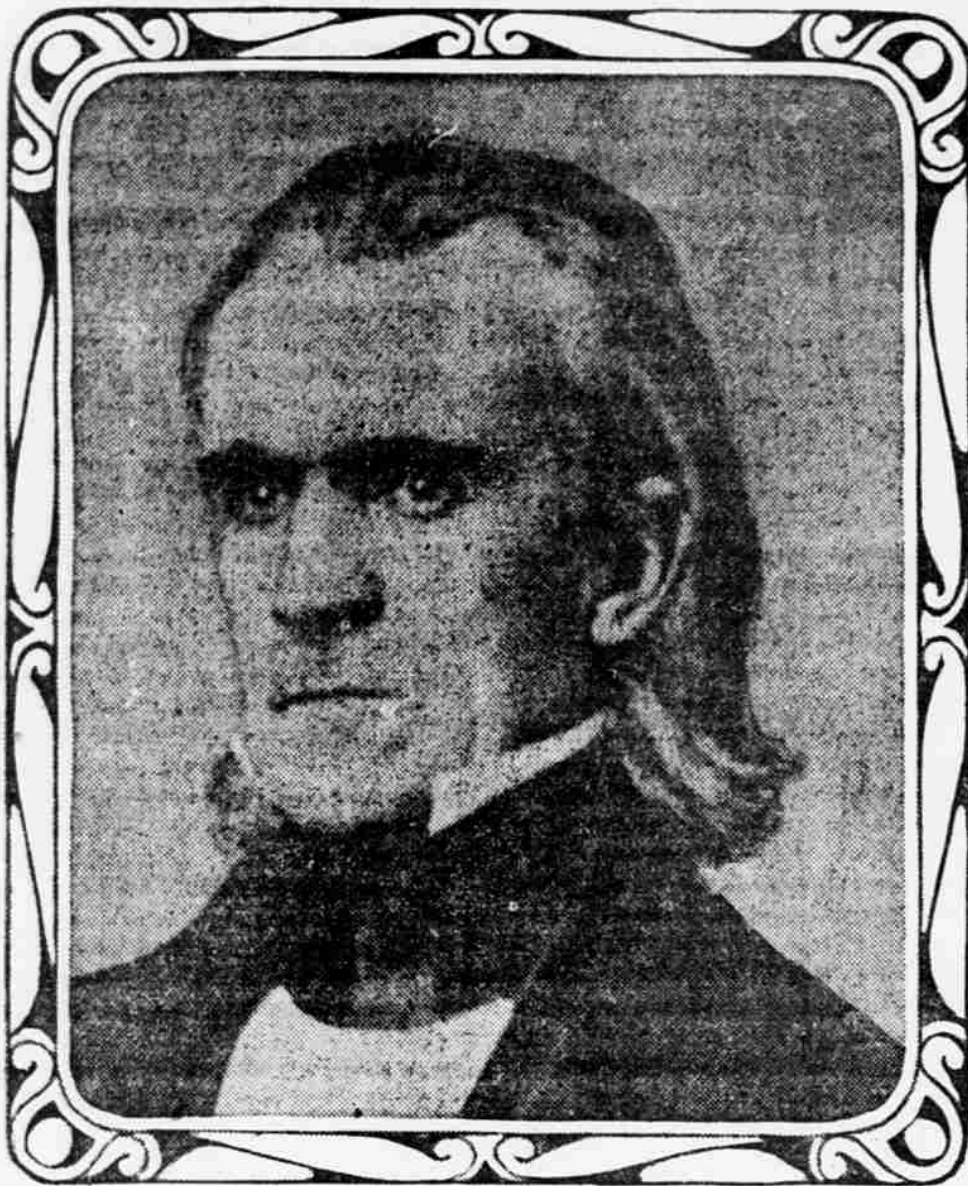


OUR PRESIDENTS



JAMES KNOX POLK.

The eleventh president of the United States was a native of Mecklenburg county, N. C., but spent most of his life as a citizen of Tennessee. He served fourteen years in congress, was speaker for two terms and was elected governor of Tennessee in 1839. He was elected president in 1844, defeating Henry Clay. Polk was a Democrat. During his presidency the Oregon boundary dispute was settled and the Mexican war was fought. In private life President Polk was unostentatious, frank and courteous. He died at Nashville, Tenn., in 1849, a few months after his retirement from the presidency, at the age of fifty-five.

The Scrap Book

Agreed With Him.

A professor of botany was recently lecturing in an Iowa city. In his discourse he attempted to show the great value of flowers and their near relationship to human beings. He concluded his remarks by saying, "The Lord that made me made a daisy." Whereupon some one in the audience called out, "You bet he did!"

LOVE SCORNS DEGREES.

Love scorns degrees. The low he lifteth high. The high he draweth down to that fair plane. Whereon in his divine equality Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain. 'Gainst such sweet leveling custom cries amain. But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh. Breathed passionwise, doth mount victorious still. For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

—Paul H. Hayne.

He Saw Double.

A Scotch minister and his servant, going home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their potations at the wedding feast had left them. "Sandy," said the minister, "just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead of the servant for a short distance and then asked: "How is it? Am I walking straight?" "Oh, aye," answered Sandy thickly, "ye're a' richt; but who's that who's with you?"—Argonaut.

Long Distance Jane.

An old farmer was skeptical as to whether people who were miles apart could really talk to each other over a telephone wire.

One day his wife went to make a visit to a distant friend who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the former visited a near neighbor who also boasted a house telephone and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise. Following instructions he put the receiver to his ear and, after the usual preliminaries, he shouted:

"Hello, Jane." Just then a flash of lightning caused by the heat of the summer day struck the wire, and he fell sprawling to the floor. The neighbor was chagrined that the old man should meet with such an accident on his first trial of a telephone and assured him that such a thing would not happen except in case of storms. But the farmer was convinced of the possibilities of communication, however, and would not try again. He rose to his feet and, shaking his head knowingly, said: "It's wonderful; that was Jane, all right."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Fixed All Right.

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road and was killed by the car. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the man. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will \$5 fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "\$5 will fix it, I guess."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal. "I wonder whose dog it was," he said.

Juvenile Ambition.

Mrs. M. G. Black of Gardiner, Ore., who received one of the last rewards of the Carnegie hero fund for her bravery in saving three young girls from drowning, was talking about bravery the other day.

"Do I think that bravery, heroism, can be cultivated? Yes," she said, "in a sense I do. Heroism is unselfishness carried to its highest point, and children can be trained to be unselfish. There is only one way to teach them that, though, and that is the way of kindness. Beat and bully children, and they won't grow up unselfish, but the opposite."

She smiled. "Once, at an Easter party, I had a long conversation with a little boy. As I helped him decorate a pink egg I asked, 'What are you going to do when you grow up?' "Looking up from the egg, with a frown, he answered: "Whip papa."

Shocked Into Generosity.

A small church was in need of repairs, and a meeting was being held to raise funds for that purpose.

The minister having said \$500 would be required, a wealthy (and equally stingy) member of the congregation rose and said he would give a dollar. Just as he sat down a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him upon the head, whereupon he rose hastily and called out that he had made a mistake—he would give \$50. An enthusiast present, forgetful of everything, called out fervently, "O Lord, hit him again!"

Lincoln's Soft Answer.

One hot summer day when I was in New York I was invited to a "cold tea" at the American clubhouse in Greenwich, Conn. At the clubhouse was a gracious company, and among the guests was Governor John T. Hoffman of New York.

One of the guests said to the governor that he had noticed President Lincoln sent an open letter to Governor Buckingham of Connecticut, thanking that state for having raised its quota of troops, and he asked Hoffman if he had ever received such a letter for New York.

The governor replied that he had not, but had read the letter to the governor of Connecticut, and it had disturbed him not a little. But soon after its publication he had had an interview with Mr. Lincoln at the executive mansion, and had said: "Mr. President, I notice that you took pains to send Governor Buckingham a letter thanking Connecticut for having raised its quota of troops. But you forgot to thank the great Empire State for having raised its quota."

"Alah!" said Mr. Lincoln. "When Mrs. Lincoln passes me a cup of tea I never think of thanking her for it; I expect it."—Boston Herald.

Had Sufficient Company.

A little boy was heard swearing by his mother. She reproved him very gently, telling him that God was with him and by him at all times and knew his very thoughts. Soon after he started downtown on an errand, and a dog followed him. Turning quickly around, the boy told the dog to go back; it was bad enough to have God following him everywhere, let alone a dog.

In Confederate Money. One day during a temporary cessa-

tion of hostilities between the opposing forces a tall, strapping Yankee rode into the Confederate camp on a sorry looking horse to effect a trade for some tobacco. "Hello, Yank!" hailed one of a number of Confederate soldiers loitering about on the grass in front of a tent. "That's a right smart horse you-all got there." "Think so?" "Yes; what'll you take for him?" "Oh, I don't know." "Well, I'll give you \$7,000 for him," bantered the Confederate. "You go to blazes!" indignantly returned the other. "I've just paid \$10,000 to have him curried."—Lippincott's.

O'Rourke, Hodcarrier.

O'Rourke had been a hodcarrier in Rochester when he was appointed to West Point.

There is something that sets the heart beating warmly in the fact that when his friends of toil learned that he stood at the head of his class they chipped in some of their hard earnings and bought him a costly, richly engraved gold watch as a token that they were proud of him. He drilled me under the blooming horse chestnuts on the east side of the academic hall, and I well remember his looking at that same watch while giving me a little rest.

The fall before the Gettysburg campaign he became colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, and some time in the winter of 1862-63 I received his wedding cards, and the bride's name was Bridget. Many a time since I have thought that this was his boyhood love to whom he had remained steadfast while honors were falling about him. However that may be, he was killed while standing on a large bowlder, his regiment immediately before him and fighting almost at the very muzzles of its guns on Round Top.

Meanwhile fame's trumpet has been pealing, but not over his grave. Ah, how fickle she is! Everybody knows of his classmate, Cushing; not one in a thousand of dear old Pat! Yet I am sure that the spirits of Bayard and Sidney reached out their hands from heaven to grasp the gallant boy and welcome him to the company of gentlemen of all ages.—Atlantic.

He Didn't Inject It.

An elderly resident of Lynn, Mass., was talking about Mrs. Eddy, the head of the Christian Science church.

"When she lived here in Lynn," said the old man, "she conducted a temperance campaign for a time. She did a lot of good, though now and then she met with a rebuff. The story goes that a tramp once asked her for help.

"I'll help you, my friend," said Mrs. Eddy, "but first you must answer me one question. Do you or do you not drink beer?" "Why, lady," he said, "ye cert'n'y don't think I squirt it into me arm wid a syringe!"

Bismarck and the Ambassador.

Lord Russell, the English ambassador at the German court, called one day on Prince Bismarck at the palace of the latter, in Berlin. During the conversation Lord Russell remarked that a man in the chancery's position must be bothered with a great many troublesome callers.

"God knows how true that is," sighed the prince.

"But you certainly have some remedy or other to get rid of such people quickly?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Bismarck. "One of my best is that my good wife comes in to call me away on some pretext or other. Of course the caller can't remain after that."

These words were hardly uttered, when the princess entered and said in the most harmless way: "Otto, it is time to take your medicine. Do not forget it."

Lord Russell broke into a ringing laugh and took his leave at once.

Would Not Compromise.

A German traveler who tried to pass a meal ticket on the train was told by the conductor that he would have to pay the regular fare of 35 cents. The German argued and refused to pay more than 25 cents, whereupon the conductor stopped the train and put him off.

In a twinkling the traveler ran ahead of the engine and started to walk on the track. The engineer blew his whistle violently, but the irate German turned, shook his fist and called out: "You can vistle all you want to; I won't come back."

THE ZOO BY NIGHT.

Gleaming Eyes in the Blackness Give a Flavor of the Wilds.

The average grownup who visits the zoo thinks it rather a dull sort of show, for the fact that the animals are captive robs them of all the romance that would attach to them in their native forests.

But let the blasé sightseer obtain permission to visit the zoo at midnight, and his impressions will be very different. Darkness hides the bars and the boards, and the eyes of some wakeful creature gleam maliciously at you. For the moment you imagine that you are in the wilds, on equal terms with the creatures around.

Poised on the swings and platforms at the top of their cages sleep the monkeys, instinct surviving their loss of freedom, for in the forests they had to sleep thus to avoid the beasts of prey.

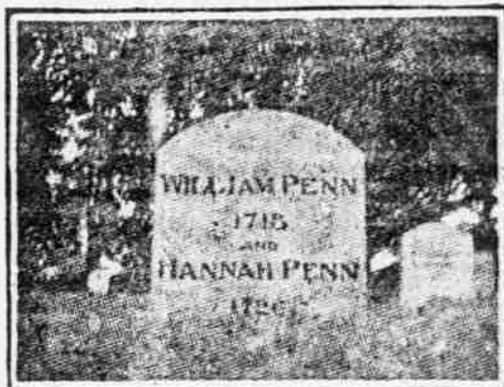
Here rests a lioness, prone upon her back, her legs rigid in the air and her paws hanging limply down. There reclines her lord, asleep upon his side, his paws turned in and his general pose not unlike that of a dog.

The more cunning and more cowardly of the animals do not seem to sleep at all, for as soon as they hear our approaching footsteps they give us their greeting with snarls and malevolent growlings and watch us suspiciously till we depart.—Pearson's.

PENN AND PEACE.

The Real Originator of the Idea of an Arbitration Tribunal.

It is an interesting fact that about 215 years ago William Penn wrote an essay suggesting an international parliament for the spread of peace like that now in session at The Hague. It was entitled "Essay Toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe" and has really been the basis of the movement culminating in The Hague tribunal. Two hundred years ago at this



PENN'S GRAVE AND HIS PORTRAIT BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

time Penn was in confinement in a debtors' prison despite his great services in the founding of Pennsylvania. His appointees in that province had tricked him in various ways until his interest in the province was mortgaged, and rather than pay fraudulent demands he allowed himself to spend nine months behind bars. Many Pennsylvanians make pilgrimages to Penn's last resting place in the burial ground attached to the Quaker meeting house at Jordans, Bucks, where his two wives also lie, his second, Hannah, in the same grave with himself. The tombstone at the head of his grave is remarkable for its simplicity. It is not more than two feet high and contains only Penn's name and that of his second wife, with the dates of their demise. Sometimes there has been talk of removing Penn's remains to this country and placing them under an imposing monument, but wiser counsels prevailed. Americans in London are interested in seeing this year a hitherto unpublished portrait of Penn by Sir Godfrey Kneller which for eighty years hung in a rectory in Westminster, but was recently exhibited at the Graves galleries in Pall Mall.

PRESIDENT OF NICARAGUA.

General Zelaya and His Central American Federation Ideas.

Almost midway between Mexico and Panama lies the Latin-American republic of Nicaragua. To the south is Costa Rica, to the north is Honduras, to the northwest Salvador and north of Salvador, Guatemala. All these little republics have their presidents, so called, though in general they are dictators whose rule lasts only until the next successful revolution. There has been a good deal of fighting between the different states of Central America. The president of Nicaragua, General Jose S. Zelaya, who for about a dozen years had controlled the destinies of this country, is ambitious to establish



PRESIDENT JOSE S. ZELAYA.

a Central American confederation embracing all the small states now existing as wholly independent governments. Naturally he wishes Nicaragua to be the leading state in the confederacy and aspires to be himself the chief executive of the proposed union. That is perhaps why his plan fails to arouse as much enthusiasm as might be expected in some of the other states. The executives of the latter are apparently in no haste to give up their offices in the interest of union.

MELONS IN STORAGE.

How a Rural J. P. Decided a Suit Between Neighbors.

Problems worthy of Solomon's acumen are often submitted to these rural arbitrators, justices of the peace. In the Macon county (Mo.) archives is a case of this sort:

Timothy Kain, a farmer of Easley township, set out some watermelon vines which grew so luxuriously that they trespassed upon the field of his neighbor, Felix Hopper. When gathering time came Kain's attempt to harvest his runaway product was rebuked by Hopper and his shotgun. The controversy got into court, and Squire William Easley, for whom the township was named, was asked to decide the ownership of ten watermelons worth 15 cents apiece. The lawyers for Kain read books to show that his rights of property followed the vines clear into the next county should they travel so far. Hopper's lawyers produced equally sound reading to prove that Hopper was entitled by law to anything that culminated on his premises. It wasn't Hopper's fault, they said, if the vines wanted to spread out and go visiting. He had the same right to them that he would have to a colony of honeybees that might get tired of being with Kain and concluded to move over and make honey for Hopper.

Squire Easley let the lawyers spout until they had read through all their books; then he arose to his six feet and said:

"Mitchell has read books that make it absolutely certain them melons belong to Kain. I hadn't any doubt in the world about that till Guthrie here got up and turned Mitchell's law bottom side up. There's no question but what there's enough law in the books for both Kain and Hopper, and that ought to make 'em happy. The court decides under the circumstances that with the law deciding both ways there's nothing to do but to hand out justice as he sees it. The judgment of the court is that those are Kain's melons."

"Thank you, your honor," said Mitchell, arising and bowing.

—But that he's indebted to Hopper

20 cents apiece for storage," finished the justice.

"But, your honor," said Mitchell indignantly, "you can't do that. They haven't filed any claim for storage. Besides, you're allowing them more for their melons than they're worth on the market."

"The court will take judicial notice of the defendant's rights, offset or no," said Squire Easley, with some asperity. "And your own evidence shows Hopper was diligently guarding Kain's property for him. That's worth something."

"Guarding it?" "Yes, Kain himself testified Hopper was there with a shotgun when he climbed over the fence."—Kansas City Star.

Professor Matched the Boss.

Boston and Cambridge people of an earlier day remember well Professor Child of Harvard, a scholar who was likewise a live man. They tell with great gusto a story about his faithful attention to city politics. Professor Child always attended to his duties as a citizen of Cambridge. One night he went to a ward meeting at which a boss began to put forth some of his warped ideas. The college professor was speedily on his feet and scathingly denounced the boss and his methods. After the meeting was over the good natured boss, just to show that he bore no ill will, met the scholar on the stairs and, genially handing over a cigar, said: "Have a smoke, profess?" His antagonist straightened up, took the cigar and said with great dignity, "Yes, I'll match you in any of your lesser vices."—Boston Herald.

Didn't Get a Patent.

Among the strange applications which reach the patent office one filed some years ago was most extraordinary, it being a petition for a patent for an ant guard which consisted in merely drawing a chalk mark around a table or other place by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. It seems that chalk makes an ant's legs slip as soaping a track prevents a railway engine from starting. The petition was novel and caused considerable amusement. The application, however, was refused on the ground that there was nothing new in the invention, that chalk had been used for such purposes before and that such ideas were not patentable.

Climbing 199 Steps to Church.

The only way of reaching the old parish church at Whitby, in Yorkshire, from the town is by means of 199 stone steps—probably as curious an approach to a place of worship as any in the kingdom. The church stands on the east cliff some 200 feet above the sea level, and to watch the crowd of worshippers before and after service threading its way up and down the winding stairway is a sight to be remembered.—London Strand.

Forgetful.

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if I ever caught you stealing jam again?" Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head with his sticky fingers.

"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it too. Hanged if I can remember."—Everybody's.

Mechanically.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor. Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.—Exchange.

The fault is always as great as he that commits it.—French Proverb.

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