WHAT SHE ASKED HIM.

They were sitting close together in the gathering twilight, so close together that she tickled his cheek with her eyelashes.

"And do you really love me?" she whispered, while her heart stood still to await his answer.

"I do," he averred. He had returned the same reply about 3,000 times during the previous two years, so it was probable he had come to believe it.

"Do you love me truly?"

"Truly, dear."

"Much?"

"Very much."

"Ever so much?"

"Ever so very much."

"How much, dear?" It is an awkward question for a girl to put, but they all put it. Love, you see, cannot be measured in quantities, and that makes it difficult to answer the lady when she wishes to know the extent of your affections. "How much, dear?"

"Much more than I can tell you, darling."

She sighed at that. Any reasonable girl might have been satisfied. But no girl is reasonable when she is in love.

"Do you love me a million pounds' worth?"

"More than that, dear."

"Ten million pounds' worth?"

"Ever so much more than that."

"Do you love me just as much as ever you can?"

"You know I do, darling."

She sighed again. Still she was not contented. Did you ever know a girl who was?

"When we are married, dear, will you be happy?"

"Shan't I just!" he ejaculated.

"And, when we are married, will you love me more than ever?"

"Yes, darling."

"More than you do now?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Oh, you false brute!" she sobbed. "I knew you couldn't love me much now—else how could you love me more when we're married? Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

"But darling—" he urged. But she would not have any buts. She went straight away and left him, without saying good night, and it cost him two boxes of chocolates and a new gold charm for her chain before she would allow him to apologize and admit he was in the wrong.

Not a Cigarette Smoker.

A good old gentleman, who was strongly opposed to tobacco smoking and alcoholic liquor drinking, met a lady friend in a street car recently, and their conversation was as follows:

"Have you any children, madam?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir; he has never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, madam; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, madam—a model young man. How old is he?"

"Two months!"

The good old gentleman bade the lady good morning and left the car without a smile.

DIVORCE EXPLAINED.

Winks—Most divorces are caused by a common mistake.

Jinks—What is it?

Winks—Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Neighborly Comment.

Mrs. Callers—I see Mrs. Homer has a new fall bonnet.

Mrs. Neighbors—Yes; her husband had a streak of good luck.

Mrs. Callers—How was that?

Mrs. Neighbors—He took out an accident policy for $25 a week recently and the very next day he broke his leg.—Chicago Daily News.

Doesn't Miss Them.

"I suppose," said the garrulous uncle, "now that you have come into your money you have found that riches will not buy everything?"

"Yes," assented the nephew, "but I have found that the few things money won't buy I can get along without."—Detroit Free Press.

Expansion.

He—They say travel broadens a person.

She—Surely. The moment a man enters a car he spreads out over half a dozen seats.—Judge.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

I found her making toffee;
She looked so nice and sweet
That on her neck I dabbed a kiss
And beat a swift retreat.
But she was quicker still;
She swung the pan around,
And in a trice that sticky mess
I on my shirt-front found!

I wore a worried look;
It riled me, I confess;
I said: "How am I to get home
In this adhesive mess?"
She only laughed and said:
"It isn't nice it's true,
But then, you see, it only shows
How sweet I am on you!"

That evening when I'd changed
And we were friends again,
She spoke a word which rendered me
The happiest of men.
And then she said to me
In accents sweet and low,
"I won't do it again; it makes
You so stuck-up you know!"

Deep Enough.

"You are anaemic," says the physician, after much thumping and prodding. "You should practice deep breathing."

"Deep breathing?" retorts the patient. "Why, doctor, that's just what I do all the time. I work in a subcellar, 60 feet below the street level."—Judge.

POSSIBLE CHICKEN PROBLEM.

"O! Alfred, wouldn't it be awful if they lost their mother, and we had to bring them up on the bottle?"—Brooklyn Life.

Just the Thing.

Once on a time, in Brazil,
Attacked by a violent chill,
A big alligator
Climbed on the Equator
And enjoyed a comforting grill.
—Puck.

Appropriate Reply.

Mildred—Is it true that you have broken your engagement with young Smiley?

Florence—Yes. He was under the influence of liquor when he called the other evening, but he had the audacity to call me up by telephone the next morning and try to apologize.

Mildred—What did you answer?

Florence—Ring off!—Chicago Daily News.

For Her.

"What I want," pants the comic-opera star who had acquired a superabundance of flesh, "what I want is a vehicle for the proper display of my personality. I don't want any ordinary—"

"No, Miss Fatyette," interposes the playwright. "You don't want any ordinary vehicle. How would an automobile truck do, in these days of auto-drama?"

The Usual Way.

The Tourist—Were there not a lot of people killed in a recent wreck near the station we just passed?

The Conductor—Yes; forty killed yesterday. But how did you know there had been a wreck?

The Tourist—A natural inference. As we passed I noticed a gang of workmen installing safety signal devices.—Judge.

Careless.

"What made you lose that battle?" asked the Southern American insurgent.

"I lost my head," confessed the contrite officer. "I got so interested trying to remember exactly what we are fighting about that I forgot to fight."—Washington Star.

Cold Calculaton.

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss.

"I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if it doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."—Washington Star.

Confused Emotions.

"How is your boy doing at college?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "I don't exactly know whether to compliment him or to make a fuss. He came out first in his class but he was last in a foot race."—Washington Star.

Low Temperature.

"Do you believe that Barkson really had the rich Miss Plunkley all but persuaded to run away with him?"

"Not I, He's too cold. Why, I don't believe his own prejudices would run away with him."—Puck.

Prepared For That.

Teacher—Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?

New Pupil—Same reason the hen had for crossin' the road. You can't fool me with no conundrums.—Chicago Tribune.

Misleading.

"What a beautiful piece your daughter is playing. It's from Wagner, is it not?

"Oh, no. She's merely polishing the piano keys."—Milwaukee Sentinal.

THE STUPIDITY OF MAN.

"Pa," said Mrs. Cutesby, "I'm going to invite a lot of company in next Thursday night to celebrate our silver wedding.

"Silver? What are you talkin' about? The silver weddin's when people have been married 25 years, ain't it?"

"Yes. We've never celebrated any of the anniversaries of our wedding, and we may as well begin with this one."

"But, great Scott, ma, we've been married thirt—"

"Now, never mind that, Pa Catesby. we are going to celebrate our silver wedding anniversary next Thursday night.

"But, ma, we can't. You must remember that we've a daughter who's nearly thirt—"

"Oh, get that 'thirt' off your mind. Mabel will be 24 the 16th of next month. My goodness, if you didn't know how to make money. I sometimes believe I just couldn't go on living with you, you're such a simpleton about eevrything else."

"Whew! Well, ma, go ahead with your durn foolishness, but fergit to repeat that old gag about us not bein' able to go to the Philadelphia centennial, because Annie was a baby then."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Red Revenge.

"So you spurn meh!" he cried, in wrathful woe. "But I shall have my revenge!"

"Ha! ha!" laughs the heartless maiden.

"You may laugh now, but wait! In the four years I have known you, you have given me six photographs of yourself. Each one of them I shall have enlarged by the cheap crayon process, and presented to your various friends and relatives!"

Leaving the frightened girl in a swoon, the cruel swain departs with the melodramatic tread of one who will stop at nothing.—Judge.

Moderation.

It was a question of diet.

"Mr. Doddington!" she asked, turning to appeal to the little man who sat drinking with her husband. "Don't you think that a little meat from time to time is really necessary to everyone?"

The little man paused. "In my opinion, Mrs. Golightly," said he, "a little food of any kind now and then does no particular harm."

Cause For Alarm.

"Maria," said Mr. Billiams, "what ails this roast?"

"Never mind the roast, dear," said Mrs. Billiams. "I'm more concerned to know what ails you. This is the first tme for 25 years that you haven't been able to tell exactly what ailed the roast and everything else on the table. Aren't you well to-day, John?"—Chicago Tribune.

Interests a Waiter.

"The pleasures of the intellectual are all lost on the uneducated," remarked the philosopher at the banquet. "How, for instance, could that waiter over there be interested in 'evolution?'"

"Easiest thing in the world," said his friend, facetiously; "'evolution' means 'change.'"—Detroit Free Press.

TWO KINDS OF POUNDS.

Mr. Phat—I've gained four pounds since I came here.

Miss Slim—Have you? I've just money enough to last the week.—Scraps.

About the Same Thing.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is meant by "honor among thieves"?

Professor Broadhead—Oh, just about the same as "senatorial courtesy," my son.—Puck.

A Wish.

Sons of millionaires remind us
We might tackle one, perchance,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the young man's pants.
—Judge.

Skeptical

"Man wants little here below," quoted Blank.

"I've heard of that man," said Tank, cutting him off. "But did you ever know anybody that has ever seen him?"—Detroit Free Press.

Both Easy.

Miss Youth—It's the easiest thing in the world to flatter a man.

Madam Wise—Yes, and it's about as easy for him to catch on that that's what you're doing, too.—Detroit Free Press.

His Contribution.

Miss Prattles—Do you ever do anything for other people?

Mr. Rattles—Umhuh. I sometimes shut up and give them a chance to talk.—Detroit Free Press.

If you will eat more

Uneeda Biscuit

you can do more work, enabling you to earn more money, so that you can buy more

Uneeda Biscuit

do *more* work and earn still *more* money.

5¢

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

DANBURY.

Mrs. Nettie Holbun of Denver, Colo., is here visiting her friend Mrs. W. A. Demay.

J. B. Evers has sold his residence to Samuel Messner. Consideration $1200.

Carl Blind of Iowa, a nephew of Samuel Messner, is here visiting.

Mrs. Ed Eno is under the doctor's care.

Mrs. W. A. Demay's mother arrived this week, on a visit.

Quite a number from town attended the sale at S. H. Stilgebouer's, Tuesday.

John Leisure is erecting a new barn 30 by 40.

Soren Simonsen is erecting a new barn 30 by 50.

The stock food company is doing a good business. They have Howard Ruby out on the road, and expect to put four more men out on the road.

Last week a gasoline stove exploded in the back of E. B. Stilgebouer's meat market, and it took all the men in town to put out the fire.

J. E. Noe has purchased Alfred Palmer's house and is having it moved in town.

D. C. Boyer's house is about completed.

We have a medicine show with us this week.

SCHOOL CREEK.

Ed Vandervort is slowly improving.

The Bartley Telephone company is putting in a line through this neighborhood.

J. C. Sedden is buying barley from Adam Fritz.

George Wall is able to be out again after being confined to his room for two months, from injuries received from a fall from a wagon.

The county is putting in a bridge on the town-line east of E. S. Dutcher.

Charles Sedden is husking corn for Fred Lakin north of Indianola.

John Dutcher is hauling lumber from Bartley, for an addition 16 by 40 to his barn.

Ransom Gray is working for Jack McCume near Danbury.

Charles Vandervort and family visited on the creek the later part of the week.

Mike Fritz and family spent Sunday with Henry Conrad.

The four-year-old son of Jake Harsch's fell on some wire and severely injured his eye. Dr. McKechnie is caring for the injured member.

Charles Broomfield is hauling corn to C. N. Smith.

Roy Dutcher helped Fred Bealer drive cattle from Bartley, Thursday.

A good crowd attended the sale at J. C. Bailey's. Everything sold well. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey left Monday for Eureka, Springs, Arkansas, where they go for Mr. Bailey's health.

RED WILLOW.

Mr. Canaga has finished his barn.

Mr. Waddell is plastering his house.

Mr. Smith has hauled lumber and will begin building in a few day.

The plasterers have finished at Ben King's and Louis Longnecker's.

Laura Ruggles helped Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Longnecker last week, she is now at Mrs. Dutcher's.

Mrs. Bose is still at her sister's Mrs. Dutcher.

Mrs. Bobs is visiting at her father's, Charles Hotse.

R. F. D. No. 1.

The Lend a Hand club met with Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Wasson, last week, and were entertained by the captain and wife most enjoyably. Among the pictures exhibited by the captain was one of his great grandmother strewing flowers before President George Washington in the streets of Baltimore.

J. A. Ware of York state, a nephew of Mrs. L. J. Burtless, is here for his health and her guest.

J. B. Fiechtner is hauling out lumber for his new house.

Miss Clara Thomas of Ellensburg, Washington, is visiting her aunt Mrs. James Lee, for a few months.

W. N. Rogers is having a new cattle shed built on the ranch. Also T. H. Brittain.

G. E. Evertson left, Tuesday, for St. Joseph, Mo., with a carload of cattle.

CENTERPOINT.

Elmer Nelms and Edna Austin were united in marriage, November 7th, 1906, the ceremony being performed at Quick postoffice and store. Elmer is a member of the firm of Nelms Bros. of Quick, and eldest son of J. E. Nelms of McCook. Edna is the daughter of E. B. Austin, late postmaster at Stevens.

Miss Cassie Gordon is successfully teaching school in the district 19, Frontier county, having 22 pupils in attendance.

The Weekly Inter Ocean is the only weekly newspaper published in Chicago in connection with a great daily paper. It contains a judiciously selected summary of the news of the nation and world, the best stories, home, farm, woman's, boy's and girl's, and other special departments, and fair, patriotic, able editorials written from a Republican viewpoint. It is by far the best general newspaper of the Western states. The regular price for The Weekly Inter Ocean is $1.00 and for THE McCOOK TRIBUNE $1.00. But in subscriptions will be received at this office for the two papers combination for only $1.05.

Breeders' Gazette Free.

Realizing the fact that the majority of persons making sales are doing so with the object of bettering their condition and improving the quality of their breeding stock, I will send the Breeders' Gazette one year free of charge to every person for whom I call a sale during the balance of 1906.

E. J. MITCHELL., Auctioneer.

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.

The Miller Knows

a thing or two about flour. So do you and so do we. It's his business, though, to mill it. It's our business to deal in it, and your business to use it.

Use Best Flour

by buying here. It's direct from the mill, fresh, absolutely pure, and from high-grade selected wheat. For all purposes where flour is used, ours is the best. Price just right.

McCook Milling Company

You Can Reach Up

and pluck the financial fruit that accrues to your credit by banking here. It's done through

Interest We Pay

the best paid in banking circles. It's done further by the solid credit standing you acquire through this bank's connection. You "reach up" to a high standard of paying possibilities with an account here. See our cashier and open it today!

First National Bank