

The Food Value of a Soda Cracker

You have heard that some foods furnish fat, other foods make muscle, and still others are tissue building and heat forming.

You know that most foods have one or more of these elements, but do you know that no food contains them all in such properly balanced proportions as a good soda cracker?

The United States Government report shows that soda crackers contain less water, are richer in the muscle and fat elements, and have a much higher per cent of the tissue building and heat forming properties than any article of food made from flour.

That is why **Uneda Biscuit** should form an important part of every meal. They represent the superlative of the soda cracker, all their goodness and nourishment being brought from the oven to you in a package that is proof against air, moisture and dust—the price being too small to mention.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Trust to Nature.

A great many Americans, both men and women, are thin, pale and puny, with poor circulation, because they have irritated their stomachs by eating of too much eating, by consuming alcoholic beverages, or by too close confinement to home, office or factory, and in consequence the stomach must be treated in a natural way before they can rectify their earlier mistakes. The muscles in many such people, in fact in every weary, thin and thin-blooded person, do their work with great difficulty. As a result fatigue comes early, is extreme and lasts long. The demand for nutritive aid is ahead of the supply. To insure perfect health every tissue, bone, nerve and muscle should take from the blood certain materials and return to it certain others. It is necessary to prepare the stomach for the work of taking up from the food what is necessary to make good, rich, red blood. We must go to Nature for the remedy. There were certain roots known to the Indians of this country before the advent of the whites which later came to the knowledge of the settlers and which are now growing rapidly in professional favor for the cure of obstinate stomach and liver troubles. These are found to be safe and yet certain in their cleansing and invigorating effect upon the stomach, liver and blood. These are: Golden Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root. Then there is Black Cherry bark. The medicinal principles residing in these native roots when extracted with glycerine as a solvent make the most reliable and efficient stomach tonic and liver invigorator, when combined in just the right proportions, as in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Where there is bankrupt vitality—such as nervous exhaustion, bad nutrition—and thin blood, the body acquires vigor and the nerves, blood and all the tissues feel the favorable effect of this sovereign remedy. Although some physicians have been aware of the high medicinal value of the above mentioned plants, yet few have used pure glycerine as a solvent and usually the doctors' prescriptions called for the ingredients in varying amounts, with alcohol.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is a scientific preparation compounded of the glyceric extracts of the above mentioned vegetable ingredients and contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs.

JOHN E. KELLEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW and BONDED ABSTRACTEE
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GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

Padre Angelo.

PADRE ANGELO he say: "Why you no get married, eh? You are maka playnta mon' For gon' taka wife, my son."

"No, I am too beeva man."

"Tandir' does peanuka stan' I no gatta time for play Foolishness weeth girls," I say. "My! You don'ta tal me so!"

Ees say Padre Angelo.

Bimeby, mebbe two, t'ree day, Yonga girl she com' an' say: "Padre Angelo ees here? No? Eet eesa vera queer! Heesa housakepa say I gon' find heem deesa way."

While she eesa speaka so Ees com' Padre Angelo. "Rosa, you are look for me?" He ees say to her, an' she say: "Oh, please, go homa queeck! You are want' for som' one seekk. I am sand for find you here."

"Ah, da seecka call, my dear! Com'," say Padre Angelo. "Deesa yonga man ees Joe. Shaka han's bayfore we go." So I am shak' han's weeth her—Leetta han' so sof' like fur—Den she bow to me an' go Weetha Padre Angelo.

Bimeby, s'pose two, t'ree day mora, She ees com' jus' like bayfore, An' she aska me: "You know Where ees Padre Angelo? Housakeep' she tal me wait Eet' he don'te vera late." So I tal her taka seat An' to hav' som' fruit for eat. Den I talk to her, an' she Smila sweet an' talk to me. How long time I do not know; Den com' Padre Angelo.

"Oh," she say, "go homa queeck! You are want' for som' wan seekk." "My!" he say. "Dees seecka call! I am gat no peace at all. Oh, well, come, my dear!" he say, An' he takin' her away. I am sad for see her go Weetha Padre Angelo.

Many times ees lika dat. Peopla always seem for gat Seecka w'en he ees away. Rosa com' mos' evra day. An' som' time she gatta stay Pretta longa time, you know. Teel com' Padre Angelo. Steel I no gat any keeck How mooch peopla gatta seekk; I am feela glad dey do—Rosa, she no keeckin' too.

Lasta night my Rosa she Go to padre weetha me. An' I tal heem: "Pretta soon—Mebbe so da firsta June—Rosa gona be my wife!" He ees s'prise, you bat my life! "Wat?" he say an' rub hees eyes. "Dees ees soocha glad s'prise! My! You don'ta tal me so!" Ees say Padre Angelo.

T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

The Proper Adjective.

Miss Mobile—Well, Martha, how is your husband now?

Martha—Po'ly, miss, po'ly. He's got that exclamatory rheumatism.

Miss Mobile—You mean inflammatory rheumatism, Martha. Exclamatory is to cry out.

Martha (with solemn conviction)—That's it, mum, that's it! He don't do nothin' but holler.—Christian Register.

Explained.

Jagsby (2 a. m.)—I shay, offisher, is thish (hic) Blank street?

Policeman—Yes.

Jagsby—Wish you'd (hic) d'rect me t' 411. Goin' t' (hic) tend lecture there.

Policeman—What! Attend a lecture at this hour of the morning?

Jagsby—Yesh; thash's where I (hic) live, an' I'm married. Shee?—Chicago News.

Accounted For.

"It's strange," said the piano teacher, "that you can't learn to run the scales correctly."

"That is probably one of the traits I inherited from father," replied the young lady pupil. "He made his money in the grocery business, you know."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WHY SO MANY GLASSES?

Forty people in every hundred should wear spectacles or eyeglasses. Why? Because a greater demand is made upon eyesight in these modern times than ever before, our eyes are used more constantly, and are subjected to the most severe strains.

While it is true that a large per cent of people should wear glasses, it is amazing to see the number who, from simple neglect, do not do so. Of course, it is also an important matter as to the kind of glasses that should be worn.

We call your attention to the Kryptok lenses as the latest scientific achievement in the optical field. We invite you who are in search of clear vision to investigate the merits of this attractive, perfect fitting lens.

Though in appearance it is a single focus lens, it has two separate and distinct focal powers, which does away with the necessity of two pairs of glasses and the continual changing from one to the other. For further information address the Columbian Bifocal Co., Temple Court, Denver, Colo., who are the sole makers and distributors in the West.

Woman's Love.

"Which of the two do you think you will love the longest, Peter or Paul?"

"The one who will forget me the quickest."—Paris Figaro.

A Little Bitter.

"I noticed Miss Giglets at the service today, and it struck me as very strange that she never once said 'Amen!'"

"No. She's such a man hater that she won't mention the men in any way."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Certainly.

"Which side do you wish your hair combed on?" asked the barber, who appeared to be trying to make a hole in the customer's head with his comb.

"On the outside, please."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Retort Vegetarian.



Bill Cuffles—Why, yer look as though yer could eat me.

Joe Sprouls—Not 'arf! The day I 'as ter eat yer I turns vegetarian.—London Paper.

His Experience.

She—Why do you think their affair isn't platonic?

He—Well, I never met a platonic widow.—Puck.

The Reason.

"Is you pa runnin' fer office?"

"Naw. Somebody stole his wooden leg."—Atlanta Constitution.

Did Not Appreciate

Advice Offered Him

IT was on an open street car, and the passengers put it down that the man with his jaw tied up had the toothache. One of them was not satisfied with inference, but leaned forward and solicitously inquired:

"Does she lift you when she aches?"

The sufferer glared at him, but made no answer, and he presently continued: "I'll bet it's a double tooth and that the dentist will have to yank three times on it."

"You villain!" shouted the sufferer as he wriggled around, while three or four others made indignant protests.

"All right, all right; I won't say any more," said the stony hearted man as he sank back, "but for the information of the crowd in general I will observe that toothache is caused by the cold air striking an exposed organ. You probably never gave a thought to it, but there are exactly 3,500 nerves radiating from your gums, and the exposure of any one of these causes pain. Speaking of teeth, do you know what the strength of the jaw is? It is computed that when a full grown and healthy man shuts his teeth down as hard as he can on a pine board he is exerting a force of one horsepower. Every time you bite into a sandwich you use enough force to open a door. Should you yell 'Police' at the top of your voice the air pressure would be sufficient to lift one of your shoes seven inches high. Should you sneeze you waste power enough to pull a turnip out of the ground, and the force of a hearty laugh would drive a brick awl halfway through a raw potato. That's all, ladies and gentlemen, and no collection will be taken up or vote of thanks looked for."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Ahead of the Times.

"I'm living in the wrong age," grumbled the little old man who was sitting outside of the postoffice whittling a peach stone.

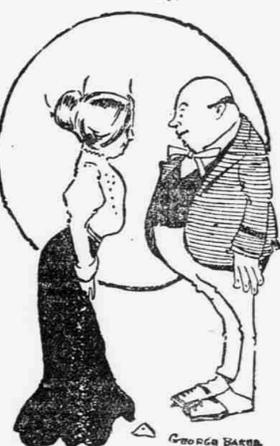
"How's that?" queried the horseshoe salesman.

"Why, be gum, I should have been livin' in an age when thar wa'n't nothin' but automobiles and airplanes."

"Why so? Fibres over-give you any trouble?"

"Trouble? Was't I never thar? While I went to the office I had an ran away with a lass, deek, thar hadn't been any lass, thar wouldn't have been any lass (sneezes), and I would have had the old woman yet. No, sir, young man, I was born too early."—Chicago News.

Her Way.



He—If you were to be kissed, which way would you like best?

She (without a moment's hesitation)—The manly way.—Denver Times.

Wrong Party.

Mr. Makinbrakes (to chance acquaintance, whom he has met at a swell party)—If you have any influence with Mrs. Upjohn, I wish you would suggest to her that she announce dinner. I'm frightfully hungry.

Chance Acquaintance—Me! I haven't any influence with Mrs. Upjohn. I'm Mr. Upjohn.—Tit-Bits.

Fisherman George.

Briggs—Bowder boasts that he never told a lie in his life.

Griggs—Shouldn't wonder if it was so. Why, last year he swore off drinking just at the opening of the fishing season. Bowder is a terribly eccentric fellow.—Boston Transcript.

Then He Went.

"Ah," remarked Miss Weery, whom Mr. Staylate had been wearying with old conundrums, "that reminds me of the best thing going!"

"What's that?" he asked.

"A man who has stayed too long."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Food For Reflection.

Clara—Why don't you get a new mirror, dear? This one gives a horrible reflection.

Maude—That's queer. I have always considered its reflective powers absolutely perfect.—Baltimore News.

The Doctor.

Katharine—Papa, I'm going to do something to help cut down your heavy family expenses.

Papa—What is it, daughter?

Katharine—Papa, I'm going to marry our doctor.—Brooklyn Life.

Riches.

"Yes," says the philosophical person, "wealth brings its disappointments."

"After we lose it," puts in the materialistic man.—Judge.

The Boom of the Surf.

Why do the breakers boom so free With every passing swell? The landlord answered: "Don't you see? They're booming my hotel!"—Washington Star.

ARRESTING OLD AGE.

Modern Life and the Lengthening Period of Youth.

It may seem strange to us, though the fact nevertheless remains, that the veterans of the grand army of Napoleon, weighed down by age and glory, were men of whom few had passed their thirty-fifth year. It was a time of rash and short living, with an early age and no overtures of real youth—a time when we find Thackeray ridiculing Du Florac for holding claims on being still a young man at the age of thirty-five! The unmistakable tendency of our time to rejuvenate life and to prolong or, rather, to vanquish age, is placing its stamp on every event of individual existence. The average man today carries the spirit and power of youth into an age which a century ago was regarded as bordering on the shady side of existence. The buoyancy and vigor characteristic of our present middle aged man make it in most cases extremely difficult to approach any fair degree of accuracy in determining the age of a person passing along the ascension scale between forty and fifty-five. And what is said of man refers, of course, in equal if not in still more accentuated degree to woman. One of the causes of this remarkable arrest of old age lies undoubtedly in the increasing indulgence of our time in healthy outdoor sports, with their care free and worry free abandon. The occasional freeing of the mind from the "strenuous life," the determination for a longer or shorter time to force business and routine interests to the wall and give up oneself without scruple or narrow minded conventional restraint to the spirit of the sport, undoubtedly tends to liberate forces of original pristine strength.—Dr. A. E. Gibson in Medical Brief.

A FAMOUS DANCER.

Sir Christopher Hatton Won Royal Honors by His Grace.

In Queen Bess' time Sir Christopher Hatton won his way to the lord chancellorship by his ability or agility in psychoborean lines. He first attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth by his graceful dancing in a mask at court. He henceforth became a reigning favorite, and his promotion was rapid.

He was successively made a gentleman of the queen's privy chamber, captain of the board of gentlemen pensioners (the bodyguard), vice chamberlain and a member of the privy council. This delight of the queen to honor him caused much envy. Complaints were uttered that under the existing government nothing could be obtained by any others than "dancers and carpet knights, such as the Earl of Lincoln and Master Hatton." On the death of Lord Chancellor Brouncker the queen offered Hatton the great seal. Even while chancellor Sir Christopher exhibited his skill in dancing. Attending the marriage of his nephew and heir with a judge's daughter, he was decked, according to the custom of the age, in his official robes, and when the music struck up he doffed them, threw them down on the floor and, saying, "Lie there, Mr. Chancellor" danced the measures of the nuptial festivity.—St. James' Gazette.

A Tongue Twister.

Try it yourself, very slowly and carefully until you can say it easily; then pass it along to your friends. Here it is:

"She stood at the gate, welcoming him in."

Ten to one a person trying to pronounce the sentence for the first time will fumble it laughably. Tongue-twisting sentences, however, are good elocutionary exercises. They give you control of your vocal organs so that you can enunciate properly, just as finger exercises on the piano or organ give control of the fingers. What an immense amount of mechanical practice does it require to establish anything like a close sympathy between the brain and the physical organs!

Elasticity of Spiders' Webs.

Did you ever watch a spider's web on a windy day? If so, you will notice how wonderfully it accommodates itself to the swaying of the twigs to which it is attached. It is in fact elastic of the very finest quality. Were it not for its elasticity the poor spider would not long survive. The first breeze would rend the silken meshes of the web to atoms and the owner's stock of new material would very soon be exhausted in repairs and renewals. Besides its elasticity, the spider's web is very sticky, a property which accounts for the ease wherewith it holds insects when once caught.

Very Polite.

The politest man has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street the other night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a doorway, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it."

And he tore away with redoubled speed.—Chicago Journal.

Nerve.

"The great requisite for playing cards or the horses," remarked Mr. Everwise, "is nerve."

"Yes," answered young Miss Tokins, "it must take a great deal of nerve to enable a man to come home so often and tell his folks that still further economy will be necessary."—Washington Post.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—George Elliot.

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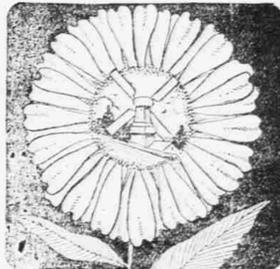
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