

In Memory of J. Fenimore Cooper.

J. FENIMORE COOPER has been dead more than half a century, but his stories of adventure and life on the sea and in the forests primeval in the company of Indians and guides are still among the most popular of any works by American authors. The centennial celebration in Cooperstown, N. Y., which was for many years the author's home, has awakened renewed interest in his career and achievements. Cooperstown was founded by William Cooper, the father of James Fenimore Cooper, who was the first judge of Otsego county and the first to represent his district in congress. He was a native of New Jersey, but on securing large landed interests in central New York removed his family thither. He at first erected a log house, and in this the future author, who was born in New Jersey in 1789, spent his early childhood. As soon as he could do so the elder Cooper erected a manor house long known as Otsego Hall, and this structure was the son's home from 1834 until his death. In it he wrote some of his best known works. It was burned in 1853.

The Cooperstown of today contains many things that remind the visitor of its connection with the first noted and successful American writer of fiction. The author loved his country and revelled in the beauties of its scenery and the romance of its legendary tales and warlike history, as his works abundantly testify. Yet in his own day he was much misunderstood, and he did not enjoy the popularity among his countrymen that he deserved. Now that he has been for many years dead and gone, he is duly honored, and the spots associated with his career are carefully marked, while his resting place in the graveyard of Christ church, Cooperstown, is held especially sacred. Cooper died in 1851, and it



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER AND HIS GRAVE IN CHRIST CHURCH CEMETERY, COOPERSTOWN.

was but two years later that flames destroyed Otsego Hall, which in the earlier years of the century was the most pretentious dwelling in central New York. For many years the site of Cooper's home was a neglected wilderness. The grounds passed into the possession of the late Alfred Corning Clark, who formed a plan for improving them, which was carried out by his widow, now the wife of Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York. Through Mrs. Potter's interest and generosity the grounds have been made a public park, and a fine library and museum has been erected upon a site opposite the entrance to the grounds, which serves as a repository for relics connected with the author and his family. A boulder weighing thirty tons marks the site of the ancestral Cooper home, and on it is placed a replica of John Q. A. Ward's famous statue of the "Indian Hunter," so well known to visitors to Central park, New York. In Lakewood cemetery, overlooking Otsego lake, Cooperstown citizens erected a tall and imposing monument, surmounted by a statue of Leatherstocking and his dog. It is just below the spot of the opening scene in "The Pioneers" and not far from the conical granite boulder in the lake known as Council rock. This was a famous meeting place for the Indian hunters and scouts of the times about which Cooper wrote and is made use of by the author in that part of "The Deer-slayer" where Chingachgook and Deer-slayer meet to complete their plans for the search of Wah-tah-wah.

On account of the interest shown by Bishop Potter and his wife in the preservation of the historical associations of Cooperstown this distinguished divine was assigned an important place in the ceremonies of the week beginning Aug. 4, being invited to deliver one of the principal addresses and to read the poem written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for the exercises on Aug. 7 at Cooper's grave, under the shadow of Christ church. Prominent place was also given in the programme to the Rev. Dr. Walton W. Battershall, rector of St. Peter's church, Albany, the church whose rector of a century ago, the Rev. J. Ellison, was Cooper's instructor. Poems and addresses were also prepared for the occasion by Professor Brander Matthews, Rev. Ralph Birdsall of Christ church and Clinton Scollard.

WHEN NAPOLEON WALKED.

An Incident of the Tragical Retreat From Moscow.

It was on Nov. 25, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, when we saw the head of the column. The first we saw were generals, a few of whom were on horseback, but the majority on foot. The latter painfully dragged themselves along, almost all having their feet frozen and bound up in rags and pieces of sheepskin and dying of hunger. We then saw what was left of the cavalry of the guard. The emperor came next on foot, with a stick in his hand. He was muffled up in a large capote lined with fur and wore on his head an amarantine velvet cap edged with black foxskin. On his right marched, also on foot, King Murat; on his left, Prince Eugene, viceroy of Italy; then Berthier, prince of Neufchatel; Ney, Mortier, Lefebvre and other marshals and generals whose corps had been partly destroyed.

They were followed by 700 to 800 officers and subofficers, marching in order and bearing in the greatest silence the eagles of the regiments to which they had belonged and that had so often led them to victory. They were the remnant of over 60,000 men. My poor Picart, who had not seen the army for a month, gazed on silently, but his convulsive movements showed only too well what he felt. I saw big tears roll down the cheeks and fall on his mustache, from which icicles were hanging. Then, turning to me, "Really, compatriot, I do not know whether I am asleep or awake; I weep because I have seen our emperor marching on foot, a stick in his hand—he that was so great and who has made us so proud!"—"Memoires of Sergeant Bourgogne."

FOREIGN MONEY.

A Showman's Experience With Counterfeit Coins In Naples.

"When you are abroad," said a tourist agent, "look out for counterfeit money. In France and Italy especially look out. There are a lot of small souled French and Italians who save up counterfeit money all the year to dump it on the tourist trade in the summer.

"I said to look out, but really that is impossible. An American tourist has his hands full just to count foreign money, with its centimes and lyres, its francs and centesimi, and when too often he is unable to count this money how can he detect counterfeiters in it?

"Italy is the worst country, and it is safe to say that every tourist loses in bad money there 1 or 2 per cent of all that passes through his hands.

"When Buffalo Bill showed in Naples the audience was enormous, but the next day when the business manager went to bank the receipts of the night, lo and behold, over a thousand dollars in counterfeit money had been taken in.

"Buffalo Bill in person went and complained to the prefect, or chief of police.

"They passed a thousand dollars on you in counterfeit?" said the prefect.

"They did," said Buffalo Bill bitterly.

"Just like these Italians," exclaimed the prefect. "What a grand nation!"

—Exchange.

Thunder In Various Regions.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunderstorms ninety-seven days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with eighty-six days; Hindustan, with fifty-six; Borneo, with fifty-four; the Gold Coast, with fifty-two; and Rio de Janeiro, with fifty-one. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with thirty-eight days of thunder, while France and southern Russia have sixteen days. Great Britain and Switzerland have each seven days, and Norway has four. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard only three days in the year, and extremely rare in northern Turkestan and the polar regions.

The "Dandy Horse."

The father of the bicycle tribe, the "dandy horse," was invented in 1818 by Baron von Drais of Paris. It consisted of two wheels about thirty inches in diameter running one in the wake of the other and connected by a beam of wood, upon which, half way from each end, was a saddle or perch, an arm rest in front completing the machine. It was propelled by kicking the ground with the right and left foot alternately. It was from such a crude affair that the modern bicycle was slowly evolved.

Taking No Chances.

The court appointed a young lawyer to defend a Georgia dandy, but after the prisoner had looked the lawyer over he said:

"No, Mister Judge, I reckon not. De las' time I got in de penitentiary I had a man dat look de lak him to defend me, so des leave him out de case en gimme ten years!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Usual Thing.

Mrs. Wickwire—If you go first, you will wait for me on the other shore, won't you, dear? Mr. Wickwire—I suppose so. I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you.—Illustrated Bits.

Feminine Sympathy.

Miss Fytte—We have heard that my brother in Australia has been nearly drowned. They only just managed to save his life! The Visitor—Dear me, I am sorry to hear that!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If thou takest time into thy affairs It will allay and arrange all things.—Apollodorus.

A NOVELIST'S OWN ROMANCE.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, His Career and Approaching Marriage.

The approaching marriage of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle naturally suggests queries as to the personal and domestic side of the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The author is forty-eight and in full physical as well as mental vigor. He married at twenty-seven Miss Louisa Hawkins of Minsterworth, Gloucester, and several children were born to them. Mrs. Doyle died several years ago. In September Sir Arthur will take as his second wife Miss Jean Lechie of Crowborough. The gifted writer, who, next to Kipling, is perhaps the best paid of any of the literary guild of today, has a house at Hindhead, in Surrey, which is filled with mementos



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND HIS FIANCEE.

of his adventures in almost all parts of the world and which is in many respects an ideal home for an author. Though so successful in the literary field now, Dr. Doyle labored for many years to achieve recognition as a writer. As a young man he wrote more or less from time to time—indeed, he wrote and illustrated at the early age of six a precocious story of adventure—but it was only about fifteen years ago that his revenue from his writings became sufficient to enable him to devote his whole time to literature. He had practiced for a dozen years previous to that time as a physician. He has said that during the first ten years he wrote short stories for magazines he did not make from this source an average of \$250 a year. Dr. Doyle served as a surgeon in the South African war and in 1902 was knighted in recognition of his literary and patriotic achievements.

A FAIR NATURE STUDENT.

Grace Gallatin Thompson Seton, Wife of Noted Writer on Animals.

President Roosevelt in his remarks about nature fakirs did not mention Grace Gallatin Thompson Seton, although he did call in question the kind of stories about animals written by her husband, Ernest Thompson Seton. Mrs. Seton is a very accomplished woman and has done creditable work herself, both as an artist and as a



MRS. THOMPSON SETON IN HUNTING COSTUME.

writer. She calls herself book designer and writer. Like her husband, she is exceedingly fond of the out of door life and has extensive opportunities for indulging her tastes on the large estate in Connecticut where the author of "Wild Animals I Have Known" has established his home. She was born in 1872 in Sacramento, Cal., and is a graduate of the Packer Collegiate Institute, New York. The photograph of Mrs. Seton is published by courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

YORKSHIRE PIES.

Here is the Way They Were Made in the Olden Days.

The delicacy of the Yorkshire pies of olden days may be judged by the following recipe from an old fashioned cookery book: "First make a good standing crust, let the wall and bottom be very thick; bone a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge and a pigeon; season them all very well; take half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and half an ounce of black pepper, all beat fine together; two large spoonfuls of salt, and then mix them together. Open the fowls all down the back and bone them, first the pigeon, then the partridge; cover them; then the fowl, then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready cased and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces—that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; on the other side woodcock, more game and what sort of wild fowl you can get. Season them well and lay them close; put at least four pounds of butter into the pie, then lay on your lid, which must be a very thick one, and let it be well baked. It must have a very hot oven and will take at least four hours." It is not surprising to find that a footnote adds that the crust requires a bushel of flour.—Chambers' Journal.

A CLEVER REPORTER.

He Got the Interview Word For Word and Took No Notes.

Interviewer—I have come to get your views on the proposed change in the curriculum of the school.

Mr. Swelhead—Curriculum! What's that mean? I'm against it, whatever it is.

Mr. Swelhead (reading the report of the interview in the next morning's paper)—"Our distinguished townsman, Mr. M. T. Swelhead, was found at his charming home, surrounded by abundant indications of ripe scholarship and sturdy common sense. In reply to our representative's questions he said, 'I do not desire to force my opinions upon the public, but this I will say, that I have given to this question long and studious attention, incidentally examining upon the curricula of institutions of learning, both at home and abroad, and, although I found in the existing course of study not a few matters for condemnation, still I cannot say that I should advise any radical change until I have further time to examine into the subject.'" By George, that fellow's got my exact language word for word. And he didn't take notes neither. Jiminy, but what a memory that fellow must have!—London Telegraph.

A London Lad's Prayer.

W. Pett Ridge, a London writer, made a London boy in one of his stories offer the following rather original prayer: "Lord, wilt thou 'ave the kindness to make me grow strong and tall and with plenty to say for meself, and wilt thou do this as soon as thou can find time, so's to save me expense and waste of money that might be used in other ways—say for a cricket bat? Believe me, Lord, thy obedient servant, A. Martin."

He rose. He was halfway into his blue flannel bed gown when an important idea occurred to him, and he knelt down again quickly.

"Should 'ave mentioned," he whispered, "Elfred Martin of 53 Cawstle street, jest over Surrey side of South-ark bridge."

Water Transportation Cheap.

Any class of water transportation is incomparably cheaper than land transportation, unless something better than the modern railroad is invented. For this reason the greater part of our domestic or inland tonnage has been and is carried by water and not by rail. For that reason the railways own the largest steamers on the lakes. The wheat trade was lost to the Mississippi, not by competition, but because the railroads did not bring it there. The Mississippi above Cairo is decadent, not for lack of ability to compete, but for lack of commerce, which is to say accessibility by means of its own tributaries.—Charles D. Stewart in Century.

Nothing Doing.

The musician was visibly annoyed.

"But, hang it all," he said, "I told your reporter three or four times over that the violin I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not a word—not a word!"

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be, sir. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper under \$2 a line, you come around and let me know."—Los Angeles Times.

A Fine Morning.

"Fine morning, your honor," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Yes, indeed," responded the justice, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a ten dollar fine morning."

Golden Measure.

"In Australia," bragged the native of that country, "you can pick up gold by the pint."

"It comes in quartz in America," retorted the quick witted nephew of Uncle Sam.—Pittsburg Post.

The Value of Ridicule.

"A man," said Dr. Johnson, "should pass a part of his time with the laughers, by which means anything ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view and corrected."

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