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The Scrap Book

The Ways of Congressmen.

It was at a banquet in Washington given to a large body of congressmen, mostly from the rural districts. The tables were elegant, and it was a scene of fairy splendor, so to speak; but on one table there were no decorations but palm leaves.

"Here," said a congressman to the head waiter, "why don't you put them things on our tables, too?" pointing to the plants.

The head waiter didn't know he was a congressman.

"We can't do it, boss," he whispered confidentially; "dey's mostly congressmen at all de tables 'ceptin' dat one, an if we put 'em on dere tables dey take um for celery an' eat um all up sho. 'Deed dey would, boss. We knows 'em."

MORTALITY.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust? What of his loving? What of his lust? What of his passion? What of his pain? What of his poverty? What of his pride? Earth, the great mother, has called him again.

Deeply he sleeps, the world's verdict deep. Shall he be tried again? Shall he go free? Who shall the court convene? Where shall he be?

No answer on the land, none from the sea! Only we know that as he died we must—You with your theory, you with your trust.

Ashes to ashes, dust unto dust! —Paul Laurence Dunbar.

College Days.

There was once a Yale sophomore who found himself in financial straits and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big check from home.

When he got home for the holidays the first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned the pawnbroker's ticket he had forgotten to remove.

Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said: "Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith change when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Reginald," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too, did you?"—Lippincott's.

After Many Trials.

He was a sad faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir." The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your order, sir?"

"I said very distinctly, two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other." Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your order, sir? I can't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another and fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron, he asked beseechingly:

"Would you mind tyking botted heggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Kissing the Girls.

Senator Vance once stumped North Carolina in joint debate with Judge Settle, the Republican candidate for the governorship. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and the colored Republicans to hear Settle.

At the conclusion of the speaking one day, Vance was told that a number of young women had expressed a desire to kiss the Democratic candidate.

He stepped down from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the pretty young women, when he stopped long enough to turn around to his competitor and shout, "I'm kissing my girls, Settle; now you kiss yours."

"Anno Domino."

When Senator Vest was old and broken in health he once compared his state to that of a very old negro he remembered back in Kentucky.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?" "Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' wif anno domino."

The Indispensable Man.

When old Zach Taylor came into the presidency, persons in Washington soon began to tell him there was one public servant the government couldn't do without. They said they had come to express the hope that the old general and rather unexperienced president would permit them to inform him of it. This piece of information and advice was systematically dropped into his ear at frequent intervals. At first he paid little attention to it, but finally took note of the fact that a certain John Hobby, who for twenty odd years had held the important office of assistant postmaster general, was the official the government couldn't get

along without. The communications became so frequent that one day as the last man disappeared old Zach broke out with this question:

"Captain Harry, who in the devil is this man Hobby everybody is saying we can't get along without?"

The general was informed about the official.

"We must attend to the case at once. We are liable to be in trouble about him any day. We must be prepared. He is liable to die on our hands, and then the devil will be to pay! Seems to me the man who can't be spared is the one to turn out while the government is in a condition to meet the emergency. Turn Hobby out, Captain Harry, and don't wait! We'll see whether or not he can't be spared. Attend to the business at once, captain!"

Nature Study.

With a heart attuned to "nature study," a little Hungarian girl in the Canadian northwest exclaimed, "Yah, teacher; it's certain beautiful on our prairie, where the birds and the small sheep run about raw." It is this girl's brother who states, "Plumage is the foliage of a parrot or hen."—Century.

The Humorous Governor.

When Wolcott was governor of Massachusetts his youngest son, Oliver, was in one of the primary classes of a school. The teacher was one day asking questions of her little pupils, to give them a chance to show what they knew about one thing and another, for the entertainment of a lady who was visiting the school, and she finally inquired:

"Can any one tell me who is the governor of Massachusetts?"

No one could tell, not even little Oliver.

The teacher then told every one of the pupils when he got home to ask his father, so as to be ready to tell her the next day. Accordingly when the class assembled the following morning she gave out the question, calling on Oliver to see what he might have to say about it. Oliver answered:

"Pa says he's the governor. But I don't believe it, 'cause he's always making fun of everythin'."

He Won the Pie.

When Barham, the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," was a boy at Canterbury, he, in company with a juvenile companion, entered a Quakers' meeting house, and looking around at the grave assemblage, held up a penny tart and said solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie."

"Go thy way," said a drab colored gentleman, rising, "go thy way and—" "The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed Barham, and, hastily dropping it before the speaker, made his escape.

Not For Him.

A quiet and retiring citizen occupied a seat near the door of a crowded car when a masterful stout woman entered.

Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car:

"What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man as his face became scarlet, "I beg your pardon, I—"

"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Host Could Not Leave.

At a large evening party one of the guests stood in a corner yawning.

"Are you very much bored, sir?" asked his neighbor.

"Yes, dreadfully," was the answer.

"Oh, I am bored to death too."

"How would it do, to clear out together?"

"I am sorry I can't. I am the host."

Stanton's Bone Crusher.

Some officer had disobeyed or failed to comprehend an order.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Secretary Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up."

Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone crusher that he read to the president.

"That's right," said Lincoln; "that's a good one."

"Who can I send it by?" mused the secretary.

"Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

A Discrepancy.

Two sailors, one Irish, the other English, agreed to take care of each other in case of either being wounded in the battle of Trafalgar. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon ball, and Paddy took him up to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, but had scarcely got his companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, through the noise and bustle, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer, observing him with the headless trunk, asked him where he was going. "To the doctor," says Paddy. "The doctor?" says the officer. "Why, the man has lost his head." On hearing this the Irishman laid the body down and looked at it attentively. "That's strange," he said, "more than strange. Why, he told me 'twas his leg!"

CURIOUS CAIRO.

The Water Sellers, Coffee Makers and Fakirs of the Streets.

The most numerous and also the most interesting of street figures in Cairo are the water sellers, some of whom go about with hideous looking goatskins filled with Nile water.

Others carry more inviting looking, reddish clay jars, decorated with brass bands, and these jars often have a piece of ice at their mouth and a sprig of mint protruding on either side of ice.

The carrier with the goatskin calls out his mission, but the other with the jar carries in his left hand two brass saucers, which he clicks together with a sort of musical jingle.

The water in either case is not filtered, but is taken straight from the Nile, and the purchasers are all natives, who pay a fraction of a penny for all they are able to drink.

The street sellers of coffee are everywhere, squatting about on the pavements in the most unexpected places. Their outfits comprise merely a kettle of charcoal, a small copper coffee cup with a long handle, two or three small bowls of china and a supply of coffee and sugar. It takes one only a few minutes to brew a fresh cup, and as Turkish coffee goes that brewed by the street seller is not really bad.

The ever present conjurer is worth stopping to watch, although the tricks are in most part generally on the order of conjurers' tricks in other countries. The most interesting part of their paraphernalia is their sign, which is a small live rabbit. The moment the performance begins the little animal rolls over, at its appearance dead, but when some ten minutes later all of the tricks have been done, some of which are admittedly more or less puzzling, up jumps the little rabbit as chipper and gay as ever. It is claimed that the ego of the rabbit leaves the body for the express purpose of assisting the conjurer, and one for a moment is inclined to give credence to this while watching the performance and after having seen the rabbit go into its trance—Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly.

ORIGINAL GOTHAM.

The Scheme by Which Its Inhabitants Fooled King John.

This name Gotham, was first applied to the city of Manhattan in a book of humorous sketches called "Salmagundi," written about 1807 by Washington Irving in collaboration with his brother Peter and the poet Paulding.

It was evidently intended to suggest that the people of New York made undue pretensions to wisdom, and that there were both satire and wit in the suggestion is shown by the story of the original Gothamites. Gotham was a parish in Nottinghamshire, England. The old story tells how King John wished to pass through the parish, but the people there, fancying that the passage of the king over a route made it a public road, decided to prevent the transit by all pretending to be crazy.

Therefore when the king and his party arrived they found every one of the inhabitants employed in some peculiarly foolish task. Thus a group were joining hands around a thorn bush to keep a cuckoo from getting away, some were trying to drown an eel, others dipping water with a sieve, and so on. When the king saw these performances, he swore at the people for a pack of idiots and, turning, departed with all his retinue, says the House-keeper. The Gothamites were delighted with the success of their scheme for turning aside the king, regarding it as superlatively clever.

After this Gotham came to have the reputation of being a sort of headquarters for conceited fools. In the time of Henry VIII. a book entitled "The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham" was published. Among these was the story of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," one of whose exploits was to go to sea in a bowl.

"A Tempest in a Teapot."

The expression "a tempest in a teapot" is one of great antiquity. Its first historic appearance is in the "De Legibus" of Cicero, who quotes it as a common saying. "Gratidius raised a tempest in a ladle, as the saying is." The French form, "Une tempeste dans une verre d'eau" (a tempest in a glass of water), was first applied to the disturbances in the Geneva republic near the end of the seventeenth century. In England the word "teapot" was substituted for the sake of alliteration. It is said to have been popularized by Lord North, who employed it to characterize the outbreak of the American colonists against the tax on tea.—Boston Post.

His Slim Chance.

"You can answer me one more question perhaps, Miss Bute," said Archie, mortified at her refusal. "Is there any other man?"

"There is every other man, sir," she responded, with flashing eyes. "You would be absolutely the last, Mr. Feathertop."

As there appeared to be no further business before the house, Archie hastily adjourned without form.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Bread.

"Mean thing!" exclaimed Mrs. New-lived. "It's just brutal of you to call it 'this stuff.' You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread!"

"Yes, dear," replied the great brute, "but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine."—Philadelphia Press.

Usually.

Newed—Don't you believe marriage broadens a man? Oldwed—Well, I don't know about that; but it usually makes him shorter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ORDER OF HEARING ON PROBATE OF WILL.

In the county court of Red Willow county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Edgar B. Evans, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of J. E. Kelley praying that the instrument filed on the 5th day of July, 1907, and purporting to be a duly authenticated copy of the last will and testament of the said deceased, may be proved, approved, probated, allowed and recorded as the last will and testament of the said Edgar B. Evans, deceased, late of Boston, Massachusetts.

Ordered that July 20, 1907, at one o'clock p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition and all persons interested in said matter may appear at the county court to be held in and for said county and show cause why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted, and it is further ordered that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the McCook Tribune, a weekly newspaper, printed in said county for three successive weeks prior to said date of hearing.

Dated July 5, 1907.

J. C. MOORE,
County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, land office at Lincoln, Neb., July 5, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Anton Giespelt of St. Ann, Neb., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry, No. 1229 made August 18, 1900, for the SE 1/4 NW 1/4 and Lots 34-5, Section 6, Township 5 N., Range 39 W., and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of District Court at McCook, Nebraska, on August 17, 1907. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Joseph Anderjaska, John Fitzgibbons, Thomas Fitzgibbons, John Braun, all of St. Ann, Nebraska.

CHAS. F. SHELDON, Register.

7-12-07

NOTICE.

William H. Trinkles—Trinkles, his wife, first real name unknown, defendants will take notice that on the 15th day of July, 1907, Jane E. Whitney, plaintiff, filed her petition against said defendants and Frank Whitney, defendant, in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certificate of tax sale issued Dec. 4, 1901, to plaintiff upon payment by plaintiff of the delinquent taxes on the following described property, commencing 100 feet south of the north east corner of lot 4, block 10 in West McCook of Red Willow county, Nebraska, according to the recorded plat thereof, thence east 100 feet, thence north 100 feet to the place of beginning, for the years 1885 to 1900 inclusive and to foreclose the taxes paid under said certificate on said premises for the years 1902 to 1906 inclusive, that there is due thereon the sum of \$45.31 and plaintiff prays that she be decreed to have first lien upon said real estate, and that she be compelled to set up in said action whatever interest they claim in said premises, or be forever barred of any interest therein and for general relief.

They are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 26th day of August, 1907. Dated July 15, 1907.

JANE E. WHITNEY, Plaintiff.

By W. S. Morlan, Her Attorney.

7-19-17

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership hitherto existing between J. O. Hammond and A. G. Bump, under the title of The McCook Cement Stone Co., has been dissolved. All accounts are due and payable to either Mr. Hammond or Mr. Bump. Claims against the company must be presented within thirty days. J. O. HAMMOND, A. G. BUMP.

McCook, Neb., July 18, 1907.

Feb. 30.

There is such a date as Feb. 30 if one only happens to be in the right place at the right time. This date was actually recorded, says London Notes and Queries, during the voyage of the Pacific Mail company's steamer Siberia from Yokohama to San Francisco in February, 1904. It is well known that in order to make the number of sunrises and sunsets actually experienced in a voyage round the world agree with the calendar as kept in any one spot an extra day has to be intercalated or "heaved overboard," according to the direction in which one is traveling. The adjustment is made at the time of crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian, which runs somewhat to the west of the midway point between Japan and the Pacific coast of America; hence the passengers had a day to themselves in a particularly exclusive sense.

All ladies appreciate suggestions for receipts, patterns, and formulas by other ladies, because the ideas are practical. The Weekly Inter Ocean prints seven columns of such information each week. This paper is \$1.00 a year, but subscribing through the TRIBUNE the two papers will cost only \$1.05.

A stone house is not as durable as one that is built of brick. A brick house, well constructed, will outlast one built of granite.

CITY LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M.

McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.

CHARLES L. FAHNESTOCK, W. M.
LON CONE, Sec.

DEGREE OF HONOR

McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.

MRS. LAURA OSBURN, C. of H.
MRS. MATTIE G. WELLS, Rec.

EAGLES

McCook Aerie No. 1514, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. Social meetings on the first and third Wednesdays.

W. H. CUMMINS, W. Pres.
H. P. PETERSON, W. Sec.

EASTERN STAR

Eureka Chapter No. 58, O. E. S., meets the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.

MRS. SARAH E. KAY, W. M.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.

C. J. RYAN, G. K.
F. G. LECHLEITER, F. Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.

J. F. CORDEAL, C. C.
C. W. BARNES, K. R. S.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets the second Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Masonic hall.

EMERSON HANSON, E. C.
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Rec.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

McCook Division No. 623, B. of L. E., meets every first and third Saturdays of each month, at 8:00 in Berry's hall.

W. C. SCHRECK, C. E.
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

McCook Lodge No. 309, B. of L. F. & E., meets every Saturday, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.

W. R. PENNINGTON, M.
W. S. BIXLER, Sec.

MODERN WOODMEN

Noble Camp No. 665, M. W. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:00 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.