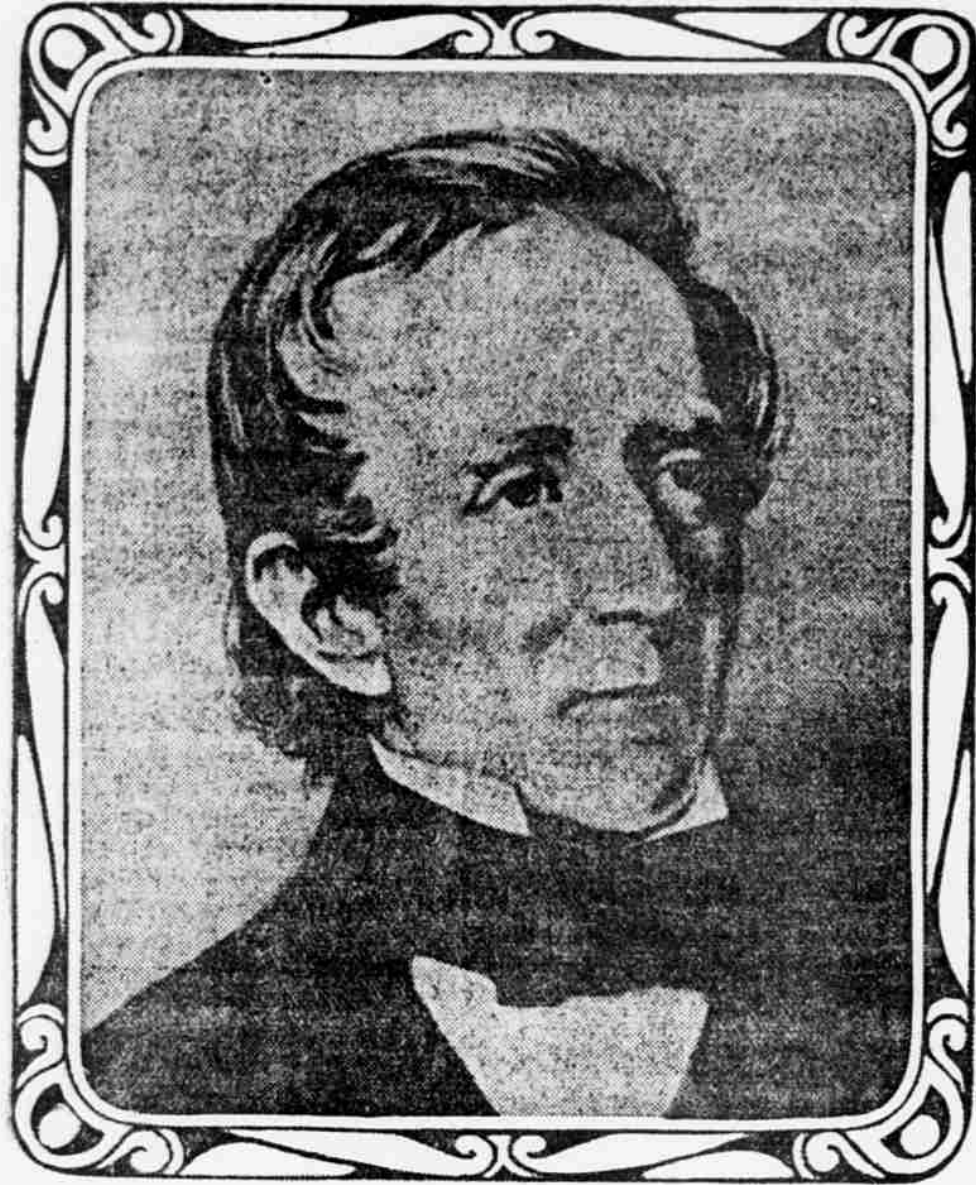


OUR PRESIDENTS



JOHN TYLER.

The tenth president of the United States was born at Greenway, Va., in 1790. He was elected vice president in 1840 as a Whig and succeeded to the presidency at the death of William Henry Harrison, April 4, 1841. During his administration President Tyler was repudiated by his party because of various disagreements. The annexation of Texas took place while he was president. In 1861 ex-President Tyler espoused the Confederate cause. He was a member of the Confederate house of representatives when he died at Richmond, Jan. 18, 1862.

The Scrap Book

A Roomer in the Air.

Reporter—I understand that one of your guests committed suicide last night by hanging himself out of a third story window.
Lodging House Keeper—Well, there was such a roomer in the air for awhile.—Town Topics.

EQUALITY.

All men are equal in God's sight. There is no black, and there is no white; There is no high, and there is no low; There is no friend, and there is no foe. And earthly passion and earthly pride The glance of the Godhead cannot abide. The petty distinctions of rank and caste Are shriveled and shrunk in the furnace blast. Of God's great love when the angel David Has stilled the heartbeats and stopped the breath. And the gates of heaven as wide do swing For lowliest peasant as lordliest king. And the fires of hell burn just as bright For the rich or poor, for the black or white. —J. C. Brennan.

A Place For Jeremiah.

A prosy preacher gave a lengthy discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath and continued, "Now I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?"
A tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can have my place," he said. "I'm going home."

A Desperate Case.

A husband came home one evening to find a note left for him by his wife. Carelessly he opened it, but as he read his face blanched. "My God!" he exclaimed. "How could this have happened so suddenly?" And, snatching his hat and coat, he rushed to a hospital which was near his home.
"I want to see my wife, Mrs. Brown, at once," he said to the head nurse, "before she goes under the ether. Please take my message to her at once."
"Mrs. Brown?" echoed the nurse. "There is no Mrs. Brown here."
"Then to which hospital has she gone?" asked the distressed husband. "I found this note from her when I came home," and he handed the note to the nurse, who read:
"Dear Husband—I have gone to have my kimono cut out.
—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Frank Advertiser.

An English daily had the following advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

The Best Man.

Pat was invited to a wedding. He arrived at the house and was shown upstairs to the gentlemen's dressing room. The guests assembled below were startled by hearing a commotion above. Rushing into the hall, they were started to behold Pat come tumbling head first down the stairs, completely disheveled.
"Why, Pat, what's the matter?" asked the host.
"Shure and I wint upstairs, and whin I wint into the room I seed a swell young dandy wid a white carnationary-

rum in his buttonhole and kid gloves on his hands, an' I sez to 'm, 'Who's you?' 'Shure,' he sez, 'an 'I'm the best man,' and, begorry, he is."

A Maker of History.

"The late General Shafter," said a soldier, "had a contempt for military posers. They who flourished stumps and limps, like medals, got no sympathy from him. I once heard him ridicule military posers. He said there was a general of volunteers who got his leg scratched on a caisson wheel in a retreat and forever after nursed and gloried the trifling wound, growing lamer and lamer as the years passed in order that his bravery might never be forgotten. One day a young man calling on the general's daughter met the old warrior.
"I see you're lame, sir," said the young man.
"Yes," said the general pompously. "I am lame."
"Slip on the ice?"
"No, sir," said the general, with a frown.
"Not an automobile mixup, I hope?"
"No, sir; it was not an automobile mixup." The general spoke ferociously.
"Sleigh overturn, sir?"
"The general rose. He set his lame leg tenderly on the floor. Frowning back savagely from the threshold, he shouted, 'Go read the history of your country, you young puppy!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

A Clever Animal.

Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland has been pluckily fighting a law infringing street railway. He tore up some of the railway's tracks, an injunction was served against him, and then he in his turn secured another injunction.
"We are like the old lady and the dog, with our injunctions and mandamuses and what not," said Mayor Johnson the other day.
"There was, you know, an old lady who rented a furnished villa for the summer, and with the villa a large dog also went.
"In the sitting room of the villa there was a comfortable armchair. The old lady liked this chair better than any other in the house. She always made for it the first thing.
"But, alas, she nearly always found the chair occupied by the large dog.
"Being afraid of the dog, she never dared bid it harshly to get out of the chair, as she feared that it might bite her, but instead she would go to the window and call 'cats.'
"Then the dog would rush to the window and bark, and the old lady would slip into the vacant chair quietly.
"One day the dog entered the room and found the old lady in possession of the chair. He stroiled over to the window and, looking out, appeared much excited and set up a tremendous barking.
"The old lady rose and hastened to the window to see what was the matter, and the dog quietly climbed into the chair."
Sauce For the Gander.
When a lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook she asked him his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, "is Wang Hung Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John." "What your name?" asked John. "My name is Mrs. Melville Landon." "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Melville Landon. I call you Tommy."

Enjoyed Being a Nabob.

At a town meeting Professor Pierce of Harvard was chosen to represent the views of the college on a question of discussion. Pierce

had made his speech a townsman spoke in opposition, expressing the hope that the town need not be dictated to by those nabobs of Harvard college.

When the meeting broke up, everybody asked Pierce why he did not reply to the man. "Why, did you not hear what he called us? He said we were nabobs! I so enjoyed sitting up there and seeing all that crowd look up to me as a nabob that I could not say one word against the fellow."

A Devotional Turn of Mind.

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service he met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become an active member of the church.
"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?"
"Yes, indeed, sir; regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow, with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

A Clever Pastor.

A congregation in Connecticut had lost their pastor. Their last minister had been self taught, and the deacons stipulated that the new minister should have a classical education.
They agreed to let applicants preach a sermon on trial. A Welshman asked for a trial, and on the appointed day the candidate mounted on the pulpit. He got well on in his sermon, when he suddenly recollected that he was expected to show his learning.
"My friends," he said, "I will now quote you a passage in Greek."
With a solemn look he repeated a verse in his native tongue. Approving nods and smiles were exchanged among the deacons. Thus encouraged, he followed up his advantage by saying, "Perhaps you would like to hear it in Latin."
He then repeated another passage in Welsh. This was even more successful than before.
Unfortunately there was also a Welshman in the congregation. He sat at the back and almost choked in his efforts to stifle his laughter. The minister's eye fell on him, and he took in the situation at a glance. "I will also repeat it in Hebrew."
He then sang out in his broadest Welsh, "My dear fellow, stop laughing or they will find it out!"
The other understood, stifled his laughter and afterward dined with his successful countryman.

She Said It.

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the north of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.
"And now, dear," she said, "when the duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your grace.'"
Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?"
The little girl solemnly closed her eyes and, with clasped hands, exclaimed: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful. Amen."

Angelo's Family.

Solitude had many charms for Michael Angelo. Retired completely from the world, he formed those sublime conceptions which astonish mankind in his sculpture and painting. He said, "Painting is a very jealous lady, who endures no rival to share my affections." He was asked why he did not marry. He said, "Painting is my wife, and my works are my children."
An Old Youngster.
Senator Pettus of Alabama saw a decrepit old man trying to cross Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, and went to his assistance. The old fellow accepted his help gladly and when conveyed safely across turned to Mr. Pettus.
"Sir," he quavered, with old fashioned courtesy, "I thank you and hope that when you get to be as old as I am you may find some one such as you are now to help you across the avenues of life."
"How old are you?" asked the senator.
"Sixty-six."
"My friend," said Mr. Pettus smiling, "I am eighty-two."

Sweets and the Disposition.

Nothing could be said in greater praise of a people than that they like sweets. It shows a wholesome, vigorous, healthful condition, an appetite not jaded from excessive indulgence. The child whose appetite has not become polluted or caloused by false relishes, smarting sauces and burning drinks loves sweets; so does the girl of bright eyes and untainted youth, as is evidenced by her fondness for ice creams and desserts. The young athlete among men loves sweets nearly as well as does the child. But the bar-room lounge, the "cigarette fiend," all the other classes do not like sweets. Long ago their minds and appetites lost the desire for everything pleasing to the natural palate.—What to Eat.

Hairbrushes.

An experienced hand will by touch tell if a broom or brush be all hair or a mixture, but if ever in doubt pull out or cut off a suspicious hair and apply a match. However well doctored, the deception will be shown at once. Hairs will burn, rolling up ball-like, with the well known smell of burned hair, while a vegetable substitute will consume, leaving the charred portion like a burned match.

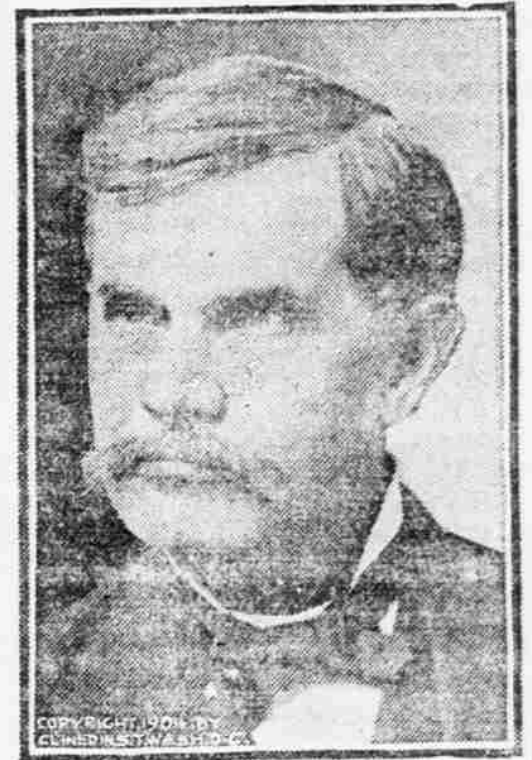
A Good Guess.

Mother—Mercy, child, how do you get your hands so dirty?
Child—No, but I guess grandma did!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Next Senator From Mississippi.

THE victory of Congressman John Sharp Williams in the senatorial contest in Mississippi makes him more than ever a national figure. Although it requires an election by the legislature to make Representative Williams the next senator, the contest was virtually settled by the action of the Democratic voters at the primaries in casing a majority of their ballots for the statesman who has led his party in the house for the past few years. As a member of the "most distinguished deliberative body in the world," John Sharp, as his colleagues call him, will be a type corresponding more to that of days gone by than to the modern business senator who is now so conspicuous in the upper branch of congress. Mr. Williams is not a multi-millionaire, and he does not represent "the business interests." He is a lawyer by profession and belongs rather to the old school of statesmanship in which learning and oratory and knowledge of history and literature counted for more than influence in the business and industrial world.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1854 and in a home of culture, he was brought up on the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," Herodotus, Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray and Dickens. His father and mother both died before he was eight years old, his father falling at the head of his regiment at Shiloh. Young Williams' remaining family then took refuge from the advancing Union arms at his dead mother's homestead in the Yazoo delta in Mississippi. He studied at the Kentucky Military Institute, at the University of the South, at the University of Virginia and at Heidelberg. He spent several years in Europe and gave especial attention to the study of French, part of the time at the College de France and part of the time in travels on foot among the people. On his return to the United States he was admitted to the practice of law at Memphis and devoted himself to the development of his paternal estate



JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

in Mississippi. He developed into a keen business man in the management of his plantation. He was planter and lawyer, and meanwhile he was also learning something about the profession of politics. In 1883 he was sworn in as a member of the house of representatives, and in 1894 his Democratic colleagues chose him as the leader of their side of the house. He is known for his level headedness and good humor. His friendships often cross party lines, and there are few Democrats so popular as he on the Republican side.

Congressman Williams was once submitting to an interview and was asked about his library at his home in Yazoo, for everybody knows that he is an omnivorous reader.

"I started," said he, "with what the Yankees left of my father's and grandfather's libraries, and I've been adding a book at a time ever since. When I get lazy those long summer mornings in Mississippi I go in there and flop into my big chair by the window and find any kind of a book, from comedy to tragedy and back again, right within reach of my arm."
"And what kind do you generally reach for?"
"Well, if one of my seven children or my wife or my mother-in-law or one of my six nieces has been very obstreperous I make a haul for Bill Nye or somebody who can make me laugh."
The Mississippi statesman was once engaged in a debate in which reference was made to the sugar tariff.

"Down in Texas, way back yonder in the Lone Star State's early days," said the congressman, "some English noblemen went to visit a rancher. There were no hotels then, and the clubs of the state were in prairie bar-rooms. The ranchman wished to impress a neighboring saloon keeper with the importance of his visitors. All were lined up before the bar.
"My lord, I believe you are a marquis in your own country?" asked the host of one of his guests, to impress the saloon man.
"Yes," replied the man addressed.
"And, my lord (addressing another), you are an earl at home?"
"Yes."
"Then he said: 'Jim, these are marquis and earls. What do you think of them?'
"And Jim said: 'Oh, jump into the river. There ain't but two classes of men in this place. One is them that takes sugar in theirn and the other is them that ain't so particular.'"

A "CURE" FOR CUSSING.

The Penitent Scotsman Found His Load a Heavy One.

A clergyman in Scotland observed with much perturbation that a member of his congregation was greatly given to the use of strong language. Over and over again he remonstrated with the man to give up the bad habit. In time the man himself came to see the error of his ways, and desired no less earnestly to break himself of the use of bad language. The difficulty, however, was to find a method of doing so. One day the clergyman hit upon a happy thought.
"Get a bag," he said to the man, "and every time you swear put a pebble into it. At the end of the month you will bring that bag to me. I will count the pebbles and see what the effect has been."
The man accepted the idea with alacrity. He got a bag, and, religiously, every time he swore what Mr. Gilbert in the "Pinafore" calls a "big, big D," he duly put a pebble into it. At the end of the month he went to the clergyman, taking the bag with him. It was not an easy task, for, as any one might see, the bag was very full and very heavy. He went into the clergyman's study and put the bag on the table.
The minister looked up with a serious expression. "This is very serious, my friend. I am sorry to see you have so many pebbles in the bag."
"Hoot, minister!" exclaimed the man cheerfully; "this is only the devil's—the 'damns' are all at the dike in another bag. They were over heavy to bring up!"—Excelsior.

A CLEVER TRICK.

The Way Lord Cochrane Once Won an English Election.

When Lord Cochrane was a candidate for parliament in Houniton he refused to give any bribes. As his opponent gave 5s a head, Lord Cochrane suffered defeat. The latter, however, sent the bellman round the town announcing that all those who had voted for Lord Cochrane would receive 10 guineas apiece if they called on his agent. In those preballot days of course it was known how each man voted, and the happy minority marched off to the agent, each getting his 10 guineas. Naturally enough, the majority began to think they had made a mistake, and they resolved to rectify that mistake at the first possible moment. In due course an opportunity came. There was another election, Lord Cochrane stood again, and the voters, remembering his lavish methods, asked him no questions, but returned him with a roaring majority. Then they conveyed a delicate hint to the noble lord asking what he proposed to give them for this distinguished service. "Not one farthing!" roared his lordship. The unhappy men reminded him that he had paid 10 guineas a head to the minority at the previous election. A complacent grin brightened the face of the member as he gave this explanation: "The former gift was for their disinterested conduct in not taking the bribes of 5s from the agents of my opponent. For me now to pay them would be a violation of my own previously expressed principles."

Identified.

Tommy made himself the hero of a story, which the Boston Record prints, when he called for "that one about the boy who ate the ribbons and it made him sick."
Aunt Ethel was puzzled. "I know of no such story," she said, after searching her memory vainly.
Nothing she could suggest answered the description. Tommy cannot read, but he thought he could find the book. He found it. They read one thing after another, until in the midst of the "Night Before Christmas" Tommy gave a whoop of glee. Aunt Ethel was reading:
"He rushed to the window and threw up the sash."
"That's it! That's it!" cried Tommy. "You see, it's just as I told you!"

A Dutch Ironclad.

It is of interest to note that, according to some authorities, the Dutch were the first in the modern period of history to build an ironclad and that during the siege of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1585 the people of that city built an enormous flat bottomed vessel, armored it with heavy iron plates and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery. This they named Finis Belli. Unfortunately the vessel got aground before coming into action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was held by Alexander of Parma to the end of the siege as a curiosity, but was never employed by either side in any action.

A Handy Measure.

If you have a pint jug and wish to measure off half a pint with tolerable accuracy it is useless to try and do so by guessing when the jug is half full. A better way is to tilt the jug until the contents just reach to the upper end of the bottom of the vessel and just touch the lip at the lower end of the mouth. In this way the space in the pint jug is practically cut into two equal portions, each half representing the space taken by half a pint.—London Graphic.

Man Is Wiser.

Gerryman (at the mirror)—Put a monkey before a looking glass, they say, and he will look behind it. Miss Sharpe—But a man knows better. He knows he won't find anything funnier there than the face he sees before him.—Boston Transcript.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.—Lavater.

To Be Kept Secret.
He was a great bore and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man. He is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."
"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn faced old man.
"I do indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore.
"Then never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn faced man.—London Tit-Bits.

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