

**REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES.**

Congregational — Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. The public cordially invited. R. T. BAYNE, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE — Services Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Meets now in the northeast corner of court house basement.

Catholic—Order of services: Mass 8:00 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 8:30. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. WM. J. PATTON, O. M. I.

Methodist—Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m.

LESTER E. LEWIS, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Sunday school at ten o'clock. Morning prayer and sermon at eleven o'clock. Evening prayer and sermon at eight. Choir rehearsal as usual; every member please attend ALFRIC J. R. GOLDSMITH, Rector.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONAL — Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor, Junior C. E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to attend these services.

HENRY KAUEZ, Pastor.

GERMAN EVAN. LUTHERAN—Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

REV. GROTHEER, Pastor.

**THE INTERMISSION**

for all kinds

MAGAZINES AND DAILIES.

Temple Building.

Kansas City Post, 5c. week.

**McCOOK MACHINERY**

**AND IRON WORKS.**

Machine Work

Blacksmithing

Horse Shoeing.

206 1st st. E. Phone red 450.

Terms of District Court 1911.

Chase county: April 24 and November 13.

Dundy County: March 6 and November 20.

Frontier county: March 20 and October 2.

Furnas county: February 20, May 29 and October 23.

Gosper county: January 30 and September 25.

Hayes county: March 13 and September 18.

Hitchcock county: May 1 and November 27.

Red Willow county: February 6, May 15 and October 9.

Robert C. Orr, district judge.

**Foley's Kidney Remedy—An Appreciation.**

L. McConnell, Catherine St., Elmira, N. Y., writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of the great good I derived from Foley's Kidney Remedy, which I used for a bad case of kidney trouble. Five bottles did the work most effectively and proved to me beyond doubt it is the most reliable kidney medicine I have ever taken." A. McMillen.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. Sold by all druggists.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause of anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all druggists.

**Subscribe for The Tribune.**

**Referee's Sale.**

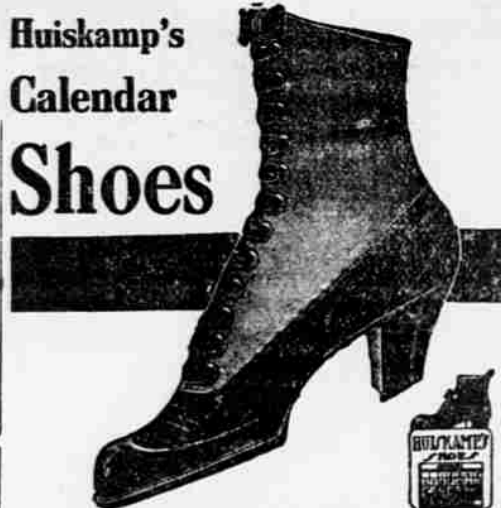
By virtue of an order of sale to me directed by the clerk of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the judgment rendered in said court in the cause wherein Ulysses E. Fox is plaintiff and Harrier E. Burns et al., are defendants, on the 7th day of December, 1910, for the partition and sale of the land hereinafter described, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash on the 14th day of February, 1911, at the front door of the court house in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following land, to-wit: The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-four in township three, north, range twenty-nine west of the 6th P. M., in said county.

Dated this 10th day of January, 1911.

P. S. HEATON, Referee.

Ritchie & Wolff, Attorneys.

First publication Jan. 12—5t.



**Huiskamp's Calendar Shoes**

These shoes represent the newest and best in footwear. Instead of buying \$5 and \$6 shoes get Calendar Shoes at \$3.00 and \$3.50. They are stylish, comfortable, serviceable. They are built to give \$1.50 worth of wear for every \$1.00 you spend. Every pair has a calendar attached. The idea is to mark the day you start to wear Calendar Shoes—when they are worn out you will find that you have had more wear than you ever had from any shoes you ever bought.

**VIERSEN & OSBORN, McCook**

**RESOLUTION.**

A resolution transferring the sum of three hundred dollars from the General Fund to the Cemetery Fund. Be it Resolved By the Mayor and Council of the City of McCook, Nebraska.

Sec. 1. That there be and hereby is transferred from the General Fund to the Cemetery Fund, the sum of Three Hundred Dollars.

Sec. 2. This resolution shall take effect and be in force from and after its adoption, approval and publication according to law.

Adopted and approved this 23rd day January, 1911.

Attest: ED HUBER, Mayor.

H. W. CONOVER, City Clerk. (Seal.)

**Foley Kidney Pills.**

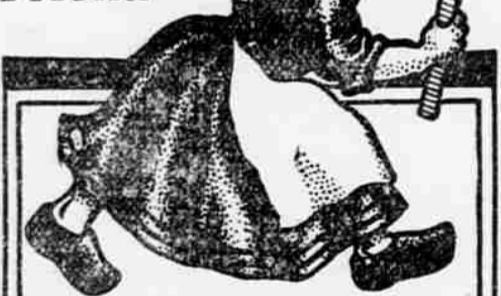
Are tonic in action, quick in results. A special medicine for all kidney and bladder disorders. Mary C. Abbott, Wolfboro, N. H., says: "I was afflicted with a bad case of rheumatism, due to uric acid that my kidneys failed to clear out of my blood. I was so lame in my feet joints, and back that it was agony for me to step. I used Foley Kidney Pills for three days when I was able to get up and move about and the pains were all gone. This great change in condition I owe to Foley Kidney Pills and recommend them to anyone suffering as I have." A. McMillen.

Constipation is the cause of many ailments and disorders that make life miserable. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, keep your bowels regular and you will avoid these diseases. For sale by all druggists.

Something special? The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer and this paper \$1.25 for one year. Ask us what it means.

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**The Farmer's Wife's Best Friend**



**Old Dutch Cleanser**

Does all the cleaning about the house and farm, and keeps everything spick and span for 10c a month—just try it.

The farmer's wife has a ready help in this handy, all-round cleanser that will save her much labor and time. It does the work of all old-fashioned cleansers—easier, quicker, better

**Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes**

Pots, Pans, Kettles, Milk Pails, Separators, etc.

**The Best Way—**

To clean woodenware, tables, pantry shelves, etc., etc. Wet the article, sprinkle with Old Dutch Cleanser and rub with wet cloth or brush; wipe up with clean water; wring cloth tightly and wipe dry. It cleans clean and is hygienic, no caustic or acids—avoid them



10c LARGE SIFTER CAN

**KILLING A MUTINY**

**Dramatic Incident in the Early History of Our Navy.**

**THE PLOT ON THE OLD ESSEX**

Commodore Porter Got Wind of the Conspiracy Just as It Was Ripe, and His Prompt and Drastic Action Cowled the Crew and Saved the Ship.

There has never been a fleet mutiny or a squadron mutiny in the United States navy. The most notorious case in the naval history of this country was the conspiracy to mutiny on the brig of war Somers, which was discovered before it came to a head and resulted in the execution at sea of Philip Spencer, midshipman, son of the then secretary of war, and one petty officer and one seaman.

Another famous case was the one in which Commodore Porter acted with such vigor and promptitude that he completely crushed the rebellious spirit that had manifested itself and saved his ship.

When Commodore Porter was in command of the Essex in the early history of our navy there was an attempted mutiny on board. Here is an account of how it was suppressed which is vouched for as authentic: "While the Essex was lying at the Marquesas islands, recruiting and refreshing her crew from one of the long and arduous cruises in the Pacific, Commodore Porter was informed through a servant of one of the officers that a mutiny had been planned and was on the eve of consummation; that it was the intention of the mutineers to rise upon the officers, take possession of the ship and after having remained as long as they found agreeable at the island to hoist the black flag and 'cruise on their own account.'"

"Having satisfied himself of the truth of the information, Commodore Porter ascended to the quarterdeck and ordered all the crew to be summoned aft. Waiting until the last man had come from below, he informed them that he understood that a mutiny was on foot and that he had summoned them for the purpose of inquiring into its truth. 'Those men who are in favor of standing by the ship and her officers,' said the commodore, 'will go over to the starboard side; those who are against them will remain where they are.' The crew to a man moved over to the starboard side. The ship was still at the grave. Fixing his eyes on them steadily and sternly for a few moments, the commodore said, 'Robert White, step out.' The man obeyed, standing pale and agitated, guilt stamped on every lineament of his countenance, in front of his comrades.

"The commodore looked at him moment, then, seizing a cutlass from the nearest rack, said in a suppressed voice, but in tones so deep that they rang like a knell upon the ears of the guilty among the crew: 'Villain! You are the ringleader of this mutiny! Jump overboard!' The man dropped on his knees, imploring for mercy, saying that he could not swim. 'Then drown, you scoundrel!' said the commodore, springing toward him to cut him down. 'Overboard instantly!' And the man jumped over the side of the ship. He then turned to the trembling crew and addressed them with much feeling, the tears standing upon his bronzed cheek as he spoke. He asked them what he had done that his ship should be disgraced by a mutiny. He asked whether he had ever dishonored the flag, whether he had ever treated them with other than kindness, whether they had ever been wanting for anything to their comfort that discipline and the rules of the service would allow and that it was in his power to give.

"At the close of his address he said: 'Men, before I came on deck I hid a train to the magazine, and I would have blown all on board into eternity before my ship should have been disgraced by a successful mutiny. I never would have survived the dishonor of my ship. Go to your duty.' The men were much affected by the commodore's address and immediately returned to their duty, showing every sign of contrition.

"But mark the sequel of this mutiny and let those who, in the calm security of their firesides, are so severe upon the course of conduct pursued by officers in such critical situations see how much innocent blood would have been saved if White had been cut down instantly or hanged at the yard arm. As he went overboard he succeeded in reaching a canoe floating at a little distance and paddled ashore. Some few months afterward, when Lieutenant Gamble of the marines was at the islands, in charge of one of the large prizes, short handed and in distress, this same White, at the head of a party of natives, attacked the ship, killed two of the officers and a number of men, and it was with great difficulty that she was prevented from falling into their hands."—New York Post.

Nora Was Wise. "Nora," censured the house butler, "if you must break the missus's vases, why don't you break the cheap ones instead of those expensive imported ones?" "Oh, no," laughed Nora, with a gay flourish of her feather duster. "If I broke the cheap ones she would take them out of my wages."—Chicago News.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—Chesterfield.

**RUSIE'S TERRIFIC SPEED.**

His Thunderbolt Delivery Terrorized the Batters.

A veteran ball player who has batted against nearly all of the noted pitchers in the last twenty years named Amos Rusie as the universal standard of speed in shooting the ball across the rubber.

"There have been many fast pitchers in baseball, and all of them in their time when they cut loose for fair have baffled the best of hitters with their speed, but you will notice that when fast pitchers are spoken of the one remark is always made, 'Has he the speed that Amos Rusie had?' And, I think, it will be that way forever. As long as great names are remembered or baseball is the nation's game Rusie will remain the champion speed merchant, the one pitcher who could send in the ball faster than any one else that ever lived. When you say 'fast as Rusie' you don't mean it, either; you only wish to show that your favorite pitcher is a very speedy boy.

"Words fail really to describe the speed with which Rusie sent the ball. He was a man of great width, great strength and the ability to put every ounce of his weight into the pitch. Coupled with this he had a set of dazzling curves which were manufactured with the same effort required to produce the speed. Some men can throw a straight ball with great force, but have to slow up in order to develop curves, but Rusie drove in a curved ball with all of his tremendous power.

"Facing Rusie to a timid man was like going into battle must be to an inexperienced soldier. The distance was shorter then. Rusie had the whole box to move around in instead of being chained to a slab, and he simply drove the ball at you with the force of a cannon. I have stood up to all the great pitchers of nearly twenty years, I have seen scores of them come and go, and none of them inspired the terror in a batsman's heart that was put there by the mighty Rusie. The ball was like a white streak tearing past you without time to balance yourself, figure the course of the ball or take aim at it. The fellows with the wide curve might fool you into reaching out and missing them, but you weren't reaching out at Rusie—you simply swung at a white streak as it hurtled past, and if you took a full arm swing the ball was gone and in the catcher's hands before you had half finished the swinging motion.

"The convincing proof of Rusie's terrible speed was this: If any other pitcher hit a man the man swore, limped a moment and went to first. If Rusie hit a man the man retired from the game and sometimes went to the hospital. To be hit by Rusie was worse than to have an ordinary man smash you with a rock."—New York World.

**He Didn't Know Them.**

The late Rev. Horatio Stebbins of San Francisco was a man of large mind and noble powers, but more familiar with the world of intellectual and scholastic interests than with trivial and timely things. His household was blessed with a charming daughter who grew up tall and beautiful, commanding the admiration of all who saw her.

One day a visitor said to the good doctor: "Doctor, your daughter grows more charming day by day. Why, she's a regular Gibson girl."

"Ah, thank you, thank you," replied the doctor in his best manner. When the visitor had gone, turning to his wife the doctor asked, "My dear, who are the Gibsons?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

**A Change For the Better.**

The nine-year-old boy of a Baltimore family who is compelled by his parents to practice daily upon the piano may not be a clever performer, but he has a pretty shrewd notion of the worth of an instrument, as well as a rather mature wit, as is evidenced by an incident in the household not long since.

His father upon returning home from a week's absence heard the lad plugging away at the piano.

"When did you learn that new piece, son?" asked the parent.

"It isn't a new piece, dad," answered the boy. "The piano has been tuned."—Lippincott's.

**She Won.**

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watched a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river.

"Look there, my dear," said he. "Such is life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like the women, are—"

His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. "I know," she said. "The tug does all the toiling and the barges bear all the burden."

**Not So Bad.**

"What's the worst you can say about him?" "He hasn't an honest hair in his head."

"Well, that's bad enough."

"Oh, not so bad as you think. I mean he wears a wig."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**A Dining Hint.**

Fletcher says you should "hold your face down" when you are eating, so that your tongue will hang perpendicularly in your mouth. To do this most comfortably get down on your hands and knees when you eat, explains the Chicago Record-Herald.

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Saud.

**FOUGHT IN THE TREES.**

Curious Duel Between a Pair of Fire Eating Frenchmen.

In the swashbuckling days of the early part of the nineteenth century the dueling hero in France was the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie, whose affairs of honor were almost incessant. One of these is said to have been so ridiculous that it helped to set in motion the current of feeling that has since made dueling so much less honorable than it once was.

It appears that one day there called upon the marquis one Pierrot d'Issac, himself a famous duelist. Now, in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird.

D'Issac struck himself on the chest with emphatic dignity. "Marquis," said he, "I am a Bonapartist and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. It seems to me that there is one bird of us too many."

"I quite agree with you, monsieur," politely replied the marquis, "and my choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees."

Pierrot d'Issac was agreeable to this unique suggestion, and as if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other Blackbird the duel was actually fought from trees. The seconds stood on the ground below.

At a given signal the pistols were fired, and there was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. Pierrot d'Issac came tumbling to the ground "like a ripe chestnut," as one of Sainte-Marie's seconds expressed it, whereupon Merle de Sainte-Marie in a facetious mood began to chirp triumphantly in imitation of the song of the blackbird. D'Issac waited till he had recovered from his wound and then challenged Sainte-Marie for the chirp.

This time there was nothing amusing about the encounter. It was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.—New York Herald.

**FORBES' GREAT FEAT.**

His Newspaper Story of the Last Days of the Commune.

One morning after the siege of Paris, when the city was believed in London to be still in the hands of the commune, Sir John Robinson, manager of the Daily News of London, reached his office to find the late Archibald Forbes lying on the floor asleep, his head on a postoffice directory, while the printers were hard at work on his manuscript, the story of "Paris in Flames," a vivid description of the last days of the commune.

"Forbes had telegraphed from Dover announcing his coming," said Sir John Robinson, "the printers had been waiting, and thus the country heard of those terrible days for the first time."

"London was ablaze with excitement. Bouverie street was impassable through the newsboys shrieking for copies, and in parliament Mr. Gladstone was questioned that afternoon and could only say he hoped the story was exaggerated."

"When Forbes awakened from his slumber amid all this turmoil what a spectacle he was! His face was black with powder, his eyes red and inflamed, his clothes matted with clay and dust. He was a dreadful picture. He had been compelled to assist the communists in defending a triangular space upon which three detachments of the Versailles troops were firing and had actually taught the citizens how to build a barricade."

By aid of dummy dispatches addressed to Lord Granville and the queen Forbes escaped from this threatening triangle and wrote all the way to England, being the solitary passenger on the mail boat.

Must Have Been a Storm Scene. "As perhaps there may be some one who has not heard the story of the Dutch painter, I tell it," says Elihu Vedder in the Atlantic.

"A person calling on this painter heard a most infernal uproar in his studio. Things seemed to be falling and brass plates lying about, and there were loud shouts.

"The servant came to the door in a state of great anxiety and told the visitor at once that the master could not be disturbed.

"I should think he couldn't be much more than he is," said the visitor. "But what under the sun is the matter?" "He is painting a sky."

**A Student of the Drama.**

It was at a performance of "Macbeth," and the three weird sisters had just made their first appearance and chanted their uncanny incantations when a handsomely dressed, intelligent looking woman in the third row turned to her escort and inquired, "What's the idea in having those witches?"—New York Press.

**Deserved to Get It.**

"I want to ask you for a bit of advice," said the insinuating man.

"What is it?" "I want you to put yourself in my place and me in yours and tell me how you would go about it if you wanted to borrow \$10 from me."—Exchange.

**Rays and Raize.**

"Everybody emits rays. An angry man emits violet rays; a contented person emits pinkish rays."

"Sounds interesting. I wonder if my boss would emit a ten dollar raise of salary?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. For sale by all dealers.

Foley's Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. They correct irregularities. A. McMillen.

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DR. HERBERT J. PRATT Registered Graduate Dentist

Office: 212½ Main av., over Mc Connell's drug store. Phones: Office, 160, residence, black 131.

DR. R. J. GUNN Dentist

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