

The McCook Tribune.

By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

Subscription, \$1 a Year in Advance

Republican Ticket.

For United States Senator:
NORRIS BROWN, of Buffalo.

STATE

For Governor:
GEORGE L. SHELTON, of Cass.

For Lieutenant Governor:
M. R. HOPEWELL, of Burt county.

For Railroad Commissioners:
H. J. WINNETT, of Lancaster,
ROBERT COWELL, of Douglas,
A. J. WILLIAMS, of Pierce.

For Secretary of State:
GEORGE JUNKIN, of Gosper.

For Auditor:
ED. M. SEARLE, JR., of Keith.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
JASPER L. M'BRIEN, of Fillmore.

For Treasurer:
LAWSON G. BRIAN, of Boone.

For Attorney General:
WILLIAM T. THOMPSON, of Merrick.

For Land Commissioner:
HENRY M. EATON, of Dodge.

COUNTY

For Representative:
PHILIP GLEIM, of Danbury.

For County Attorney:
PRENTISS E. REEDER, of McCook.

For Commissioner, 2nd District:
SAMUEL PRIMER, of Bartley.

HOLBROOK has the name and fame of having improved more rapidly, proportionately, the past few years, than any other town in Southwestern Nebraska.

Ask any "JAP" that you may see, "Why the Czar, with Bear behind," had to climb a tree.

The Yanks, God bless the Yanks, says he, They gave us Rocky Mountain tea.

L. W. McConnell.

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L. W. McConnell.

LIBRARY NOTES.

"Whispering Smith," Frank Spearman's new book, has been donated to the library. It is a story of the West as it was when the railroad first went through, of the conflicts between the railroad men and the mountain outlaws, of the love-making and the fighting that came to some of the pioneers. The most dramatic, vivid, real and thrilling story of the West since Bret Hart's early days.

We are ready to loan boxes of books to teachers in Red Willow county.

Library hours: Mornings, 10:30 to 12:00 o'clock; afternoons, from 1:30 to 6:00 o'clock; evenings, from 7:00 to 9:00 o'clock; Sunday, 2:00 to 5:00 o'clock p. m.

LIBRARIAN.

DANBURY.

Miss Pearl Hayes and James Cummings were quietly married in Beaver City, last week.

We understand that S. H. Stilgebauer is going to move to Marian and put in a bank, of which he, S. W. Stilgebauer and Mr. Smith of Bartley will be the principal stockholders.

Joe Dolph is building a coal house.

Fred Lyons has returned from Portland, Oregon.

W. R. Burbridge and family returned from a visit in south-eastern Kansas, Tuesday, and reports fine crops down there.

TO REPUBLICANS:

We are anxious to have every Republican in close touch, and working in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a Republican Congress.

The Congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and, that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thought in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of One Dollar each from Republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the Committee.

Help us achieve a great victory.
JAMES S. SHERMAN, Chairman.
P. O. Box 2063, New York.

The Wreckers of Scilly.

As far back as the time of Henry I. there were royal grants of "the islands and their wrecks," and frequent was the phrase in centuries following. With royal encouragement, why should they not be wreckers? One Sunday, long ago, in Scilly, service was in progress when there came the cry of "Wreck!" The men started from their seats. In a moment there would have been a stampede, but they covered back as the minister sternly thundered a warning. He strode to the door. Again his voice arose. "Let's all start fair!" he shouted, throwing off impeding cassock as he ran, while his congregation labored at his heels. Most curious of all wrecks was that of a bark, with a cargo of beads, that went ashore 200 years ago. So generous has been the ocean with this treasure that throughout these two centuries it has intermittently been tossing heads ashore, yet so frugally that the supply is not yet exhausted, for in a few minutes' search I found that some had been thrown there since the last search of the islanders.—Robert Shackleton in Harper's.

An Old Meat Bill.

The state historian of New York in compiling some records brought to light some amendments to laws confirmed at "ye feneral Court of assizes held in New York, beginning on ye 5th & ending on ye 8th day of October, 1670." The following catches the eye:

"Whereas, divers Complaints have been made of the great abuse of bringing dead hogs & Pork into this city & it not being discernible how long they have been Killed by reason they are too often brought frozen, so not capable of being preserved by Salt which tends much to ye disreputacion of that Commoditie when sent abroad, and ye Merchants who Export it into Warmer Climates, for ye reasons aforesaid it is Ordered, That henceforth no hog or hoggs shall be brought dead to this place either for sale or payment of debts, except it shall be in cask well Salted & Packt according to ye Law, otherwise smook't or dried of which all persons are to take Notice, as they will answer ye contrary at their Perills."

History on a Watch Face.

Almost the last work of the Belgian astronomer Houzeau was an article in which, while arguing in favor of a decimal division of time, he pointed out the origin of the double set of twelve hours represented on our watch and clock faces. The ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia chose the number 12 as an arithmetical base because it has four divisors—viz, 2, 3, 4 and 6, while 10 has only two divisors—viz, 2 and 5. They counted twelve hours in the day and twelve in the night, measuring the day by the progress of the sun and the night by the progress of the stars across the sky. This system, prevailing over all others, has come down to us, and so our watches bear on their faces a souvenir of those ancient days when the sun served for a clock hand half of the time and the stars the other half.

Bankes and His Horse.

Animal trainers of the old days led adventurous lives. In 1000 all London was talking of a man named Bankes, servant to the Earl of Essex, who had taught his horse to count and perform a number of feats, including mounting to the top of St. Paul's cathedral, while "a number of asses," as the historian puts it, "brayed below." Sir Walter Raleigh in his history says of Bankes that he "would have shamed all the enchanters of the world, for whatsoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." When Bankes took his horse to Rome both were burned for witchcraft.

A Possible Exception.

A high school teacher was examining the physiology class.
"How many ribs have you, Charles?" he asked.
"Why—er—I don't know," said Charles.
"Didn't the text books state?" he then queried somewhat sharply.
"Yes—oh, yes—of course, but, you see, I'm long waisted."

Ben Butler's Retort.

An old lawyer in speaking about General Ben Butler said: "Ben Butler was a terror and a torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked, 'What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?' Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied, 'Well, I confess your honor's got me there.'"

Easy Answer.

A Liverpool paper tells the pathetic story of one A., who is compelled to grow a beard to ward off pneumonia and other ills. The woman with whom he has fallen in love, however, declines to marry him unless he will shave. "What," asks our contemporary, "should A. do?" The answer seems easy: Keep the beard and cut the woman.

Friendship.

There is a certain development of love in which the covetous longing of two people for one another has yielded to a higher mutual thirst for an ideal above them both. But who has found such love, who has experienced it? Its true name is friendship.

On the Safe Side.

Schroeder (to his neighbor, a widow)—Why did you send your housekeeper away, since she was such a good cook? The Widow—She made such splendid puddings I was afraid I should marry her.—Fliegende Blatter.

A cubic foot of distilled water weighs very nearly 1,000 ounces.

HETTY GREEN'S SON.

"He's a Smart One" and Is Now a Railroad President.

Edward Howland Robinson Green, who was nominated by the "Reorganized Republicans" for governor of Texas, but declined to run, is the son of Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America. He is president of the Texas Midland railroad, and his mother says, "Ed's a smart one." He did not become president of a railroad without working hard to attain that rung on the ladder of success, despite his mother's influence in the financial world. When he graduated from college in 1887 his mother asked him what he wanted to do.

"Well, mother," said the young man, "I think I would like, first of all, to take a vacation and have a good time. About three months would be enough, I think." The latter asked him how much money he would need for his expenses while resting, and he replied that about \$1,000 a week would suit him. She turned to her secretary and told him to place \$12,000 to young Mr. Green's credit. The latter started out to enjoy his vacation, and for twelve weeks Mrs. Green saw or heard nothing of her boy. On the last day of the last month young Green returned to his mother and reported himself ready for work. On this occasion Mrs. Green did not consult her son's wishes as to just what employment would suit him. "I want," she said, turning to her clerk, "those papers about the Connect-



EDWARD H. R. GREEN.

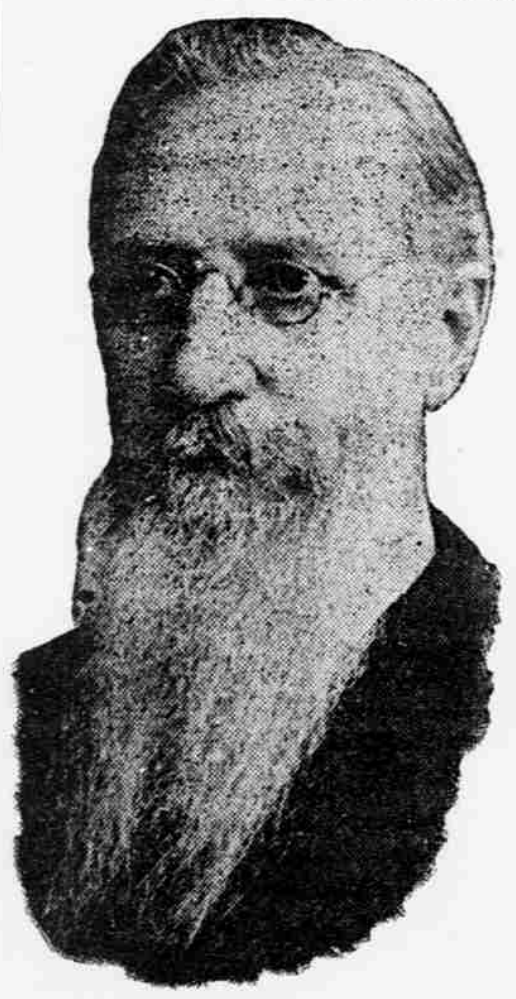
icut road." The clerk passed over some folded documents. She selected one from the bundle and gave it to her son. When he examined it he found that it was an appointment making E. H. R. Green the foreman of a railroad section gang in Vermont. As a compensation for his labor in this aesthetic occupation Edward was to receive \$45 a month. He did not chew his pill. He swallowed it and struck out like a man for his job. A tough job he found it. His section was one of the roughest on the road. The drop from \$4,000 a month spending money to \$45 a month wages was a rather difficult matter to adjust, and at the first month's end he was \$40 in debt. He wrote to his mother for a remittance, but she didn't remit.

One day Mrs. Green rolled along in her private car and stopped for a chat on the roadside with Ned. She was favorably impressed with his progress and that night promoted him superintendent of the division at a salary of \$100 a month. He proved himself so capable a railroad man that when Mrs. Green bought the Texas Midland she made him its president.

HAS FIVE WIVES.

President Joseph F. Smith of the Mormons and His Arrest.

Joseph Fielding Smith, head of the Mormon church, who was arrested a few days ago on the charge of living unlawfully with five wives, was a witness before the senate committee on privileges and elections in the Smoot case. He at that time expressed his belief in the principle of polygamy and admitted having a plurality of wives. President Smith recently returned



JOSEPH F. SMITH.

from a trip to Europe and on his arrival in Utah was informed of the birth of his forty-third child.

President Smith is of patriarchal appearance. He was born in 1838 and married his first wife forty years ago. He was elected president of the Mormon church in 1901.

Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of the usual curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher. "You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given. "I'm just of your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maunkin (i. e., a hare) the morn, man." Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the maunkin duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did. On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he (the housebreaker) could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key. Scott long remembered this incident, and thirty years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.
—Westminster Gazette.

Wastebasket Treasures.

"I have in my employ," said a dealer in autographs, "a number of celebrities' housemaids. Thanks to these young women, I secure at nominal cost many an autographic gem. All I ask of the maids is that they ship me weekly the contents of their masters' wastebaskets. They bale the stuff up in burlap, and every Monday or Tuesday it comes to me by freight. I go over it carefully, making many finds. Here will be a begging letter from a famous author in hard luck. Here in a brief note a great actor will boast of his last success. Here will be a dinner invitation from a celebrated millionaire. Some celebrities, of course, save their valuable letters, and some sell them, but the majority throw into the wastebasket most of the mail they receive, and I, searching the baskets' contents every Monday morning, find my reward in many a letter worth \$10 or \$20."

The Bed and the Candidates.

Judge Harlan and James B. McCreary once canvassed Kentucky together as the Republican and Democratic candidates for governor. They traveled about the state on a joint debating trip and in many small mountain places had to sleep in the same bed. They were warm personal friends and so did not object to this intimacy. One night Mr. Harlan got into bed first. Senator McCreary was not far behind, and just as he entered the bed Judge Harlan raised his bulky form and said in his stentorian voice, "McCreary, there is one thing certain—the next governor of Kentucky is in this bed." As he spoke the bed slats broke, and Judge Harlan rolled to the floor. Senator McCreary caught and held himself in bed, and, as Judge Harlan reached the floor, said: "John, you are right. The next governor of Kentucky is still in this bed."

The Sea Horse.

This fish is found in the Atlantic ocean around the coast of Spain, the south of France, in the Mediterranean and in the Indian ocean. Sea horses are very small and have been found often curled up in oyster shells. The head is much like that of a horse, and the rings around the body and tail resemble those of some caterpillars. The habits of these fishes are singular and interesting. They swim with a waving motion, and frequently wind their tails around the weeds and rushes. They have fins to sustain them in the water, and even in the air. They live on worms, fishes, eggs and substances found in the bottom of the sea.

Odd Proposal of Marriage.

That celebrated painter of flower and figure subjects, William Hunt, was on one occasion commissioned by a gentleman to paint his portrait in the attitude of kneeling and holding in his hand an open scroll whereon were written a declaration of love and an offer of marriage. The lady to whom this unusual proposal of marriage was sent replied with a chalk drawing of herself with a sheet of paper in her hand, on which was inscribed a laconic "Yes."

Rubbish Heaps.

In a thousand miles of Europe I saw but one rubbish heap—some old metal cans at Karlsruhe. Everywhere else was a complete absence of all waste or carelessness and, above all, of defacement and roadside uncleanness. The foul vacant lots and dirty dumps that abound in and about American towns are not to be found anywhere.—Exchange.

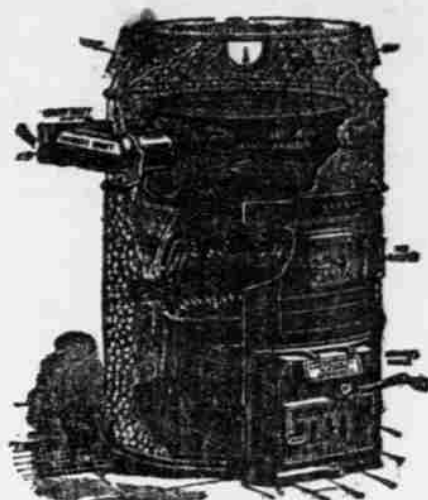
One of Them.

Struggling Artist—No use trying to compete with the picture factories, which are turning out cheap daubs by the million. The trouble is, the people are not educated. Lots of buyers can't tell the difference between those pictures and mine. Frank Friend—I presume that's true. I can't myself.

Open to the Warning.

Old Quiverful—And so you want to take our daughter from us—you want to take her from us suddenly, without a word of warning? Young Goslow—Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against I'm willing to listen.

The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.



Let's Talk Furnace

Who is your "Furnace Man"? All depends on him whether your furnace will be satisfactory or not. Does he understand the system of hot air heating, circulation and ventilation? Is he competent to make the elbows, angles, fittings, etc., required in an ordinary furnace job, and install them without endangering your property by fire. A "Furnace Man" must have practical experience. We have made the furnace business a specialty for the past twenty-one years—fourteen years at Omaha, Nebraska. We are the sole agents for the

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The American Buffalo.

The buffalo is the bulkiest living land animal native to North America. A full grown buffalo bull stands about five feet eight or ten inches at the shoulder and weighs about 1,800 pounds. But specimens of over six feet at the withers have been recorded, and Mr. Hornaday tells me that he weighed a living bull at 2,190 pounds. A full grown cow stands about four feet eight at the shoulders and, according to Audubon, weighs about 1,200 pounds, though Henry says seldom over 700 or 800 pounds. The lower weight seems to be nearer the average run, but I have seen cows that stood as high and looked as heavy as ordinary bulls.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

Fish Sold Alive.

Fleusburg, a seaport town on the east coast of Schleswig-Holstein, has an excellent system of bringing to port fish which are intended for immediate consumption. Instead of packing the fish in the hold of the vessel the fishermen use flat, oblong boxes, drilled with holes to allow free access of water, and into these the live fish are placed as soon as caught and are towed under water. By this means the fish are kept alive until the harbor is reached, and they are then taken out of the boxes and sold alive on the quay, so that there can be no question as to their absolute freshness.

Life Preserver Seats.

Some pleasure steamers on the English coast employ a very good idea in connection with a few of their deck chairs. They are really air tight boxes to which a back and sides have been added. They stand back to back in the middle of the deck and are kept together by means of a piece of wood across the top. When this is removed the seats can be opened on hinges. If the vessel got wrecked the seats could be opened and flung overboard, and they would form a buoyant raft for passengers to cling to.—London Mail.

What the Jury Thought.

"Flatman, I hear you were arrested the other day for insulting and browbeating a janitor. How did you come out?"
"I was tried for it and acquitted."
"On the ground that it was justifiable?"
"No; the jury couldn't be made to believe such a thing was possible."—Chicago Tribune.

Study Yourself.

In order to judge of the inside of others study your own, for men in general are very much alike, and though one has one prevailing passion and another has another, yet their operations are much the same, and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you in others will engage, disgust, please or offend others in you.—Ches-terfield.

They Knew Him.

Knox—It seems that Grapher's acquaintances are all very shrewd people. Jenks—Did he tell you that? Knox—He implied as much. He announced the other day that he doesn't owe anybody a dollar.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Feminine Amenities.

"Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have."
"I've seen him, my dear!"—Life.

Every being that can live can do something. This let him do.—Carlyle.

R. F. D. NO. 1.

While Joseph Dudek and W. P. Broomfield were stretching wire, the other day, the lever slipped and struck Mr. Dudek a violent blow over the eye, giving him an ugly cut.

Joseph Downs and son Edward have returned from their Hooker county visit.

Mrs. W. P. Burns arrived home, Tuesday, from her trip to Friend, where she was called by the illness of her daughter's baby.

A new house is being erected on the Hatfield ranch, which will be occupied by a Russian family. Mr. Hatfield's policy seems to be now to farm his big ranch out in smaller parcels to the thrifty Russians. A sound policy, doubtless.

W. N. Rogers and son Henry left, last night, for Kansas City to look after some show stock.

Mrs. R. D. Rogers received a telegram, Saturday morning, telling of the death of a sister in Illinois.

Postal Clerk A. D. Bower is at home for a vacation of a couple weeks.

Some unknown parties are causing considerable annoyance at North Star schoolhouse. Threatening letters are being placed under the door against the teacher and a young man of that neighborhood, besides windows have been broken, the door and the room befouled and defiled, insomuch that for two days of last week it was not possible to hold school in the room until the same could be cleaned and purified. It is to be hoped that these creatures can be brought to justice and this outrage terminated.

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