

THE TERROR'S DINNER

"Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took the Terror's Nerve Away—The Repeat and the Final Request.

Away back in 1876 a man named Turpin established a restaurant in Yuma, and among Turpin's original employees was a waiter named Job Straight, who could shoot with great precision, play draw poker with unvarying success and pack eighteen plates of miscellaneous grub upon one bare arm at one time. He could execute all the prevailing melodies either on piano or guitar, and he possessed the most tremendous baritone voice ever heard in Arizona. Why, men sometimes went to Turpin's just to hear Joe deliver gastronomic orders. No perfect description can be given of that voice, however, except to say that at times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a Christmas dinner who took a startling concoction as an appetizer and then dropped thud-like at a table and roughly shouted to Straight:

"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recovering his reserve limit of equanimity, he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb from the frescoed tablecloth and whisked a bill of fare from the variegated custer and placed it before the new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in tones that could give Straight's ordinary, everyday baritone a castle and checkmate in five moves. "I don't want to read your darned old tract. I don't care a darn who came into the world to save sinners. Bring me some grub—g-r-u-b! Grub! Grub! Grub!"

"What do you want?"

"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you to hump yourself!"

"What's that?"

"I've given my order, you baldheaded old cigar store sign, and I want you to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattlesnakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to the cook in accents that would have paralyzed Carl Formes had that old basso profundo been living and heard them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the reverberating response from the cook upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in the restaurant, and their eyes were at once turned on the young person from the Bend and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken a big catfish and cut it into four strips and rolled these strips in batter, so that they much resembled the viand ordered, and after placing them in the frying pan he stuck his head out of the kitchen and shouted to Job:

"You want them rattlers rare or well done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory in a cloying way, and the terror replied in as violent a tone and manner as he could command, "Well done, with plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."

And then Job thundered to the cook: "Well done, with plenty of Chili Colorado, hot as —, and moccasins gravy on the side and brochettes of sand crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneously dead silence in that restaurant, and all eyes were again cast upon the terror and the waiter. The former turned ashen pale and began to weaken perceptibly, while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve all the market affords," muttered Job. "Maybe you don't like moccasin gravy or brochettes a la mode. Maybe you ain't hungry?"

"Say! You've got me—I ain't hungry, so help me. I couldn't eat a single hard boiled egg. Countermand that damned order, old man, and I'll pay all expenses and set 'em up as long as anybody can drink. Beg pardon, gentlemen, all. My first attempt to be a terror—pardon me, gentlemen. It's my last!"

And then he handed his revolver to Job and added:

"Take that pistol, old man, as a present and promise me that the next time any damned fool comes in here and calls for rattlesnakes on toast you'll shoot him dead!"

But Straight was too raving mad all the way through to willingly emerge from a situation only tolerably triumphant. So he took the weapon just as the order was being placed on the table and, pointing it at the terror, exclaimed:

"Now, then, my boy, dump yourself into that chair and eat them snakes—bones, skin and all!"

The young fellow did as he was commanded, but after finishing his repast staggered the uncompromising Job by shouting:

"I say, Baldy, bring me another plate of snakes!"—Denver News.

Wanted New Ones.

A traveler putting up at a fifth class hotel brought the "boots" up with his angry storming.

"Want your room changed, sir?"

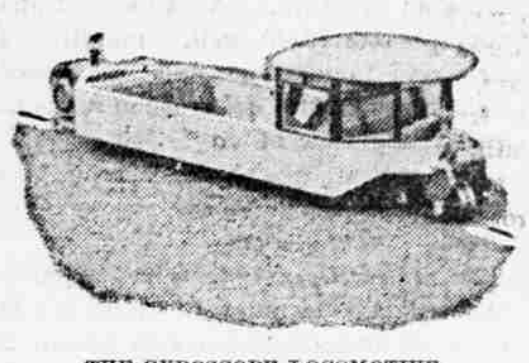
"The room's all right," fumed the guest scorchingly; "it's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mrs. Bloobs," bawled the "boots" in an uninterested sort of voice, "the gent in No. 6 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."—Illustrated Bits.

THE LATEST MARVEL.

The Gyroscope Locomotive, Which Runs on a Single Rail or Cable.

A train that will spin along on a single rail or even on a wire cable up hill and down, across ravines and rivers, around curves, performing miracles of mechanical engineering, is what is promised by Louis Brennan, C. B., of the Royal Society of London, inventor of the Brennan torpedo and other devices that are now in extensive use. He promises that trains shall run at high speed, as much as 125 to 150 miles per hour, and that the cars shall be hotels on wheels, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, permitting of much more convenient arrangement than even in the case of cars run on two rails, according to the present system. He promises that the engines and cars of such trains shall maintain their balance on the single rail or cable perfectly despite differences of load and the tendency to fall earthward, due to the law of gravitation. All this is promised on the strength of the performances of his miniature engine, or model, which is six feet long and powerful enough to take his little daughter on trips upon a monorail line constructed around his private estate in New Brompton, Kent. It has also carried easily a man weighing 140 pounds.



THE GYROSCOPE LOCOMOTIVE.

This engine, which the inventor calls the gyroscope locomotive, was recently put through a performance before the Royal society, and the members of that learned body were convinced that it would ultimately work a revolution in the railway world. The principle of the invention is simply that which enables the common top to maintain its equilibrium when in rapid motion, despite all temptations to fall over. In one end of the gyroscope locomotive is the gyratory apparatus, consisting of two flywheels, rotated in opposite directions by electricity. These flywheels keep the engine perfectly balanced on its one rail. Electricity or other motive power may be used in moving the engine along the rail and thus dragging a train of cars.

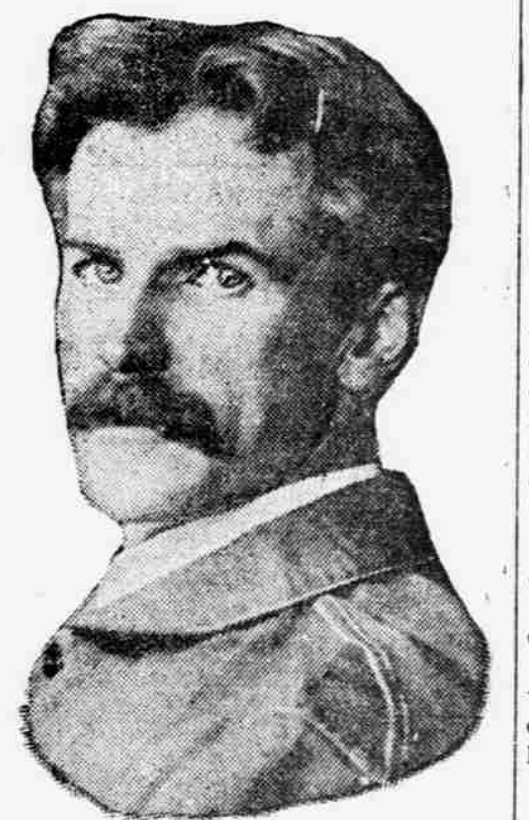
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ROOSEVELT-LONG.

"Nature Fakir" Controversy Between Stamford Author and President.

A good many people had never heard of the Rev. Dr. William J. Long of Stamford, Conn., before President Roosevelt in a recent magazine article called in question some statements the former made in his books about animals. Now the author's name is a household word, his works are among the books in special demand at the libraries, and incidentally the controversy the president's criticisms provoked has added considerably to the gaiety of the nations. One of the Long stories which caused Mr. Roosevelt to put the Stamford author in the "nature fakir" class related to the feat of a wolf which, according to Dr. Long, killed a caribou by biting him through the chest to the heart. This story was brought to the attention of no less distinguished a body than the cabinet a short time ago, when President Roosevelt read to his counselors an affidavit of a Sioux Indian produced by Dr. Long to prove his assertion about the wolf. In connection with the affidavit was an editorial paragraph which



THE REV. DR. WILLIAM J. LONG.

asked how E. H. Harriman and Poulney Bigelow would like to have a Sioux Indian elected a member of the Ananias club. It is said there were chuckles over the reading of the paragraph, though the nature faking controversy did not come officially before the cabinet for consideration.

Dr. Long is forty years of age, a native of Massachusetts, a Harvard and Heidelberg graduate, has been writing books about animals for some ten years and belongs to the ministry of the Congregational church. He charges that President Roosevelt is not a real student of animals and condemns him for shooting them.

What Came Up.

"I planted some grass seeds in the front yard, and what do you suppose came up?"

"Grass?"

"Nope."

"What then?"

"A lot of birds came up and ate the seed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The— Scrap Book

Why the Congregation Tittered.

The story is told of Helen Hunt, the famous author of "Ramona," that one morning after church service she found a purse full of money and told her pastor about it.

"Very well," he said, "you keep it, and at the evening service I will announce it," which he did in this wise: "This morning there was found in this church a purse filled with money. If the owner is present, he or she can go to Helen Hunt for it."

BEREAVED.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye, let me, who have not any child to die, Weep with you for the little one whose love I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used To kiss—such arms, such hands I never knew, May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say something. Between the tears, that would be comforting. But ah, no, sadder than yourself am I, Who have no child to die! —James Whitcomb Riley.

Sauce For the Gander.

A busy merchant was about to leave home in Brixton for a trip on the continent, and his wife, knowing his aversion to letter writing, reminded him gently of the fact.

"Now, John, you must be eyes and ears for us at home and drop us an occasional post card telling us anything of interest. Don't forget, will you, dear?"

The husband promised. The next morning his wife received a postal card: Dear Wife—I reached Dover all right. Yours aff.

Though somewhat disappointed she thought her husband must have been pressed for time. Two days later, however, another card arrived, with this startling announcement: "Here I am in Paris. Yours ever." And still later: "I am indeed in Paris. Yours."

Then the wife decided to have a little fun and seized her pen and wrote: "Dear Husband—The children and I are at Brixton. Yours."

A few days later she wrote again, "We are still in Brixton."

In her last communication she grew more enthusiastic: "Dear Husband—Here we are in Brixton. I repeat it, sir, we are in Brixton. P. S.—We are indeed."

The First Offense.

Tommy (who has been punished)—Mamma, did your mamma whip you when you were little?

Mother—Yes, when I was naughty.

Tommy—And did her mamma whip her when she was little?

Mother—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—And was she whipped when she was little?

Mother—Yes.

Tommy—Well, who started it, anyway?—Lippincott's.

The Henglish Hatched.

Illustrative of "that troublesome Henglish hatch" an American traveler relates the following:

Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham—very delicious baked ham. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.

The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son. Say 'am."

"I did say 'am," the lad protested in an injured tone.

"You said 'am," cried the father fiercely. "'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am."

In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me and, with a deprecatory little laugh, explained: "They both think they're sayin' 'am, sir."—Everybody's.

Chamberlain and the Mayor.

Joseph Chamberlain was the guest of honor at a dinner in an important city. The mayor presided, and when coffee was being served the mayor leaned over and touched Mr. Chamberlain, saying, "Shall we let the people enjoy themselves a little longer, or had we better have your speech now?"

Jack London as a Musician.

Jack London, the author, was introduced one day to a musician.

"I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the musician asked.

"There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood," replied London.

"When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" said the musician.

"Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano." — Ladies' Home Journal.

The Boys Looked After Limpy.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furthest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy, and why does he have this block?"

"'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around

lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of a brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him and went on his way downtown, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.

Polite Cowboys.

Collier's Weekly says that cowboys are always glad to practice politeness when they have a chance. Two ladies delayed by an accident lunched in a station of the Southern Pacific road. Two cowboys were at the table. They arose, bowed and stood until the ladies were seated. To be equally courteous one of the ladies asked, "May I not pass the butter?" The reply was immediate, "I don't choose none, thank you most to death, ma'am."

Misdirected Mourning.

While exploring the grounds about the tomb of Washington, a gentleman happened to see a lady of mature years who, bathed in tears, was kneeling before an edifice some distance from the monument. Thinking she was in some sort of distress the gentleman offered assistance.

"No, sir, thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcome me when I gaze upon the tomb of the Father of his Country."

"Quite so," the gentleman replied tenderly. "I thoroughly understand, but my dear madam, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington. This is an ice house."

He Knew the Kind.

A small boy in Boston who had unfortunately learned to swear was rebuked by his father. "Who told you that I swore?" asked the bad little boy. "Oh, a little bird told me," said the father. The boy stood and looked out of the window scowling at some sparrows which were scolding and chattering; then he had a happy thought. "I know who told you," he said. "It was one of those damned sparrows."

Returned the Courtesy.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was strolling on the beach one day when he began chatting with a little girl who was building pyramids of sand. His charm of personality had its customary effect, and the child soon slipped her hand into his and walked with him. By and by the little one said she must return to her mother. "Goodby, my dear," said Mr. Holmes, "and when mother asks you where you've been, tell her you've been walking on the beach with Oliver Wendell Holmes." The great name was absolutely unknown to the child, but she recognized a courtesy in

the words of her stranger friend and was not to be outdone. His pleasant bow and smile acquired a quaint gravity as imitated by the child. She replied, "And when you go home and they ask you where you've been, tell them you were walking on the beach with Mary Susanna Brown."

Bill Inside.

Bill Jones, a Louisiana storekeeper, went to New Orleans to buy a stock of goods. They were shipped at once and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivered at his store his wife happened to look at the largest. She uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box, which read as follows: "Bill Inside."

He Objected.

A certain learned professor in New York has a wife and family, but, professorlike, his thoughts are always with his books.

One evening his wife, who had been out for some hours, returned to find the house remarkably quiet. She had left the children playing about, but now they were nowhere to be seen.

She demanded to be told what had become of them, and the professor explained that as they had made a good deal of noise he had put them to bed without waiting for her or calling a maid.

"I hope they gave you no trouble," she said.

"No," replied the professor, "with the exception of the one in the cot here. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

The wife went to inspect the cot.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's little Johnny Green from next door!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Prompt Retribution.

The following notice was recently found tacked on the door of a local church: "There will be preaching in this house a week from next Wednesday, Providence permitting, and there will be preaching here whether or no on Monday following upon the subject, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at 3:30 in the afternoon."—Clinton (Mo.) Record.

Didn't Know For Sure.

Down in New Iberia, La., where Joseph Jefferson had one of his numerous houses, the actor and ex-President Cleveland were going over the plantation together and stopped before an old antebellum cabin. A smiling mammy invited them to enter. On the wall of the bare, dark room hung a lithograph picture of Cleveland.

"Mammy," said Jefferson, "whose picture is that?"

"I don't know fo' sho," was the reply, "but I think it's John de Baptist."

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