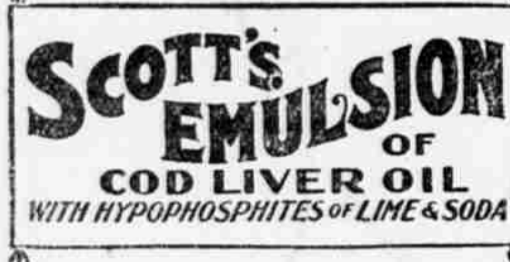


It's Easy To Take

Thin, pale, anæmic girls need a fatty food to enrich their blood, give color to their cheeks and restore their health and strength. It is safe to say that they nearly all reject fat with their food.



is exactly what they require; it not only gives them the important element (cod-liver oil) in a palatable and easily digested form, but also the hypophosphites which are so valuable in nervous disorders that usually accompany anæmia. SCOTT'S EMULSION is a fatty food that is more easily digested than any other form of fat. A certain amount of fish is necessary for health. You can get it in this way.

We have known persons to gain a pound a day while taking it.

Sole and Retailers, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

COLEMAN.

Wm. Heun is at home now for a few weeks. H. B. Wales sold over \$150 worth of butter, last year. Chas. Wales has bought a colt and Harry a 2-year-old. Mrs. M. H. Cole returned from Iowa, close of last week.

W. M. Sharp and Emil Heinlein killed twenty-three jack rabbits, Tuesday, and five Wednesday, on the road to McCook.

The annual hunt in this township came off, last week. It was the married men against the boys, and the kids just scooped up old chaps to a finish. The married men furnished the oysters, and the supper was at the home of Matt Droll. A large number were out to enjoy the treat. There were oysters young and oysters old, oysters hot and oysters cold, oysters stewed and oysters raw, oysters for each hungry maw, oysters large and oysters big, oysters fat as Poland pig, oysters scalloped, oysters fried, (Shory ate until he cried), oysters tender—none were tough, the kids filled up and cried "enough."

BANKSVILLE.

J. H. Relph's children have been sick with the grip, this week. The shooting match advertised for Monday was indefinitely postponed.

J. Pickrell has been suffering with his old malady, bronchitis, the past week.

George Rowland was hunting his cows Monday, that drifted away during the storm.

The meetings which were in progress during the holidays were closed on account of the storm.

God approves our toil by setting us new tasks.

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
Cincinnati 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
New-York World.....	1 00	1 25
Omaha Bee.....	1 00	1 50
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.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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A SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, my beloved. To sleep and dream is best. The night to us is peace, the day unrest. For day, while parted, brings to us but pain; In dreams we live the dear past o'er again.

We weep not in our sleep; Our tears are for the day, Which smiles, while I but weep, For thou art far away.

Hushed be the voices of the garish day, Its frets and cares and sorrows swept away; Forgotten quite the interval of years Since last we met, with all their bitter tears.

Sleep, love. To dream is best. Our waking is but pain; In sleep alone we rest And live the past again.

Sleep, my dear love, and he thy dreams of me! Waking or sleeping, I still think of thee. But dreams make present time of all the past; The night restores thee—would my dreams might last!

Dream, dear, till the day breaks And earthly shadows flee, Where morn to grief ne'er wakes And I be one with thee.

—Neil Macdonald in Harper's Bazar.

THEY GOT FRESH AIR.

The Door Remained Open After a Very Forceful Argument.

An old story is told of Joseph Robidoux, the founder of St. Joseph, that had its origin in Holt county in the early settlement of that section. The trader who started the city was returning to St. Joseph with a number of red men, and they stopped with an acquaintance of Robidoux's close to the house, and Robidoux went in to remain overnight as the guest of his friend.

The settler closed the front door after they had retired, and Robidoux, who was used to sleeping in the open air, went softly to it and opened it. The owner of the house waited until Robidoux was in bed again, and the settler closed it. That was repeated a dozen times. "The next time that door is closed there will be trouble," said the man who had founded St. Joseph. He resumed his couch with that.

The owner of the house closed the door, and Robidoux met him as he was returning to his bed. They clinched and fought by the light of the moon that came in through the window. It was a hard fight and lasted a long time, but at last Robidoux had the settler on his back and sat astride of him. He tangled his hands in his hair and bumped his head against the puncheon floor. "Open or shut?" he asked. The settler struggled, but did not say a word. His head was bumped many times, and the question was repeated.

Finally the settler was exhausted. His head was bumped again, and Robidoux asked, "Open or shut?"

"Open," answered the settler, and they went to bed with the door standing wide open, admitting the fresh air.—Kansas City Journal.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife.

Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-houses whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for weeks had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Municipal Ownership.

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

No wonder they call it roasting a man to rake him over the coals.—Philadelphia Record.

The man who is afraid he may work too hard never does.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AVERTED A SMASH UP

HIS SCHEME WAS SIMPLE AND THOROUGHLY EFFECTIVE.

A Safe Plan, Not Patented, That May Be Followed by Railroad Telegraph Operators Who Must Go to Sleep While on Duty.

"However tired or overworked he may be the railroad operator who allows trains to smash into each other while he pounds his ear is a brainless idiot," said William James, an old timer. "When I was a youngster I was in charge of a station down in Pennsylvania. I went to sleep on duty because I couldn't keep awake. Trains met there every hour or so, and I was the only person to run the business at that point. I went to sleep and slept six hours, and there wasn't any smash up or the slightest possibility of one so far as my station was concerned.

"I was 15 years old when I applied for a job to Superintendent Pitcairn of the Philadelphia and Erie. He took me on immediately and sent me out to Kane. That was the place where Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, once lived, and it was named for him. Kane is on top of a mountain, with Wilcox at the bottom on one side and Wetmore on the other. Oil is the great product there now, but in 1866 the traffic was in general freight. Big trains met at Kane, and for a small place the traffic was considerable.

"I was met at the station by a big, wild-eyed man, who said that he guessed I was the kid that was going to relieve him. He said he was glad to get out, but he guessed I'd like the work. "You'll have the night trick," said he, "and you'll only have to be here from 6 p. m. to 7 a. m."

"I looked up with dismay, but he was striding ahead into the station. He instructed me in my duties, told me of a country tavern about two miles away and then swung on to the train that had been waiting 20 minutes for lunch and was gone.

"When the day man relieved me the next morning, I put for the hotel and found it after tramping about for two hours and made arrangements to stay there. The proprietor's wife seemed to take a motherly interest in me, and that afternoon when I started for work she had a bang up lunch of fried chicken and jam and things.

"Well, that night about 11 o'clock I got hungry for that chicken and hauled out my lunch basket. I had just got things nicely spread out on the instrument table when in came a fat engineer.

"'Hello, kid!' said he. 'That's too good a feed for you. It'll give you belly-ache, sure's the world.' "Whereupon he put me on a bench, sat on my legs and ate my supper. Then he got up, sucking his teeth, and said:

"'See them woods over there?' pointing across the track. There wasn't anything else in sight. 'Well, them woods is 40 miles long an 15 miles wide an chuck full o' berries. Go'n eat y'uself t' death.'

"He walked leisurely out to his engine, and I went to the lunch shanty just below the station and ate up two days' salary before I discovered how determined the keeper was to have plenty of money to support his old age.

"The next day I didn't go to the hotel, but staid near the station and plotted revenge. It was the custom to telegraph up from Wilcox the number of passengers who wanted meals at the Kane lunch shanty, and when I got the first message that night after vainly scheming all day an idea struck me. The message read, 'Six suppers on 27.' I made it read 26 and carried it to the lunch keeper, who fairly danced with glee at the unexpected rush. He undoubtedly saw a Fifth avenue mansion for his old age. Just as 27 pulled in I rushed into the shanty with a message purporting to have come from Wilcox saying that at the last moment 20 passengers had decided to stay there overnight to take part in a local political celebration. Flynn was furious and went to the conductor for corroboration. The latter heard with a grin the story of the 26 prepared suppers and, remembering his own experiences with Flynn's prices on two or three occasions, simply shrugged his shoulders and said:

"'How c'n I help it? "Well, the loss of sleep that day and the excitement did me up, and about 11 o'clock I found I couldn't keep my eyes open. I took the red lantern and nailed the tin bottom to a tie in the middle of the track and went to the edge of the woods and lay down. When I awoke, the day operator, who had been dragged out of bed two hours ahead of time, was getting the Philadelphia and Erie railroad system into operation again after a six hour suspension of service.

"'But there wasn't any smash up, and no lives had been lost, and I got a job two days afterward at Titusville.'—New York Sun.

Gilbert's Satire.

W. S. Gilbert meeting the editor of Punch one day remarked as he was leaving him:

"By the bye, Burnand, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Burnand, "thousands."

"Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert as he put out his hand to say goodby.

"I have," said Mr. Burnand, "but they are all so good they are not worth publishing."

Chinese Riddles.

What is the fire that has no smoke and the water that has no fish?

A glowworm's fire has no smoke, and well water has no fish.

Mention the name of an object with two mouths which travels by night and not by day.

A lantern.—Chicago News.

A SLEEPY GUEST.

Why the Lady of the House Was Indignant Over His Conduct.

There is a well known legal light of Chicago who is in deep disgrace without the shadow of an excuse for himself to bolster up his sinking spirits. He went out to Hyde Park the other night to dine informally with some friends, and his hostess, who had been married but a short time, put herself out to entertain him. The dinner was excellent, and the judge did full justice to it. They had coffee in the library, and the biggest, most padded leather chair was put at the guest's disposal.

With a sigh he sank into its cavernous depths and prepared for a luxurious evening with a good cigar ahead of him. Brilliantly his hostess rambled on. She told stories that were witty, and she gently deferred to his views, but presently he left her to do all the talking. In the midst of a striking account of a theater party she stopped with a jerk. There was no response and a dead silence punctuated only by a gentle and regular breathing. The judge was fast asleep in his big chair. There was no doubt of it. Nothing could conceal the fact. With one indignant and comprehensive glance at her plainly delighted husband she arose and majestically swept up stairs. And she did not go down again.

It was some time later when her husband apologetically came up after her. He had not expected her wrath to last. "Dad—did you think you were badly treated?" he asked.

"How long did he sleep?" asked the still insulted wife.

Again the grin overspread her husband's face, but he spoke in a sad tone, as befitted the occasion. "Nearly an hour," he breathed. "I wouldn't mind," pacifically.

Then it was the woman turned. "Mind," she stormed. "Of course I wouldn't, only you have grounds now for the rest of your life for saying I talk so much it puts people to sleep!" And she wept.—Chicago News.

SOMETHING ABOUT ARMIES.

Artillerymen Were Once Regarded as Mechanics, Not Soldiers.

Until the time of Charles XII of Sweden the artillery was not considered a part of the army. The men serving in it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics. The officers had no army rank. Charles XII gave artillery officers a rank and regularly organized the artillery into companies. The battle of Pavia demonstrated the superiority of the gun in the hands of the Spanish infantry. The musket carried a two ounce ball and sometimes brought down at one fire two or three mailed knights. The French sent a flag of truce to remonstrate against the use of such barbarous weapons.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphracti, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acroboliste, or mounted archers, used for outposts, patrols and reconnoitering duty, and the dimachoe, or troops expected to act either as cavalry or infantry. Alexander the Great reorganized his father's army. The file or lochos of 16 men was the unit; two files made a diloch; two diloches made a tetrach; two tetrachies a tetrachy; two of these a syntagma; 16 of these a small phalanx; four of these a tetra-phalangarchy, otherwise known as a large phalanx.

The Greeks attacked in a phalanx, the spears interlocked and shields overlapping. After the first onset the spears were dropped, and the day was decided with the sword. The cavalry attacked the enemy in the rear, if possible, and, in case of victory, undertook the pursuit.—Pearson's Weekly.

Not the Conventional Woman.

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

But this woman, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'redheaded old virgo' next door to you whose 'scoundrelly little boys' are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started down town this morning, your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening, you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't run this house on the city water and 10 cents a day'—"

"Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.—Chicago Tribune.

What the Tots Said.

Here are some sayings of children reported by the Chicago News:

"When small Bobby had worn his first pair of trousers for an hour, he went to his mother and begged to have on his kit again. 'What for?' she asked. 'Because,' replied Bobby, 'I feel so lonesome in pants.'

"A mother recently had occasion to leave her little 4-year-old son alone at home while she made a brief call in the neighborhood. 'Did you get lonesome, dear?' she asked upon her return. 'Yes, mamma,' replied the little fellow. 'I felt just like a widower without you.'

Diplomacy Wins.

Ardent Suitor—I lay my fortune at your feet.

Fair Lady—Fortune! I didn't know you had money.

Ardent Suitor—I haven't much, but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet.

He got her.—London Telegraph.

The average man will pay 50 cents to see a show of fireworks and neglect to look at the sunset, which he can see almost every night for nothing.—Louisville Journal.

Something very similar to the telephone was used in China 1,000 years ago.

Pre-Inventory Sale Of Winter Apparel.

We are offering new up-to-date goods at a SACRIFICE PRICE now when you need them. Ladies' Jackets at one-half regular price marked in plain figures and cheap at the old price. We will give you a

\$10.00 Garment For \$5.00 Etc.

Come quick before the assortment is broken. Ladies' Waist Dress Goods, Underwear, Overcoats, and Clothing all go at **REDUCED PRICES.**

Favor us with your Grocery Orders. Satisfaction Guaranteed

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Authorized Capital, \$100,000.
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W. F. LAWSON, Cashier. F. A. PENNELL, Ass't Cash.
A. CAMPBELL, Director. FRANK HARRIS, Director.

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. J. W. Gardner of Idaville, Ind., says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he don't care whether he lives or dies. It gave me new strength and good appetite. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at McConnell & Berry's drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

Beaten Out of an Increase of His Pension. A Mexican war veteran and prominent editor writes: "Seeing the advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I am reminded that as a soldier in Mexico in '47 and '48, I contracted Mexican diarrhoea and this remedy has kept me from getting an increase in my pension for an every renewal a dose of it restores me." It is unequalled as a quick cure for diarrhoea and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by McConnell & Berry.

A Massachusetts woman has been arrested for throwing vitriol at a man and missing him. After all there is no holiday like a holy day.

Paid Dues for His Leg. E. D. Blanton of Thackerville, Tenn., in two years paid over \$300 to doctors to cure a running sore on his leg. Then they wanted to cut it off, but he cured it with one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Guaranteed cure for piles, 25 cts. a box. Sold by McConnell & Berry, druggists.

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Take the genuine, original ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA Made only by Madison Tea Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.

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