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## How George Would Address King Edward

"HOW would you address King Edward, my dear?"  
"Eh! Why, the same way I addressed him last time, of course."  
"But you never addressed him at all, George."  
"That's what I mean. I insist upon addressing him the same way next time. What of it, my dear?"  
"Why, it says here in this paper that the king is to be addressed as 'sir'—just plain 'sir.'"  
"As simple as that? I must try to recall the formula. Help me to remember it the next time I drop Ed a line, my dear."  
"Why, George?"  
"It seems very simple. Let me see. I'll have to fix that in my mind. For instance: 'His Majesty the King, Sir, dear Ed—Say, old boy, one of your collars slipped in to my laundry package by mistake this week. No doubt you'll need it, even if it has an edge like a crosscut saw. Send one of Wales' boys around to the house and I'll give it to him. And say, old man, look your duds over and see if you haven't got an extra cuff of mine. It's crossbarred and has polka dots in the squares. Regards to the bunch. Yours as ever, George.' How's that?"  
"It's a shame, George. You haven't a bit of reverence."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Where the Money Came From.

Batchelor—That's a good cigar you're smoking. Popley—Yes, that's a fine ten-center you gave me. Batchelor—I gave you? I guess not. Popley—Oh, yes, I'm sure it was your money paid for it. The only money I found in our baby's bank this morning was the dime you put in yesterday.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### The One Rule.

At a club where card playing was prohibited four members smuggled in a pack and, calling the waiter aside, asked him if he had ever known the rule broken. His reply was, "All the years I have been here I have known every rule broken except one—that of giving of tips." The game proceeded.

### Thoughtful.

"Are you sure the sick man wanted me?" asked the physician, reaching for his hat.

"He didn't mention your name, but he's screamin' for some one that'll put him out of his misery, and I thought of you right away."—Houston Post.

### Didn't Wait.

"Were you frightened when you arose to make your first speech?"  
"What should frighten me?" "The audience." "The audience left as soon as my name was announced."

## SALVE FOR THE SLAP.

A Box on the Ear and a Box With a Diamond Ornament.

The following anecdote was written autobiographically by Mme. Feuille, wife of the famous French writer. At the time of the incident she was a young girl of seventeen, living with her parents in a provincial town of which her father was mayor. One day news came that Louis Napoleon intended passing through and would spend one night in the town. As mayor Mme. Feuille's father had to arrange the details of the reception and festivals to be given in the emperor's honor, while it was agreed that his daughter must present him with a bouquet at the ball to be given in the evening.

Father and daughter were pleased enough, but one person in the mayor's household suffered acutely. Mme. Feuille's mother was an ardent royalist, and to her the new imperial dynasty appeared an intolerable usurpation. According to her daughter, the arrangements for Napoleon's arrival pulled her two ways. She was pleased that her daughter should have been chosen for prominence, anxious that her ball dress should be the most becoming possible, proud in her maternal instincts and at the same time exasperated, reluctant, furious a royal reception should be given at all to a man she considered an upstart and an adventurer. The day came, and the future Mme. Feuille, with a string of other young girls dressed in white, was placed along the line of procession. When it passed everybody shouted and cheered, and the girl, carried away by the excitement on every side of her, did the same. Suddenly she felt a burning, stinging sensation upon one cheek, and before she could realize what had happened she was being dragged back out of the crowd by her mother, whose face was crimson and whose eyes were blazing with anger. Then the girl understood. Unable to bear her own daughter joining the enemy and crying out "Long live Napoleon!" she had publicly and furiously boxed her ears and was now dragging her ignominiously home like a child in disgrace.

The girl spent the afternoon on her bed sobbing with the shock and the shame of what had happened. The great big bouquet for the evening stood in a jug and perfumed her little bedroom; her snowy ball dress lay spread over a chair. She dressed finally, feeling the savor gone out of life, but when from under an arch of flowers in the ball room she made her little speech and presented her bouquet excitement returned to her. Louis Napoleon took them, she thought, somewhat coldly, and, being very pretty as well as seventeen, the girl felt chilled and a little inclined to go over to the political views of her mother. But the next morning as Louis Napoleon was stepping into his carriage to leave he asked that she might be sent for. When she came he thanked her again for the beautiful bouquet of bright flowers she had given him the evening before—though they had not been more bright than the lovely eyes above them—and in return he begged her to accept a small remembrance of his pleasure and gratitude. The carriage left, and the girl opened the little case he had put in her hands. A beautiful diamond ornament lay on a surface of white velvet.—Paris Annales.

### The Story of a Hymn.

The following is the story of how the famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," came to be written, as related by Heber's biographer, George Smith: "It was Whit Sunday in the year 1819. His father-in-law, the dean of St. Asaph, was vicar of Wrexham and arranged to preach the missionary sermon on the day appointed. On the Saturday, when preparing for the services, the dean asked his son-in-law to write something for them to sing in the morning. The almost immediate result was the composition, as if by inspiration, of what is still the greatest hymn in the chief missionary language of the race. Retiring to a corner of the room, Heber at once wrote down the first three verses, beginning 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' when the dean called out, 'What have you written?' Heber read over the lines, when the dean exclaimed, 'There, there; that will do very well.' 'No,' replied the poet; 'the sense is not complete,' and added the fourth verse. He would have gone on with a fifth, but the dean was inexorable to his request, 'Let me add another—oh, let me add another!' And the hymn was sung next morning in Wrexham church."

### Hidden Jewels.

The quantity of turquoises that lie hidden in jewelry, combined with other stones and with gold or by themselves, is so extensive in the cities of eastern Europe that it is believed that more of them are bought by gem merchants in this way than are at present secured from the principal mines. This is not strange, however, for not only turquoises, but other precious stones, are known to exist in remarkably large collections in Constantinople as well as in cities in Turkestan, Persia and communities of southeastern Europe. They are hidden away in ginger jars, rugs, old boxes and other receptacles of the household, where the owner believes there is little prospect of search being made for them. Gem collectors who have searched for stones in this part of the world say that no one can tell how many and what valuable specimens are thus hidden away, only to be brought to light when the owner is absolutely forced to part with them through dire necessity. Undoubtedly many a gem brought from the famous mines of India, Egypt and Persia has been thus secreted.—People's Magazine.

## An Ancient Problem.

"Mamma, she says, 'Who are you?'  
And then I ast her, 'Why?'  
And then I turn and ast my ma,  
My ma says, 'Doesn't know his name,  
And five years old next fall!'  
But gran'ma she said, 'Who are you?'  
And not my name at all.

Sometimes I'm sitting on the steps  
A-playing with my blocks,  
And that big boy across the street,  
I see him throwing rocks.  
My kitty's sleeping in the sun;  
I see her twitch her ear.  
And then I think that they is them  
And I am me—it's queer!

Sometimes I think my name is me,  
Jest like the sky is blue,  
But when I say it lots of times  
At once it gets as new!  
It gives me something down inside—  
I guess it's just a pain—  
But when I go and fly my kite  
It gets all right again.

There's sparkles in my gran'ma's eyes  
When she says, 'Who are you?'  
And sometimes I jumps back at her  
And sasses at her, 'Boo!'  
And 'nother times it makes me scared—  
My winkers want to cry—  
But I jest snuggle close and ast,  
'Say, gran'ma, who are I?'  
—Charlotte Wilson in Chicago News.

### Not Him.



First Investigator—I think Judge Blowup ought to write our report on his investigation.

Second Investigator—Not Judge Blowup.

First Investigator—Why?  
Second Investigator—He knows nothing about the business. He helped us investigate.—Philadelphia Press.

### No Broken Heart.

Two Buffalo girls were having a heart to heart talk after the usual manner.

"Ned proposed to me last night," Violet said.  
"Oh, do tell me all about it!" the other exclaimed, with an excited little flutter.

"Well, he didn't act romantically a bit," Violet said. "He just blurted out, 'Er, Violet, dear, will you marry me?' We were in the library, and he was about to light a cigarette. I gently but firmly said, 'No,' and he sighed and lighted his cigarette. He did look rather romantic then, with the smoke drifting about his blond head, and I went up and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Promise me, Ned, that you won't let this ruin your life? I asked in the most gentle, sad way I knew how."

"How thrilling!" her chum said.  
"What did he say then?"  
Violet's pretty mouth assumed a decided point.

"He said," she said, with disdain, "Now, Vi, what did I ever do to make you think I was an idiot?"—Harper's Weekly.

### Wise Girl.

Edna—Did your father see your love letter from George?

Eva—Yes. He found it in the hallway. But I told him it was a letter on astronomy.

Edna—Astronomy? How could you tell such a fib?

Eva—That wasn't a fib, dear. You see, George put a lot of stars at the bottom for kisses.—Town Topics.

### Living by Rule.

Sympathetic Matron—If you would learn to make a systematic use of your time, you would not have to lead this kind of life.

Buffon Wratz (with his mouth full)—I do, ma'am. I ginerly put in 'bout four hours eatin', twelve hours sleepin' an' ten hours lookin' fur places to eat an' sleep.—Chicago Tribune.

### Forced to Do It.

"Young man," said old Gtrox, "you have a lot of nerve to ask me for my daughter's hand in marriage."

"I know it, sir," answered the poor but supposed-to-be-honest young man, "and I wouldn't have done it had she not refused to ask you herself."—Chicago News.

### Where Ignorance Is Bliss, Etc.



Mother—Whatever have you children been doing with that plant?  
Firstborn—Uncle said it was an India rubber plant, and we tried to make it bounce.—Sketch.

## MUST LOOK YOUNG.

This Accounts For Dyed Locks That Nurses Sometimes Show.

"Yes, she's a good nurse, doctor," said the patient rather reluctantly.  
"You don't mean that," was the answer of the physician. "What's the matter with her? Come, tell me."  
"Nothing," began the faint contradiction. "She's quiet, tidy and sympathetic, but, doctor, her hair's dyed. I could see it plainly yesterday when she sat between me and the window."

The doctor did not speak for a moment. He did not even look surprised. "Such a nice nurse, too," went on the patient. "Why should she do such a foolish thing?"

It was then that she learned from the doctor that dyed hair is not nearly so uncommon in the case of trained nurses as might be supposed. Sick people like to have young nurses about them. Even physicians have a weakness for the young nurses. They believe that their interest and enthusiasm are greater.

"The nurses' term of usefulness is short enough as it is," this physician said, "for the work is so exhaustive that they must soon succumb. Some of them are compelled to give up after ten years. Few are ever able to keep up until they have put in twenty years.

"If they feel that gray hairs, coming perhaps a little earlier than they are due, are going to make the term of their best days even briefer they are driven to hiding those traces of time and overwork by the use of hair dye, and the number that do make use of it is very much larger than anybody supposes."—New York Sun.

### MAHOGANY.

The Way This Beautiful Wood Was Brought Into Fashion.

Every one knows how effective and handsome mahogany is when used for good furniture, but few of us know how its value was first discovered.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century a London physician had a brother engaged in trade with the West Indies who on one occasion brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast. The doctor was building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal, the doctor gave orders to the workmen to make use of the mahogany, but their tools were not equal to the task of cutting the hard wood, and the logs were put out of the way in a corner in the garden.

Some time afterward the head carpenter tried to make a box from the wood, but was unsuccessful with ordinary tools. He told the doctor, who was interested in the baffling timber and ordered heavier tools to be made to work it with, says Home Notes. When this was done and a box at last made and polished, it was so handsome that a bureau was made from another of the despised logs, and this was declared by experts to be so superior to other furniture making woods that the craze for mahogany set in, and furniture made from it became highly popular, the then Duchess of Buckingham fostering the craze in the fashionable world.

### A Sea Serpent Identified.

Some forty years ago, when out with a boating party for seagull shooting, I espied a monster fish basking on the surface of the water, with its head well up in the air. The creature allowed us to get within thirty yards, when I sent two charges of shot into its head, with the result that it rolled over on its back, and our boat soon came up to it. It proved to be a large angel shark. I thought I would make quite sure it was dead and sent two more charges into its upturned belly. I must have, unfortunately, burst its air bladder, for it began slowly to sink. Had I not killed it at first, and had it reared its head and flapped its wings, we should probably have added one more story to the long list of sea serpent fabrications.—Manchester Courier.

### A Narrow Squeak.

"Your front door is unlocked, sir," shouted the policeman when he found that Mr. Careless Householder had gone to bed without attending to his locks.

"It's all right," replied the burglar from the bedroom window a minute later; "my son will lock it when he comes home. Here's a shilling for you."

"An easily earned bob," chuckled the policeman as he walked away.

"A narrow squeak," said the burglar, with a sheet round his shoulders.  
"Very," replied his accomplice, whose hands were tightly clasped over poor Mr. Careless Householder's mouth.—London Express.

### Skirt and Shirt.

"Skirt" is etymologically the same word as "shirt," though it has come over another linguistic route and properly means a short garment. In fact, "skirt," "shirt," "short," "shear," "kirtle" and "curt" are in all probability near relations. But "skirt" has got itself specialized to a lower garment, with special reference to the lower edge thereof, the boundary where the garment is cut short, whence the verb "to skirt."

### Corrected.

Wife (during the tiff)—I have suffered every calamity that can befall a woman. Husband (calmly)—Oh, no, you haven't, my dear. You have never been a widow. Wife—You evidently don't understand me. I said "calamity."

### Men of Destiny.

"De man who takes hissef seriously every minute of his life," said Uncle Eben, "allus gits to be one of two things—a hero or a joke."—Washington Star.

## One Cold and Another

The season's first cold may be slight—may yield to early treatment, but the next cold will hang on longer; it will be more troublesome, too. Unnecessary to take chances on that second one. Scott's Emulsion is a preventive as well as a cure. Take

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