

Toilet Articles

Where?

The Ideal Store

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
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Time Card
McCook, Neb.

MAIN LINE EAST—DEPART:	
No. 6	(Central Time) 9:20 P. M.
2	5:13 A. M.
12	7:15 A. M.
14	10:30 P. M.
16	7:40 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST—DEPART:	
No. 1	(Mountain Time) 8:30 A. M.
3	11:28 P. M.
5	8:30 P. M.
7	9:54 A. M.
9	12:28 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 176	arrives (Mountain Time) 5:05 P. M.
No. 175	departs 5:45 A. M.

Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked at any point in the United States or Canada.

For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write George Scott, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Lucius Flint is temporarily helper at the Atwood station.
Engine 2703 is over the drop-pit for usual repairs, this week.
C. M. Smith has been transferred to McCook from Republican City.
Railroad business, both freight and passenger is exceedingly brisk now.
Earl Gaddis, civil engineer, did some tract work for the company here, last week.
Nelson Rance was here from McCook several days, this week.—Red Cloud Chief.

Harry E. Amos of Wilmerding, Penn., a machinist, went to work for the company, yesterday.
Engineer A. G. Nash now sports a spanking good pair of young mules.—Herdon Nonpareil.

Conductor W. F. Myers is enjoying a brief respite from road activity on account of hot journal difficulty.
Miss Sadie Evans of McCook is visiting her sister, Mrs. Chas. McKenna this week.—Arapahoe Pioneer.

W. Fletcher is acting as substitute for night operator Showalter, who is ill of typhoid fever.—Arapahoe Mirror.
Several railroad men's families from Oxford and McCook expect to locate in Red Cloud soon.—Red Cloud Chief.

William Boyles, helper in the blacksmith-shop, was called to Liberty, this week, by news of the death of a sister.
The company's fire apparatus was sent to the fire, Thursday afternoon, but happily was not needed. Right spirit, anyhow.
The company is unloading sixty cars of coal in the yards here, in addition to the large surplus now piled in the yard for emergencies.

Conductor and Mrs. Worth Humphrey have deepest sympathy in the loss of their infant child, born and died, Wednesday of this week.
Mark Parkes of McCook, conductor on the Burlington, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parkes, Sr., here this week.—Red Cloud Chief.

Conductor and Mrs. Will Brace of Curtis are visiting his brother Arthur, formerly a Burlington employ at Curtis, in Portland, Oregon.
The company has added a new hose cart to the fire-fighting equipment of the shops, putting the department there in good shape to handle all emergencies.

Engineer Jay H. Snyder is in the Presbyterian hospital, Chicago, seeking relief from his ailment—the result of an injury more than a year since—by another operation, which all devoutly hope may be successful.
It is with regret we chronicle the intended removal of Station Agent Fred Tomblin to Denver, where he goes to accept a position in the B. & M. freight office. Mr. and Mrs. Tomblin expect to leave Arapahoe in the course of a month, and in the spring may be joined by Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Tomblin.—Arapahoe Mirror.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Difference Between Instinct and Reasoning Power.

Most animals have little self-consciousness, and their reasoning powers at best are of a low order, but in kind at least the powers are not different from reason in man. A horse reaches over the fence to be company to another. This is instinct. When it lets down the bars with its teeth, that is reason. When a dog finds its way home at night by the sense of smell, this may be instinct; when he drags a stranger to his wounded master, that is reason. When a jack rabbit leaps over a bush to escape a dog or runs in a circle before a coyote, or when it lies flat in the grass as a round ball of gray, indistinguishable from grass, this is instinct. But the same animal is capable of reason—that is, of a distinct choice among lines of action. Not long ago a rabbit came bounding across the university campus at Palo Alto. As it passed a corner it suddenly faced two hunting dogs running side by side toward it. It had the choice of turning back, its first instinct, but a dangerous one; of leaping over the dogs or of lying on the ground. It chose none of these, and its choice was instantaneous. It ceased leaping, ran low and went between the dogs just as they were in the act of seizing it, and the surprise of the dogs as they stopped and tried to hurry around was the same feeling that a man would have in like circumstances.—"Evolution and Animal Life."

PLANT ODDITIES.

Flowers That Possess Eyes, Though They May Not See.

The night lily has a thousand eyes, but a nasturtium leaf has more. Holding up his hand in front of a desert shrub, an experimenter has taken a micro-photograph showing half a dozen distinct images of his fingers formed by the eyes of the plant. Many common garden and wild flowers—the nasturtium, begonia, clover, wood sorrel and bluebell among others—possess eyes situated on their leaves. They are minute protuberances filled with a transparent gummy matter which focuses the rays of light on to a sensitive patch of tissue at the back of it in a similar manner to that in which the eyes of an animal do their work. A common nasturtium plant has thousands of such eyelets on its leaves, forming thousands of minute images of the objects around them. But, though a plant may have eyes, it does not follow that it sees. It is not yet known if the sense impressions are telegraphed to some central nerve exchange corresponding to the brain of the animal. In addition to these light sense organs many plants possess a touch of sensitiveness and a response to electric stimuli that show further resemblance to the animal world, while ferns, mosses and seaweeds in an early stage of their existence are capable of actually swimming through water.—Chicago Tribune.

The Lady in the Moon. An amateur astronomer writes of the "lady in the moon." "It is a very beautiful face seen in profile and uplifted, as though in proud disdain of things terrestrial. The curve of the throat is exquisite, and indeed the entire outline is marvelously lifelike. The moon lady may best be observed through a small opera glass when our satellite is at half. At that time the tip of the chin about touches the terminator—that is, the dividing line between the light and dark portions of the lunar surface. Most people can recognize the man in the moon. Well, the hair of the lady, in which I can always fancy I see a spray of orange blossom, forms the man's left eye, the nose and mouth his nose, and the chin and throat the man's mouth."

An Unhappy Comparison. A country minister had just received his first call to the charge of a small church, and his wife, of course, was highly excited—so much so that she was obliged to tell everybody of the good news.
One day she met a farmer's wife and began the conversation.
"Do you know, Mrs. Close," she said, "my husband has just secured the incumbency of a church, and I can't tell you how delighted I am."
"Yes," replied the sympathetic old lady, "I quite understand your feelings. I felt just that way when our pig took the gold medal at the cattle show."—Pearson's Weekly.

Very Plain. Two country women, mother and daughter, were at the circus for the first time. They were greatly taken with the menagerie. At last they came to the hippopotamus and stood for several minutes transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said slowly and solemnly: "My! Ain't he—plain?"

An Advantage. "Now," said Tommy's mother, "I hope you'll profit by that spanking and not be such a little savage hereafter."
"Boohoo!" blubbered Tommy. "I wish I wuz a little savage. Little savages' mammas don't wear slippers."
—Exchange.

Practical. "What," asked the dreamer, "would you do if you could be a king for a day?"
"Me?" answered the practical man. "I'd borrow enough money to live on for the rest of my life."—London Telegraph.

Possible Disturbance. "Do you think there will be war with Japan?" asked the nervous patriot.
"No," answered the easy going citizen. "Nothing worse than a little quarrelling over here about whether there will be war or not."—Washington Star.

It's so much easier to congratulate a man on his success than it is to sympathize with him in his misfortune.—Chicago News.

FOUGHT WITH PRESIDENT.

John A. McIlhenny, Host of Mr. Roosevelt on Hunting Trip.

"I have never told the president that he was sure of bagging a bear in Louisiana, but I have said to him that I consider the prospects excellent," declared Civil Service Commissioner John A. McIlhenny just before Mr. Roosevelt started on his hunting trip in the Louisiana canebrakes. Commissioner McIlhenny is something of a hunter himself, and to prepare for his duties as the host of the president during the latter's stay in Louisiana he had the thickets of Tensas parish explored by



JOHN A. McILHENNY.

guides previous to Mr. Roosevelt's advent to learn what the chances of game were. Mr. McIlhenny is a Democrat and formerly served as a member of that party in the Louisiana state senate, but he and the president have been close friends since the time when as fellow rough riders they went up San Juan hill together. The civil service commissioner is athlete, yachtsman, globe trotter, pepper sauce maker and plantation owner. He is thirty-seven years old and expects in December to lead to the altar an old sweetheart, Miss Stauffer, daughter of a leading wholesale merchant in New Orleans, granddaughter of General Dick Taylor of the Confederate army and great-granddaughter of President Zachary Taylor. His best man will be Captain Jack Greenway of Minnesota, another rough rider. The commissioner was growing peppers and making sauce on Avery Island, in Iberia parish, when the Spanish war broke out. He longed to smell powder and be in a real fight, so he joined the troop of which Mr. Roosevelt later became colonel. His achievements with the troop are described by the president in his book about the regiment. He makes reference to "the gallantry and daring of John A. McIlhenny," characteristics which won the young soldier promotion to the rank of second lieutenant.

SZECHENYI-VANDERBILT.

The Latest International Match and the Parties to It.

The latest American heiress to choose a foreign nobleman for a husband is Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, whose engagement to Count Ladislaus Szechenyi of Hungary was recently announced. Miss Vanderbilt is the youngest daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt and it is said, inherited about \$12,000,000 from her father's estate. Her intended husband is rich, like herself, and belongs to one of the greatest families in Hungary. Miss Gladys is in her twenty-first year, is a



MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT.

fine musician, having studied in Paris under Jean de Reszke, and is very accomplished. The count was born in Eger, Hungary, in 1879 and is the youngest son of the late Count Emerich Szechenyi, who was for some years ambassador from Austria-Hungary to Germany. Miss Vanderbilt's fiancé was educated for the army and is a reserve lieutenant in the Ninth hussars. He has the rank of imperial chamberlain, is a hereditary member of the house of magnates, the upper house of the Hungarian parliament, and divides his time between Vienna, Budapest and his country estate at Horpatsch, Hungary.

When to Lift Your Hat. In answer to the question, "Please tell when and where, or in, the correct time for a gentleman to lift or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette, in fact giving it to you offhand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow, when taking a bath, when eating, when going to bed, when taking up a collection, when having the hair trimmed, when being shampooed, when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

A Curious Anomaly. Until a few years ago the Philippine Islanders held their Sunday on the day which was Monday to the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Borneo. This curious anomaly arose from the historic fact that the Philippines were discovered by Spanish voyagers coming from the east round Cape Horn, while Borneo was discovered by Portuguese coming from the west, and sailors lose or gain a day according to their direction in crossing the Pacific.

His Title. "Papa," said little James, "what do they call a man who writes comic operas—a composer?"
"No, my son," the old man answered; "he is usually called a plagiarist."—Los Angeles News.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Actors Have Been Known to Die From the Malady.

Perhaps the most terrible malady which can attack the actor in the course of his performance in the peculiar disease known as stage fright. Through its evil effects strong men and women have been known to faint, break down and do many other queer things, and there are even on record several cases of people who have died through this horrible seizure.

Some years ago a young novice who was to appear for the first time arrived at the theater very white and shaky. Brandy being given him, he appeared slightly better, but no sooner had he set his foot on the stage than he clapped his hand to his heart, with a low cry, and fell down dead. The overwhelming sensation induced by stage fright had attacked his heart, and his theatrical career ended thus even at its beginning.

Quite as ghastly was the case of the young amateur actress who, strangely enough, had never experienced stage fright when playing with her fellow amateurs, but who was seized with the attack on making her first professional appearance. She went through the scene aided by the prompter, her eyes glazed, her hands rigid, and when the exit came it proved her exit from life's stage as well as the mimic boards, for she staggered to her dressing room and fell into a comatose state, from which she never recovered.

Perhaps, however, the most peculiar instance of all was that of the veteran performer who had gone through thirty years of stage work without experiencing this malady. One night, however, he confided to a fellow player that a quite unaccountable nervousness had suddenly taken hold of him and that he did not think he could ever act again.

His comrade laughed at the notion and urged him to go on, as usual, but his astonishment may well be conceived when the poor old player went on the stage and, after making several vain efforts to speak, fell back and expired. The doctor who made the post-mortem examination stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, evidently induced by the presence of an attack of stage fright.—Pearson's Weekly.

TYBURN TREE.

Lord Ferrers' Fragile Journey to the Famous Old Gallows.

Park lane was Tyburn lane, and it seems as if the gallows—described in an old document as movable—at one time stood at its east corner. It was there the ferocious Lord Ferrers was hung in 1759 for murdering his servant. Horace Walpole's words paint the picture well: "He shamed heroes. He bore the solemnity of a pompous and tedious procession of above two hours from the Tower to Tyburn with as much tranquillity as if he were only going to his own burial, not to his own execution." And when one of the dragons of the procession was thrown from his horse Lord Ferrers expressed much concern and said, "I hope there will be no death today but mine."

On went the procession, with a mob about it sufficient to make its progress slow and laborious. Small wonder that the age of Thackeray, with Thackeray's help, set up its scaffolds within four high walls. Asking for drink, Lord Ferrers was refused, for, said the sheriff, late regulations enjoined him not to let prisoners drink while passing from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, great indecencies having been committed by the drunkenness of the criminals in the hour of execution. "And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason, which, I am sure, will weigh with you—your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up at some tavern; the confluence would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire." But decency—so often paraded by those who outrage it—ended with the murderer's death. "The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried—the greatest tragedy, to his thinking, of the day!"—London Sketch.

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