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FEROCIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

An Incident in the Life of the Tragedian Macready.

Between Macready and my brother Charles existed a kind of ferocious friendship. Macready, whatever he may have been in private life, had at the theater a simply horrible temper and he was in the habit of using at rehearsals and even in an undertone when acting the most abusive language—language which my brother sometimes passed by with a smile, but which he occasionally hotly resented. He did not mind Macready constantly addressing him as "beast," but he objected to having his eyes, his limbs and his internal organs coupled with invective terms. Yet, oddly enough, the great tragedian, with whom he was constantly quarreling, had a grim respect and liking for him. He knew him to be a gentleman and a scholar and one who was a competent judge of picturesque effect and an acute dramatic critic. On one occasion Macready having to play "Othello," and my brother not being included in the cast, the tragedian thus addressed him: "Beast, I want you to go in front tonight and give me afterward a full and candid opinion as to the merits of my acting. Omit nothing. Tell me how I played and how I looked. I have an idea that I shall surpass myself this evening." Now, the great actor used to go through a tremendous amount of realistic effort in the part of Othello and toward the close of the tragedy would get into such a disorganized physical condition that he was all perspiration and foaming at the mouth and presented a somewhat shocking spectacle.

My brother duly occupied a seat in the front row of the dress circle and narrowly watched the performance from beginning to end. Then he went behind the scenes and repaired to Macready's dressing room. The artist was being disrobed by his dresser and was panting with excitement in an armchair.

"Well, beast, what was it like?" My brother told him that he had derived the highest gratification from the performance and he had never seen him play Othello more superbly. He was magnificent in his speech to the Venetian senate, the jealousy scenes with Iago were splendid, the murder of Desdemona was superb, and he died inimitably. Macready's face lighted up more and more as my brother answered his many queries.

"This well, beast," he observed at last. "This well—very well, and now, what was my appearance—how did I look, beast?"

My brother cogitated for a moment and then, with perfect candor, replied, "Like a sweep, sir!"—G. A. Sala's Recollections.

Unloaded on the Editor.

Soon after arriving in London Justin McCarthy obtained an introduction to an editor who had started what was then the novel feature of publishing short stories in newspapers. Mr. McCarthy wrote a story for him and sent it in. A few days later he called at the office to learn its fate.

"I hope you can see your way to accept it," he said timidly.

"Yes, and sixty more like it," replied the editor.

Nothing more was heard of Mr. McCarthy for several months. When he eventually put in an appearance at the office he had a large parcel with him.

"What have you got there?" asked the editor, seeing him untie the cord.

"These are the sixty stories you asked me to write," answered his visitor. The editor gasped for breath.

"But I didn't ask you to write anything like that number!" he said.

"You expressed your willingness to accept sixty stories like the one I wrote on approval, and here they are. I merely took you at your word," quoth the young Irishman. The stories were not refused.

The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern" (1789) one reads, "Should a glass house fire be kept up, without extinction for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that salamander would be generated in the cinders." This probably accounts for the popular idea that a salamander lives in the fire, a fallacy so far removed from the truth that the curious lizard-like beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

Dickens and Thackeray.

"I once missed meeting Dickens at Chatsworth. He left the day of my arrival," writes Leveson-Gower in his memoirs. "Thackeray came that same afternoon and was anxious to hear about Dickens' visit. He wondered whether he had toadied the duke very much. My impression is that, though professing to be friends, these two great novelists did not care much for one another."

A Careful Wife.

Hubby (desperately)—Give me your clothesline. I'm going to hang myself. Wife (sweetly)—Oh, George, I'm so sorry. This clothesline is so rotten it won't hold you. You'll have to buy one, dear!—Cleveland Leader.

Sad Result of Experiment.

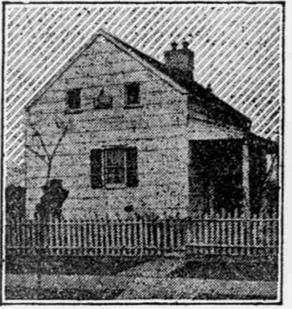
Aunt Ann—You think John no longer loves you? New Wife (sobbing)—I—I know it, auntie! I p-p-ut on an ug-ug-ug old hat this morning and he never noticed the dif-dif-difference!—Chicago Tribune.

Most people think when they receive a favor that it is merely a sample, and that if the goods suit they can come back for more.

THE OLD POE COTTAGE.

Reminder of Sad Scenes in the Life of a Poet.

Many admirers of Edgar Allan Poe have made pilgrimages to the cottage in which the poet spent some of the most melancholy hours of a most melancholy life. This cottage is at Fordham, once a Dutch village and in Poe's time quite a distance from the city of New York, but now well within the limits of the Greater New York and a part of the borough of Bronx. The cottage is near the old Kingsbridge road and is not far from Bronx park, where a famous zoological collection attracts thousands of visitors on pleas-



THE POE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

ant Sunday afternoons. It is but one story and a half in height, and on the first floor are three rooms, one of them a kitchen. The second story is scarcely more than an attic, but in one of the small rooms, that in the southwest corner, the poet's beautiful wife, Virginia Clemm Poe, wasted away with consumption and died at last in the midst of extreme privation. She married Poe when hardly more than a child, and though he was devoted to his young and frail partner, her short life was full of hardships, for the genius of Poe was not recognized then as it has been since, and the rewards of his literary labors were small. There is a story that she was wrapped up in her husband's overcoat in her last sickness because the family did not have enough bedclothing to keep her warm. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that they were very poor, and a neighbor who laid Mrs. Poe's body out for burial has said that she and other women who lived near by furnished the burial clothes. It was in 1845, just before coming to live in this cottage, that Poe wrote "The Raven." His wife died in 1847, and in the two following years, while still living at Fordham, Poe produced some of his best works, but they were years of extreme melancholy, and the poet's frame of mind was reflected in the sad but beautiful "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee," which he composed in the study of the Fordham cottage or while pacing the little veranda in front and gazing at the stars.

WILLIAM E. COREY.

Head of Steel Trust, Whose Marital Affairs Have Attracted Notice.

William Ellis Corey, the head of the gigantic steel trust, whose marital troubles have recently attracted attention, is one of the younger set in high finance and reached eminence in the business world at an age when many men are just starting out on the road to success. He was born in 1866 at Braddock, Pa., and obtained his first job at sixteen in the laboratory of the Edgar Thomson Steel works. In his spare time he studied chemistry. His work and ability soon attracted notice, and he was sent to the order department of the Homestead Steel works. At twenty-one he was appointed superintendent of the plate mill and open



WILLIAM E. COREY.

hearth department, and he was next promoted to the armor plate department, in which he invented a new re-forming process that revolutionized work of the kind. From this time on his advancement was rapid. He succeeded Charles M. Schwab as general superintendent of the Homestead Steel works and subsequently succeeded him as president of the Carnegie Steel company. Later on he succeeded Mr. Schwab again in an important post—the presidency of the United States Steel corporation. In this position he has drawn a salary of \$75,000 a year. Rumors of his resignation from this post in consequence of his domestic troubles have been in circulation. His wife is now in Nevada and is said to have instituted divorce proceedings.

Ellen Terry's Scream.

Miss Ellen Terry is said to have "achieved her first stage distinction by screaming." In a play bearing the outlandish title of "Altair Geil" she had to take a snake round her neck and scream, and so realistic was her simulated horror at the situation that the scream electrified the house.

A Story of Alexandre Dumas.

This story is told of Alexandre Dumas. It is well known that he could not refuse a request—at least not often. One day he gave a man a letter to one of his intimate friends in Brussels. The friend, a wealthy merchant, received him as though he had been Dumas' own brother, introduced him to his circle of acquaintances, placed his stable at the man's disposal and did everything in his power to make life pleasant for Dumas' friend. After the lapse of fourteen days the man suddenly disappeared and with him the best horse in the merchant's stable. Six months later the merchant visited Dumas and thanked him for the kind of people he recommended to his consideration. "Dear friend," he added, "your friend is a shark. He stole the best horse in my stable." Astonished, Dumas raised his hands toward heaven and cried, "What he stole from you too!"

Mazeppa and the Cossacks.

The word cossack means robber, and the name Cossacks was given by the Turks to a race in manners, appearance and language like the Russians, but who are said not to be really akin to them. The Cossacks of Little Russia and the Don Cossacks are said to be the most unscrupulous robbers in the world. They excel in horsemanship and form a large part of the Russian Imperial cavalry. Styled sometimes the spies of the czar, they keep the nihilists in greater check than any other power and number many more than a million men. Mazeppa, a Don Cossack, the subject of Byron's poem, when condemned to be bound upon a wild horse and borne away to his fate, was carried toward the Ukraine, on the borders of Poland, and, being rescued by Cossacks, became their chief.

Violet For Mourning.

It was not by accident that violet was chosen by many nations as the exclusive color for mourning and by us also for half mourning. Painters suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia will be inclined to cover their pictures uniformly with the color most in accordance with their condition of lassitude and exhaustion. Thus originate the violet pictures of Manet and his school, which spring from no actually observable aspect of nature, but from a subjective view due to conditions of the nerves. When the entire surface of walls in salons and art exhibitions of the day appears veiled in uniform half mourning this predilection for violet is simply an expression of the nervous debility of the painter.—Nordau's "Degeneration."

A Broad Hint.

Sir Andrew Agnew of Lucknow, a well known Scotch baronet, was long pestered by an impudent sort of person, who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him.

"Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad hint."

"A broad hint?" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take one."

"By ma saul," said Sir Andrew, "he was obliged to tak' it! For as the chiel wadna gang out at the door I just threw him out of the window!"

Air Pressure.

At the level of the sea the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston of an engine is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, but decreases at higher altitudes. As this atmospheric pressure must be overcome by the steam pressure before any work can be done, it is evident that at the diminished air pressure of high altitudes more work can be obtained from a given pressure of steam than at the sea level, or, in other words, an equally effective pressure of steam can be obtained with the expenditure of less fuel. The difference, however, is not great enough to be of any practical importance.

Bounty For Scapls.

During the French-Indian war of 1754 the French offered a bounty for British scapls. In the same year a bounty of £100 each was offered by the authorities of the several colonies. In 1755 Massachusetts granted a bounty of £40 for every scalp of a male Indian over twelve years of age and £20 each for the scapls of women and children. In 1764 John Penn, grandson of William Penn and governor of Pennsylvania, offered a bounty of \$150 for every "Indian buck" killed and scalped.

The Conditions Different.

Husband (with newspaper)—When I'm at home you are forever hammering at that piano or else your tongue is running like a trip hammer. It wasn't so before we were married. Wife—No, it wasn't. Before we were married you held my hands so I couldn't play and kept my lips so busy that I couldn't talk.

Too Much Nothing.

"This cheese is full of holes," complained the prospective purchaser.

"Yes, sir," said the proprietor. "That's right."

"Haven't you got one with the holes full of cheese?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unconsciousness.

"She's the most unconscious girl I ever saw."

"Well, why shouldn't she be? She's pretty and knows it; she's clever and knows it, and she's good and knows it. What has she to be conscious of?"—Puck.

A cheerful manner makes an important wireless connection with the heart of a prospective customer and transmits an irresistible call for business.—Success Magazine.

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SINCERELY WISH
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Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last Thursday evening:

T. Weidman to A. Atkinson wd to ne qr 21-3-30	\$ 800 00
Ida M. Dolan to J. B. Rozell wd to blk 11, Indianapolis	2,500 00
J. A. Plasmyre to F. L. Young wd to sw qr 5-3-30	2,600 00
P. Boyle to Minnie Boyle wd to e h nw qr and w h ne qr 20-3-29	3,000 00
W. S. VanMetre to F. Kelley wd to ne qr and e h se qr 1-2-28	3,000 00
A. W. Stevens to E. D. Currier wd to ne qr 19 and nw qr 29-4-29	1,300 00
C. F. Lehn to F. L. Young wd to ne qr 26-2-30	1,300 00
C. C. Burt to W. A. Davenport wd to w h ne qr 7-1-27	700 00
F. T. Walker to H. A. Houtz wd to e h 2-3-30	4,000 00
J. A. Forsman to F. Huntwork wd to e h ne qr 23 and w h nw qr 24-4-27	1,800 00
F. Huntwork to J. C. Tilton wd to e h ne qr 23 and w h nw qr 24-4-27	2,400 00
P. Blatt to W. B. Keudall wd to e h nw qr and e h se qr 3-3-30	2,600 00
H. Winans to Jennie Gockley wd to lot 2, blk 23, McCook	1,200 00
W. Doyle to J. C. Ball wd to pt of lot 13, 14 and 15, blk 20, McCook	40 00
McCook Loan & Trust Co. to E. Rishel wd to lot 6, blk 16, McCook	1,000 00
G. Bullis, et al to ad to lot 12, blk 25, McCook	714 70
A. C. Crabtree to F. S. Lofton sd to sw qr 21-1-29	580 00
J. E. Hathorn to L. J. Kite wd to lot 5, blk 48, Bartley	57 50
Lincoln Land Co. to J. L. Sargent wd to lots 10 and 12, blk 5, Danbury	625 00
Powell & Nilsson to J. Wicks deed to lots 3 and 4, blk 4, Marion	950 00
Powell & Nilsson to E. F. Wicks deed to lots 1 and 2, blk 4, Marion	950 00
J. E. Throne et al to R. Moore wd to nw qr and w h sw qr 25-4-30	2,300 00
R. Moore to P. T. Moore wd to nw qr and n h sw qr 25 and s h sw qr 24-4-30	1 00
United States to N. W. Wallin pat to lots 2, 8-10 and 11 in 19-3-27	

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\$500 Reward For Women Who Cannot Be Cured.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"I used four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery,'" writes Mrs. Elmer D. Shearer, of Mount Hope, Lancaster Co., Pa., "and can say that I am cured of that dreaded disease, uterine trouble. Am in better health than ever before. Everyone who knows me is surprised to see me look so well. In June I was so poor in health that at times I could not walk. Today I am cured. I tell everybody that Dr. Pierce's medicines cured me."

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Bally's Courtship.

While on a secret mission to Paris in 1583 Rosny had fallen in love with the daughter of the president, St. Mesmin. The young lady was handsome and kind, but while paying her his addresses he heard of a Mlle. de Courtenay, who was reported to be beautiful, well born and wealthy besides. Prudence suggested that he should make her the Baroness de Rosny, but he was already half committed to the other. While he was pondering the subject he arrived one day at an inn in Nogent and found, to his dismay, that by an unlucky chance both ladies were lodged in it. Mlle. de St. Mesmin in the left wing and Mlle. de Courtenay in the right. Both were ready to marry him, and he was ready to marry one of them, but could not decide which. It was a very awkward position for the wavering lover, and at first he thought of saving himself by instant flight. While he hesitated Mlle. de St. Mesmin's younger sister saw him and expressed her surprise that he had been half an hour in the house without visiting them. The decisive moment had evidently come. "Turn to the right," whispered the friend who was with him. He did so, and Anne de Courtenay became his wife.—H. C. Macdowell in Macmillan's Magazine.

A Very Sensitive Lady.

A young lady endowed with the most sensitive nerves mentioned one evening to a few friends assembled in her drawing room that she had a horror of the rose. "The perfume of this flower," said she, "gives me a severe headache and faintness." The conversation was interrupted by the visit of a fair friend who wore a rosebud in her hair. Our fair heroine turned pale directly, tossed her arms and fell gracefully in a swoon upon the ottoman.

"What a strange nervous susceptibility! What a delicate and impressionable organization!" cried the spectators. "For mercy's sake, madam, go away! Don't you see that you have caused this attack?"

"I?" replied the astonished lady. "Yes, of course it is the perfume of the rosebud in your hair."

"Really, if it is so I will sacrifice the guilty flower, but judge before you sentence." The flower, detached from the head-dress, was passed from hand to hand among the spectators, but their solicitude soon gave way to a different emotion. The fatal rosebud was an artificial one!—London Leader.

A Versatile Parish Clerk.

The ancient parish clerk in England had many functions. Letters were not so common in those days as today, and the clerk was the learned man of the community. One of his functions was writing epitaphs, but this was not the sum of his accomplishments, as may be seen from the advertisement of John Hopkins, clerk of Salisbury in the eighteenth century:

John Hopkins, parish clerk and undertaker, sells epitaphs of all sorts and prices. Shaves neat and plays the bassoon. Teeth drawn, and the Salisbury Journal read gratis every Sunday morning at 8. A school for psalmody every Thursday evening, when my son, born blind, will play on the fiddle. Specimen epitaph on my wife:

My wife ten years not much to my ease, But now she is dead in casio quies. Great variety to be seen within. Your humble servant, JOHN HOPKINS.

Then He Got Mad.

Husband (impatiently)—If the fool killer would strike this town he would find plenty of work to do. Wife—Is there such a person, dear? Husband—Of course there is. Wife (with anxiety)—Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful.

Returned Thoughts.

"Do thoughts that came to you in the long ago ever return?" asked the originator of silly questions.

"Not unless I inclose stamps," answered the literary party.—Chicago News.