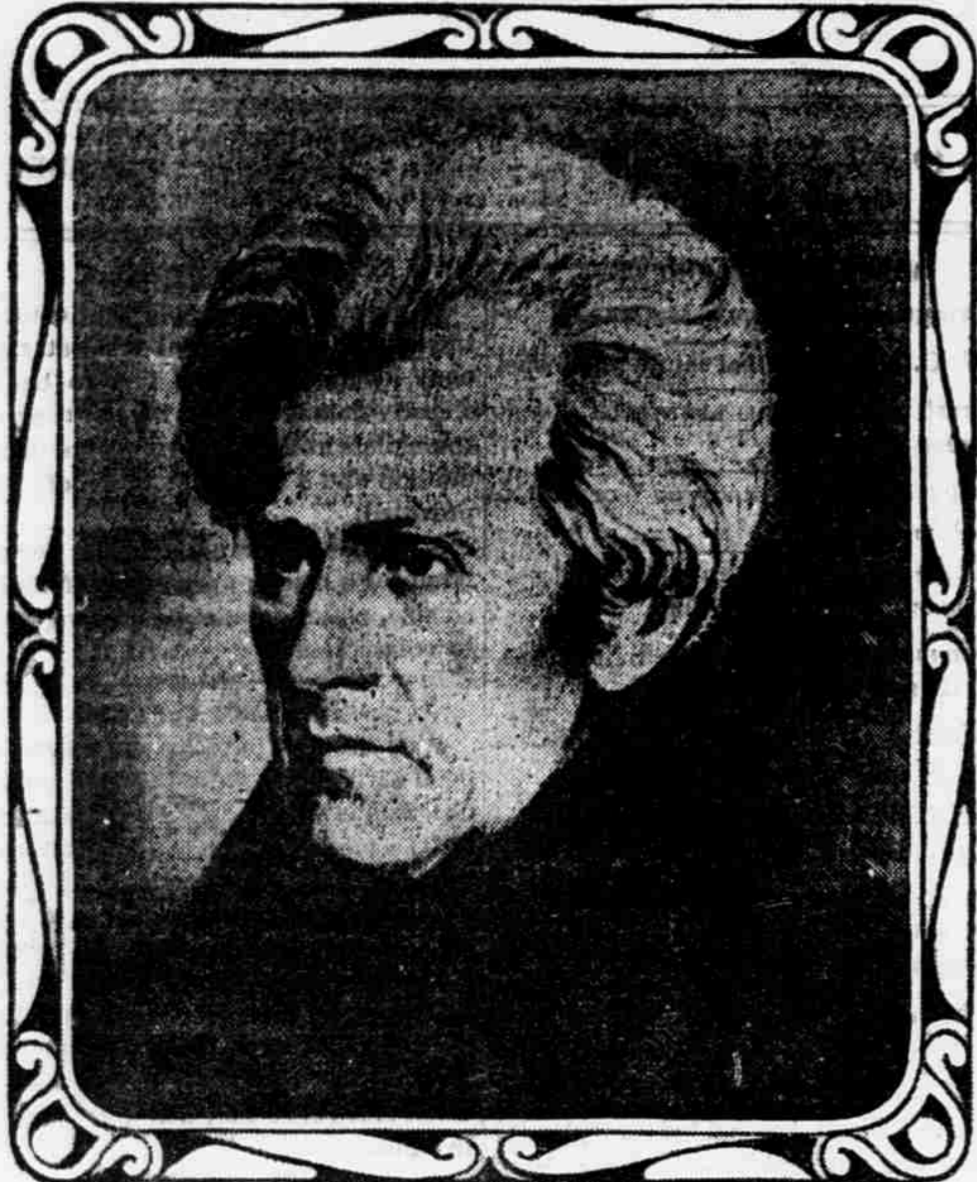


OUR PRESIDENTS



ANDREW JACKSON.

The seventh president of the United States was born in Union county, N. C., in 1767. At the age of thirteen he enlisted as a soldier in the war of the Revolution. In the war of 1812 he commanded the American forces at the battle of New Orleans, winning a decisive victory which made him a popular hero. Jackson was elected president in 1828 and re-elected at the end of his first term. He was a Democrat. Jackson died at his home, the famous Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., in 1845. Jackson's first fame as a soldier was won by his defeat of the Creek Indians at Talladega in 1813 and at Emuckfau and Horseshoe Bend in 1814. Later he was in command against the Seminoles. His sobriquet was "Old Hickory."

The Scrap Book

Should Be Patented.

"Mandy, what fo' you gib dat baby a big piece of pork to chaw on? Don't you all know de po' chille choke on it?"
"Dinah, don' you see de string tied to dat piece ob fat pork? De udder end's tied to de chille's toe. Ef he chokes he'll kick, an' ef he kicks he'll jerk de pork out. Ah reckon you all don' learn 'e nothin' 'bout bringin' up chillun!"

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so high
As benefits forgot!
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—Shakespeare.

Ready For the Next Customer.

"My rubber," said Nat Goodwin, describing a Turkish bath that he once had in Mexico, "was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had got up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand."

"What in blazes are you doing?" I gasped, staggering.
"No offense, sir," said the man. "It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bather. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room."—Everybody's.

They Were Really Agreed.

Former Lieutenant Governor Woodruff of New York tells of the efforts of a kindly disposed man in Albany to arbitrate between a man and his wife who were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening.

"Look here, my man," exclaimed the Albany man, at once intervening in the altercation, "this won't do, you know!"

"What business is it of yours?" demanded the man angrily.
"It's my business only so far as I may be of service in settling this dispute, and I should like very much to do that."

"This ain't no dispute."
"No dispute?" came in astonished tones from the would be peacemaker.
"Why, you?"

"I tell you that it ain't no dispute. She thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't! That ain't no dispute!"—Lippincott's.

Willie's Cross Eyed Bear.

Aunt Marion took her small nephew to church one Sunday, and when Willie got home his mother asked him how he liked to attend church.

"Well," said Willie, "I liked it, only they sang a funny song."

"What was it?"

"About a cross eyed bear."

"What! You must be mistaken."

But Willie was sure he was right. When Aunt Marion appeared, she was questioned, and this was found to be the hymn: "A Consecrated Cross I'd Bear!"

you. I am utterly unmanned and broken down at this sad calamity."

"Some members of the jury expressed their regret and urged him to continue his address, and he did so. The result was that he won the sympathy of that jury, and my unfortunate client was sent to the penitentiary for life."

"When the trial was over, somebody picked up the telegram that had so opportunely come into the hands of the able advocate. It had been sent by a waggish friend and simply contained the favorite expression of a character in one of Charles Reade's novels, the old soldier in 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' which is, 'Have courage, friend; the devil is dead.'"

The Perplexed Minister.

A Baptist minister in Virginia was noted for quaint sayings. He was the owner of a few yoke of oxen, and at the loss of one of a favorite yoke—a loss he could ill afford—was well nigh inconsolable. His good wife, endeavoring to comfort him, quoted, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."
"Yes, Elizabeth, I know, but I can't see what the Lord wanted with an odd steer."

"S. B. A. N."

A senator from Kentucky was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, when a dapper young gentleman approached him and said:

"Ah, senator, how de do? I called on you this morning. Did you get my card?"

"Yes," said the senator, "but what did you mean by writing 'E. P.' in the corner?"

"Oh, that's the correct thing, you know, when you leave the card yourself. It means 'en personne,' left in person."

Next day it was the senator who met the young gentleman and accosted him with the question:

"Did you get my card? I called on you this morning, or, well—I called by proxy."

"Yes, but I could not make out the meaning of 'S. B. A. N.' in the corner?"

"Oh, that's the correct thing when you don't leave the card yourself. That means 'Sent by a nigger.'"

The Lord and the Barber.

One of Lord Salisbury's pet anecdotes was of a barber whom he once patronized. On passing the shop a few days later he observed a placard in the window bearing this inscription: "Hair cut, 3d. With the same scissors as I cut Lord Salisbury's hair, 6d."

Canary Wrote an Editorial.

A story is told that there was in the office of the old New York Tribune only one compositor who could read Horace Greeley's writing. Mr. Greeley, the ablest of editors, was likewise the poorest penman of them all. One day some of the other men in the office, in order to get a joke on the old compositor, took a canary bird and, dipping its feet and tail in writing ink, allowed it to hop around on a piece of paper, which was later hung where Mr. Greeley was in the habit of leaving the copy he wished the old compositor to set up. The compositor looked at it, put it up on his case and went to work as if there was nothing unusual about it. Finally, about halfway down the page, he appeared to be stuck. He readjusted his glasses and looked and looked at the copy and finally went with it to the desk of Mr. Greeley. "Here's a word I can't make out," said he.
Mr. Greeley looked sharply at the copy a moment, so the story goes, and then said, "That word is constitution; go ahead."

A Matter of Gender.

"I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madam," politely remarked the Frenchman to his English hostess.
"Hen-croach, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him.
He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!"

In a Pretty Bad Fix.

Several men belonging to different nationalities happened to meet.
The Englishman asked the Scotchman, "What would you be, if you weren't a Scotchman?"

"I guess I'd be an Englishman," answered the Scotchman.

"And what would you be, if you weren't an Englishman?" asked the Scotchman.

"I suppose I'd be a Scotchman," politely replied the Englishman.

"What would you be if you weren't a Spaniard," demanded the Italian.

"Oh, I guess I'd be an Italian," answered the Spaniard.

And so they went on making each other the same complimentary answer.

At last came the Irishman's turn.

"What would you be, if you weren't an Irishman?" he was asked.

"Oh, I'd be ashamed of myself," he quickly answered.

Shortly after hearing this anecdote I visited an old man named John Graham.

Curious to know what answer he would make to the question, I related the anecdote. "And now, Mr. Graham," I asked the venerable Irishman, "what would you be, if you weren't an Irishman?" His answer was made in a jiffy, without thought of making a joke of it:

"Faix, I'd be in a purty bad fix!"—A. M. G.

A Breaker.

Mistress—Jane, have you cemented the handle on to the water jug which you dropped yesterday. Jane—I started to, mum, but most unfortunately, I dropped the cement bottle.—Punch.

Lame.

"The railroad wants to dig a cut right through our suburb."

"And do they offer no excuse?"

"Oh, they say divided outskirts will be more modish."—Washington Herald.

HAS MADE GOOD.

Francis J. Heney, the Grafters' Foe, and His Record.

Francis J. Heney, the courageous prosecuting attorney who has made good his promise to put San Francisco grafters behind the bars, has been lifted thereby into national prominence. His vigorous prosecution for the government of the land thieves in Oregon gave him reputation as a man to be feared by enemies of the public weal, and the record he has made since that time in the California metropolis causes his name to inspire terror in the hearts of all political plunderers.

Mr. Heney is forty-six years old, but looks thirty-six. He was born in Lima, N. Y., but has lived on the Pacific coast since he was a youngster of five. He rounded out his public school edu-



FRANCIS J. HENEY.

cation with a course at the University of California and study of the law at Hastings Law school.

In 1889 he was practicing at Tucson. It was about this time that an incident occurred which illustrates the energetic attorney's courage and also explains why Boss Abe Ruef, who has since been forced by Heney to confess his misdeeds, once called the latter a murderer. One day a woman entered Mr. Heney's office and said she wanted to obtain a divorce from her husband.

"My husband beats me," she said. "He lashes me with a blacksnake whip."

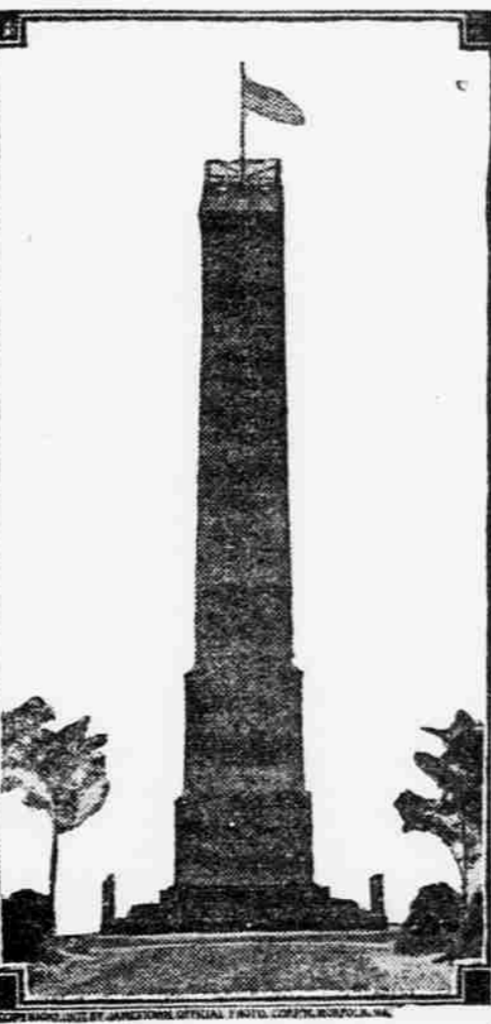
"I can get you a divorce for that," said the young lawyer, and he made out the papers. Before she left the office the client remarked that her husband had said he would kill any man who tried to get her a divorce. Heney replied that this would make no difference. He went ahead and obtained the desired separation. Afterward the angered husband met Heney in front of the latter's office, made a rush at him and put his hand in his pistol pocket, but Heney was ready first, and the lawyer's shot took fatal effect. The jury decided that he acted in self defense.

In 1901 Mr. Heney was counsel for Judge Arthur Noyes of the United States court, who was mixed up in a scandal then attracting attention, and his argument for Noyes in the United States supreme court won the admiration of Attorney General Knox, to whom he was opposed. When Mr. Knox was ready to proceed with the land fraud cases in Oregon he offered Mr. Heney an appointment as assistant United States district attorney and put him in charge of the prosecution.

A NOVEL MONUMENT.

West Virginia Coal Column at the Jamestown Exposition.

One of the novel features of the Jamestown exposition is a monument of coal which composes a part of the exhibit of the state of West Virginia. It consists of nineteen seams, placed



THE WEST VIRGINIA COAL COLUMN.

geologically representative of the different strata which make West Virginia the second coal producing state in the Union. The coal column is 139 feet high and 16 feet square at the base and 13 feet square at the top. Four hundred tons of coal were used in the construction of the column, and its total weight is 700 tons.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Origin of This Favorite Sport of Childhood and Youth.

This favorite sport of childhood and youth is of French origin and very high antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Collin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 999 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Collin. He acquired the name of Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in fight he used to crush his opponents. In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Lourain in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Collin Maillard lost both his eyes. He ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats at arms he lavished favor and honors upon Collin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representations that formed part of the rude dramatic performances of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer, as with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon seems in some degree to repeat the action of Collin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name, blind man's buff.

A REALISTIC ACT.

Amusing Story of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle.

While he was playing Rip Van Winkle at Chicago Joseph Jefferson once went to the theater very much exhausted by a long day's fishing on the lake. As the curtain rose on the third act it disclosed the white haired Rip still deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and he did not awaken. The audience began to get impatient and the prompter uneasy.

The great actor doubtless knew what he was about, but this was carrying the realistic business too far. The fact was that all this time Jefferson was really sleeping the sleep of the just, or, rather, of the fisherman who had sat eight hours in the sun. Finally the gallery became uproarious, and one of the "goods" wanted to know if there was going to be "nineteen years more of this snooze business?"

At this point Jefferson began to snore. This decided the prompter, who opened a small trap beneath the stage and began to prod Rip from below. The fagged comedian fumbled in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket and muttered drowsily, "Going right through, 'ductor.'"

At this entirely new reading the audience was transfixed with amazement, when all at once Jefferson sat up with a loud shriek, evidently in agony. The exasperated prompter had jabbed him with a pin. Consciousness of the situation came to him, and the play went on after that with a rush.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions. At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour, waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered:

"When you leave the room again, slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door as directed, and the man sprang to his feet, with the exclamation:

"What's that noise—a gun?"

"Oh, no!" resumed his host. "It was only the door."

"Ah, I see! Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

Sun, Moon and Tides.

The sun and moon conjointly affect the oceans in obedience to the fact in nature known as the law of the attraction of gravity. It is the nature of things that the sun and moon shall pull at the earth's waters, and no further explanation can be given. When the sun and moon are pulling in line the tides are highest and when pulling against each other the lowest. The moon is so much nearer the earth than the sun that it does most of the pulling, notwithstanding its greatly inferior dimensions.

Love Is King.

Love is the great disciplinarian, the supreme harmonizer, the true peacemaker. It is the great balm for all that blights happiness or breeds discontent. It is a sovereign panacea for malice, revenge and all the brutal propensities. As cruelty melts before kindness, so the evil passions find their antidote in sweet charity and loving sympathy.—Success Magazine.

Easily Distinguished.

Clara—There should be a law passed compelling men to wear some distinct dress to denote whether they are married or not.

Maude—Oh, that isn't necessary.

Clara—Why not?

Maude—When a man is seen on the street in a last year's hat and baggy trousers, it is safe to bet that he's married.—Chicago News.

No Way Out of It.

"We are worried about Julia. She got out of a sickbed to go to the matinee."

"How could she?"

"She had to go; she had a ticket!"



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