

# 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 palms 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 de-  
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 dance 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 awfully too much, sir, to have you repeat your order, sir? I can't think I have 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 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 boiled hogs, 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 ann 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 sayin' 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!"

## 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 lad "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."

## 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.

"And you?"

"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!"

Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee? Genealogist—Twenty guineas for keeping quiet about them.

# Wit and Humor

of  
LESLIE M. SHAW.



THE ex-secretary of the treasury during his official career was known as the story teller of the cabinet. He has been likened to Lincoln in his democratic ways, his carelessness of dress, his epigrams and his homely illustrations. Perhaps it would be just as well not to seek for many other resemblances, but in witty remarks and pat anecdotes ex-Secretary Shaw does approach the great war president.

Here is a sample of the aptness of his stories:

A man went to him one day when there was talk of some customs frauds in New York to ask if he intended starting an investigation.

"I knew a fellow once," said Mr. Shaw, "who hunted foxes with a brass band. [A very long and embarrassing pause, while the secretary went on signing his mail.] He didn't get any foxes."

One day Justice Harlan of the supreme court, propounded this query to Shaw:

"Mr. Secretary, what is the difference between a statesman and a politician?"

Quick as thought came the answer: "It's the difference between the young man seeking a position and the boy looking for a job."

A friend of the family once remarked to the secretary:

"Mrs. Shaw is so kind, isn't she?" "Kind?" repeated Mr. Shaw. "Mrs. Shaw would be kind to her own executioner."

When the treasury portfolio was offered to Governor Shaw, his friends, in his presence, were speculating as to whether he would accept or not. He set their minds at rest by telling the following story:

"Two boys, Bill and Bob, were at the dinner table. Some time before the end of the meal the pie was passed. Bill declined to take any, saying he was not yet ready for the dessert. Bob helped himself to the biggest piece on the plate and, turning to Bill, remarked, 'Bill, allus take pie when pie is passin'."

The treasury department had a minor employee named Mike, who went on periodical sprees. But he was considered indispensable, so was taken back each time. Mr. Shaw learned of this and asked the delinquent's immediate superior, "What would you do if Mike were dead?" "Oh, I suppose we would have to straighten out things ourselves." "Well, so far as this department is concerned, Mike is dead. So begin and straighten."

When he was secretary he always wanted to help people if he could, but, much as he desired to assist one woman to a position, he saw it was impossible.

"I tell you how it is, my good woman," he said finally, "I'm always willing to climb a tree for anybody, but I couldn't climb a greased pole to please my mother. I want to help you, but I simply can't do it."

Senator Depew once raised a great laugh at a London banquet by quoting the following poem as coming from Shaw's pen:

"Go ask papa," the maiden said,  
He knew that her papa was dead.  
He also knew the life he'd led  
And understood her when she said,  
"Go ask papa."

Englishmen are said to be slow in seeing a joke, but even they caught on to the girl's polite method of telling an unwelcome suitor to go to the infernal regions.

When Shaw was governor, he was one day making a speech in which he was often interrupted by one man in the audience. This individual butted in once too often. In an unhappy moment he broke in with "Pardon me, but—"

Before he could finish the governor replied: "Well, I've pardoned lots worse fellows than you in my time, and I presume it would be unjust to draw the line here."

The fellow sat down, and during the remaining two hours of the address there were no more interruptions.

Governor Shaw once addressed a letter to his wife as follows:

The Best Woman In the World,  
Des Moines, Ia.

"The letter," said the happy woman, with a mixture of delight and sentiment, "was delivered to me without question as the postmaster knew the writing."

When Bellamy Storer was dismissed from the diplomatic service recently some one asked Shaw if the decision had been sudden. In answer came a story.

"Out west," said the secretary, "there was a tenderfoot who struck a new town just as a funeral procession was coming out. He stood and watched it file by and then inquired of one of the bystanders who the deceased was."

"Pink Eyed Bill," was the reply.

"Was his death sudden?" inquired the tenderfoot.

"Sudden?" said the resident. "No, stranger. He'd been under suspicion a long time."

# A QUEER ISLAND.

No Bottom Found In Any of the Wells Bored in Curacao.

Curacao is one of the queerest little islands in the Caribbean sea. It lies sixty miles north of Venezuela, is about sixty miles long and twelve or fourteen miles wide, and it has a population of more than 50,000.

There is no means of procuring fresh water on the island except by saving rainwater in reservoirs. A number of wells have been bored under the supervision of the Dutch government, to which it belongs, but each ended in a failure.

A curious statement regarding these borings is made by the inhabitants of the island. They saw that in each and every case after a certain depth was reached the tools dropped out of sight, indicating that there is no solid foundation to the island. The borings were made in low places and through hills and in about thirty different places, each with the same ultimate result. A few wells have been dug to a lesser depth and brackish, unpleasant tasting water is obtained, fit only for manufacturing purposes.

The approach of the rainy season is always an interesting time. The water in the reservoir is low at this time, and the natives eagerly await the opportunity to gather a fresh supply. Clothing is never washed there in fresh water, but at all hours of the day the beach is alive with women beating the clothes with clubs on the rocks.—Buffalo News.

# INOPPORTUNE DEATHS.

Men Who, Had They Lived, Might Have Changed History.

Julius Caesar was assassinated when he had almost completed the task of consolidating the administration and dominion of the Roman empire, and his death opened the way to that despotism and corruption which ultimately undid his work. Henry of Navarre was killed when he had almost healed the differences between Catholic and Protestant which subsequently rent not only France, but Europe, and William the Silent also fell when he was on the point of uniting the Netherland provinces into a compact barrier against the encroachments of Spain.

In English history Lord Clive died at the moment when he was the one man who could have saved the American colonies and kept the Anglo-Saxon race united. But there is the case of Mirabeau. He was literally the one man in France who could have averted the horrors of the revolution, saved and reformed the monarchy and so spared Europe the murderous career of Napoleon and all the devastation it brought. If he had lived ten or even five years longer, the history not only of France, but of Europe and the world, would have been different. It is, in fact, sufficient to say that he would have made both Napoleon and Napoleon impossible.—St. and Magazine.

# A Great Leveler.

Have you ever thought what a great leveler the telephone is? You would never think of meeting some dignitary of church or state or some great society lady on the street and address either with a familiar "Hello!" It would be unpardonable rudeness, and yet that is what you do daily when you use the telephone, and nothing is thought of it. The judge on the bench, the governor in his office, the busy coupon clipper at his desk, the overworked clerk, the lady in her boudoir, the artisan at his lathe, are all slaves to that democratic "Hello!" it matters not who may be on the other end of the wire.—Stanberry Owl.

# The Old Commercial Instinct.

"What do you think of this table, William?" asked Mrs. Newrych, pointing proudly to the antique piece she had purchased.

"What did you pay for it?" grunted her Bill of "without any money" days.

"One hundred dollars, dear."

"I think you ought to have been able to buy a new one for that," returned her unantiquarian informed spouse, casting a reflective and scrutinizing glance over the ancient piece of furniture.—New York Herald.

# A Wrong Steer.

A mathematical professor had been invited by a city friend to visit him at his residence in a certain square and had promised to do so. Meeting him some time afterward, the friend inquired of the professor why he did not come to see him.

"I did come," said the mathematician, "but there was some mistake. You told me that you lived in a square and I found myself in a parallelogram, so I went away again."

# The Point of View.

"You can't get in here on a half ticket," exclaimed the doorkeeper at the circus.

"I thought I could," apologized the small town citizen. "I have a bad eye, and I only expected to see half of the show."

"Then you'll have to get two tickets," said the doorkeeper. "If you only have one good eye it'll take you twice as long to see the show."—Harper's Weekly.

# The Supreme Test.

"That seemed such a queer marriage of Robinson's. How did he come to select his bride?"

"He found they had kept the same cook in the family for twelve years."—Baltimore American.

# A Broad Hint.

Fred—Last night as you stood in the moonlight I couldn't help but think how much I would like to kiss you Freda.—Well, the poet says, "The hought of yesterday is the action of today."—Pick-Me-Up.

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