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### LOSS OF SOIL BY EROSION.

One of the Largest Leaks For Money  
on the American Farm.

The moving of soil by water is not confined to large streams, as many farmers know to their sorrow. Every tiny rill trickling down the slope carries off some of the finest and richest soil on the farm. After a heavy rain the spring is soiled and the puddles in the hollows are muddy with it. The deep furrows left up and down the slope by the cultivator teeth become miniature water courses, and the trickling water exacts a tribute of rich soil before it joins the large rill by the road. The soil of the cornfield that was left bare all winter has lost some of its best loam by planting time. Gullies appear on the farm here and there, widening and deepening after every rain. The soil on the knolls and hillsides becomes thin and yellow. For the rich black surface part of it has hurried off to help build up some excellent farming land about ten miles downstream.

After a heavy rain the farmer can see the best part of his soil creeping, running, racing away from him. A thousand murky rills slowly meander across his plowed ground and gather forces in the hollows. A hundred turbid rivulets pour down the hollows and join the water in the gulch. A dozen muddy brooklets rush down the gulch, swell the brook into a creek and race downstream, bearing away tons of the rich silt and loam that make plants grow. When the rain is over and the soaked soil has dried out enough to till, there are gravelly places that the farmer finds it hard to make productive, and rocks are exposed that have never been above the surface before.

Unchecked erosion has ruined many farms and seriously hurt many others. Thousands of acres of valuable farming land, particularly the red clay soils of the south and the loose, shaly soils of the north, are gouged and gullied every year until they become practically valueless for cropping. I have seen many hundreds of acres ruined by washing in the Carolinas, Tennessee and Georgia. On most farms, however, the loss is less conspicuous and more insidious. Every farm that has an irregularity of surface, however slight, pays tribute to the force that does more leveling in an hour than all the patent leveling machines have ever done or ever will do.

A very important problem for the farm owner to consider is how to check erosion cheaply and effectively. The

plan that will be most successful depends upon the locality, the lay of the land, the kind of soil, the crop and many other local matters. In extreme cases it has been found necessary to retain wooded areas running across the slopes that are subject to washing and otherwise disposed so as to prevent the gathering of water. The water course should be looked to carefully. A little work directing streamlets into legitimate channels is time well spent. There are various methods of holding the soil with plants. A cover crop of rye, clover, vetch, etc., sown in the orchard or cornfield in late summer may do much to prevent surface washing during the winter. Steep banks may be held with quack grass; slopes may be put into meadows. Cultivating across the slopes instead of up and down will save many tiny leaks that amount to a serious loss in some cases. Many other methods of checking erosion will suggest themselves to the man who has this problem to solve, and the methods born of personal need and local experience are apt to be most efficient.

The loss by erosion is, I believe, one of the largest leaks on American farms today. It is bound to increase as our wooded area decreases. This loss cannot be entirely prevented, as long as the rain falls upon land that is not perfectly level. But a large part of it can be prevented. How to do this is worth considering by every man who has the problem on his hands.—Country Life in America.

### COMFORT FOR THE EYES.

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### SEEING A JOKE.

Sometimes One May Be Discovered  
Where It Does Not Exist.

A joke depends almost entirely on its environment for appreciation. Lots of our jokes would fall mighty flat, I guess, in Zululand or Siberia, just the same as the funny stories of those countries would be a dead weight over here. Every country has its own particular brand of humor, and to appreciate it to the full you must have been born in that country or lived there for many years. The Laplanders appear to us to be a pretty solemn race, but I dare say they have their little jokes about the quality of the oil they sometimes have to drink, and other subjects interesting to their mode of living.

In every country, too, there is a certain percentage of the people who couldn't see a joke however broad it might be. There are humorously dull people in Ireland as well as humorously bright people in Scotland. Why, some time ago I received a letter from an Irishman saying that he had read all my books from cover to cover, and he considered they were the most serious things ever published. He thought most of the stories would go fine if they were dramatized and put on the stage in the form of tragedies.

As to the British sense of humor being less keen than the American, there's nothing in it. English men and women are just as quick to see a joke as we are—sometimes a good deal quicker, and I know I never want more appreciative audiences than those I got in London. Why, they'd start laughing before I began, and when I'd come on to the platform and look at them in a solemn kind of way some of them would double up with merriment.

Sometimes, however, anticipation is a bit awkward—as, for instance, when a humorous lecturer being unable to appear his place was taken by a minister who wished to discourse on the evils of intemperance. The audience, it appears, was not informed of the change (there might have been a riot) and when the good man came on the platform and stated that his subject for the evening would be the curse of rum those present went into convulsions of merriment. The more grave and solemn the lecturer became the more the people rolled on their seats in ecstasies of mirth until at last the astonished divine closed his book with a bang and retired. Now, I dare say in that case the real lecturer would hardly have created so much amusement as did his substitute, which proves that a humorist with a reputation has something of a pull over the unknown man, though the latter may really be funnier.—Mark Twain.

### Origin of the Fairy Cinderella.

It has been said, "Not one girl in a thousand knows the origin of the friend of her childhood, Cinderella." Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the common era and during the reign of one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to bathe in a clear stream near her home, leaving her shoes, which were very small, lying on a bank. An eagle, passing above, caught sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak. The bird unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying over Memphis, where the king was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall directly at the king's feet. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king determined to know the wearer of so cunning a shoe. Messengers were sent through all the kingdom in search of the foot that it would fit. Rhodope was finally discovered, the shoe placed on her foot, and she was carried in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammetichus.

### Here's a Spelling Lesson.

Students in a London school were recently asked to write this: "A glutinous sibil with her glutinous hand complacently seized a sieve, a phisical lichenun, a noticeably supercilious, irascible and cynical sergeant, an embarrassed and harassed chrysalis, a shrieking sheik, a complaisant proselyte and an anonymous chrysolite. These all suddenly disappeared down her receptive esophagus. She simply said: 'Pugh! Not saccharin!'" She then transferred a billion of bilious mosquitoes, an unsalable bouquet of fuchsias, lilies, dahlias, hyacinths and phlox, a liquefied bellium, an indelible defamatory inflammatory synchro-nism and a debatable syllogism to the same capacious receptacle. Peaceably surrendering her daguerreotype to the ecstatic aeronaut, she descended with her parachute—a synonym for barouche—and grievously terrified the stolid, squalid yeomanry already tormented by the heat, 101 Fahrenheit."

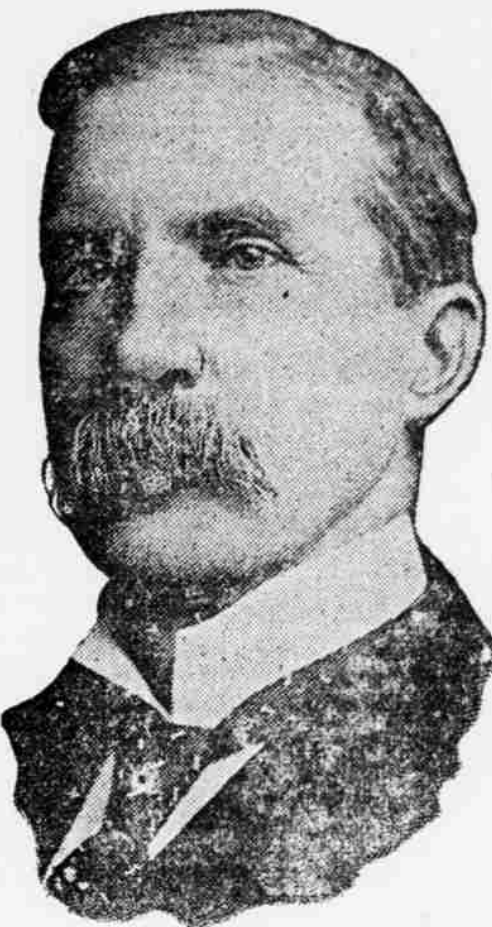
### A Book For the Married.

When the civil ceremony of marriage is performed in France the official who conducts it passes to the newly wedded pair a little book, which is the wedding gift of the French government. This book contains an official record of the wedding and a number of blank spaces for future births, marriages and deaths in the family. The most important feature of the small volume, however, is contained in about six pages that are devoted to the special instructions which the Academy of Medicine has prepared on the care of young children. These instructions number thirty-five in all, and they refer to the feeding and clothing of infants and to the further protection of the helpless child. This curious little wedding gift was inspired by the deep thought which the government has given to the subject of the reduction of infant mortality, a problem of the utmost importance in view of the backward movement in population in France.—Boston Globe.

### LEWIS EMERY, JR.

Foe of Standard Oil, Who is Up For  
Governor in Pennsylvania.

Ex-State Senator Lewis Emery, Jr., of Pennsylvania, nominee of the Lincoln Republicans of the Keystone State for governor, was the star witness at the session of the interstate commerce commission held in Cleveland to examine into the operations of the Standard Oil trust. It was at this hearing that he made the startling declaration: "The Standard has never invented anything. It has always stolen what somebody else created." Mr. Emery is president of the only existing rival to the Standard, which has a pipe line from the oil regions to the seaboard. He declared that this company, the



LEWIS EMERY, JR.

United States Pipe Line company, would be driven out of existence but for its pipe line and that the Standard has complete control of the railroads. He is considered the most successful antagonist of the oil trust remaining in the fray.

Mr. Emery was born in Chautauque county, N. Y., in 1834, but spent his early youth in Michigan. He served an apprenticeship in a woolen mill, at nineteen became a country school-teacher and two years later joined his father in the manufacture of flour. In 1864 he removed from Michigan to southern Illinois and later found his way to the oil fields of Pennsylvania. Years of struggle and vicissitude followed this venture, and it was not until the opening of the great Bradford oil field that he emerged from difficulties a man of independent fortune. He was first chosen to the Pennsylvania legislature in 1878 and has served in both house and senate, always being noted for his independence.

### COLONEL GEORGE F. HUFF.

Pennsylvania Congressman, Mine  
Owner and Capitalist.

Colonel George Franklin Huff of Greensburg, Pa., whose testimony as to relations between coal companies and railroads is wanted by the interstate commerce commission, is one of the largest individual owners of coal lands in Pennsylvania and president of the Keystone Coal and Coke company. This company is among the corporations which are supposed to have enjoyed special favors from the railroads, and his explanation of how such alleged special privileges were obtained is desired. A subpoena served in the employ of the interstate commerce commission sought him at Greensburg and reported that Colonel Huff had evaded service by taking refuge in a cellar and had afterward flagged the Pennsylvania Limited and gone to Washington. Mr. Huff, however, denied that he had tried to evade the summons of



COLONEL GEORGE F. HUFF.

the commission, said he had been all day at his office and on leaving had gone to the basement by the elevator as usual in order to take his carriage, which was kept in a rear building. He said he would appear before the commission as soon as congress adjourns.

Colonel Huff once sought the seat in the senate of the late M. S. Quay. He was one of the "old guard" of 306 who, under the leadership of Roscoe Conkling, voted for General U. S. Grant for a third term as president at the Republican convention of 1880. He was born at Norristown in 1842, entered the Pennsylvania state senate in 1884 and in 1890 went to congress, where he has been since, with the exception of one term. He served in the Union army during the civil war.

### A Lesson In Japanese Courtesy.

I remember many years ago a dinner at the palace—a great official dinner—where among the guests were many of the old leaders of rebellions, old upholders of the shogunate. The last shogun himself, Prince Tokugawa, proud, silent, grim, sat opposite to me, and I wondered if any human emotion could show itself on that impassive face. At that moment the emperor raised his glass and bowed in kindly smiling fashion to his ancient opponent. The face changed, was suffused for one illuminating moment with a glow of responsive fire. It seemed as if the emperor was once more thanking the shogun for his splendid patriotic act when after years of struggle he voluntarily laid his power and his prerogatives at the emperor's feet "for the good of the country," and as if Prince Tokugawa, looking back—and looking forward—for Japan, said to himself once more, "It was well done."—Mary C. Fraser in World's Work.

### Figures That Stagger.

It used to be that astronomy, with its stupendous magnitudes, incredible velocities and inconceivable distances, seemed to make the greatest demand on man's belief, says the London Telegraph. Today it is physics. We read, for instance, that Hertz's oscillations give rise to 500,000,000 oscillations per second. Where is the man who can conceive of anything happening in the five-hundred-millionth part of a second? But this is quite a long period compared to some of those now accepted as inevitable optics. According to Maxwell's great theory, a light wave is a series of alternating electric currents flowing in air or interplanetary space and changing their direction 1,000,000,000,000 times per second. And this is supposed to be true of every form of light coming from the sun, the electric lamp or a lucifer match. Who can think of anything happening in the thousand-million-millionth part of a second?

### Landseer's Valet.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, had an old servant—his butler, valet and faithful slave—named William, who was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal. No one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Edwin is not at home." The prince consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as the prince found out, for on walking boldly in and round the garden he noticed Sir Edwin looking out of his studio window. This was the faithful attendant who one day, when a lion had died at the "zoo" and his corpse came up in a four wheeled cab to be palmed from, startled his master with the question, "Please, Sir Edwin, did you order a lion?"

### Thatched Roofs In England.

"The thatched roof, which makes the English cottage picturesque, is doomed," said an architect. "For some years it has been going gradually. Soon it will be altogether a thing of the past. Fire insurance is the cause of the thatched roof's disappearance. No company will insure a cottage or its contents if the roof is thatched. They who want insurance must substitute for the roof of thatch a tiled one. As long as the English cottager remains very poor so that his house and furniture are not worth insuring he keeps a thatched roof over his head. As soon as he begins to prosper and lays in household goods of value he takes out a fire policy and away then goes his thatched roof."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### His Style of Hitting.

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said the counsel, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"With what, sor?" queried Mrs. Sullivan.

"With impunity," repeated the counsel.

"Well, he was, sor, now and then, but he struck me oftener wid his fist, sor."

### His Remark.

"I won't do any more work for that man Hopkins."

"Why?"

"Well, he passed some remark I did not like."

"Did he? What was it?"

"He said, 'Brown, you won't be wanted after this week.'"

### Constant Advice.

"A woman should always depend on her husband for advice," said the devoted wife.

"Yes," answered the visitor, "but it does grow monotonous not to get any advice except to economize."—Washington Star.

### Lost Youth.

A man looks back with regret, but without bitterness, to his lost youth; a woman, however vehemently she may protest to the contrary, seldom if ever attains to this same calm serenity.—Gentleman's Magazine.

### Fictitious.

"Angel Child—Aunt Daisy, what is meant by 'a fictitious character?'" Aunt Daisy—That means one that is made up, dear. Angel Child—Oh, yes! Then you're a fictitious character, aren't you, auntie?

Learn to be pleased with everything—with wealth, so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, for not having much to care for, and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—Plutarch.

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