

Bad Stomach Makes Bad Blood.

You can not make sweet butter in a foul, unclean churn. The stomach serves as a churn in which to agitate, work up and disintegrate our food as it is being digested. If it be weak, sluggish and foul the result will be torpid, sluggish liver and bad, impure blood.

The ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are just such as best serve to correct and cure all such derangements. It is made up without a drop of alcohol in its composition; chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol. Now this glycerine is of itself a valuable medicine, instead of a deleterious agent like alcohol, especially in the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia and the various forms of indigestion. Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says of it:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose. It is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs; especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach), it is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric acidity. It is useful in chronic intestinal dyspepsia, especially the flatulent variety, and in certain forms of chronic constipation, stimulating the secretory and excretory functions of the intestinal glands."

When combined, in just the right proportions, with Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherrybark, Queen's root, Blood root and Mandrake root, or the extracts of these, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, there can be no doubt of its great efficacy in the cure of all stomach, liver and intestinal disorders and derangements. These several ingredients have the strongest endorsement in all such cases of such eminent medical leaders as Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, Chicago; Prof. Robert A. Hare, M. D., of Medical Department, University of Pa.; Prof. Laurence Johnson, M. D., Medical Department, University of New York; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., and Prof. John King, M. D., Authors of the American Dispensatory, and scores of others among the leading medical men of our land.

Who can doubt the curative virtues of a medicine the ingredients of which have such a professional endorsement?

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Col. A. J. Driscoll
H. H. Berry

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It has received thousands of testimonials from grateful people.

It has been prescribed by physicians with the most satisfactory results.

It has often saved life before medicine could have been sent for or a physician summoned.

It only costs a quarter. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? BUY IT NOW.

The Dodging Period

of a woman's life is the name often given to "change of life." Your menses come at long intervals, and grow scantier until they stop. The change lasts three or four years, and causes much pain and suffering, which can, however, be cured, by taking

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It quickly relieves the pain, nervousness, irritability, miserableness, fainting, dizziness, hot and cold flashes, weakness, tired feeling, etc. Cardui will bring you safely through this "dodging period," and build up your strength for the rest of your life. Try it.

You can get it at all druggists in \$1.00 bottles.

"EVERYTHING BUT DEATH
I suffered," writes Virginia Robson, of Easton, Md., "until I took Cardui, which cured me so quickly it surprised my doctor, who didn't know I was taking it."

The Story of an Invention.

The power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his penknife, and when he got it all done he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits. In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.

The Pointer.

There is as much fallacy in attempting to prove the origin of pointing as in a like attempt to prove the origin of eating. As a matter of fact, the pointing act commonly exhibited by the pointer and setter is an incident of the capture or attempted capture of food by dogs, and also by wolves and foxes. Coyotes have been seen to draw and point on prairie dogs and grouse in precisely the same manner that the pointer and setter draw on game birds. There were the same rigidity and stealth, the pause to judge of distance and opportunity and the final rigid posture when all the energies are concentrated for the final spring to capture. All the phenomena displayed by the dog family indicate that the drawing and pointing in the pursuit of prey were ever natural traits. It may be reasonably believed that man could not breed the pointing instinct out of the dog if he attempted to do so.—Forest and Stream.

A Gentle Wish.

It was their honeymoon. They had moved into a pretty suburban home and were getting settled cozily at last. "I have something for you," she said when he came home from the office.

"A present?" "Yes. You have no night key, so I had one made for you. Here it is." "That was very thoughtful of you. But how did you come to take so much trouble?"

"I wanted it as a kind of barometer. You'll let me look at it now and then, won't you?"

"Certainly." "I'm not going to say you mustn't go out evenings, and I'm not going to sit up until you come home when you are out late. I only hope," she said coaxingly, "that every time I look at it the key will be a little bit rustier, and then I will know that home pleases you more than any other place."

The Fountain Pen.

The fountain pen is not an invention of recent years. In Samuel Taylor's "Universal System of Shorthand Writing," published in 1786, we find proof of the fountain pen's great age.

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument, but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

The Fork.

It is about 1,900 years ago since the fork made its appearance in Europe. In 99 A. D. a son of the doge Pietro Orsola had wedded in Venice the Brizantine Princess Argila, who produced at the wedding breakfast a silver fork and gold spoon. Then the high Venetian families followed suit, and these martyrs to fashion pricked their lips with the new instrument. The fork prospered, however, and spread over Italy. In 1379 it had traveled as far as France, and in 1608 a traveler brought it direct to England.

Both Hate Him.

"Funny thing," remarked Wilson musingly. "Tom Wilkins and Edith Brown used to be great friends of mine. I introduced them to each other. They got married, and now neither of them will speak to me. Wonder what the reason can be?"

Cross Purposes.

Mrs. Klubbs (severely)—I've been lying awake these three hours waiting for you to come home. Mr. Klubbs (ruefully)—Gee! And I've been staying away for three hours waiting for you to go to sleep.

A Lady Bountiful.

Tramp—Kin you give a poor feller a cold bite, mum? Housewife—Yes. On your way out you'll find some icicles on the gate.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Clever Ones.

Griggs—Some men are born great, others achieve greatness. Briggs—Yes; and others simply have the trick of making other people think they're great.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clark.

H. TINDELL RAE BURN.

Noted Male Chorister Who at Nineteen Still Sings Soprano.

H. Tindell Raeburn is in some respects the most remarkable boy chorister in America. Indeed it is not probable that any of the present English cathedral choirs contains a soprano of such uniform excellence. His voice is a dramatic soprano of great breadth and flexibility, and its tonal qualities are so unusual that his singing has attracted much attention from teachers of reputation all over the country. Another unique feature of this young man's singing is to be found in the fact that he has long passed the age at which the boy soprano is at his best and still retains his beautiful voice at its highest stage of development. A boy's soprano rarely survives the age



H. TINDELL RAE BURN.

of sixteen, but young Raeburn is almost nineteen and does not look or appear younger.

This interesting young singer has been a member of a boy choir since his seventh year. He is a native of Canada and entered the choir of Trinity church, New York city, at the age of eleven. When he arrived at the age at which most boys lose their soprano tones the choirmaster believed that he saw signs of the approaching change so much dreaded by boy singers who have been soloists and broke the intelligence as kindly as he could. Raeburn took the hint and went his way sorrowfully.

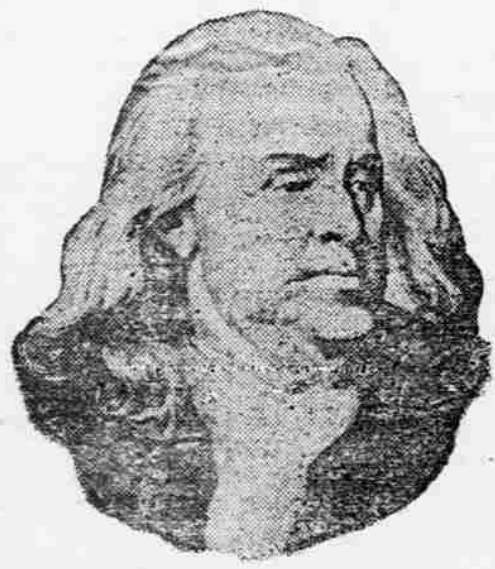
Two years later he returned to Trinity and asked to be given a trial. The choirmaster tried to dissuade him, but the lad was persistent and declared that he was "all right" again. To end the matter he was given an opportunity of showing what he could do. To the choirmaster's infinite astonishment and delight the boy sang with an ease and brilliancy that he had never before attained. His voice retained all its old time sweetness and quality and had gained immeasurably in volume and expression. He was re-engaged at once and has remained at Trinity ever since.

Raeburn's long career as a chorister has made him an excellent and most competent musician, and his repertory is very extensive. He has sung in most of the oratorios, masses and sacred cantatas that are produced by American choirmasters and has mastered all their technical difficulties. He is also familiar with most of the best known arias of grand opera.

FRANKLIN PORTRAITS.

Interest Is Inspired In Them by the Bicentenary Ceremonies.

The ceremonies in Philadelphia in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin have aroused interest in portraits and statues of the famous sage. One of the best of the portraits is the painting of him by Greuze, for which he sat while in residence in France. It is in pastel and life size and originally hung in the diplomat's house at Passy. The late Henry Shelton Sanford obtained it while charge d'affaires in Paris during the revolution of 1848-49. The fact



THE GREUZE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN.

of its being from Franklin's French residence adds a deep interest to it and it is considered a strikingly beautiful painting. It was loaned by the daughters of the late General Sanford to the American Philosophical society and hung in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts with that other interesting portrait of Franklin, which was presented to the United States by the governor general of Canada, Earl Grey. The latter was painted by an eminent English artist, Benjamin Wilson, in 1759, and was taken from Franklin's home in Philadelphia in 1778, when the British evacuated Philadelphia, by General Grey.

A Battle In the Sea.

Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly. Into all this commotion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for its benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort. But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke. The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden have less of fear than they have of contempt for him.

A Photographic Warning.

The following story of a young lady living in the country who came to London to be photographed is told by M. A. P. and vouched for by a well known London photographer. After some days the lady, Miss B., was informed the photograph was not a success, and another sitting was suggested. This she agreed to, but again was informed that the photograph was a failure. There was a third sitting. In two days' time she received an urgent letter from the photographer asking her to come up to his studio and to bring a friend with her. Miss B. went, accompanied by her mother, and was shown the amazing results of the three sittings. The pictures of the girl herself were quite good, but in each plate there was to be seen standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand. The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and Miss B. recognized them as those of her fiancée, an officer in the Indian army. The effect of this experience was so great that after a few days she wrote out to India, breaking off the engagement.

Louis Napoleon Answered.

Lady Blessington did not always meet with gratitude from some whose position at last enabled them to serve her. She sheltered in her London home Louis Napoleon after he had escaped from his prison in Ham. After Louis Napoleon became president of the French republic he seems to have turned the cold shoulder on Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay when they approached him in Paris. There was a story going at the time, for the accuracy of which we certainly will not vouch, but which appeared in several of the London papers. Shortly before Lady Blessington's death she met, so the story goes, the president driving in the Champs Elysees. He stopped his carriage, she stopped hers, and they conversed for a few minutes. His manner seemed to her determinedly chilly. "Do you stay long in Paris?" he asked as he was about to drive on. "No," she answered. "And you?"—London Spectator.

George Eliot and "Romola."

George Eliot's first arrangement with the publisher of "Romola" was for no less a sum than 10,000 guineas. "As that is so very large a figure," he said, "I must run it through fifteen numbers of the Cornhill." "No," she answered; "it must finish in twelve numbers or the artistic effect of the story will be lost. I quite understand the necessity for its prolongation from a commercial point of view, so we'll say 7,000 guineas instead of the 10,000." And 7,000 guineas was accordingly paid for the copyright. Three thousand guineas seem a large sum to give up for an artistic scruple, but she did it.

Bad For Creditors.

In the faraway, benighted community of Dams, in Africa, the old fashioned method of throwing a debtor into prison, where he is safe from the tormenting visits of his creditors, is not followed. Instead, he is practically turned over to the mercy of the creditors in a literal sense. A heavy tree log is attached to his bare leg, and this he is obliged to drag after him wherever he goes. There is no escaping the creditors now, and the log remains bound to his ankle until his debts are paid.

Cartoosies of Woman.

Women pin from left to right; men from right to left. Women button from right to left; men from left to right. Women stir from left to right (their tea, for instance); men from right to left. Women seldom know the difference between a right and a left shoe, and if a housemaid brings up a man's boots she will nine times out of ten place them so that the points will diverge. Can these peculiarities be explained?—London Truth.

Cash Your Checks.

It is not well to keep checks locked up in your desk. Cash them. It is security for yourself, if the drawer is not entirely reliable, and a favor to him if he is. "Stale" checks are an annoyance to bank officials and a general hindrance. Cash your checks!

Sarcastic.

Softly—I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'm not such a fool as I look. Sarcast—Well, then, you have much to be thankful for.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose.—Taylor.

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