and accepted. While Evangeline seemed recklessly indifferent to her luck her mother, being older, was not.

"Any other man in Ross' place," said Evangeline's mother, severely, "would have been mortally offended long ago at the way you've treated him and would have walked off and never come back, and you know it!"

"Pooh! It's good for him!" declared Evangeline, lightly. "He improves with every snubbing."

"You'll snub him once too often!" said her mother.

"I don't care," returned the daughter.

"Evangeline, you'll drive me distracted!" lamented her mother. "How can you be so blind to your own interests! You'll get married some day, of course—and let me tell you that you'll never get a chance like Ross Everts again! Why, any girl might be proud to have him to show a preference for her!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Evangeline, indifferently. Then she yawned.

"He has the finest eyes!" went on her mother in an aggrieved tone. "And he is so thoughtful!"

"Is he?" inquired Evangeline, absently.

"Look at the lovely things he has done for you!" said her mother. "I should think that would touch you! Right on top of his giving you a dinner and theater party you forget an engagement with him and go away with Ted White, who doesn't amount to a row of pins! I'm surprised that Ross Everts ever came to see you again!"

"Well," remarked Evangeline, "I could have managed to exist if he hadn't! He isn't exactly the light of the world to me! There are lots of interesting people on earth besides Ross Everts. You certainly have been hypnotized by him, mother!"

"I think," said her parent, with dignity, "that I have sense enough, if you haven't, to appreciate a fine young man when I see him! Don't you really like him, Evangeline?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned her daughter. "Sometimes you get tired of so much devotion."

"Tired of Ross Everts!" cried the mother, throwing up her hands to heaven. "I wish some of the girls who are so crazy about him could hear you say that! They'd be certain that you were putting it on!"

"I'm not!" declared Evangeline. "He just doesn't appeal to me. I don't see that he is a bit different or better than half a dozen others."

"I don't understand you in the least, Evangeline," her mother returned. "Still, it's your own affair. If you don't like him you don't—though I must say I can't see why you let him come around so much if he bores you! Maybe you're right, though—we can't all see things the same way. It really isn't so much his looks, it's just his expression. When you come down to it his eyes are more green than hazel."

"Why, how you talk!" cried her daughter. "Ross has splendid eyes. Green? Absurd! Even if I don't care about him I guess I know his eyes are as brown as—brown!"

"Well," said her mother, "all right. But possibly his having such an income won't be the best thing for him. Money has ruined many a young man. He may take to drink or to gambling in stocks or something equally—"

"Mother, I'm surprised at you," broke in Evangeline. "You certainly haven't observed him much not to know that Ross Everts has the strongest sort of a character and simply could do nothing underhanded or small or foolish!"

"As for his being so devoted," commented her mother, "you can't always tell. I wasn't going to speak about it, but while you were away he was running around all the time with Mabel Todd and people said—"

"I simply don't believe it!" cried Evangeline, getting to her feet. "Why, he wrote me that he was lonesome and spent all his evenings at home thinking of me. Anyhow, if you want to believe such stories you may, but I won't! I guess I know Ross Everts and I guess I know he's the finest, most trustworthy person that ever lived, and I'm not going to hear mean things said about him—"

"That's all right, Evangeline," said her mother, beaming. "Maybe I was mistaken about Mabel Todd. In fact, I am sure I am, because I just thought of it on the spur of the moment. I just wanted to find out something that you wouldn't tell me—and I have!"

"Find out something!" stammered Evangeline. "I'd like to know what!"

The man who marries happily may be said to be transported for life.



**CHRISTMAS IS COMING**

Are you ready for Christmas?

You know now crowded our store will be.

Our salespeople can give better attention to your Christmas needs now than later.

Our stock of winter clothing, party dresses and things for presents, is now unbroken. Shop this week; you will have a larger line to select from.

Our store has become the "Christmas Store" of this city, because we do not believe in making long profits on short-lived Christmas goods, but in selling them at low prices and selling lots of them.

**C. L. DeGross & Co.**  
McCook, Nebraska

**MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.**

A. G. Bump will be with the Toras party.

Frank Wilson is home from Castleton, Kansas.

Mrs. William Richardson and daughter were city visitors, midweek.

Miss Pearl Rogers is visiting in diabolical friends, part of this week.

M. E. Graham of Danbury had business in the county's capital city Saturday.

Mrs. W. F. Everist left, last week for Colorado, to join her husband in the San Luis valley.

J. E. Corey, William Neill and Mr. Garrett have gone to Texas to be present at land drawing.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pence were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cahoon of Cambridge, Sunday.

M. O. McClure expects to leave first of next week, for Texas, to be absent two or three weeks.

L. R. Hileman was down from Denver, Monday, on a business trip, returning west on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davis returned home, midweek, from their visit. He is rapidly recovering his usual health.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stokes entertained a company at cards, last evening, serving a seven-o'clock dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelso went up to Wauweta, last week, on a visit and to look after some business matters.

Miss Maggie Thompson of Virginia, Illinois, is in the city on a visit to her cousin Engineer Steve Finn, and wife.

W. M. Lewis lost a fine two-year-old colt, a few days since, it is thought from eating too much corn stalk feed.

J. E. Molund departed, Tuesday night, for Texas, to be absent all winter if the country looks good enough to him.

Mrs. Mima M. V. Ramseur, nee Richardson, was in the city, her former home, yesterday, with her mother, on business.

Miss Bessie Everist arrived from Colorado, close of last week, and will be the guest of her sister Mrs. L. C. Stoll for some time.

J. H. Moore of Victoria, British Columbia, arrived in the city, Tuesday morning, on a visit to McCook relatives and on business.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Snider of Ogallala, Nebraska, arrived in the city, Tuesday noon on No. 1, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher. Mrs. Snider is a sister of Mr. Fisher.

Mrs. J. H. Moore accompanies her husband on his visit in the city. They are on their way to Victoria, British Columbia, after an absence of several weeks in New York city and other points in the east.

Little Dorothy Perkins had a birthday day, last Saturday, as little girls often have, and invited an even dozen little girls to celebrate the event with her. It was her fifth birthday and there was nothing lacking of a fine time.

Mrs. L. E. Handford, of McCook, visited several days this week at the Virgil Hardy home. \* \* \* Miss Leta Kaily, of McCook, spent Thanksgiving day with friends in Akron and attended the ball in the evening.—Akron Pioneer.

Genial and mystical Bob French, grand custodian of Nebraska Masons, held a school of instruction in McCook, Monday afternoon and night, to the usual profit of the craft. Bob is ever a most welcome visitor to Masons, here and statewide. With his instruction there is always enough entertainment to relieve any situation. Many more years to his useful life.

**The Unemployed.**

The legislation of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abounds in bills concerning the unemployed. In the reign of Edward VI. several laws were passed against "idlers"—most of them such because they could get nothing to do. In the reign of Henry VIII. the kingdom was infested with "rogues," "vagrabonds" and "idle persons," and it is said that during Henry's reign more than 70,000 of this unfortunate class were hanged.

Subscribe for The Tribune.

**FOR SALE, FOR RENT, ETC.**

For Rent—Steam heated rooms on Main ave. Phone black 133.

FOR RENT—Dwelling house. Phone cellar 983 or 25.—tf.

FOR RENT—Furnished room with light, heat and bath. Phone red 345.

FOR SALE—Wheat and barley straw and cane hay. Dave Deveny. Phone cherry 1651.

FOR SALE—My residence at 601 4th street E. Address J. S. Williams or phone black 189.—tf.

FOR RENT OR SALE—4 room house. Small sum down and balance on monthly payments. Inquire of Mrs. Julia Yager, West McCook.

LOST—Between depot and post-office, a bunch of keys. Will find or kindly leave them at the train master's office?

FOR RENT—Four unfurnished rooms, 1002 2nd street east. Mrs. S. A. Howell.—12-1-tf.

SPECIAL—Are you wanting a set of dishes for Christmas. Ludwig will give you a big discount.

FOR SALE—Desirable residence property. E. Benjamin.

**Next Best Thing.**

"Say, Mayme, did you ever have any turtle soup?" asked a rawboned youth of the girl beside him.

"No," admitted the maiden; "but," added she, with the conscious dignity of one who has not been lacking in social experience, "I've been where it was."—Lippincott's.

**The Wherefore.**

"Why are you so sore on your congressman?"

"When we called on him in Washington last session he made a speech to us instead of taking us out to lunch."—Kansas City Journal.

**High Praise.**

Frost—Are the descriptions of scenery in Bestseller's novel good? Snow—Great! The best I ever skipped.—Harper's Bazar.

**Force of Association.**

"How frigid that girl's manner is!"

"No wonder. She is the daughter of a millionaire iceman."—Baltimore American.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln.

**With Due Care.**

Dignity is a very proper sort of thing, but don't put on too much of it or you may be taken for the butler.—Lippincott's.

Constancy of purpose is certainly one of the secrets of success.

**The Model Shoe Store**

The **3** Hannan Florsheim Barry Best for Men

**Our Shoes** fit, wear and give satisfaction

Shoe Repairing a Specialty  
Fisher & Perkins. New Morris Bldg.

**Piano Tuning.**

Lewis Ludwig will be in the city during the holiday vacation and will be pleased to do your piano tuning at that time. Phone your orders to black 344 or to 89.

**And Not Much of Either.**

The only trouble about the love letters of the idle rich is that they express as much love as they do intelligence, and as much intelligence as they do love.

**Regrettable, Don'tcherknow?**

"The exchange editors make me tired," exclaimed the self-worshipping poet. "Here they are crediting a poem of mine to some fellow named Byron."

**Wall Street Methods.**

Church—"I see there is record of wheat growing in China as far back as 3,000 B. C." Gotham—"Can't just tell the record of wheat selling which never grew, I suppose?"—Yonkers Statesman.

**Bow, Wow!**

"I never sausage a dog. It's the wurst."—Life.

**Crushing.**

"Do you think that actor can sink his personality in his part?" "His acting is heavy enough to sink anything."

**The First Spat.**

She—"If I had known that you would scold I never would have married you." He—"If I had known that you would marry me I would have scolded."—Ulk.

**Rather a Long Life.**

An Arizona woman 116 years old who used tobacco for 110 years is dead. Little girls, beware of her sad fate. It is awful to live too long. Cut out chewing tobacco at the start.

**Another Fling at the Poet.**

"I'm a toiler in life's vineyard," wrote a Buffalo poet, and the linotype man made it "tallor." Still, this isn't so bad. Most poets would be glad if they could make their own duds.—Exchange.



**Sunday Evening** at the **Congregational Church**  
Sermon--Subject:

**The Eternal Question**

Music by

**The Ladies' Quartette** and Chorus