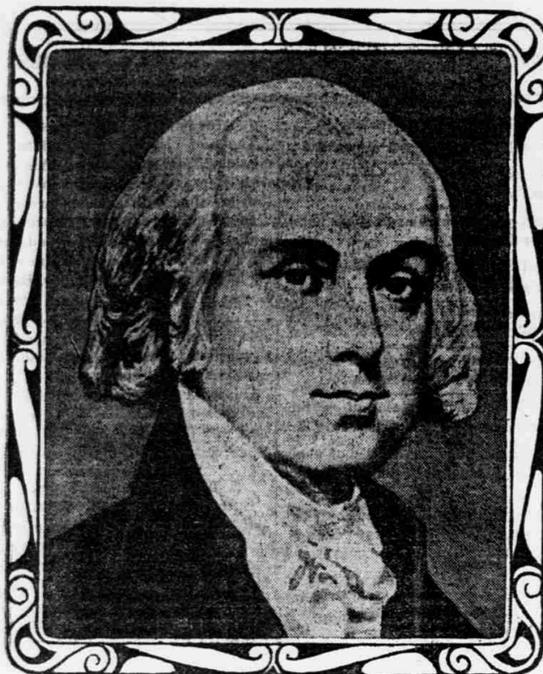


# OUR PRESIDENTS



JAMES MADISON.

The fourth president of the United States succeeded Thomas Jefferson in 1800 and served two terms. He was born at Port Conway, Va., in 1751. Being a politician rather than a soldier, he took no active part in the Revolutionary war. He was honored with many offices by his native state. He did able work in the framing of the constitution. During his occupancy of the presidency occurred the war of 1812. After his retirement Madison settled on his estates at Montpelier, Va., and wrote much upon public topics. He was associated with Alexander Hamilton and John Jay in the authorship and publication of the "Federalist" essays in favor and in explanation of the United States constitution. Of the eighty-five essays, twenty-nine were by Madison. He died in 1836 at the age of eighty-five years.

## DUELS THAT FAILED

Flash in the Pan Affairs That Originated in Washington.

### SOME FAMOUS MEN INVOLVED

The Challenge That Cutting of New York Sent to Breckinridge of Kentucky—The Brooks-Summer Quarrel and the Pryor-Potter Trouble.

Could the details of the causes of numerous invitations to the field of honor in order to settle differences by a resort to the code duello and the non-materialization of these expected hostile meetings be brought to light they would most assuredly prove to be interesting reading matter. Many of these flashes in the pan affairs originated in Washington in the antebellum days.

In the early part of 1854 a big sensation was caused because of a difficulty between John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky and F. B. Cutting of New York, both members of the national house of representatives. It was at the time when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was under discussion. Cutting intimated in a speech that Mr. Breckinridge was partly responsible for an article that was published in the Washington Union, the Democratic organ in the capital, which was offensive to him, and the two gentlemen indulged in a colloquy that was very near a bitter personal quarrel. In the course of it Mr. Cutting made a remark, when the Kentuckian arose and in a quiet but very firm manner asked the New York man to withdraw the statement. The house had been listening to the remarks of these gentlemen very earnestly all the while, and when Cutting said, in answer to Breckinridge's request that he withdraw a specified portion of his remarks (which were assertions that Mr. Breckinridge had been skulking), that he would withdraw nothing there came a sensation, which developed into great excitement when Breckinridge said Cutting had spoken falsely and that he knew he had lied.

Now, when a gentleman called another gentleman a liar in that period of our history it generally meant a fight of some kind, and so it proved in this case, for before the day was over Mr. Cutting, through his friend, a Mr. Maurice, sent a note to Mr. Breckinridge calling upon him to retract "or to make the explanation due from one gentleman to another."

Early next morning Mr. Breckinridge, through his friend, Colonel Hawkins, accepted the challenge. Both men were up to full measurement in the quality of pluck required for a sanguinary battle. An arrangement was made to meet at Silver Spring, in the state of Maryland, which was the residence of Hon. Francis P. Blair. They were going to fight with the ordinary rifle, but they didn't get together. Mutual friends were grieved at the idea of a prospective tragedy which might end the lives of both of these eminent men. Full details of this transaction in the interests of peace were not known, but the reconciliation was effected, though not without urgent reasonings, and the two became as friendly as ever.

Every one knows of the assault upon Senator Sumner of Massachusetts by Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina. No one seemed to think that a chal-

lenge to the South Carolina man would come out of this lamentable affair. Brooks, it is very well known, was intensely angered at remarks made by Mr. Sumner concerning Senator Butler of South Carolina, who was an uncle of Brooks. This was in May, 1856. The Massachusetts senator had said in a speech the day before that Senator Butler showed an incapacity for accuracy, whether in stating the constitution or in stating the law. He also said, "He cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder." The excitement over this affair was not confined to Massachusetts and this country, but extended across the sea, particularly to England. Massachusetts was stunned with horror. Even Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison were aroused to anger.

In the meantime Mr. Brooks was awaiting a challenge from some one. Senator Wilson, Sumner's colleague and later vice president of the United States, made a speech in which he said the attack upon Mr. Sumner was "barbarous and ruffianly." Mr. Brooks was prompt to send him a challenge for using these words. Senator Wilson was opposed to "the code" and consequently declined the challenge. He sent word to his challenger, however, that he was ready to defend himself whenever assailed. But some one had to come to the front for the sake of the state that honored Sumner. Anson Burlingame was the man. He was afterward, as nearly every one knows, the author of the agreement known as the Burlingame treaty. He was at the time of the attack upon Sumner a representative in congress from Massachusetts. He made a speech in which he said that Brooks entered the senate chamber and smote Sumner as Cain smote his brother Abel. Mr. Brooks sought some explanation concerning parts of Burlingame's speech, but the Massachusetts man said he would allow his remarks to interpret themselves, and Mr. Brooks sent him a note—a very polite note—which read as follows:

Sir—You will do me the kindness to indicate some place outside of this District where it will be convenient for you to negotiate in reference to the differences between us.

On the same day Mr. Burlingame answered as follows:

Sir—Your note of this date was placed in my hands by General Lane this afternoon. In reply I have to say I will be at the Clifton House, Canada side of Niagara falls, Saturday next at 10 a. m. to "negotiate" in reference to any "differences between us" which, in your judgment, may require settlement outside of this District.

This expected duel was another that did not materialize. It was prevented by some means. The minions of the law got in their work, and the gentlemen were put under heavy bonds not to violate the statutes.

During the discussions upon the Le-compton measure the Kansas-Nebraska act and the repeal of the Missouri compromise measure there was more acrimony in congress than in any other era in its existence—that is, when folks began to call the house a bear garden. It was almost as bad in the senate. It was during a debate on the Kansas-Nebraska act in the senate Senator Douglas of Illinois and Senator Green of Missouri (poor old Jim Green, who is never spoken of by those who knew him but with pity for the unfortunate drinking habit that occasioned his downfall) had trouble.

Green in his speech said that Douglas did not dare to controvert him. It was a debate in which Jefferson Davis got mixed up, and there were personalities all around. There was some more-

ment toward a duel at that time between Douglas and Green. Notes had passed, and everybody expected there would be something going on at Bladensburg, but friends intervened and prevented a hostile meeting.

Then there comes to mind that famous Pryor-Potter trouble, which grew out of a charge that Potter, who was a Wisconsin man, had interpolated the manuscript of the house reporter. The quarrel that began over that resulted in Mr. Pryor, who represented the Richmond (Va.) district, sending Potter a challenge. Potter, while disclaiming allegiance to the code, said he would fight Pryor indoors or out in the District with bowie knives. Pryor declined to fight in this way on the ground that the weapons were barbarous, inhuman and not used among gentlemen. Then General Lander, who was Potter's friend, offered to fight Pryor in any way, but his offer was declined on the ground that he (Pryor) had had no quarrel with Lander.

There were other duels expected in Washington in the dueling days that never took place, but those cited here are about the most important of the episodes.—Washington Post.

### HIS OPPORTUNITY.

He Found It In the Rubbish Heap and Made the Most of It.

How to bridge the gap between my clerk's desk and the magic "wand" was my serious problem not so many years ago. I was a "stock" man in a big railway supply house. I felt I knew the business, believed I had selling ability, and the game appealed to me irresistibly. But the sales manager thought I was too young. It was "up" to me to prove myself.

The opportunity to do so would not come from him. I must find it myself, and I kept my eyes open.

One of the eyesores of the warehouse was a great pile of red glass globes for brakemen's signal lanterns. They had been in stock for five or six years, 200 dozen of them.

Styles in lanterns for railroad men had changed. Our new models were all too small and light to make use of them. They were simply rubbish. Two or three times the head of the department had all but decided to break them up to save storage room.

Going home one night I noticed the red lights guarding a gas main excavation—cheap lanterns with red cloth sewed round the globes, signals you couldn't see a hundred yards away.

Thought of our stock of old red globes came to me, and next morning I took one down to the lantern department. I explained my idea to the foreman and asked him if he could make up a cheap lantern for contractors' use.

He interested himself, stamped out the shapes for two dozen with our old tools and gave me the cost figures. I added the original price of the globes, plus interest, and had no trouble selling the whole lot to one contractor.

Canvassing the town, I sold twenty dozen to the gas and water companies and individual contractors.

Then I asked the sales manager to let me sell the rest of the globes. He was amused, but put me on his payroll and gave me a mileage book, and I started out to prove myself a salesman.

Three weeks it took me to sell all my lanterns—to contractors, to railroads and to gas and water companies. The profits were so good that we added a contractor's red lantern to our regular line, and no one ever questioned my title to a salesman's territory.—D. N. G., in System.

### Hat Raising in Germany.

The etiquette of hat raising in Germany is one of those things which may betray the foreigner into unintentional rudeness through sheer ignorance. A correspondent knows of a German lady who was puzzled and hurt because some Englishmen whom she had met before did not raise their hats to her in the street until the explanation came that she expected them to do it of their own accord by the German rule instead of waiting for her to recognize them first by the English. These differences of national etiquette are great pitfalls. A converse case was that of an Englishman staying in a German town who accompanied his host's wife to a concert. Walking home, he gave her the inside of the pavement, according to English manners, but the host, who happened to see this, was rendered painfully suspicious by this unfamiliar attention.—London Chronicle.

### An Up Stroke.

Sometimes lightning strikes up instead of down, if we are to believe a story told many years ago of a party of men standing on the porch of a church far up on the side of a lofty mountain in Styria. They were looking down into the valley below, where a great electrical storm was raging, and, with the sun shining upon them at their altitude, were enrapt by the strange sensation. Suddenly a bolt came up from the valley and killed seven of the party.—Circle.

### Going and Coming.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's rooms on the floor below getting a tooth out," said his host. "But it seems to come from the floor above." "Ah! Then it's probably the Poppley baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Tramp's Excuse.

Benevolent Man (who has given a tramp some work)—You're working slowly, my man. Tramp—I'm trying to spin it out. Who knows when I shall get any more?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

## Strange Doings Of Animals.

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S criticism of the so called "nature fakir" writers has had one unexpected result. It has produced a crop of stories about the strange doings of animals all labeled as true and some of them accompanied with affidavits. The students of animals do not all agree about the amount of intelligence the latter possess. John Burroughs says: "The wild creatures get up no private theatricals for our benefit. There are no well organized games; there are no arts and its exhibitions. There is only a world of unreasoning wild things behaving as they have behaved since man has known them, each after his kind."

That represents one side of the controversy. On the other hand, in defining his point of view as a writer about animals Dr. William J. Long, who was criticized by President Roosevelt, says, "I describe the unusual things among wild animals and call them unusual and so make you interested in the animal, so that you will watch and find out other interesting things for yourself."

One of Dr. Long's stories to which objection has been made by other naturalists tells how a wolf killed a deer by "a quick snap under the stag's chest just behind the forelegs, where the heart lay." Mr. Burroughs says no wolf could do that, that he would have to have teeth eight or nine inches long to reach the heart. Dr. Long says the point of a deer's heart lies close against the chest walls and when the walls sink at each respiration a very slight wound between the ribs or through the breast cartilage is all that is necessary to reach it.

Another story told by Dr. Long and accompanied by a stack of affidavits recited how a woodcock set its own broken leg in clay and stood on the other leg while the clay hardened. Mr. Burroughs said this was too much for him to believe, but Dr. Long has come



JOHN BURROUGHS AT SLABSIDES, HIS CABIN IN THE WOODS.

to the front with the following, duly testified to by S. M. Reese of Galion, O.:

One day when hunting woodcock I shot one which had evidently broken its leg. There was a bandage around it composed of clay interwoven with grass or a woody fiber of some kind. The bones seemed to have knit together perfectly. The swelling was nearly all gone, the bandage was loose, and in my opinion would soon have dropped off. I gave the leg, with the bandage on it, to one of our leading physicians and surgeons, who expressed himself emphatically, saying that it was a better job than many surgeons could do. Dr. Coyle kept the woodcock's leg at his office and later exhibited it at a convention of physicians and surgeons of this county.

Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological park, gives animals credit for the possession of more reasoning power than Mr. Burroughs does, but he says there is a limit to their capacity to reason, and he characterizes Dr. Long as "a highly imaginative nature writer." But Dr. Hornaday can tell some pretty good stories himself. He relates how a wise orangoutang at the Bronx zoo refused to be trained by his keepers to do anything, but in playing by himself with a stick one day he found out after numerous trials how to use it as a lever. He was as jubilant over the discovery as Archimedes himself could have been. Armed with the knowledge of what he could accomplish with his lever, he set to work to pry apart the bars of his cage, and his scientific propensities soon had to be curbed.

From the zoological gardens in Central park, New York, comes the story of how a baby leopard adopted a baby sparrow. The strange pair seemed to appreciate each other's company and apparently were a loving couple. The leopard, about three months old, was placed in a cage by itself and given some shin bones of beef with which it might strengthen its jaws and sharpen its teeth. A half grown sparrow flew into the enclosure. The leopard eyed the bird narrowly for a moment and then crept toward it. The sparrow, not in the least afraid, began picking small pieces of meat from one of the shin bones, and the leopard, instead of gobbling it down at one gulp, began licking the little thing in a caressing way. Then the leopard laid down, and the sparrow flew upon its back and remained there. After a time it flew away, but a little later came back. Every time the bird flew away the leopard got on to its feet and watched and waited till the sparrow returned. The bird spent the afternoon either pecking about the cage or roosting on the leopard's back.

### She Knew.

Husband—My dear Emily, why is it I am always in the wrong? Wife—Because I am always in the right.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### WORM EATING.

One of the Trades Classed as Dangerous in England.

Time was when it was difficult to obtain an antique oak escritoire or a set of twelve solid dining room chairs for anything less than £10. But "Nous avons change tout cela," as they say in Brittany. Nowadays, thanks to the indefatigable labors of the worm eater, we can purchase furniture of almost any age, in almost any condition of senile decay, for a modest sum. The worm eater is indeed a public benefactor, one who does good by stealth and would blush to find it fame if he had not long ago renounced the gentle art of blushing.

He is usually an elderly man with a slight limp, is the worm eater. In early youth he was apprenticed to a jobbing house carpenter, but by sheer ability, by pluck, grit, perseverance and the exercise of those qualities of body and mind which men call genius, he has risen above his station and the sphere in which he was born and now occupies a position in the professional world as far above that of his original employer as Portland place is above Pimlico. He is not, however, unduly uplifted by success. He does not desert his old master. Nay, more, upon his talents do the finances of his employer largely depend. Vainly may the carpenter piece together fragments of deal into the shape of a bureau; vainly may he turn empty wooden biscuit boxes into cabinets. The public will not look at his wares until the master hand of the worm eater has been laid upon these trumpery modern fabrics with a mellowing touch that is only comparable to that of Father Time.

Wresting the common deal armchair from the clutch of the carpenter, our hero proceeds to paint it all over with a solution of beer and boot blacking until it presents the appearance of extreme age. He then takes a diminutive gimlet from his pocket and makes a number of minute holes in the legs and back of the chair until even an expert would think that a worm had been making its mighty nest for centuries in the wood from which this article of furniture is manufactured. (The worm is nature's lathe. He turns things while you wait; hence the old saying to the effect that the worm will turn. You cannot prevent him.)

The chair is now ready to be displayed in the window of "Ye Olde Antique Seconde Hande Furniture Shoppe," where it will be labeled: "A Bargain. Only £37. Supposed to have been one of the Duke of Buckingham's family seats." And it will eventually be bought by a wealthy American millionaire who wishes to furnish his home in Mogsville, Va., in a style some three centuries anterior to the discovery of his continent. You may wonder perhaps why I have included the profession of the worm eater in the list of "dangerous trades." The danger with which the worm eater is invariably faced is that at any moment he may be found out and sentenced to six months' hard labor for intent to defraud. Truly 'tis a hard life and worthy of all your sympathies.—London Tatler.

### Talking About the Baby.

When the visitors asked the mother how old her infant was she replied without hesitation that he was four months.

"Why, no, he isn't," corrected the father, who sat near by; "he is only three and a half months."

"I suppose I shall have to learn it," said the young mother resignedly. "I feel that in a very short while I shall be doing the very thing for which I laughed at mothers in the days before I was married. Then when they told me the ages of their infants in months, weeks and days I thought it was so very silly. When one would say to me, 'Willie is three months, three weeks and four days old,' I was wont to shrug my shoulders and wonder why she didn't put it in round numbers. 'Four months would be near enough in all conscience,' I would say to myself.

"Also I used to hear that 'Anthony weighs nine pounds and eight ounces,' and that seemed to me a waste of breath; either eight or nine pounds would have been near enough to have satisfied any one's curiosity. But now I am deemed an unnatural mother if I put my child's age or weight in round numbers, and so, being corrected, I will tell you that my precious pet, who is the very sweetest thing that ever happened, is, as his father amends, 'three months, two weeks and—let me see—six days old.'—Baltimore News.

### A Study in Names.

The names on the little vestibule plates in a New York apartment house are the subject of a letter from New York in a Vienna paper. "I had to stand in the little space," the writer says, "waiting for some one five flights up to pull a string which opens the entrance door. This took a long time, and I had opportunity to study the names of the people in the house. These were some of the names: Becker, Schneider, Schuster, Kerner, Schreiner, Fuhrman and Drucker. At first I thought that the various apartments were occupied by persons engaged in trades named on the little signs, but this was not so. Becker (baker) was a clerk; Schneider (tailor) was a railroad employee; Schuster (shoemaker) was a cigarmaker; Kerner (waiter) was an electrician; Schreiner (carpenter) was a woman, a dressmaker; Fuhrman (teamster) was a barber, and Drucker (printer) was a painter. The person whom I visited escorted me to the door and called my attention to one little sign which I had overlooked. It was inscribed 'Baker.' 'That,' he said, 'is the only American family in the house, and they have a boarder whose name is Carpenter. Both men are iron workers.' It all made me think I had been at a labor union convention."

The State Fair to be held at Lincoln, Sept. 2-6, gives promise of being the greatest State Fair ever held in Nebraska. Secretary W. K. Mellor informs us that the exhibits in all departments are very heavy, and promise to exceed in magnitude those of last year, which was the record breaker heretofore. The management have secured Chas. J. Strobel and his airship, which are now making flights at the Jamestown Exposition, to make daily flights at our Fair. The stake races have 128 horses named in them, as against 58 named last year, and this feature of the Fair is looked forward to with great anticipation by the horse lovers. Fully 25 per cent more swine will be exhibited this year than last, and all the live stock departments are receiving an abundance of entries. If no more entries of County Collective Exhibits are received from now on, Agricultural hall will have a finer exhibit than ever before. Nebraska has the best agricultural exhibit shown at any Fair in the United States, and such an exhibit is a credit to our state and worth going miles to see. The Implement section is even greater than that of last year, and a farmer contemplating the purchase of a piece of machinery will secure the best of satisfaction by comparing the different kinds of the same machine, all of which will be shown by experts, who can teach you the points of superiority.

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