

Time Card	
McCook, Neb.	
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:	
No. 6 (Central Time)	10:34 P. M.
12	5:15 A. M.
14	7:15 A. M.
16	9:42 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:	
No. 1 (Mountain Time)	10:50 A. M.
3	11:55 P. M.
5	8:30 P. M.
13	10:25 A. M.
15	12:28 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 126 arrives (Mountain Time)	5:05 P. M.
No. 125 departs	6:45 A. M.

**RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.**

Engineer W. C. Schenck was an Omaha visitor, fore part of the week.

Daniel Willard "passed up" this part of the McCook division in last week's inspection.

Fireman R. E. Love returned, fore part of the week, from a visit to his home in Pender.

Oscar Hammond, formerly with the McCook Laundry, is now a fireman out of Alamosa, Colorado, on the Rio Grande.

Will Chlanda, who served out his time here, is now foreman of the backshop for the Rio Grande at Alamosa, Colorado.

Engineer Barney Lewis has been under the weather for a few days with grip, is better, and expects to return to work in a few days.

F. W. Schultz, formerly master mechanic here, is giving a good account of himself on the Rock Island system as master mechanic.

Conductor William Hegenberger is now on the Orleans St. Francis run with headquarters at Herndon, Kansas, where the family is now located.

During his recent visit down in Colorado, Engineer W. C. Schenck met C. L. Eaton, who is now superintendent on the Rio Grande at Alamosa.

G. E. Bailey of the telegraph office force returned, first of week, from Creston, S. D., where he has been with the family for several weeks on the farm.

Engineer Ben Bowen has been confined to bed for a few days with a threatened attack of pneumonia. It is thought the pneumonia has been gotten under control.

Second Vice President Daniel Willard has just been over much of the Burlington territory and reports about 200 locomotives and 6,000 cars out of commission on account of slack business.

R. B. Archibald, who for years served the Burlington at this place as master mechanic with ability, is now back in harness again, in a similar position with the Santa Fe at LaJunta, Colorado.

Engineers W. A. Cline and F. A. Ritchie, who left the Burlington employ some months ago, and who have been working out of Omaha on the Union Pacific, have both been unfortunate in losing their positions on account of burning the crown sheets of their locomotives. Ritchie expects to work for the Santa Fe in the near future, but Cline has not secured a place yet. The Cline family, a few days since, was visited by the stork, who left a little girl with them.

**J. C. BALL, McCook**

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED

**FAIRBURY-HANCHETT WINDMILL**

This is a warranted and guaranteed windmill—nothing better in the market. Write or call on Mr. Ball before buying.

PHONE BLACK 307

The pay-car will be here, tomorrow. New flues are being given to the 646. Frank O'Connell, machinist apprentice, is on the sick-list.

Both high and low cylinders of the 2705 got new packing, yesterday.

Conductor Kent has been laying off this week and Bently has the 1421.

Conductor Beeler was off on a trip, first of the week, and Wilcott had his car.

Gus Budig is happy over being back to work, after that fall of over thirty feet.

The 1233 had her nose pulled off, the other day, and yesterday was given a new pilot.

Thirteen brakemen were let out of service on the Wymore division, close of last week.

**The Scrap Book**

**Not the Same.**  
A young woman who has recently taken charge of a kindergarten entered a trolley car and as she took her seat smiled pleasantly at a gentleman sitting opposite. He raised his hat, but it was evident that he did not know her.

Realizing her error, she said in tones audible throughout the entire car: "Oh, please excuse me! I mistook you for the father of two of my children!"

She left the car at the next corner.

**PETITION OF THE PLODDER.**  
Lord, let me not be too content With life in trifling service spent. Make me aspire.

When days with petty cares are filled, Let me with fleeting thought be thrilled Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace To struggle with the commonplace I daily find.

May little deeds not bring to fruit A crop of little thoughts to suit A shriveled mind.

I do not ask for place among Great thinkers who have taught and sung And scorned to bend Under the trifles of the hour. I only would not lose the power To comprehend.

—Independent.

**Competition With the Almighty.**  
When the first tracks of the Illinois Central railroad were being laid in southern Illinois the superintendent of construction went one day for a drink of water to a well beside the cabin of an old Kentucky dandy, who had found freedom and philosophy on the north side of the Ohio river. The old man was smoking his corncob pipe in the shade of his sycamore tree.

"Well, Uncle Sambo," said the railroad builder as he hung up the gourd on the well sweep again, "don't you do any work at all?"

"Me? Yass, sahr. I work six months every winter on a flatboat on dat river yonder."

"Well, I suppose when we get the railroad through you will want to come in with us and get a job on a flat car."

"No, sahr! Ain't nevah goin' to be 'nough work on your railroad to keep no man busy six months in the yah. Can't yo' see dat river yonder, flowin', flowin'? Lord he made dat river to float things down on, and der ain't no use buildin' a railroad to enter into competition with de Almighty."

**Polite James.**  
"James, I wish you would not come to school with such dirty hands. What would you say if I came to school with soiled hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

**An Evidence of Good Training.**  
When young Meagles took the train for Harvard his father said: "As soon as you find out let me know if you have passed your entrance examinations."

Two days later, in the midst of making a heavy deal, he received the following telegram: "Yes. J. Meagles, Jr."

Somewhat preoccupied and puzzled, he telegraphed back: "Yes, what?"

The well trained son wired back: "Yes, sir."

**A Safe Remedy.**  
His sleep had been disturbed nightly by the howling on his own back fence of his neighbor's cat. At last in despair he consulted his lawyer.

"There sits the cat every night on our fence," he explained, "and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to have any trouble with this neighbor, and I want you to suggest a remedy. I am well within my rights if I shoot the cat, am I not?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the legal light. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand it."

"No."

"And the fence does?"

"Yes."

"Then I think it safe to say that you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."—Lippincott's.

**Before He Ran For President.**  
"When I was in congress," said William Jennings Bryan, "I was asked to speak in Ohio in one of the campaigns. I went out loaded with a long address. The meeting was a big one. I was fourth on the list of speakers. The chairman looked me over as the third man was finishing. Apparently he was in doubt about something, for he tipped over to my chair and asked in a whisper, 'Excuse me, Mr. Bryan, but do you speak or sing?'"

**Train the Faculties.**  
Nikola Tesla was talking about his student days at Prague.

"I remember well," he said, "an old professor of great originality and acumen. This professor insisted on the value of a free use of the perceptive faculties and was always pointing out the need for this use in strange ways.

"One day on arising to lecture he began: 'Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation as you should.' 'He laid on the table before him a pot filled with some vile smelling chemical compound—a thick brown stuff.

"When I was a student," he went on, "I did not fear to use my sense of taste."

"He dipped his finger deep into the pot and then stuck his finger in his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen; taste it," he said, smiling grimly.

"The evil pot passed around the class, and one after another we dipped our fingers in it and then sucked them

clean. The taste of the thick brown compound was horrible. We made wry faces and spluttered. The professor watched us with a grim smile.

"When the pot was finally returned to him his thin lips parted, and he gave a dry chuckle.

"I must repeat, gentlemen," he said, "that you do not use your faculties of observation. If you had looked more closely at me you would have observed that the finger I put in my mouth was not the one I dipped into the pot."—Baltimore Herald.

**Vicarious Punishment.**  
A mother brought her little boy to school for his first time and said to the teacher:

"This little boy is very delicate, as he is after a fit of harmonica on the loongs, but if he does anything bold—and I know he will—babe the van next to him, an' 'twill frighten him."

**A Record Breaker.**  
A clergyman one Sunday morning was exhorting those who had troubled consciences to be sure and call on their pastor for guidance and prayer.

"To show you, my brethren, the blessed results of these visits with your pastor," said he, "I will state to you that only yesterday a gentleman of wealth called upon me for counsel and instruction, and now, today, my friends—today he sits among us, not only a Christian, but a happy husband and father."

A young lady in the audience whispered to a matron. "Wasn't that pretty quick work?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Farical Vengeance.**  
A magazine editor was congratulating Richard Harding Davis on the success of his farces.

"You handle the farce," said the editor, "as skillfully as you used to handle the short story. You have the gift of seeing everything in a farical light. Could you treat farically the situation of a wife's elopement with her husband's friend? Would you get any fun out of a situation so grimly sad and horrible as that?"

Mr. Davis laughed.

"One of the principals in just such a situation," he said, "got a good deal of fun out of it. I allude to the deserted husband. He got fun and a terrible revenge as well. This deserted husband sent the aforesaid best friend a packet and the following letter:

"Dear Sir—Please hand the inclosed set of false teeth to my late wife and ask her to be so good as to return my father's, which, in the hurry of the moment, she took by mistake."

**Making Home Attractive.**  
A district visitor in the slums of London asked the wife of a notorious drinker why she did not keep her husband from the public house.

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?" she asked.

"I'm sure I've tried 'ard to make it 'omelike, ma'am," was the reply. "I've took up the parlor carpet and sprinkled sawdust on the floor and put a beer barrel in the corner, but, lor, ma'am, it ain't made a bit of difference."

**Where Johnny Put the "G."**  
A teacher in a New England school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce final "g." One day when a small boy was reading he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," interrupted the teacher, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try that last sentence again."

Johnny reread as before, "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, no," said the teacher a little impatiently. "Don't you know all I've told you about pronouncing the 'g'?"

Johnny's face lightened, and he began again confidently, "Gee, what a good time I am havin'!"—Everybody's.

**Easily Satisfied.**  
Shaughnessy, hearing that the bank in which he kept his savings had failed, rushed around with his bankbook and demanded his money. The teller began to count it out.

"Oh, ye've got it, have ye?" said Shaughnessy, with a sigh of relief. "Kape it, then. Oi don't want it as long as ye have it."

**Pals of the President.**  
Colonel Harry Hall of Pittsburg was in London riding on top of a bus. He asked the driver several questions, and then the driver said, "You have not one of us, sir?"

"No," Hall replied. "I am an American."

"Hamerica is a fine place, sir. Hi lived there once."

"Where?"

"Why, sir, Hi lived in Washington. Hi was coachman for Sir Frederick W. Bruce when 'e was minister there, sir. We was most familiar with the hold Grant, sir, when he were president—most familiar."

"How was that?" inquired the astonished Hall.

"Why, sir, my marster was 'is pettiest friend—most pettiest. Many's the night I have driven 'im to the White House and sat there, 'im on the inside an' 'e hon the houtside, for 'ours at a time."

**Little Acts of Kindness.**  
Walter's mother had made a point of teaching him to be kind to animals.

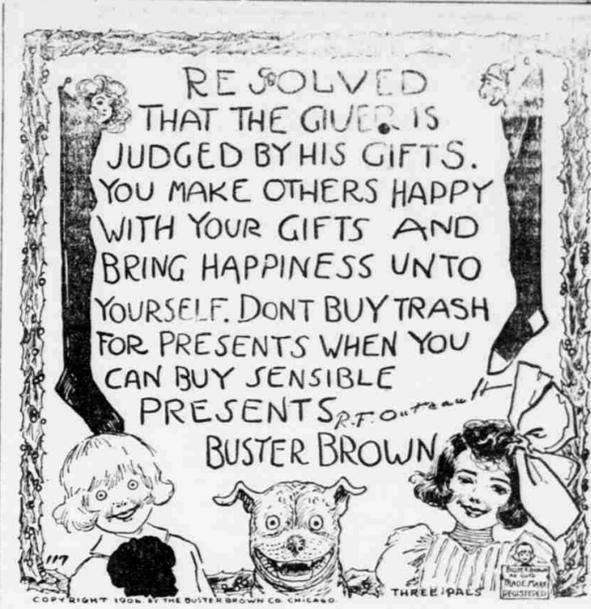
"Oh, mother," he exclaimed one day, "I'm sure you will like the little girl who's moved in next door! She's so kind to animals!"

"She looks like a nice little girl," said Walter's mother, "and I think I shall like her, but how is she kind to animals?"

"We had some chestnuts just now, and she found a worm in one, and she—didn't eat it!"—Lippincott's.

**Resolved**  
THAT THE GIVER IS JUDGED BY HIS GIFTS. YOU MAKE OTHERS HAPPY WITH YOUR GIFTS AND BRING HAPPINESS UNTO YOURSELF. DON'T BUY TRASH FOR PRESENTS WHEN YOU CAN BUY SENSIBLE PRESENTS.

**BUSTER BROWN**



SENSIBLE PRESENTS ARE GOOD THINGS FOR SENSIBLE PEOPLE TO GIVE. BOTH MEN AND WOMEN LOVE TO GET THINGS TO WEAR. WE ARE OFFERING DISCOUNT ON MEN'S OVERCOATS AND SUITS, LADIES' COATS AND FURS. COME AND SEE WHAT NICE PRESENTS YOU CAN GET FROM OUR LINE OF NECKWEAR, HOSIERY, HANDKERCHIEFS. THE NEW LINE OF COMBS, HANDBAGS, BELTS AND NECKWEAR WHICH WE SELL AT 1-3 LESS THEN REGULAR PRICE SHOULD INTEREST YOU. COME AND LOOK AND GET OUR PRICES.

**C. L. DeGROFF & CO.**  
McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

**Hand Painted Japanese Ware**

JUST THE THING FOR CHRISTMAS

Large Pieces = Small Pieces  
See Our Windows. Get Our Prices.

Fruits, Nuts, Fresh Vegetables and Candies

**"WHITE HOUSE QUALITY"**  
SCOTT & STONER  
Fahrenbruch Block, W. Dennison St. Fone 30

**Holiday Greeting**  
FROM

**DAVIDSON FLORAL CO.**  
of Holdrege, Nebraska

ROSES	SMILAX	HOLLY
CARNATIONS	BOXWOOD	HOLLY WREATHS
NARCISSUS	FESNS	GREEN WREATHS
HYACINTHS	LOUCOTHE SPRAYS	ING, ground fine,
VIOLETS	GALAX LEAVES,	ropes or wreaths
LILY of the VALLEY	green and bronze	XMAS TREES
CALLA LILIES	MISTLETOE	PAPER BELLS, etc.

We grow our own flowers, hence they are always fresh. Leave your orders early for best results.

**At Merle's Bakery, McCook, Neb.**

**McCook Tribune, Still \$1.00**

FOR SALE, FOR RENT, ETC.

FOR SALE—Hay, cane and straw. Phone 1651. DAVID DEVENY.

FOR SALE—Several pieces of furniture good as new. Mrs. George Enoch, over the Merle bakery.

ROOMS FOR RENT—First door north of Methodist church. Furnace heat.—tf.

Room for rent with heat, two blocks east of Bee Hive.—It\*

FOR TRADE—100-acre tract of land in Frontier county, one-half smooth land, 40 acre cultivated, to trade for residence property in McCook. Write N. H. Jones, Hastings, Nebraska.—12 13 2ts.

**A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.**  
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Great Lumber & Coal Center**

Home of Quality and Quantity, where

**W. C. BULLARD**

sells THE BEST LUMBER AND COAL.

Are you thinking of building? If so, it is best to one our figures will please you.

M. O. McCLURE,  
Phone No. 1. Manager.