

Looking for . . . Winter Underwear?

We have an elegant, all-wool fleeced article seldom sold for less than one dollar, which we are now offering for, per garment **50c**

A fine all-wool camel's hair of excellent value for, per suit **\$2.00**

The finest grade camel's hair for, per suit **\$2.75**

Overshirts.

We have an all-wool overshirt, heavy weight, in all colors and sizes, for **\$1.00**

Extra heavy Jersey knit overshirt, good value, for **75c**

Finer grades of woolen overshirts, an elegant assortment to select from, up to **\$2.50**

All these goods are bought in case lots from factory, saving jobbers' profits. All the latest things in percale laundered shirts.

FRANK J. MORGAN

The Leading Clothier

H. H. TARTSCH, Manager.

MENARD BLOCK

Special Low Prices

will be made by us on all small . . .

Musical Instruments

during the next thirty days

If you are thinking of buying anything in the line of

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins,
Banjos, Accordeons or
Trimmings . . .

you can't save ONE CENT by sending away; we will duplicate the goods of any reliable house, both in price and quality; you deal with a firm you know, you see what you get, you have our guarantee. We invite you to call and inspect our line.

THE "BEE HIVE,"

McCook, - - - - - Nebraska.

BEAUTY'S REWARD.

A blushing rose in a garden grew
And with its fragrance filled the air,
But the sweet, red rose, ah, it never knew
Of the joy it gave to a maiden fair!
The rose knew not, as it drank the dew,
Of the charm it spread in growing there.

A radiant maiden smiled one day,
And hope crept into a doubter's breast;
He turned, transformed, and went his way
With new resolves to do his best—
A man had sprung from a lump of clay,
And the maiden, ah, she never guessed!
—S. E. Klier in Chicago News.

TWO FLATS AND AN ACCIDENTAL.

How a Lover Brought a Dallying Girl to the Point.

The suggestion that brought it all about came from me, I believe.

Suggestions of any sort usually came from me rather than Margery, for I have in my veins the adventurous blood of stanch New England ancestry, who had burned witches and fought Indians and later pursued a relentless traffic in wooden nutmegs with the same high courage and fine disregard of consequences, while Margery is of Dutch descent and inclined to be cautious, if not a bit pig headed, as I often told her.

But no one could help loving her, in spite of her little touch of Dutch obstinacy, least of all myself, for of all the provoking little women that were ever created for the express purpose of charming and tormenting their fellow men Margery was the most deliciously dear, and I loved her so well I could forgive her anything—that is, anything but the way she treated Jack Beasley.

The dance she led that poor fellow was something to move even a bearded Turk to pity. For a whole year she had kept him dangling after her as abjectly as a dancing doll at the end of a string, and yet, as far as we could see, he had made no progress whatever in her wayward affections.

We had been talking things over, Jack, Ned and I, in Margery's absence (I never dared mention Jack to Margery for fear of still further exciting that famous obstinacy of hers), and even Ned, the most hopeful of mortals, had had to admit Jack's chances looked blue. Ned, be it known, was the daring youth who had undertaken to guide my New England enterprise and other virtues (too numerous to mention) through life's pilgrimage.

He and Jack were partners in a law office and occupied the flat on the top floor, where they indulged in certain mysterious rites they called light house-keeping, while Margery and I taught music and Delsarte and practiced the modest virtues of hospitality in the flat below.

Nothing, therefore, could have been more fit, suitable and otherwise to be desired than to have Margery and Jack fall in love with each other, even as Ned and I had done. Jack was willing enough, poor boy, but Margery balked. It was too provoking.

As I said before, we three had been talking it over the day before while Margery was absent teaching the luckless children of a rich soap manufacturer to play Wagner on the piano and had all agreed that the situation looked hopeless.

Jack had been in the depths of despair because the tenor of the choir for which Margery played the organ had called three times that week, and, though I didn't believe she cared a pin for the tenor, I had never known naughty Margery to appear more willfully regardless of Jack's feelings.

We had parted, therefore, gloomily enough, after a fruitless conference, and I had relieved my mind by being especially cross to Margery all day, though I must own she didn't seem to mind much.

It was an awful day, raining cats and dogs, and in the afternoon I got tired of being cross all by myself and proposed that we should shampoo our hair and dry it on the parlor radiator, the only one in the flat large enough for the purpose. Of course Margery objected. Visitors might come, she said, and then who would let them in? I scouted the idea of visitors on such a day unless, I observed with sarcasm, she was expecting the tenor again.

She didn't notice this stab, so I proceeded to say that as the radiator was in the corner we could pull our big Japanese screen up in front of it and, secure in our hiding place, let our entire visiting acquaintance, including messenger boys and duns, knock at the door till they got tired and then depart blissfully unaware of our proximity.

Accordingly it wasn't long before we were snugly ensconced on a pile of sofa pillows on the parlor floor, wrapped in our bathrobes and with our wet locks streaming out behind us across the radiator, over which we had stretched a steamer rug. We were armed with a novel pipe but soon got to talking girl fashion and were deep in a discussion of Amos Judd when there came a loud knock at the door.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed in a stage whisper, the rosy advantages of my plan suddenly fading in the cold light of reality.

"There, I told you so!" cried Margery ungenerously, sitting up abruptly so that her hair fell all about her in a great shining, coppery shower.

"Sh—shut up!" I whispered, reaching out with an agitated stockinged toe for the bedroom slipper I had carelessly kicked off a moment before.

Again the knock came, this time more imperative.

"What, in heaven's name, shall we do?" gasped Margery.

"Keep still," I said sotto voce. Then the door handle turned, and we heard Ned's voice saying "There's no-

body home. Let's come in and wait for them."

"All right," was the reply in Jack's bass tones. "Maybe it's not the proper thing, but we might as well risk it." And we heard the door close as our visitors entered and took possession of our apartment.

It was too ridiculous. I'd have had to laugh if our lives had been at stake, and in spite of the imminent danger of discovery in this mortifying plight I stuffed all of a sofa pillow that would go into my mouth and shook till my sides ached.

It was the expression on Margery's face that recalled me to myself at last. Chancing to glance up from behind a corner of the cushion, I was trying to swallow, I caught her listening with strained attention to something that was being said on the other side of the screen, with every bit of color gone out of her face and a look in her eyes I'd never seen there before.

"Yes," Jack was saying, "if they don't hurry, I'll have to go without saying goodby. My train leaves at 7, and I've lots to do."

Ned lit his pipe before he replied. Dear Ned, I believe he would smoke in heaven if Peter didn't take the precaution to search him before he let him in.

"I guess it'll surprise them some," he remarked at last. "Especially when they hear you're never coming back."

I nudged Margery violently at this, but she didn't look at me—the mix—and then Jack went on dolefully:

"Oh, they won't care very much, I'm afraid!"

"Of course they will," protested Ned, puffing away. "And I will anyway. Must you go, old boy?"

"Well, it's this way, Ned: As long as I hoped that Margery might care for me I wouldn't give in to my uncle's proposition that I should marry his ward, Miss Wilson, and become his heir, but now that I'm satisfied I have no chance with the girl I love, I might as well marry the other one and please the old man, I suppose. I'll be miserable anyway." And Jack heaved such a sigh that the big paper screen wavered about till it threatened to come down upon our heads.

I gave a horrified look at Margery, but her hair had fallen over her face, and I could only see one little hand clinched fiercely as if she had a pain somewhere. I reached dumbly over and tried to take the little hand, but she shook me off, so I fell to listening again.

"Well, it's not so bad as it might be," Ned was saying encouragingly. "I hear Miss Wilson is a beauty."

"She is," said Jack with enthusiasm.

"And then think of the money, my boy! Most any fellow would envy you."

"I suppose so," said Jack drearily.

"But I must go. Time's up. Will you say goodby to the girls for me, Ned? Tell Margery."

Here Jack choked, and I was so busy catching a large, warm tear that was chasing toward the end of my nose that I forgot to look at Margery, when, to my amazement, a little figure in a gray bathrobe, with a cloud of coppery hair flying after it, bounded right over me, and, as the screen toppled over with a crash, I heard Margery's voice cry:

"Oh, no, Jack, you mustn't go! I—I—love you, Jack!"

I had a confused vision of Jack seizing the little figure in his arms, and then I started to run. I don't look so pretty with my hair wet as Margery does. But somehow when I got to the door I met Ned, and as I looked up wrathfully something I saw in his eye made me stop short.

"Ned Tacker," I exclaimed, "you knew we were there all the time!"

"Well," he said, not a whit abashed, "if you will leave the ventilating shaft open—"

"You wretch!" I cried, and then something else struck me. "And the uncle," I gasped, "and the beautiful Miss Wilson!"

"Are about as real," said Master Ned, "as a rainbow."—Edgar Temple Field in Chicago Herald.

Idiomatic English.

Mrs. Fremont, in a sketch of her father, Senator Benton, tells the following story of the French bishop at St. Louis at the time of the purchase of Louisiana. She says:

It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English. But the bishop decided that it would be better to acquire it, especially for use from the pulpit.

To force himself into the familiar practice of the language, he secluded himself for awhile with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. The experiment proved very successful. Soon he had gained a sufficient fluency to deliver a sermon in English.

Senator Benton was present when it was to be given, and his feelings may be imagined as the bishop, a refined and polished gentleman, announced:

"My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here today."

Only a Certain Kind.

There is a story told among the peasantry of Sleswick, the former Danish province annexed after the war in 1864, of how Prince Bismarck was confounded by the tongue of a shepherd lad. Shortly after the close of the war Prince Bismarck went on an inspection tour through the provinces, as he desired to study the feelings and sentiments among the people. He talked with the peasants, getting valuable though not always agreeable information. For days he was annoyed by constantly hearing dogs called "Bismarck." Desiring to know what it meant, he called out in a gruff voice to a shepherd boy who had uttered the dreaded chancellor's name in connection with his dog:

"Are all dogs in this country named Bismarck?"

"Ach nein, mein herr," the archbishop replied as he doffed his cap; "es ist bloss die schweinhunde." (Oh, no, sir; it is only the pig dogs.)

THE FAMOUS CLOTHING CO.

REMEMBER, only Five Weeks more before the final closing of this store. Everyone seems to be taking advantage of the

Marvelously Low Prices

Mothers, Bring Your Boys!

Such bargains in Knee-Pants Suits, in Long-Pants Suits, in Knee-Pants, in Long Pants, in Hats, in Overcoats, were never known before. You cannot afford to miss these bargains, that will make you remember "The Famous" thankfully for a long time to come. Now see how little money it takes to . . .

Buy Our Fine Goods

Choice of any Night-shirt in the store, now **75c**

Choice of any White or Colored Shirt, now **70c**

Choice of any Boys' Colored Cotton or Wool Shirt, now **35c**

Choice of Best Union Overalls **65c**

Choice of Best Union Cotton Coats **65c**

Choice of Best Denim Blouses **25c**

Lined Mitts and Gloves **75c to \$1.50, now 59c to \$1.00**

Choice of any Bow Or Tie in the store, now **26c**

Children's and Boys' Overcoats **\$2.25 to \$6.00, now \$1.50 to \$4.00**

Knee-Pants Suits **\$2.50 to \$6.00, now \$1.50 to \$4.90**

Long-Pants Suits **\$4.00 to \$14.75, now \$3.00 to \$10.00**

Knee Pants (sizes 11 to 15) **50c to \$1.00, now 35c to 85c**

Boys' Long Pants **\$1.00 to \$1.25, now 75c**

Men's Pants **\$1.00 to \$7.00, now 75c to \$5.00**

THE FAMOUS CLOTHING CO.

Southwest Corner of Main and Dennison Streets.

McCook,

Nebraska.

Tribune Clubbing List.

For convenience of readers of THE TRIBUNE, we have made arrangements with the following newspapers and periodicals whereby we can supply them in combination with THE TRIBUNE at the following very low prices:

PUBLICATION.	PRICE.	WITH TRIBUNE
Detroit Free Press	\$1.00	\$1.50
Leslie's Weekly	4.00	3.00
Prairie Farmer	1.00	1.75
Chicago Inter-Ocean	1.00	1.35
Indiana Enquirer	1.00	1.50
New-York Tribune	1.00	1.25
Demorest's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Toledo Blade	1.00	1.25
Nebraska Farmer	1.00	1.50
Iowa Homestead	1.00	1.45
Lincoln Journal	1.00	1.75
Campbell's Soil-Culture	1.00	1.50
To-Date Farmer	1.00	1.05
New-York World	1.00	1.25
Omaha Bee	1.00	1.80
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1.00	1.80
St. Louis Republic	1.00	1.75
Kansas City Star	25	1.15
Nebraska Dairyman and Up-to-Date Farmer	50	1.25
Kansas City Journal, weekly	25	1.15
Kansas City Journal, daily	4.00	4.20

We are prepared to fill orders for any other papers published at reduced rates. THE TRIBUNE, McCook, Neb.

If you have sore throat, soreness across the back or side, or your lungs feel sore or tender, or you are threatened with diphtheria or pneumonia, apply BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT externally and use BALLARD'S HOREHOUD SYRUP. McCConnell.

A Boer dispatch says: "We are giving the enemy shell fire." The news censor probably added the "s" attachment to the word "shell."

Infant mortality is frightful. Nearly one-quarter die before they reach one year, one-third before they are five and one-half before they are fifteen! The timely use of WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25 cents. McCConnell & Berry.

A study of the printed pictures of the wives of the Sultan of Sulu will awaken in every breast a feeling that he is more to be pitied than condemned.

J. D. Bridges, editor "Democrat," Lancaster, N. H., says, "One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. It prevents consumption. D. W. Loar.

Develop muscles, nerves and brain and make a man of yourself. Send for one of our Doctor's Question blanks. No two cases treated alike. Sexual weakness, loss of power, drains after stools, premature discharge, Varicocele cured or no charge. Where you are suffering from effects of self abuse we are pleased to say that we are today the only firm who can guarantee a cure with our Turkish L.

M. Capsules. We never fail to cure no matter as to age. Do not look further, as 2c stamp will get our blank.

BLOOD POISON (Syphilis) cured. Our medicine is guaranteed to cure any case, no matter how severe or how long standing, with Turkish Syphilis cure, \$2 box. All conditions changed. Write us for particulars. HAHN'S PHARMACY, OMAHA, NEB.

Thousands of men and women suffer from piles, especially women with female weakness have this suffering to contend with in addition to their other pains. TABLET'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT will quickly effect a cure. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. McCConnell & Berry.

An eminent physician says that eating raw vegetables will increase strength. Onion, Frinistance?

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the daytime, irritability of temper, sleepless nights, general debility, headache, and general want of tone of the system, use HERBINE. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cts. McCConnell & Berry.

There is a man in a Colorado town who so greatly resembles Dewey that his neighbors think of presenting him with a sword.

LADIE'S Friend Turkish Tansy and Pennyroyal Pills bring menstruation to the day. Never fail. No Pain. No Disappointment. \$1.00 box; 2 boxes cure any case, no matter as to cause. Hahn's Pharmacy, Dept. T., Omaha, Nebraska.

McCCONNELL'S BALSAM CURES COUGHS

McCook Transfer Line

J. H. DWYER, Proprietor.

Special attention paid to hauling furniture. Leave orders at either lumber yard.

TABLET'S BUCKEYE 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 HARRINGTON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS, Mo. At McCCONNELL & BERRY'S.

A Thousand Raptures

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this royal cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at McCConnell & Berry's; every bottle guaranteed.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes T. B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. D. W. Loar.

NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS.

To George W. Wyrick, James W. Dolan, Louisa C. Mann and Daniel Courtney, and to all whom it may concern:

The board of county commissioners has established and ordered opened a road commencing at the southeast corner of section twenty-eight in Alliance precinct, Red Willow county, Nebraska, running west on section line between sections 28 and 31, and terminating at the southwest corner of section 28-427, and all objections thereto or claims for damages must be filed in the county clerk's office on or before noon of the 15th day of January, A. D. 1900, or said road will be established without reference thereto. H-17-41.

R. A. GREEN, County Clerk.

O. R. Rittenhouse, Deputy.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the District court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, under a decree in an action wherein The People's Building, Loan and Saving Association is plaintiff and George W. Short et al. are defendants, to me directed and delivered, I shall offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the east door of the court house in McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 18th day of December, 1899, at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, to-wit: Lots eleven and twelve in block thirty-eight in the town of Indianola, Nebraska. H-17-51.

Dated this 16th day of November, 1899.

J. R. NEEL, Sheriff.

W. S. Morlan, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the District court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, under a decree in an action wherein Nettie L. Cronkrite is plaintiff and George B. Dimitt et al. are defendants, to me directed and delivered, I shall offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the east door of the court house in McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 18th day of December, 1899, at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, to-wit: The south half of the northwest quarter and the north half of the southwest quarter of section twelve in township three north of range thirty-two of the 6th p. m., in Red Willow county, Nebraska, containing 190 acres. Dated this 15th day of November, 1899.

J. R. NEEL, Sheriff.

J. E. Kelley, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Dr. W. Wixon, Italy Hill, N. Y., says, "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffering asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. D. W. Loar.

Constipation means the accumulation of waste matter that should be discharged daily, and unless this is done the foul matter is absorbed and poisons the system. Use HERBINE to bring about regularity of the bowels. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50c. McCConnell & Berry.

For burns, cuts, bruises, lacerations, or injuries of any description, BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT is a sovereign remedy. It never fails to do good, and so quickly that its wonderful curative properties frequently create surprise. Price 25 and 50 cts. McCConnell & Berry.

Governor Roosevelt began an address to a mother's congress a few days ago by saying: "I am not a mother." If it was a mother's congress of the usual brand every woman in the house could no doubt have truthfully responded, "neither am I, gov'nor."

LaGrippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. D. W. Loar.

"I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Fleming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. D. W. Loar.

Kodol

Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.