

The McCook Tribune.

F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

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Fraternal Insurance Order Cards.

R. C. I. P. A.—Lodge No. 612 meets first and third Thursdays of each month. McConnell's hall, 5:30 p. m. E. B. HUBER, President. W. S. GUYER, Secretary.

ROYAL HIGHLANDERS—McCook lodge No. 307 meets on second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at eight o'clock in McConnell hall. R. W. DEVOE, Illustrious Protector. J. C. MITCHELL, Secretary.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS—Noble camp No. 822 meets second and fourth Thursday afternoons at 3:30 o'clock in McConnell's hall. Mrs. THAD SHEPHERD, Oracle; Mrs. AUGUSTA ANTON, Recorder.

CONGRESSMAN NORRIS has recommended the appointment of Oren B. Ballard as postmaster at Ives, Dundy county, vice J. B. Burk resigned.

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass, 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m. Sunday-school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday. J. J. LOUGHERAN, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Sermons 11 a. m., and 7:45 p. m. Bible school 9:45 a. m. Junior Society 5 p. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:45 p. m. Excellent music. A cordial welcome to all. C. R. BETTS, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL—Preaching services both morning and evening at the usual hours. Sunday-school at 10. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 8. Welcome to all. GEORGE A. CORRAD, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Services in St. Alban's church as follows: Every Sunday in the month Sunday-school at 10 o'clock a. m. Morning-prayer at 11 and evening prayer and sermon at 8. The third Sunday in the month Holy Communion at 7:30 a. m. All are welcome.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

METHODIST—Sunday school 10 a. m. Sermon at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Class meeting at 12. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 7:30 p. m. Watch night service New Year eve as follows: 9 to 10 young people's rally, 10 to 11 sermon and praise service, 11 to 11:50 love feast, 12 altar service. I will preach at South McCook next Sunday at 3 p. m. M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

Head About to Burst From Severe Bilious Attack.

"I had a severe bilious attack and felt like my head was about to burst when I got hold of a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. I took a dose of them after supper and the next day felt like a new man and have been feeling happy ever since," says Mr. J. W. Smith of Juliff, Texas. For biliousness, stomach troubles and constipation these Tablets have no equal. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

Bilious Colic Prevented.

Take a double dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as soon as the first indication of the disease appears and a threatened attack may be warded off. Hundreds of people use the remedy in this way with perfect success. For sale by all druggists.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

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PUBLIC FREE LIBRARY NOTES.

We are accustomed, in our egotism, to think of Persia as a barbarous country, and of its people as lacking in those qualities that distinguish savage men from those called civilized. Yet a Persian has given us a bit of literature that will stand among the classics, and will live as long as men are endowed with capacity for appreciation.

Omar Khayyam flourished in the latter part of the 11th and the early part of the 12th centuries of our era. He was a poet and an astronomer,—one of the most learned men, not only of his own time, but of any time, and of any country. He was one of a body of sages employed by the Shah of the period to reform the calendar. "The result," says Gibbon, "was computation of time which surpasses the Julian, and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style." He is also the compiler of some astronomical tables, and the author of an algebra that is sufficiently modern to have been deemed worthy of recent translation into French.

At first thought the pursuit of astronomy, where mathematical accuracy is essential, is diametrically different from that of poetry, in which the mind is permitted to wander through illimitable space, and yet who can be a student of the stars without being a poet? Note the astronomical allusions in the opening verse of this splendid poem:

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight;
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Fitzgerald may be said to be the discoverer of the poem, or if he were not the first to recognize its beauties, he is at least entitled to gratitude for having, by his translation, placed it within reach of English readers. Fitzgerald himself has given us no less than five authorized versions, differing widely, at times, in phraseology. It is the most remarkable translation from a foreign language into the English. One cannot believe the work has lost much in the process. So well has it been done that the translator has earned quite as secure a place in literary history as he the author.

The poem is profoundly philosophical, deals with questions of the utmost consequence to every human being,—the purpose of existence, the probability of a life beyond,—themes of universal interest. None has aroused so much speculation or so much controversy. Every race of men,—nearly every member of society believes in the immortality of the soul. It is of no moment, then, to what period do we belong, or with what brotherhood of men we claim allegiance, or whether we are believers or disbelievers, we will find in this poem expression given to thoughts with which we are in sympathy and accord, or views that will meet with our heartiest disapprobation, but in regard to which, we shall, in no event, stand neutral.

Listen to old Omar's advice to men:

Some for the Glories of This World;
And some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go.

Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!
It is difficult to make selections for the purpose of quotation. All of the quatrains are so nearly equal in merit that one dislikes to be compelled to choose. Further than that, they are so related to one another that the thread of the thought is liable to be broken by reading the verses singly. The poem will repay the carefullest perusal and study.

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c. and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by L. W. McConnell, druggist.

Will buy hogs Tuesdays and Saturdays. F. S. Wilcox.

INDIANOLA.

B. Duckworth is on the sick list.

Albert Axtell of Danbury was a town visitor, Tuesday.

Frank Dolan from Oklahoma is here visiting home folks.

Dr. Maston has erected a new hen-house on his land in town.

Miss Barr and Delia Andrews were McCook visitors, Sunday.

Miss Mabel Porter, who has been seriously ill, is on the road to recovery.

Miss Delia Andrew spent Monday with Mrs. Joe Carmichael, on the farm.

Otto Halbersleben is home from Franklin to spend the holidays with his parents.

Miss Anna Lehn went down to Red Cloud, Tuesday morning, for a visit with friends.

Rev. Crippen and Jake Kern drove to Bartley, Sunday, to attend the funeral of Mr. Catlett.

Miss Stevens came in on No. 5, Monday evening, from Minden for a visit with her sister Nancy.

Roy Thomas of near Danbury started for Oklahoma, Monday evening, where he will spend the winter.

Frank Lackey, cartoonist of one of the Des Moines papers, is here visiting friends and acquaintances.

Miss Rena Epperley of Bartley visited the latter part of last week with her sister Mrs. Clarence McCord.

Merle Powell went down to Blue Hill, Neb., Monday morning, to spend Christmas with Mr. Hostetter and family.

Ned Heaton and family departed on No. 2, Tuesday morning, for Kokomo, Indiana, for a week's visit with relatives.

Gene Wilcox and wife returned to their home in Cripple Creek, Monday, after a few weeks' visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith started, Tuesday morning, for Bison, Oklahoma, for a short visit with their daughters Edith and Mrs. I. S. Walker.

The school entertainment given at the opera house last Friday evening was largely attended. The proceeds, which amounted to about \$50, will be used for buying new books.

The Misses Julia and Nellie Kane, who have been working in Denver for some time, stopped off here, Tuesday morning, for a short visit with relatives before returning to their home in Kenesaw, Neb.

McCook Market Quotations.

(Corrected Friday morning.)

Corn	25
Wheat	56
Oats	25
Rye	35
Barley	30
Hogs	3.85
Eggs	25
Good Butter	20
Creamery Butter	25

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is a duty one owes to oneself as well as to one's neighbors, for nothing so unfits one for the ordinary duties of life or so quickly brings on premature old age as a morose temper, says the Brooklyn Eagle. There are plenty of artificial aids to cheerfulness within the reach of every one who has real or imaginary cause for ill humor or a congenital tendency to surliness. When things don't go right or your liver is guilty of neglect of duty strive systematically to achieve good humor by repeating over and over the best funny stories or bits of humorous poetry you know. If conscientiously administered this prescription is an infallible remedy for the most acute fit of blue devils. If you doubt it just try the experiment.

Survival of a Custom.

On gateposts you will frequently find a stone ball. Who would ever suppose that the balls on the gateposts were the heads of family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepost. On the gates of towns were stuck the heads of traitorous persons. In old London, for instance, the bridge gate and Temple Bar were always decorated with ghastly relics of the kind, and the memory of the custom survives on the gateposts of modern suburban villas.

The Cost of Neglect.

"I need a vacation badly, but I can't take it now," said Dr. Price-Price. "Many of my patients are in such condition that I can't afford to leave them. They need constant nursing." "Ah, yes," replied the man who knew. "I guess there are certain patients who, if you quit them, get well the first thing you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Inconsistent.

"We look for our feller men to be consistent, an' dat's where we am inconsistent ourselves. De best speech I ever deliberated was on de subject of honesty, an' yet I had to go out dat werry cavenin' an' steal wood 'nuff to run me ober Sunday."—Detroit Free Press.

The Expected.

Ernie—So Mabel and Jack eloped?
Helen—Yes; and they did just what I thought they would do.
Ernie—Wrote home for forgiveness?
Helen—No; wrote home for money.—Answers.

Quickly Subdued.

Von Blumer (roaring with rage)—Who told you to put paper on the wall?
Decorater—Your wife, sir.
Von Blumer—Pretty, isn't it?

Many people buy everything on credit and never ask the price until they go to pay. Then there is a kick.—Atchison Globe.

Franks of Students.

A book by Captain Markham of the British army tells of experiences in Westminster school, London, something over half a century ago. He describes the "handings" of those days. The back of the hand was extended, while the master, standing behind, smote it with a rod, which "curled over a little" and left a cut, and the culprit, facing the school, observed the etiquette of the occasion by wearing an expression of "scornful amusement." Captain Markham also describes "tanning," which was administered with the butt end of a rod upon the backs of the boys' legs. He recalls the code of honor, which was merciless to the boy who broke his word or allowed another to suffer for his offense, but permitted "any amount of humbugging of a master." When disinclined for school you said, "I don't feel very well, sir," and before the master inspected your tongue you gave "the upper surface a hard pressure with your upper teeth, and out came a tongue white enough to satisfy any doctor."

Underground Waters.

The earth contains an abundance of water, even in places like some of our great western plateaus where the surface is comparatively arid. The greatest depth at which underground water can exist is estimated to be about six miles. Below that, it is believed, the cavities and pores of the rock are completely closed. The amount of water in the earth's crust is reckoned at nearly a third of that contained in the oceans, so that it would cover the whole surface of the globe to a depth of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet. The waters underground flow horizontally after sinking below the unsaturated zone of the rocks, but in the sands of the Dakota formation, which supply remarkable artesian wells, the motion does not exceed one or two miles a year. The underflow toward the sea beneath the great plains may sometimes take the form of broad streams or moving sheets of water, but the movement is excessively slow.—Youth's Companion.

Indians Have Hard Teeth.

"I don't care for Indians as patients," said a dentist the other day. "No; it isn't that they are objectionable personally; it is just because there is no money to be made out of them at regular rates. The hardness of an Indian's tooth is something to marvel at, and if I had many of them to treat I should be forced to have instruments of unusual strength made to order. The ordinary kind won't stand the pressure. I filled one cavity in a red man's tooth the other day, and before I got through I had turned the edges of no less than twenty drills. There isn't much money in that sort of work, is there? And talk about the Indian's vaunted stoicism and imperviousness to pain! Why, that fellow yelled every time I touched him! I've had six-year-old children behave better in the chair."—Philadelphia Record.

Sentiment Versus Fact.

That the advance preparation of speeches will not always conform to circumstances was made evident during a flag raising at a public school. The young orator had been speaking for several minutes when he advanced to the front of the platform, raised his hand with a dramatic gesture to the flag on the staff above him and shouted: "See you flag throwing its protecting folds to the breeze of freedom!"

It was a pretty sentiment, but the "breeze" didn't burst out the picture. The flag, to which all eyes were immediately turned, hung as limp as if it had been dipped in water.

Grievances.

Every day in the year the average man has a grievance. On the last day in the year he has probably forgotten the other 364.

Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year he has poured his particular grievance into the ears of some poor devil who has troubles of his own.

What's the use of it?
Don't kick. Let the other fellow do the kicking—and give him cause.

Don't bluff. Some day fate is going to deal you a good hand.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pistol Worse Than Sword.

Damocles was viewing the suspended sword.

"It doesn't seem to trouble you," observed Dionysius.

"No," returned his guest. "Now, if it was only a pistol you didn't know was loaded!"

Weakened by the mere thought, he hastily turned to the butter for strength.—New York Tribune.

Over His Patient's Head.

When the doctor, who forgot what kind of medicine his patient was taking, asked, "Was it a fluid medication I prescribed for you the last time?" the puzzled German patient answered: "I don't know vot id vos. You said I shud take life drobs dree dimes a day in vater."—New York Press.

Just a Hint.

"How appropriately the words are arranged here," she remarked as she fully turned the pages of the dictionary.

"How do you mean?" inquired Mr. Slove-Poll.

"Why, for instance, 'love' comes just a little before 'matrimony.'"

Lucky Numbers.

"Speaking of lucky numbers, they are the ones with the dollar sign before them, aren't they?"

"Well, that depends on whether they represent what is coming to you or what you owe."—Chicago Post.

Discretion Comes With Years.

"So you quarreled with your wife?"
"No, suh; she quarreled wid me."
"Don't you ever answer back?"
"Jedge," replied the witness, "I'm forty year old!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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There are difficulties in the treatment of germ diseases. Perhaps you have been the victim of the inevitable disappointments of trying so-called guaranteed remedies.

Your Hogs Are Full Of Worms

Try a quart of Liquid Koal and see what it will do. Take notice how it increases the appetite. We will tell you what we want you to do. Take a can of Liquid Koal and give it a fair, impartial trial in the treatment of hog cholera, swine plague, pink eye, black leg or any of the other germ diseases of animals, use according to directions and if it is not satisfactory when you have used a can,

Come Back and Get Your Money

Read what others say—
Kearney County Nursery, G. A. Strand, Prop. Grower of choice nursery stock. Minden, Neb. Dec. 5, 1902.
National Medical Co., York, Neb.
About two weeks ago many of the farmers around here lost very heavily by hog cholera. I do not wish to write you a long, flattering statement about your medicine, but will say that I bought a quart can of Liquid Koal and the improvement was so marked that I bought a gallon can and used it with the result that my hogs all recovered and I did not lose one. My herd of over 200 are in fine condition and you may put me down as a constant user of Liquid Koal.
G. A. STRAND.

He who hesitates goes back.

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