To Salt Lake and Pacific.

Alexander Campbell, a veteran railway superintendent, for many years with the Burlington road, with headquarters at McCook, Nebraska, claims there is nothing that the management of the road starts out to do that it cannot find money to accomplish. Mr. Campbell is an enthusiast and his long service with that corporation qualifies him to speak as one having authority. He appears to have exercised this right while in Denver, Saturday.

"The Burlington," said Mr. Campbell, "is going to Salt Lake and to the Pacific. No power on earth can stop it. The great ambition of Mr. Holdrege, the manager of the road, is to extend the line to the waters of the Pacific and it will not be long before his desire is accomplished. We are going to the coast, for Holdrege is dead set on it, and what is the use of arguing the question? The talk about Mr. Holdrege meeting President Burk of the Union Pacific to listen to an argument against extending the line to Salt Lake and Ogden is nonsense. Nobody could argue with Holdrege on that subject, for he knows it is going to be accomplished."—Sheridan (Wyo.) Post.

Epworth Leaguers!

Send me your name and address and I will mail you about April 1, a beautifully illustrated folder giving full information about the special rates and train service to California via the Burlington Route, at the time of the Epworth League meeting at San Francisco in July.

The folder will enlighten you on every point in connection with the trip to San Francisco—cost of tickets; how to make the trip most cheaply and comfortably; what there is to see on the way, and why your tickets should read via the Burlington Route.

The round trip rate—open to everyone—from Omaha to San Francisco via the Burlington Route is $45. Tickets are good by the way of Denver and Salt Lake City.

J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.—3-8-4ts.

McCook Markets.

Corrected Friday morning.

Corn	$ .35
Wheat	.58
Oats	.40
Rye	.33
Hogs	4.75
Eggs	.15
Butter	12½
Butter fat	.15

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

Don't fail to see the bargains in Wall-Paper at Loar's.

INDIANOLA.

There is much illness in and about town, just now.

Harlow W. Keyes had legal business in the metropolis, Thursday.

William McCallum went to Omaha, Sunday morning, on business.

E. O. Scott was down from McCook, Wednesday, on a short visit to friends.

Mrs. Greenway was over from Danbury, last week, on a visit to her daughter Dora.

"Coxey" Bell returned on Wednesday from Kansas, where he has been located for some time.

Rev. Lawrence Blanderfield, late temporarily at McCook, is now for the present at this place.

Dennis Fitzgerald came out from Omaha, Tuesday night, on a little business, and will return tonight.

Mrs. James McClung is quite seriously ill. Her son Clark arrived from Oklahoma, recently, to see her.

C. W. Dow has purchased an interest in W. H. Wadsworth's implement and hardware business, coming here from Danbury.

Mrs. A. C. Teel departed for the western part of the state, Sunday, on order business, going up to Imperial first, and from there will go over onto the Curtis branch.

See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. The genuine is a certain cure for piles, sores and skin diseases. McConnell & Berry.

NORTH COLEMAN.

The man who bought the Thos. Ryan place arrived, last Monday.

They have offered the old school-house for sale in district 74 which is indicative of a new one.

The literary at Spring Creek was so affected by the parties on Friday nights that it has stopped.

Chas. Cox offered his alfalfa for sale and it was quickly disposed of among the farmers on the upland.

A big grade is being worked up near H. K. Bixlers which has given several day's work for a number of persons and teams.

E. Osbaugh and family moved to their new home, the Eppely place, on Tuesday. Mr. Osbaugh's health is not very good.

"The happiest life that ever was led is always to court and never to wed" is apparently the motto of some of our young people.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Church have been in Wisconsin for some time. Mrs. Church being called there on account of the serious illness of her sister. Mr. Church went there to sell a carload of horses. They are expected home if not there already.

Monday was the great moving day for the Epperlys and Parsons. Mrs. Parsons intended to visit at Dr. Harlan's in Lincoln and Mrs. Eppely was going to see her sister Mrs Adams, some miles north of Omaha. Both families are probably settled by this time. The best of wishes go with them.

Her Own Selection.

Through oceans of remnants and ribbons the puffing big woman towed the meek little man.

"What in the world shall I send her, John?" she blustered. "Come, suggest something that would please Aunt Betsy. Something inexpensive. Why don't you say something?"

"Stationery, books or workboxes," suggested the meek little man.

"Nothing of the kind. You couldn't select a present for the ashman. I will look at some of those fancy boxes of soap."

They were before the soap counter, and she had her finger on an elaborate box containing six round cakes of white soap.

"Fancy and perfumed!" she said, lifting a cake. "The very thing that would please her the most. You may wrap that up, miss!"

"But, my dear," protested the meek little man.

"You just keep quiet. I don't care for any suggestions from a person without taste."

"Really"—

"Keep quiet, John Tenbrook!"

It seemed as if her voice had penetrated every corner of the great store, and the little man shrank away in mortification.

* * * * * * *

"Well, John, what did she say about the little gift? Something nice, I know."

"She returned it."

"What?"

"Yes; you will find a note in the box."

She unfolded the missive and read:

"Niece—I return the box of shaving soap. I am a little too old to appreciate the joke of being called the 'Bearded Lady.' Your Aunt Betsy."—Chicago News.

Fate of Old Overcoats.

"Where do the old overcoats go?" is a query that is a natural successor to the old riddle, "Where do the flies go in winter?" The old overcoats seem somehow to fade away, no one knows just how. The overcoat starts its career on the back of its owner, who paid $45 for it. It keeps him warm and shelters him from cold winds and from storms until it commences to get frayed at the edges and the pockets are torn down the sides. Then the owner uses the coat for rainy days only, and no more does he take it to call on his fiancee or to recline on the back of a chair while he is reading at the club. He keeps it another summer, and the moths get into it, and when he takes it out in the fall it has holes here and there. So the owner gives it to the janitor, if the janitor is not a cold, haughty man, and the janitor wears it awhile until his wife gives it to the tramp who wheeled out the three barrels of ashes. The tramp wears it until the old coat commences to fall apart. Then he gives it to another tramp, and it falls apart still more. And then some day the coat has entirely disappeared. No one knows how or when. The coat just simply faded away. That's all anybody knows about it.—Chicago Tribune.

Trying to Keep Out.

A sick man who was really near to death could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with his spiritual adviser. He had a lingering malady, but his days were certainly numbered by a few weeks at the most. He had not been known as a man of strong religious convictions, and yet there was little if anything which could be said against him. It was one of those delicate cases in which it is hard for the minister to do anything. Some one suggested to Rev. Paul Weyand, then stationed at Morningside, that he make a call upon the patient.

Going to the house, he found the man propped up in bed to relieve a smothering sensation. The sick man could scarcely talk above a whisper, and Rev. Mr. Weyand began to make subtle inquiries about his spiritual welfare. The invalid's answers were all noncommittal and evasive, and finally in despair the pastor asked:

"Do you really want to go to heaven, Mr. Blank?"

"Do I want to go to heaven?" repeated the dying man in a hoarse whisper. "Why, that's the place I've been fighting so hard to keep out of for the last two years!"—Pittsburg News.

Met on a Screen.

One of the happiest uses served by that wonderful and many named invention, the moving picture machine, appears in a story told in the London Music Hall.

A party of gentlemen were watching the pictures when in one of the South African scenes they recognized an officer friend. The wife of the officer, on being told of this, wrote to the manager and asked that this picture might be put on on a certain evening when she would purposely journey from Glasgow.

She had not seen her husband for over a year, but at last observed him in a group—on the screen of a cinematograph.

Too Strong a Temptation.

"Yes, George asked me how old I would be on my next birthday."

"The impudent fellow! Of course you said 19?"

"No; I said 26."

"Mercy, girl, you ain't but 24!"

"No, but George is going to give me a cluster ring with a diamond in it for every year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Need.

"What ten books would you take if you had to pass the rest of your life on a desert island?"

"Oh, I wouldn't take books at all; I'd take things to eat."—Exchange.

A federal union of vegetarian societies exists in London. London has a vegetarian hospital with 20 beds in connection with it.

What Frightened Him.

While crossing the isthmus of Panama by rail some years ago the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flower picking experience.

I refused offers of assistance and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants knee high and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with the flowers.

To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves.

It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me delirious.

I went "off my head" from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down and was about to run to the train. I looked around. Nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse. All right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrank and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

A Bit of Red Tape.

The absurdities of officialism have perhaps never been better illustrated than by the incident in the career of Lord Shaftesbury which the author of "Collections and Recollections" relates:

One winter evening in 1867 he was sitting in his library in Grosvenor square, when the servant told him that there was a poor man waiting to see him. The man was shown in and proved to be a laborer from Clerkenwell and one of the innumerable recipients of the old earl's charity.

He said, "My lord, you have been very good to me, and I have come to tell you what I have heard." It appeared that at the public house which he frequented he had overheard some Irishmen of desperate character plotting to blow up Clerkenwell prison. He gave Lord Shaftesbury the information, to be used as he thought best, but made it a condition that his name should not be divulged. If it were, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase.

Lord Shaftesbury pledged himself to secrecy, ordered his carriage and drove instantly to Whitehall. The authorities there refused, on grounds of official practice, to entertain the information without the name and address of the informant. These, of course, could not be given. The warning was rejected, and the jail was blown up.—Youth's Companion.

Her Wedding "Tower."

An accommodation train on a distant railroad was dragging along, when a long, lean and sallow woman, in what appeared to be subdued bridal finery, leaned across the aisle of the car and said seriously to a lady sitting opposite her:

"Dear me! It's a kind of a solemn thing to be travelin with two husbands, now, ain't it?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied the lady.

"Oh, mebbe not. Well, you see, my first husband died 'bout a year ago an was buried over in Patrick county, an last week I was married ag'in, an me an my second husband have been over in Patrick county on a little weddin tower, an I thought I'd kind of like to have my first husband buried in the graveyard nigh where I'm goin to live now, an my second husband was willin, so we tuk my first husband up, an he's in the baggage car along with our other things. My second husband is settin out on the platform takin a smoke, an I been settin here thinkin how solemn it is to go on a weddin tower with two husbands. It's a turrible solemn piece of bizness when you come to think of it."—Laurence Lee in Lippincott's Magazine.

Why Cables Get Tired.

There has been some question, says The Electrical Engineer, as to the reason why certain cables lose their conducting properties and have in some instances to be replaced. A learned Frenchman has submitted a paper on the subject to the Academie des Sciences. In this paper he states that when cables lose their electrical properties it is because they are always used for one kind of current only, either positive or negative. If used sometimes for positive and sometimes for negative, they will, he states, preserve their conductive qualities indefinitely. Experiments with nine wires running from Paris to Dijon demonstrated this, he says.

Unsympathetic.

"You haven't much sympathy for the request from your employees for shorter hours."

"Not much," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It goes to show that men don't know when they are well off. If they had been invited around to musicales and dragged through Europe by Mrs. C. and the girls like I have, maybe they'd appreciate the privilege of staying in a nice, comfortable, businesslike office nine or ten hours a day."—Washington Star.

Still Anxious.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked, as they were about to retire for the night.

"No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we needn't fear burglars."

"But they might sit down on the hat you know."—Washington Post.

COLEMAN.

Now boys get in your best licks.

H. K. Bixler sold a horse recently.

H. B. Wales was in McCook, Tuesday.

Roy Coleman intends sowing twenty acres to wheat.

Mrs. Johns visited with Mrs. Cole, one day this week.

Eli Blair brought home a cultivator, last Saturday.

I. Kelly brought out a buggy, last Saturday. Now old girls look out.

J. B. Smith is feeding a lot of hogs; he sold over $600 worth last year.

Thos. Real and family will spend the summer near Grafton, among friends.

W. H. Epperly and T. J. Parsons, with their wives, will visit in Iowa untill fall.

Clarence Wales took 45 bushels of cane seed to McCook, Saturday, and brought out a harrow.

School in District No. 65 has closed, W. M. Rozell was teacher. On closing a lengthy program was rendered, the most interesting number, and one that all present took an active part in, was—dinner. No stuttering there. They all had a fine time.

Uncle Billy sent a big soup bone to his daughter Gertie, and fastened to it was the following: "Put me in the pot at seven keep me boiling hard till 'leven then if cabbage you will add it will make your palate glad put some turnips in the stew and some irish taters too and you'l find it very nice if you add a little rice at 12 you take us from the pot and serve us in a turrene hot then you eat until you cry Oh dear me what's the matter with I."

Prof. Ivison, of Lonaconing, Md., suffered terribly from neuralgia of the stomach and indigestion for thirteen years and after the doctors failed to cure him they fed him on morphine. A friend advised the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and after taking a few bottles of it he says, "It has cured me entirely. I can't say too much for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure." It digests what you eat. McConnell & Berry.

PROSPECT PARK.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunham spent Sunday at John Shy's.

The farmers in this neighborhood are thinking about sowing wheat.

May Thompson, who has been sewing in McCook, has come home to stay.

I. T. Birdsell and family are going to move onto the place vacated by Len Stevens.

Edward Hoover expected to go to Wisconsin, Monday. We haven't heard whether he went or not.

Charley Boatman is going to move on the Holbrook place and William Tuttle will move onto the ranch.

Fred Larson had a very interesting paper at the literary, last week. Essie Dunham is to continue the good work, this week.

Roosters often crow over eggs they did not lay. Same with people who sell an imitation Rocky Mountain Tea, made famous by the Madison Medicine Co.'s advertising. 35c. Ask your druggist.

A Square Man.

Q. As a constant reader, from whence came you?

A. From a happy home where we receive THE TRIBUNE once a week.

Q. What came you here to do?

A. To shake hands with the editor and pay my subscription.

Q. Then you are a gentleman and a happy man, I suppose?

A. I am so taken by all my neighbors who borrow THE TRIBUNE.

Q. What makes you a gentleman?

A. My promptness in paying my subscription.

Q. How should I know you to be a gentleman?

A. By having been tried for one year, never denied, and the editor willing to try me again.

Q. Will you be off or from?

A. Off.

Q. Off, where to?

A. To the merchant who advertises.

Q. Why do you patronize the advertisers?

A. Because they are square.

Q. Why are they square?

A. Because they advertise and are on the square.

Q. What is a square?

A. The man who advertises openly to the public that he is here for business.

Q. Have you any signs?

A. I have several.

Q. Will you name them?

A. A pleasant countenance, an open smile and a clear conscience.

Give me a token.

Here's a dollar for a year's subscription in advance.

Correct. The signs are right, the token is right.

Q. What do they denote?

A. Friendship.

The editor being satisfied he is willing to vouch for the brother in any assembly of citizens on earth.

COURT-HOUSE NEWS.

COUNTY COURT.

License to wed to J. Malden Klome and Etta I. Crowe, both of McCook. Married by H. H. Berry, justice of the peace, Saturday evening, March 2nd.

Mrs. Jessie Hodgkin has been appointed by the court as guardian of J. Berne Hodgkin.

DISTRICT COURT.

J. W. Hupp vs. Anna Kummer et al.; attachment.

FEBRUARY RECORD.

Farm mortgage filings, $7,056.97; releases, $6,792.46. City filings, $4,720.00; releases, $1,208.56. Chattel filings, $20,236.16; releases, $9,293.68.

A large assortment of Stock Foods and Poultry Supplies at McMillen's.