



HEADACHE

is only a symptom—not a disease. So are Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness and the Blues. They all come from an unhealthy state of the menstrual organs. If you suffer from any of these symptoms—if you feel tired and languid in the morning and wish you could lie in bed another hour or two—if there is a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite—if there is pain in the side, back or abdomen—BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR will bring about a sure cure. The doctor may call your trouble some high-sounding Latin name, but never mind the name. The trouble is in the menstrual organs, and Bradfield's Female Regulator will restore you to health and regulate the menses like clockwork.

Sold in druggists for \$1 a bottle. A free illustrated book will be sent to any woman if request be mailed to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

WE WANT AT ONCE

A reliable man to sell our Blue Pennant Brands of Lubricating Oils and Greases and high grade Thresher and Mill Supplies. Will make liberal arrangements and give steady employment to the right man. The Euclid Oil Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The "Bee Hive" for Valentines.

The Deadly Grip. Is again abroad in the land. The air you breathe may be full of its fatal germs. Don't neglect the "Grip" or you will open the door to pneumonia and consumption and invite death. Its sure signs are chills with fever, head aches, dull heavy pains, mucous discharges from the nose, sore throat and never-let-go cough. Don't waste precious time treating this cough with troches, tablets, or poor, cheap syrups. Cure it at once with Dr. King's New Discovery, the infallible remedy for bronchial troubles. It kills the disease germs, heals the lungs and prevents the dreaded after effects from the malady. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at McConnell's.

THE TRIBUNE and Demorest's Family Magazine for \$1.75 a year, strictly in advance.

The Ravages of Grip. That modern scourge, the Grip, poisons the air with its fatal germs, so that no home is safe from its ravages, but multitudes have found a sure protection against this dangerous malady in Dr. King's New Discovery. When you feel a soreness in your bones and muscles, have chills and fever, with sore throat, pain in the back of the head, catarrhal symptoms and a stubborn cough you may know you have the grip, and that you need Dr. King's New Discovery. It will promptly cure the worst cough, heal the inflamed membranes, kill the disease germs and prevent the dreaded after effects of the malady. Price 50c and \$1. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at McConnell's.

A nice new line of vest pocket memorandums at THE TRIBUNE office.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Grip's Ravages Doomed. So much misery and so many deaths have been caused by the grip, that every one should know what a wonderful remedy for this malady is found in Dr. King's New Discovery. That distressing stubborn cough, that inflames your throat, robs you of sleep, weakens your system and paves the way for consumption is quickly stopped by this matchless cure. If you have chills and fever, pain in the back of the head, soreness in bones and muscles, sore throat and that cough that grips your throat like a vice, you need Dr. King's New Discovery to cure your grip, and prevent pneumonia or consumption. Price 50c and \$1.00. Money back if not cured. A trial bottle free at McConnell's.

Tablets and Box Papers. You will find a fine line of tablets and box papers at this office for sale at very reasonable figures and of the best quality.

La grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Shepherd, publisher Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Eldon, Mo. says: "No one will be disappointed in using One Minute Cough Cure for la grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act. A. McMillen.

McConnell's Balsam cures coughs. To insure a happy new year, keep the liver clear and the body vigorous by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and liver troubles. A. McMillen.

THE TRIBUNE will club with any paper you may want. Try it. Are you restless at night, and harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup, it will secure you sound sleep, and effect a prompt and radical cure. Price 25c and 50c at McConnell's.

Box Elder Circuit. Sunday-school at Box Elder church every Sunday at 10 a. m. Church services at 11 a. m. every two weeks dating from Sunday, Dec. 4. Sunday-school at Red Willow school house every Sunday at 2 p. m. Church service at 3 p. m. every two weeks dating from Sunday, Dec. 4. Sunday-school at Garden Prairie appointment every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. every two weeks dating from Dec. 11. Preaching service at Spring Creek at 3 p. m. every two weeks dating from Dec. 11. D. L. MATSON, Pastor.

All kinds of Valentines at the "Bee Hive."

A copy of Uncle Sam's Navy Portfolio for 10c. The series of 12 for \$1. At THE TRIBUNE office.

For La Grippe. Thomas Whitefield & Co., 240 Wabash-av., corner Jackson-st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by L. W. McConnell & Co.

Novelties in Valentines at the "Bee Hive."

McConnell's Balsam cures coughs.

Coughing injures and inflames sore lungs. One Minute Cough Cure loosens the cold, allays coughing and heals quickly. The best cough cure for children. A. McMillen.

TABLER'S BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.
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MAKE American Beauties
CORRECT SHAPES. ARTISTIC EFFECTS.
All Lengths.
NEWEST MODELS. FANCY AND PLAIN.
KALAMAZOO CORSET CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
SOLD BY MRS. M. E. BARGER.

SCALE BOOKS—For sale at THE TRIBUNE office. Best in the market.

Paul Perry, of Columbus, Ga., suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his piles by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heals injuries and skin diseases like magic. A. McMillen.

McMillen's Cream Lotion.

These are dangerous times for the health. Croup, colds and throat troubles lead rapidly to consumption. A bottle of One Minute Cough Cure used at the right time will preserve life, health and a large amount of money. Pleasant to take; children like it. A. McMillen.



DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve
Cures Piles, Scalds, Burns.

THE COOL GAMBLER.

HOW HE BETS, WINS AND LOSES AT MONTE CARLO.

A Scene by Night in the Great Gilded Den at Monaco—Tempting Fickle Fortune as a Cold Blooded Business Transaction—A Lucky English Couple.

Not to see the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo by night would be to miss the grand show of the place. There are not people enough in the town to make up the crowds that press through the big corridor and the atrium in the evening. They come in trains from all the neighboring places—from Cannes, Nice, San Remo, Mentone, sometimes from as far as Genoa. People ride down from Paris, 20 hours in the rapide, just for a little "shy" at the tables. All outside is as bright as day, though chilly. When I set out for the casino, I came upon a young English couple standing near the big fountain, discussing something with great earnestness. They were good looking, well dressed, with something of an air of a bridal couple. What became of them at the moment I did not notice, and inside I stood for a few minutes watching the roulette tables. Ten minutes later I went into the trente et quarante room and met them just inside the big arched doorway. They were on their way out. Her rosy cheeks were rosier than before, and her face was wreathed in smiles. He was fairly radiant and looked "very fit," as the Londoners say. In one hand he held a great bundle of French notes, all stretched out at full length, just as they came from the tables. It took no great shrewdness to see that for ten minutes they had been leading active, industrious lives and had reaped the reward of industry and virtue and were getting out of the place before they were tempted to try again and lose.

One elderly gentleman was at the moment doing the leading business in that room and attracting the most attention by risking ten 1,000 franc notes (\$2,000) at every dealing of the cards. He was particularly interesting to me, because he was beyond doubt an American. He was a fine looking man, with gray hair, iron gray beard, well trimmed, a shrewd eye that watched every move the dealer made, and of course in the regulation black evening clothes. His face showed him to be a man who had made his money, not inherited it. I think that lumber was the foundation of his fortune in the northwest somewhere, but long enough ago to give him time to have the sawdust brushed out of his clothes, for he was very smooth and well groomed. Not a word was said around the table, so there was no chance to hear what language he spoke. He was one of those men who would not look at all out of place leading a prayer meeting, but who might be depended upon for a ready revolver if he caught the dealer at any foul play.

The notes came out of one of his vest pockets, but not carelessly. There was none of the usual effort to look as if risking \$2,000 every three minutes was an everyday affair with him. He did everything with caution, always deliberating over what square he should lay his money upon, and sometimes changing it to some other square after he had laid it down. But whether he won or lost he showed no emotion whatever. He won often than he lost while I watched him, putting the winnings always into the same vest pocket. At one time the banker made a mistake in duplicating a pile of his notes that had won, but this did not bring a word from him. His eyes were open, and instead of picking up the pile he merely pushed it back toward the banker, which was a sufficient hint for a recount. When the mistake was corrected and the missing note supplied, he added the pile to the big lump in his pocket.

Like almost every player around the trente et quarante tables, he was there strictly for business. It was not a few dollars laid on for the novelty of the thing, but a deliberate speculation in the hope of winning. My experience of gambling houses is fortunately rather limited, but I have seen the big places of Saratoga and Long Branch and one or two in New York and some very large ones in Cuba and Mexico. Never have I seen such a businesslike air in any gambling room as there is here. You may not be wicked enough to know that generally a great deal of smoking and drinking and some eating go with fashionable gambling, but that is the case. The sideboard is almost as necessary as the tables, and George and Sambo and Henry are kept busy carrying champagne and cocktails to the thirsty players. This is pure business with "the house," even where these things are not charged for, for does not a man become the more reckless the more alcohol he absorbs?

But there is none of that here. There is no smoking in the rooms, and no drinks are served at the tables. As far as I have seen, there is no place in the casino building where drinks can be had, though possibly there may be some cozy corners that I have not discovered. It is as much a business house as a wholesale dry goods store, and the profits are larger for the firm. This gives it a very cold blooded atmosphere, for there is not a particle of interest in either of the games outside of the financial risks involved. They are stupid games of doctored chance that a navy can play as well as an arithmetician.—New York Times.

Diplomatic. Tom—I've lost a dozen pairs of gloves to that girl, and I haven't a sou to buy them with. Dick—Tell her no one keeps the size small enough for her little hands. She'll be just as pleased.—Pick Me Up.

Too Much For Any Man. There isn't any one so good that it doesn't make him mad to go home to dinner and find some one sitting in his chair at the table.—Athenian Globe.

CITY FIRE FIGHTERS.

The Deadly Perils They Encounter in Saving Human Lives.

A great tenement house was burning like tinder wood in one of the poorest quarters of the metropolis. The stairs had gone up in smoke before everybody had left the building, and even the fire escape down the outside of the building was cut off by the hot flames from the lower windows, which had already peeled off a part of it. A young girl of 14 or 15 was frantically shrieking for help in one of the top windows, and a mother was wringing her hands in pitiful despair down in the street.

The chief called for volunteers to save the girl, and three men came forward on the instant, without hesitation and without awaiting to count their chances for success. This is the custom in such cases, for no one would take the responsibility of ordering a fireman to a possible death.

A strong young fellow who had yet to win his spurs was selected for the task, and he disappeared quickly through the doorway of the adjoining building. When next the crowd saw him he appeared at the window just under the roof, and grasping the tin cornice of the burning building next to him, he swung out into the air and made his way, hand over hand, for 30 feet through the dense smoke that rose in black clouds from the lower windows to the sill where the girl was seen.

She had fallen back into the room unconscious and was overcome with smoke by the time he reached her. A thousand anxious faces in the street below were tortured with fear for the hero, a hundred muttered prayers went up for his safety as the fireman disappeared into the black cloud, and a thousand throats set up a lusty shout of relief as he appeared again at the window a moment later with the limp form of the girl in his arms.—Harper's Round Table.

THE CLOTHES OF AUTHORS.

Some Strictures Upon the Dress of English Literary Men.

Novelists and playwrights in sample quantities are the latest class to come under the basilisk eye and measuring tape of The Tailor and Cutter. These members of the sister profession of journalism, and perhaps even the severely judged members of parliament who have appeared in a like connection, may be relieved to know that the novelists and playwrights scarcely excel them as glasses of fashion and molds of form. By way of doubt of sharpening his pen, the tailor critic begins with I. Zangwill, whose lounge suit "might have belonged to any period during the last ten years," and had even reached the stage of the "shabby genteel." However, it is consoling to know that Mr. Zangwill's literary success enables him to wear a frock coat that nearly passes muster, even though the accompanying trousers are too short.

Mr. Jerome, J. M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones and Hall Caine might almost be called moderately well dressed in a nonstylish sort of way. At all events they avoid the shuddering solecism of wearing a light coat and waistcoat with dark trousers, attributed to Robert Buchanan, or the mixed styles of W. S. Gilbert. But the only two members of the class who unreservedly enjoy the approval of our contemporary are Sir Walter Besant and Clement Scott. The former will no doubt be rejoiced to learn that his clothes might cause him to be mistaken for "a prosperous city merchant," while Mr. Scott might "easily be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman," says a tailor. The force of flattery could surely no farther go.—London Chronicle.

Gladstone's Courtesy.

"My father," says a London restaurant keeper, "was a milkman, and his place was in the neighborhood of Harley street. He supplied the Gladstone family with milk, and I delivered it. One day when on my rounds a thunderstorm came on as I had just reached Mr. Gladstone's house, and the rain descended in torrents. I rang the servants' bell, but it was not promptly answered, and meantime I was being soaked with the rain. The front door opened, and a kindly voice asked me to step into the doorway, so that I might be sheltered. Mr. Gladstone had seen me from the window and opened the door himself. He also rang for the servant, so that I might be attended to without further delay."

Light and Artificial Fog.

The production of cloud by the action of ultra violet light was demonstrated at a soiree at the Royal society by C. T. R. Wilson. The beam from an arc lamp was focused by a quartz lens in a tube containing moist air free from dust. In a few minutes a blue fog was seen to form in the illuminated cone, and this fog could be made to move by applying heat to the tube locally. When the ultra violet rays were cut off by a sheet of mica, no such formation took place, and it is therefore suggested that the small particles which give rise to the blue of the sky are produced by the ultra violet rays of sunlight absorbed in the upper layers of the atmosphere.—Engineering.

Built Upon a Bowlder.

There is a village in England built upon an enormous bowlder of chalk. This bowlder is half a mile long and must have been carried coastward a distance of 25 miles by some great iceberg. It was dropped to the bottom of the glacial sea, where it became partly covered and surrounded by blue gray bowlder clay.

Mrs. J. M. Bull, wife of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Worthington, Minn., supplied the pulpit on a recent Sunday in the absence of her husband.

The first baby gets its photograph taken every three months. The other babies are lucky to get theirs taken once in three years.—Bachelor.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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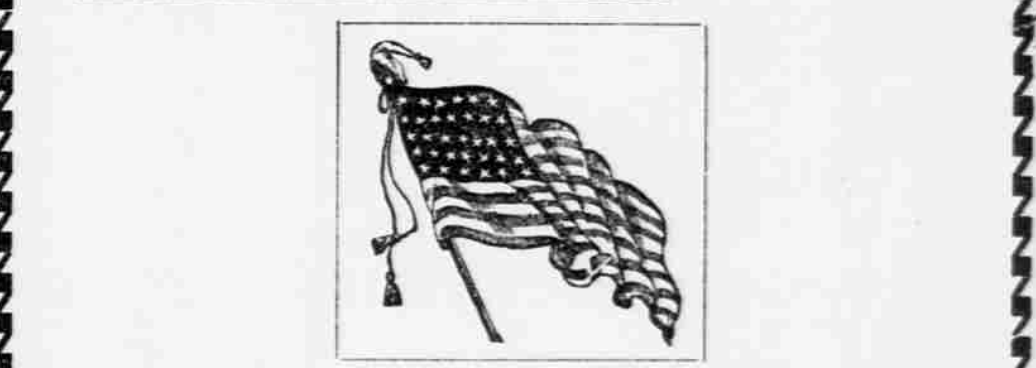
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Teach Children Patriotism.

The Omaha Weekly Bee has a plan whereby any school district can secure a flag without taxation. Let the pupils get the flag and they will love it all the more. Write for particulars.

Three sizes of Flags--8 feet, 10 feet and 12 feet.

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