

Do You Want to Know

What You Swallow?

There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of medicines of known composition. It is but natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink or medicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock," as it were, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his leading medicines, the "Golden Medical Discovery," the popular liver invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart regulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-down, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and out-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all harping critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, showing the strongest endorsement by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this little book is mailed free to any one desiring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules. They regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Do not forget the "pill habit," but cure constipation. One or two each day for a laxative and regulator, three or four for an active cathartic. Once tried always in favor.

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Almost every family has need of a reliable remedy for colic or diarrhea at some time during the year.

This remedy is recommended by dealers who have sold it for many years and know its value.

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.

You Look Yellow

The trouble is, your liver's sick. One of its products, "bile," is overflowing into your blood.

You can't digest your food, your appetite is poor, you suffer dreadfully from headache, stomach ache, dizziness, malaria, constipation, etc. What you need is not a dose of salts, cathartic water or pills—but a liver tonic

Thedford's Black-Draught

This great medicine acts gently on the sick liver. It purifies the blood, renews the appetite, feeds the nerves, clears the brain and cures constipation. It is a true medicine for sick liver and kidneys, and regulates all the digestive functions. Try it. At all dealers in medicines in 25c packages.

MAKING A CHEF.

It Takes Many Years of Hard Work and Training.

"When you reflect upon what a chef goes through to complete his education it is no wonder that his services command high prices," said the culinary king of a restaurant.

"The chef," he continued, "begins as a boy, as apprentice to a master. For several years he works under the vegetable cook. He learns how to make mashed potatoes that look like white roses, how to cook and to arrange all the vegetables, from the truffles down, in a hundred fine and beautiful ways. He gets no salary. He gets only his board.

"Then for a year he studies raw meats. He learns how to select them and how to cut them up. He can tell at a glance, for instance, the genuine salt meadow mutton from the false. Along with this raw meat course goes also a study of fish and of game and of poultry—how to stuff, dress, lard, truss, and so on.

"Next, for a year, at a small salary, he stands before the range, learning how to broil, fry, roast and bake.

"He now knows the foundation of his art and is admitted into the presence of the chef himself—only assistants have taught him so far. The chef teaches him to make soups, pastries, fees and the more complicated puddings and souffles. Three or four years is none too long a time to study here.

"Ten years of hard work should turn a quick apprentice into a good chef. Such a chef without difficulty earns from \$25 a week up to \$150. If he gave half as much time to the bar, the church or medicine he would earn thrice as much."—New York Press.

A DRAMATIC ARTIST.

The Winning Ways of the Man Dress-maker of Paris.

The dressmaker is a slim young man with a long nose and big, winsome eyes. Wearing a gray frock coat and patent leather shoes, corseted and powdered and perfumed, he is more than a man; he is a dressmaker. He is saturated with dandyism. It is not of an offensive kind. His manners are a strange mixture of humility and insolence, for he is at once a salesman and an artist. And he talks, talks, bending his slim body into polite curves, gesticulating with his thin white hands, rolling his eyes in their painted orbits, the while he fumbles silks and velvets and satins and lace and wool.

The mere man who comes into a dressmaker's shop of an afternoon—in Paris no one goes to the dressmaker's save only in the afternoon—begins by sneering at this fantastic creature. That mood does not last long. Contempt gives way to admiration. There is something marvelous in the way this lord of lace and ribbon dominates the women, the royal highness as well as the spoiled actress. He is charming; he is frivolous. Then of a sudden his face darkens, he becomes serious, he stares at her royal highness, studying her form from head to foot; he smiles his brow and cries despairingly: "No, no! I can't see you in that gown—to-day I can't see you in any gown—I will study—an inspiration will come—you must wait." And royalty goes away flattered, she knows not why.—Vance Thompson in Woman's Home Companion.

Landon's Prose.

No poet has ever been a bad prose writer, whenever he cared to drop from poetry into prose; but it is doubtful whether any poet has been quite so fine, accomplished and persistent a prose writer as Landon. "Poetry," he tells us in one of his most famous passages, "was always my amusement, prose my study and business. I have published five volumes of 'Imaginary Conversations,' cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in this decimal fraction quite enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." Without his prose Landon is indeed but half, if he is half, himself.—Arthur Symonds in Atlantic.

Paul Jones' Promise.

After the great fight in which John Paul Jones in the Bonhomme Richard made splinters and shreds of the British vessel Serapis the English government generously decided that, though vanquished beyond a question, the captain of the lost vessel had behaved with becoming bravery and deserved promotion to the rank of commodore. John Paul Jones heard of this promotion and its cause and said, "Well, by George, if I ever meet that chap again I'll make him an admiral."

Striking Coincidence.

Mr. Gotsum—Maria, how long has that young Smoothley been coming here to see Nellie? Mrs. Gotsum—Let me see. You remember when the papers published that story about your having sold a gold mine for half a million? Yes? Well, as nearly as I recall it, that's the time when he began coming.—Chicago Tribune.

Had Hard Luck.

"You've spent most of your life in a circus?" asked the reporter. "Yes," said the freak. "I started out as the fat man, then I married, and now I'm the living skeleton."—Detroit Free Press.

The Retort Confuted.

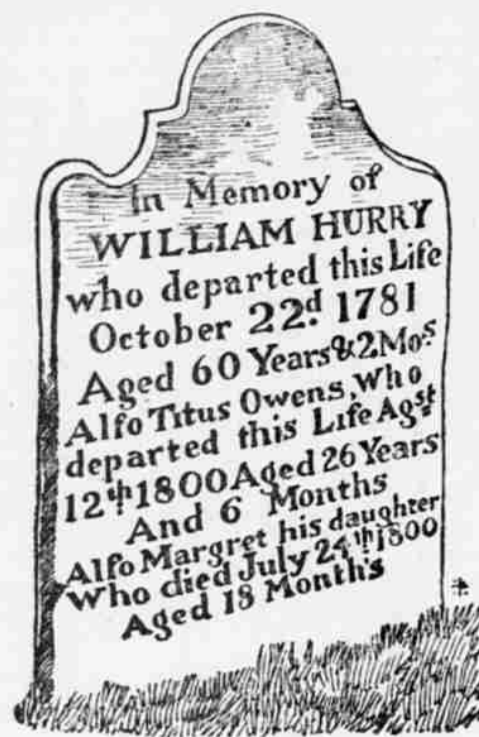
Miss Oldvun—I've refused many, many offers of marriage. Gayboy (absentmindedly)—Very thoughtful and considerate of you, I'm sure.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Every age has its problem, by solving which humanity is helped forward.—Heine.

WILLIAM HURRY'S GRAVE.

Man Who Rang the Liberty Bell Is to Have Monument.

The man who rang the Liberty bell in Independence hall, Philadelphia, when it announced the signing of the Declaration of Independence 130 years ago was William Hurry. Many puns might be made on the name of this



A PATRIOT'S TOMBSTONE.

humble though patriotic citizen, but it is at least obvious that the country has not been in a "hurry" to honor his memory, for the spot where his body was laid to rest was for many years forgotten. Last spring the sexton of the Pine Street Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, found the tombstone originally erected at the head of his grave. It had become half buried in moss and undergrowth. The local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution became interested in the discovery, and as a result a suitable monument is at last to be erected over the resting place of the man who rang out the glad news of the birth of a new nation.

MRS. BLOOR'S WORK.

How She Assisted in the Now Famous Packingtown Investigation.

Mrs. Ella Bloor, who furnished evidence regarding abuses in Packingtown, Chicago, during the investigation made by Messrs. Neill and Reynolds, was commissioned to gather such evidence by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle." Mr. Sinclair had been invited by President Roosevelt to assist the commissioners in their examination, but on account of the pressure



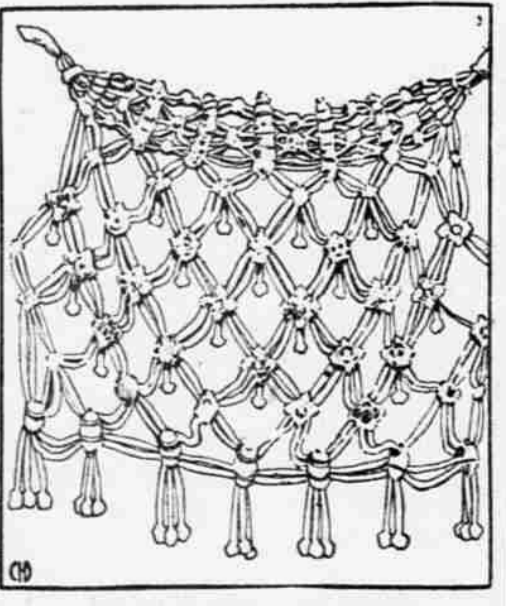
MRS. ELLA BLOOR.

of literary work he was unable to do so and asked Mrs. Bloor to act in his place. She and her husband both spent several weeks among the packers and obtained many startling facts as to conditions existing in Packingtown. Mrs. Bloor saw the women who work in packing houses in their homes, and her husband met the men in saloons and other places, and by doing detective work in this way they elicited information which could not have been obtained had their mission been known. Mrs. Bloor, who has been associated with Mr. Sinclair in sociological investigations before, devoted her attention especially to the insanitary, depressing and demoralizing conditions under which employees in the packing houses are said to work.

APRON OF HUMAN BONES.

Strange Article of Apparel Obtained in Tibet.

The apron shown in the accompanying engraving is made of human bones and was worn by one of the Tibetan lamas in the celebration of curious religious rites. It was supposed to possess mystic virtues which could be transferred to the wearer, and the



AN APRON OF HUMAN BONES.

bones are carved in the best style of Tibetan art. The Tibetan religion is a strange admixture of superstitions, and the ceremonies performed by the lamas or priests are a subject of much interest to travelers and students. The bone apron was obtained by the British on their expedition to Lassa.

CLEVER ANSWERS.

Cases Where They Won Promotion in Civil and Military Life.

A long list might be given of men who have owed their advancement in life to a clever answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he once picked up the emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, without noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, captain." "In what regiment, sire?" instantly inquired the quick-witted soldier, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my guards, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvaroff, who when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvaroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I would tell them that there was plenty of whisky behind the enemy's line." Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?" "My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now," answered Suvaroff, "and a right good officer you will be."

A WOOD SAWING FLY.

The Tool With Which It Makes a Cradle For Its Young.

It is marvelous how many of the tiny creatures in the insect world conceal and preserve their eggs. Some will deposit them in extraordinary places; others will insert them in the skins of living animals; others, again, deposit their eggs where the young grub, after coming from the egg, finds food close at hand.

Among these last mentioned are insects who bestow great labor in the cradle of their young. The place they select is a hard part of a leaf or the woody branch of a tree. In this they saw out a hole large enough to contain their eggs, whence their name, saw flies. For this purpose they are provided with an ovipositor of peculiar construction. It consists of two long pieces closing like a sheath over a third.

In the tenthredo this third piece contains two little saws, each of which has been compared to the tenon saw used by the cabinetmakers. The tenon saw is single, but that of the tenthredo is double, consisting of two distinct saws. The insect in using them throws out one saw and while it is returning pushes out the other.

This alternate motion is continued until the cut is made, when the two saws, receding from each other, conduct the egg between them into its place. Not only is the edge of the saw notched into teeth, but on every tooth a number of smaller teeth appear.

Tit For Tat.

He rejoiced in the not very humorous name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. Few of his friends had escaped the lash of his tongue, and he had victimized many by his practical jokes—in fact, he never lost an opportunity of being funny. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and naturally a name like that was too good a chance to miss.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said gayly; "and how is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Oh, quite well, Mr. Wood," was the withering reply. "How's Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"—Stray Stories.

Milk in the Sickroom.

Milk is the chief article of food and nourishment in every sickroom and hospital, and every physician and nurse should know the source of supply, its purity, before ordering it in any form for invalids and convalescents. It is not enough that it comes as "country milk." There must be integrity and experience back of it. It has been scientifically demonstrated and proved that pure milk products are the most nutritious, economical and easily digested foods when the milk is obtained in all its purity and kept so from pasture to consumer.—Charles Elley Hall in Leslie's Weekly.

The True Idealist.

Every human being, unless he lacks utterly the capacity to love, is an idealist. No man can boast that he accepts only the "plain facts" of existence as his guide posts. Love makes idealists of us all. Through love we are given the power to look beyond the crude husk we call the fact. Any great achievement is impossible without this power. Life thrills with meaning and magic for the true idealist.

The Change of a Word.

A prospective woman tenant through the typewriter's omission of one all important little word of two letters received the following startling statement: "Dear Madam: You can have the flat, provided you repaint and redecorate yourself!"

His Resources About Exhausted. Father—Do you think you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Sutor—Not in the style to which she has been accustomed since we became engaged.

What is fanaticism today is the fashionable creed tomorrow, and trite as the multiplication table a week after.—Wendell Phillips.

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Dark bay; 16 hands, weight, 1150; four years old in July, 1906.

This superb trotting stallion is a son of Domain P., trial in 2:30; he by Domino P.; he by Patron, 2:14 1/4. Dam, Louisa, by Borden, 2:24 1/2. Grandam, Alcyoneta, by Alcyonium, 2:24 1/4. Sire of four below 2:14 and ten others better than 2:30.

BEN MOREAU will be at the East Denison Livery Barn, McCook, Neb., Friday and Saturday of each week, beginning April 20.

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