

Is Disease a Crime?

Not very long ago, a popular magazine published an editorial article in which the writer asserted, in substance, that all disease should be regarded as criminal. Certain it is, that much of the sickness and suffering of mankind is due to the violation of certain of Nature's laws. But to say that all sickness should be regarded as criminal, must appeal to every reasonable individual as radically wrong.

It would be harsh, unsympathetic, cruel, yes criminal, to condemn the poor, weak, over-worked housewife who sinks under the heavy load of household cares and burdens, and suffers from weaknesses, various displacements of pelvic organs and other derangements peculiar to her sex.

Frequent bearing of children, with its exacting demands upon the system coupled with the care, worry and labor of rearing a large family, is often the cause of weaknesses, derangements and debility which are aggravated by the many household cares and the hard, and never-ending work which the mother is called upon to perform. Dr. Pierce, the maker of that world-famed remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses, and his—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—says that one of the greatest obstacles to the cure of this class of maladies is the fact that the poor, over-worked housewife can not get the needed rest from her many household cares and labor to enable her to secure from the use of his "Prescription" its full benefits. It is a matter of frequent experience, he says, in his extensive practice in these cases, to meet with those in which his treatment fails by reason of the patient's inability to abstain from hard work long enough to be cured. With those suffering from prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion of the uterus or other displacement of the womanly organs, it is very necessary that, in addition to taking his "Favorite Prescription" they abstain from being very much, or for long periods, on their feet. All heavy lifting or straining of any kind should also be avoided. As much out-door air as possible, with moderate light exercise is also very important. Let the patient observe these rules and the "Favorite Prescription" will do the rest.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound. If sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

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"DUE TO CARDUI"

is my baby girl, now two weeks old," writes Mrs. J. Priest, of Webster City, Iowa. "She is a fine healthy babe and we are both doing nicely. I am still taking Cardui, and would not be without it in the house."

EDISON'S ODD START

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING INFLUENCED HIS CAREER.

He Was a Train Newsboy at the Time, and the Incidents of One Day Opened His Eyes to the Importance and Possibilities of Telegraphy.

"When the battle of Pittsburg Landing was fought the first report which reached Detroit was that there were 60,000 killed and wounded. I was a train newsboy then, and I told the telegraph operator at the Detroit station that if he would wire the main facts of the battle along the line, so that announcements could be put up at the station bulletin boards, I would give Harper's Weekly to him for six months free of cost.

"I used to sell about forty newspapers on the trip, but that day I bought 1,000. At the first station the crowd was so big that I thought it was an excursion crowd. But, no, when the people caught sight of me they began to yell for papers. I just doubled the price on the spot and charged 10 cents instead of 5 cents a copy. When I got to the last station I jumped the price up to 25 cents a copy and sold all I had left. I made \$75 or \$100 on that one trip, and, I tell you, I felt mighty good.

"That called my attention to what a telegraph operator could do, and I made up my mind to become an operator as soon as possible.

"Then I joined hands with a man named Callahan, and we got up several improved types of stock tickers. These improvements were a success.

"When the day of settlement for my inventions approached I began to wonder how much money I would get. I was pretty raw and knew nothing about business, but I hoped that I might get \$5,000. I dreamed of what I could do with big money like that, of the tools and other things I could buy to work out inventions, but I knew Wall street to be a pretty bad place and had a general suspicion that a man was apt to get beat out of his money there. So I tried to keep my hopes down, but the thought of \$5,000 kept rising in my mind.

"Well, one day I was sent for by the president of the Gold and Stock Telegraph company to talk about a settlement on my improvements. He was General Marshall Lefferts, colonel of the Seventh regiment. I tell you I was trembling all over with embarrassment, and when I got in his presence my vision of \$5,000 began to vanish. When he asked me how much I wanted I was afraid to speak. I feared that if I mentioned \$5,000 I might get nothing. That was one of the most painful and exciting moments of my life. My, how I beat my brains to know what to say! Finally I said:

"Suppose you make me an offer?" "By that time I was scared. I was more than scared; I was paralyzed.

"How would \$10,000 do?" asked General Lefferts. "It was all I could do to keep my face straight and my knees from giving way. With a great effort I said that I guessed that would be all right. He said they would have the contract ready in a few days and I could come back and sign it. In the meantime I scarcely slept. I couldn't believe it.

"When I went back the contract was ready, and I signed it in a hurry. I don't know even now what was in it. A check for \$40,000 was handed me, and I went to the bank as fast as my feet would carry me. It was the first time I was ever inside of a bank. I got in line, and when my turn came I handed in my check. Of course I had not indorsed it.

"The teller looked at it, then pushed it back to me and roared out something which I could not understand, being partly deaf. My heart sank and my legs trembled. I handed the check back to him, but again he pushed it back with the same unintelligible explosion of words.

"That settled it. I went out of the bank feeling miserable. I was the victim of another Wall street 'skin game.' I never felt worse in my life. I went around to the brother of the treasurer who had drawn the check and said, 'I'm skinned, all right.'

"When I told him my story he burst out laughing, and when he went into the treasurer's office to explain matters there was a loud roar of laughter at my expense. They sent somebody to the bank with me, and the bank officials thought it so great a joke that they played a trick on me by paying the whole \$40,000 in ten, twenty and fifty dollar bills.

"It made an enormous pile of money. I stuffed the bills in my inside pockets and outside pockets, my trousers pockets and everywhere I could put them. Then I started for my home in Newark. I wouldn't sit on a seat with anybody on the train or let anybody approach me. When I got to my room I couldn't sleep for fear of being robbed. So the next day I took it back to General Lefferts and told him I didn't know where to keep it. He had it placed in a bank to my credit, and that was my first bank account. With that money I opened a new shop and worked out new apparatus."—Pearson's Magazine.

A Call Down.

The Tenant—Say, last night the rain came through the roof and gave me a regular shower bath. You ought to do something. The Landlord—What do you expect me to do? Give you soap and towels?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lucky.

Dentist (prodding a patient's gum in search of a fragment of root)—Funny, I don't seem to feel it. Patient (ironical in spite of the pain)—You're in luck!

The Boss of the Line Wanted a Fair Show

BEFORE the advent of horse cars in Boston, Hank Stubbs was one of the drivers of a line of coaches that ran between Brookline and Boston. The boss began to be suspicious that there was a leakage somewhere and determined to locate it. A rough desk had been rigged up in the stable, and each man as he came in at night was supposed to wrap up his money for the day in a paper and put it in the desk.

The boss of the line hid in the hay one night and watched the men unload their money, hoping to find who was the thief. When Hank came in he took his money out of his pocket and began to divide it. The fare was a shilling each way. Taking the pile of shillings, he began to drop them in two piles, saying, "A shilling for me, a shilling for the boss," and so on until the money was divided. At the end it failed to come out even, a shilling being left over. Hank was in a quandary, but finally flipped the coin in the air, with "Heads for me, tails for the boss." To Hank's disgust the coin came tails up, but after a moment's pause he said, "I guess I will keep it just the same." The next day the boss called him in and discharged him. Hank professed great indignation and then said:

"Do you think I have been stealing?" The boss paused a moment and replied:

"Hank, I do not object to a fair division, but why in Tophet couldn't you give me a fair show on the flip up?"—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

What She Remembered.

Husband—Many people at church this forenoon, dear?

Wife—Yes, a large number.

"Good sermon?"

"Delightful."

"What was the text?"

"It was—it was—well, really I have forgotten."

"Humph! Was Mrs. Purling there?"

"She was."

"What had she on?"

"Well, she had on a fall wrap of very dark Pompeian red cloth, with narrow insertions of dark velvet in the sides of the skirt. A small yoke trimming of the velvet covered the upper part of the chest and was outlined with a mixed tinsel braid. A narrow braiding girdled the waist, and the cuffs were ornamented in the same way. It had a cape attachment plaited upon the shoulders and attached by other plaits at the waist line, giving a dolman appearance to the back. She—"

"That'll do. I don't wonder that you forgot the text!"—New Orleans Pleasure.

Interruptions.

"I suppose you heard," said Lowe Comedy, "that Ranter made his debut in vaudeville last night."

"Yes," replied Hi Tragedy. "It was a monologue, wasn't it?"

"Not quite. He intended it to be, but the audience chimed in with a few choice remarks before he got fairly started."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Annoyances of Golf.



Bad Tempered Golf Player (to his caddie)—Stand still, you little imp, and don't make that noise!

Caddie—I were standing still. 'Twere only my ears a-flapping.—London Telegraph.

Explained.

"But she sings more than she plays. Why do you speak of her music as 'instrumental'?"

"Well, it's instrumental in making the neighbors move out."—Boston Globe.

Insinuation.

Chapleigh—Accusading to science, a fwag can—aw—live without bwains, doncher know?

Miss Caustique—Oh, well, there are others.—Houston Post.

No Change.

"I see, Blinks, your typewriter has adopted the new way of spelling."

"No; the reformers have adopted her way; that's all. Only now it goes."—Baltimore American.

Plenty.

De Style—Does your wife take any exercise?

Gunbusta—Plenty. She buttons her waist down the back every day.—New York Press.

The Unexpected.

Pay your subscription. When it falls due, For the poor editor's Pleasures are few. Hand him a dollar, Boost him a bit, Then you will see him Fall in a fit. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

A HOPELESS SITUATION.

Odd Climax That Was Not a Part of the Play.

Frank Gillmore, the actor, tells the following story about his aunt, Miss Sarah Thorne, who was leading woman at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, many years ago.

"Miss Thorne was given a part in 'The Masked Prince,' the second piece of the evening," said Mr. Gillmore. "Glancing through her part hastily at breakfast, she noticed that there was one scene in which she had so little to say that it could be learned just before going on. She decided to skip that scene and get to the longer passages.

"When night came, and my aunt made her appearance, she did very well in the first scene. In the second scene occurred the passages she had skipped in the morning. She rushed to the corner in which she left her book, but it was not there. Finally, the stage manager, receiving no response to his repeated calls, sought her out and pushed her on the stage. There she was, before a large audience, without the slightest idea of what she was supposed to do or say. The scene was a courtroom. At a high desk sat the presiding judge, letter perfect in his part, because he had it ready to read from the papers in front of him. A trial was taking place, and Miss Thorne, to her horror, discovered that she was to be the principal witness, on whose answers hung the entire plot of the play. The judge adjusted his spectacles, looked at his part, and said in solemn tones, 'The witness will now state what she saw the prisoner do on this particular night.'

"What was she to answer? She glanced around helplessly. She hadn't the faintest idea what she had seen the prisoner do on that particular night. The critical moment had arrived; some one must speak, but she couldn't. Her eye alighted on one of the characters in the play who looked particularly reliable. He looked like a person who could get one out of any sort of difficulty. So, pointing at him, she exclaimed in impressive tones, 'Ask that man!'

"The entire cast seemed disconcerted by this remark. They did not know precisely what ought to be said, but instinct told them something was wrong. The judge, thinking he might have made some mistake, turned over a couple of pages of manuscript and, having convinced himself on this point, again addressed the witness. My aunt glanced at the uncomfortable gentleman and, no other idea coming to her, again exclaimed, 'Ask that man!' This concentration of public attention was too much for him, and he sneaked off the stage with a feeble 'Excuse me.' Of course the situation was a hopeless one, and the curtain had to be rung down."—Success.

The Spanish Main.

"What do you understand by 'the Spanish main?'" Such was the problem propounded at the club lunch table, and many and varied were the answers. In the "Wreck of the Hesperus" it was remembered that there spake up "an old sailor who had sailed the Spanish main," and it was recalled that in the "Ingolsby Legends" one says, "My father dear he is not here; he seeks the Spanish main." There was, however, a certain vagueness about the speakers' views as to what particular thing was meant by the word, some thinking one thing and some thinking another, and only one speaking with the authority of "an old sailor who had sailed the Spanish main." Such a discussion tends to show how satisfied most of us are to half know a thing or to think that we know without troubling about verification.—London Chronicle.

The Shopping Sex.

The Englishwoman never knows when she enters a shop what she wants. She is swayed by impulse, grabs wildly at everything she likes or thinks she likes and probably comes back and grumbles the next day. She is also completely lost if the shop-walkers do not dog her every footstep to implore her to "look at this charming toque" or condescend to "glance at this special line in cheap skirts." But the American woman resents any suggestion that she does not know what she wants, likes to be left severely alone and if interfered with may abruptly leave the shop. But, while she is less irritating than the Englishwoman, she is far more exacting.—London Express.

The Old Great Eastern.

The last days of the Great Eastern were certainly sad, considering the purpose for which she was designed and the great work she did in cable laying. For some time before she was broken up on the mud of the river Mersey, near Liverpool, she was on view as a show ship. One firm of Liverpool clothiers hired her for a season, and in addition to using her for its advertising purposes made use of her for cathepenny shows. In the large cable tank a circus was fitted up and performances given at so much a head, while other exhibitions of the Coney Island type were spread all over her deck.

The Eastern Eye.

The eyes of the yellow people are not oblique, notwithstanding that they appear to be. The line adjoining the commissures of the eyelids divides the eye into two equal parts, and is exactly at right angles with the axis of the nose. It is not always so; the exception is much less frequent than in the whites, for, as a general rule, it is in the latter that the eyes are not at right angles with the axis of the nose.

When death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent, but our severity.—George Elliot.

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E. J. MITCHELL, Auctioneer.

CHATEL MORTGAGE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage, made on the 21st day of June, 1905, by J. E. Lawthers to Reeves & Co., upon the following described property, to-wit: One No. 333 Reeves 20 H. P. straw burner, jacked-off engine, manufactured by Reeves & Co., with all fixtures and appendages with or belonging to same. One No. 3121 Reeves' 33 x 56 mammoth cylinder separator, manufactured by Reeves & Co., with all fixtures and appendages belonging to same. One No. 3454 Reeves' Farmer's Friend wind stacker, manufactured by Reeves & Co., with all fixtures and appendages belonging to same. One No. 18310 Parson's self feeder and band cutter. One No. 5475 Peoria double tube weigher. One No. 367 Reeves' engine tender. One 180-foot 8-inch 4-ply Gandy belt. One 2128-foot 8-ounce tarpaulin. One No. 2 lifting

Jack. One tank, pump and hose. Said Reeves & Co. will sell said property for cash to the highest bidder at public auction, on the 5th day of November, 1906, on the farm of Henry S. Beck, situated in section 19, town 1, range 29 west, in Red Willow county, Nebraska, at 3 o'clock p. m. of said day. Said mortgage was filed in the office of the county clerk of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 24th day of June, 1905. There is now due on said mortgage and the notes, hereby secured, the sum of one thousand nine hundred forty-one and sixty-five one hundredths dollars (\$1941.65); said mortgage has elected to decline the whole debt secured by said mortgage due, as by its terms and the terms of the notes secured thereby provided. No proceedings at law has been had for the collection of said debt or any part thereof. Dated this 9th day of October, 1906.—10-12-4c. REEVES & CO. Mortgagee.