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**A SCRAP OF PAPER.**

It Was the Means of Bringing a Murderer to Justice.  
Scraps of paper have on several occasions been the means of throwing a light on some of the greatest criminal mysteries of modern times. Had it not been for the minutest scrap of tissue paper it is quite possible that the notorious Franz Muller would have remained a free man to the end of his days.  
After foully murdering a Mr. Briggs in a railway carriage on the North London line Muller made off with his victim's hat. When caught several months later a top hat declared to be Mr. Briggs' was found in his possession. Its shape, however, had been considerably altered, and Muller insisted that the hat had been bought by himself.  
Was it Mr. Briggs' hat?  
"If it is Mr. Briggs' hat," said the hatter who supplied him, "you may find a piece of tissue paper in the lining. Mr. Briggs' hat was too large for him, so I put the paper in to make it fit."  
When the lining was turned down a scrap of paper which had adhered to the leather was discovered. Muller had a bigger head than Mr. Briggs and had therefore resolved to take the paper out. He left that little bit, however, sufficient to establish the identity of the hat beyond all question as that Mr. Briggs was wearing when he was murdered.  
This is only one instance among many where bits of paper have solved great mysteries.—London Answers.

**ART OF THE ETRUSCANS.**

Mysterious People Who Left Traces of a Remarkable Civilization.  
Why did the Etruscans devote their whole lives to the incessant making of pottery until it accumulated in such quantities that they were compelled to bury it in order to keep room for themselves in their streets and houses?  
Then, again, there is the mystery of the Etruscan inscriptions. These inscriptions are fairly numerous, but hitherto they have proved to be utterly undecipherable. The Etruscan is the only dead language that has defied investigation. Considered as a language, nothing could seem more improbable than the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, but Egyptologists can read them with such ease that almost any given series of hieroglyphics can be read in three or four ways by an equal number of rival Egyptologists. Any language more utterly impossible at first glance than the Assyrian arrow-headed language could not well be imagined, but there are many learned men who can read, write and speak arrowhead with facility. And yet no man can make the least sense of the writings left by the Etruscans, although they are written in Roman characters.  
All that we know of the Etruscans seems unreasonable and preposterous. Naturally this makes them fascinating to every one who delights in mystery and the solution of puzzles.—Putnam's Magazine.

**The Paper Told the Tale.**

A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived, but not Dr. Cox, librarian of the Bodleian library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud was related in his own words in the Spectator:  
I never really opened the book, but I held it in my hand and took one page of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity. At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the short comment, "Nineteenth century paper, my dear sir," and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again. Yes, I was pleased, but I have handled several ancient manuscripts in my time, and I know the feel of old paper.

**Effect of Whistle on Rattlesnakes.**

"Should you ever encounter a rattlesnake and he shows fight just begin to whistle softly and the reptile will uncoil and lay with his eyes closed and body quivering," said a Tennessean. "On more than one occasion I have run across rattlesnakes and have always taken the light out of them by whistling. The snake seems to become absolutely helpless when he hears a soft whistle and will make no attempt to spring upon you. This whistle appears to soothe his anger and robs him of fighting power. I saved my life on one occasion in this manner. Try it and you'll find that I tell the truth."—Nashville Tennessean.

**What, Indeed?**

A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one, to whom, after having examined her appearance, she said, "Of course you will be able to dress my hair for me?"  
"Oh, yes," replied the girl; "it never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair."  
"Half an hour, my child!" exclaimed the duchess in accents of terror. "And what on earth, then, should I be able to do with myself all the remainder of the morning?"—Dundee Advertiser.

**His Diagnosis.**

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishioner's health. "Well, sir," said the parishioner, "sometimes I feels anyhow, sometimes I feels now and there be times when I feels as stiff as a himmidge."

**His Point of View.**

Landlord—Sir, the other tenants will not stay in the flat if you insist on playing the cornet. Mr. Toots—I'm glad of that. They were very annoying.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT.**

War Secretary's Wife Thinks Woman the Complement of Man.  
The wife of the secretary of war is the youngest looking and with the exception of Mrs. Garfield the youngest woman in the cabinet circle. Mrs. Taft was Miss Helen Herron of Cincinnati. Her father, John W. Herron, is a prominent lawyer and was the law partner of President Hayes. The first visit of the future cabinet officer's wife to the White House was during the Hayes occupancy.  
"One thing which stands out vividly in my recollection of that visit," said Mrs. Taft recently, "was the nightly supper which used to be spread in the



MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

big corridor, now no more, which was part of the executive offices on the second floor of the mansion. I have never enjoyed anything so much as those feasts and the friendly way in which the president would press the young people not to be coy with the good things."  
Mrs. Taft is extremely fond of music and is highly educated in that direction. For seven years she was president of the Cincinnati Symphony association. During the Washington seasons she finds little time for music, but at her summer home she declares that she simply revels in it.  
The war secretary's wife says she is old fashioned enough to believe that woman is the complement of man and that what is most feminine about her is most attractive to man and therefore of the greatest utility to the world.

**VIOLINIST MACMILLEN.**

Press Agent Lost Him In Alps, but Found Him Later.

Recently a false report to the effect that Francis Rea MacMillen, the young American violinist, had been lost in the Alps while attempting to ascend Mont Blanc caused some anxiety to the friends of the young man in this country and Europe who were not on confidential terms with his press agent. Happily it turned out that Mr. MacMillen was safe and sound, and his press agent was greatly relieved.  
The violinist is now about twenty-two years old. He was only sixteen when he won the annual competition on the violin at the Royal conservatory of Belgium. He was the first American to win that honor.  
MacMillen has made several tours of the United States giving recitals.



FRANCIS REA MACMILLEN.

He is a native of Marietta, where his father, S. H. MacMillen, was engaged in newspaper work. The violinist gave a brilliant recital in Queen's hall, London, just before starting with a party to enjoy mountain climbing in the Alpine region.

**A Schoolmaster's Rejoinder.**

A keen retort is credited to the late Dr. Halg-Brown, master of Charterhouse.  
His brother-in-law, Dr. Porter, the master of Peterhouse, another famous English school, wrote to him inquiring his precise meaning in a certificate that a boy's character was "generally" good.  
"When I say generally," he replied, "I mean not particularly."

**THE WIND OF DEATH.**

Life Lines In Trieste's Street For Us When the Bora Blows.  
That which was once Illyria is now Dalmatia, or, rather, that part of Illyria which reaches the Adriatic is Dalmatia, the half forgotten country, as the Austrians called it when it fell into their hands not so many years ago.  
It is one of the few bits of Europe that remain in a measure unharmed, and it is still out of the beaten paths of the tourist, who himself is almost as much of a curiosity to the people as they are to him. There are seasons, according to an article in Appleton's Magazine, when the bora blows, that wind of death, as the natives call it, which comes out of the blue with more than a suddenness of a tornado and shakes the earth and all that is on the earth, stinging, blinding, choking. In the square of Trieste life lines are prominent features which the citizens must grasp when the bora clutches them, and they grope their way through the whirling dust and the promiscuous missiles flying in the darkened air. But the bora goes as quickly as it comes, and when it is gone the people simply excavate themselves out of the drift and think no more about the winged demon, which has left no trail whatever in the restored serenity of the scoured sky.

**HIS SYMPATHY.**

It Would Have Been Worth More Only He Lacked Presence of Mind.  
In the criminal court in Baltimore a dandy was on trial for stealing a watch, which he had pawned. He was identified by the owner as the person who grabbed the watch out of his pocket, yet the dandy claimed to be innocent. When asked how he came in possession of the watch he said:  
"I was standing on the corner when a man comes up to me and says he is hard up and hasn't a cent to buy food with, and he wants to sell me this watch for \$3. I know I could get \$4 on it in pawn, and I felt sorry for him and bought the watch for \$3 and pawned it for \$4. That's how I got the watch."  
The prosecutor then asked, if he had bought the watch for \$3, knowing he could pawn it for \$4, simply to help the man along because he felt sorry for him, why he did not advise him to pawn it himself, and then he would have had \$4 instead of \$3.  
"Well, you see," said the prisoner, "I didn't have the presence of mind to do dat."—Judge's Library.

**The Old Suez Canal.**

Few people are aware that there had been a canal across the Isthmus of Suez before De Lesseps ever conceived the idea of his monumental enterprise. A canal across the isthmus was actually constructed 600 years before the Christian era and served as a waterway for small vessels until about 1,000 years ago, when it was allowed to fall into disuse. Napoleon revived the idea and instructed one of the great engineers of his day to investigate the matter, but though a favorable report was presented to him, in which M. Lepere recommended the restoration of the canal, the work itself was never touched. When M. de Lesseps undertook the task of cutting the canal he thought at first to follow the idea of Napoleon and restore the ancient waterway, but this plan was abandoned and the present plan determined upon.

**The Other Way Around.**

The loyalty of the Scottish highlander to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold, and highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it in order to get warm, though this would be much like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt sleeves for the same purpose.  
It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him:  
"Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?"  
"Na, na, mon," the soldier answered indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld."

**Labor of Ants.**

It would perhaps be pushing metaphors to an unwarranted extreme to speak of "dignity of labor" in connection with the occupations of ants. But if by the phrase we mean that labor is the honorable lot of all citizens and that all labors of whatever sort are upon the same level of respectability then we might venture to apply the saying even to the labors of an ant hill. For therein all are workers, from the newly fledged cawler to the veteran of a second summer.—Harper's Magazine.

**Nothing.**

A cockney tourist who had invaded Ireland was trying his hand at chaffing a native.  
"Pat," said he, "what is the meaning of the word 'nothing'?"  
"Sure, I can't explain it, but ye'll find it in the place where your brains ought to be!"

**Narrow Escape.**

John—You very nearly got engaged while you were on your tour in the mountains, I hear. Michael—Precious near. But fortunately just at the last moment I fell down a precipice.—Pearson's Weekly.

**At the Club.**

Mrs. Bloodgood—I thought her quotation was apropos, didn't you? Mrs. Newritch—Dear me! I always supposed his name was Edgar Allan.—Exchange.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.—De Sales.

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