

OUR PRESIDENTS



WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

The twenty-fifth president of the United States was a native of Niles, O. Born in 1843. Mr. McKinley was the twenty-fourth man to hold the office. But is called the twenty-fifth president because Mr. Cleveland, having been elected the second time after an interim, is known as the twenty-second and twenty-fourth president. McKinley rose to the rank of major in the civil war. He became a lawyer, served several terms in congress with conspicuous ability and was elected governor of Ohio in 1891 and again in 1893. He defeated William J. Bryan for the presidency in 1896 and 1900. President McKinley was assassinated by Leon Czolgosz at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1901.

The Leprechaun Lochinvar.

A New Year's Story
...By Olive Harper...

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I T was just this wise, yis; Me aunt's second cousin, Rory O'Brannigan, an' betoken it wor me great-aunt by marriage an' not me own blood relation at all, at all, an' it wor the talk av the county at the time av it, an' that's thrue for yez, an' it wor a Leprechaun as done it.

Lizzie McFadden wor her name. Och, there's a gell at the bottom av all things as goes worrit, to be sure, an' she's name wor Elizabeth, after the blissid saint, an' Rory wor he's name, an' she's name wor Lizzie for short.

Lizzie wor a purty gell, wid two eyes as black as sloes an' hair so black an' shiny that it wor like the gown Lady Morris wore to mass. An' the two cheeks av her! Oh, wirra, but they wor rid, ridder nor roses nor a robin's brist, an' her lips matched 'em. Oh, aye, she wor a swate, purty gell, an' sassy an' imperent! Her tongue it wor hung in the middle an' loose at both inds, wid honey on one ind an' a sting in the other.

Sometimes she would sting first an' put the honey on after, but more times she'd honey yez all up till yez t'ought she wor all honey, an' then yez'd git the sting av it, an' it wud keep yez on tinterhooks to know fwat wor comin' nixt.

So, as I sid, Rory O'Brannigan wor did in love wid her, but sorra's the day! He wor that distressed that he had nothin' in the wide wuruld but the two hands av him, a big, strong body, a curly yellow hid like a singin' linnet an' two blue eyes filled wid diviltry an' fun. Yis, he wor in love wid Lizzie, but no one ivver t'ought she ivver encouraged him, for wid all her scornful ways an' stigin' spache she wor a discrete, well conducted gell, rig'lar for her juty an' up betimes for first mass.

She wor maid to Lady Morris foive year come Candlemas, an' jurin' that time she kipt compny wid no wan at all, at all. Whin Lady Morris died Lizzie kem home to remain wid her feyther, an' the auld spalpeen wor a widdy man, an' he seen a widdy woman in Kerry wid a foine shnug farrum, an' he an' she wor goin' to be married nixt Lady day. The widdy eudent abide to have a young gell about, an' specul one so purty as Lizzie, for it made her look twenty years aulder.

Yis, so thin she bedivelled the auld mon—the omadhoun!—to see Feyther McCarthy an' have him pick out a husbun' for her. An' bechune 'em they fixed on Pat McGowan, the widdy's own nevy, God hilp us, so she do.

Now, Lizzie wor oliver, an' betimes whin worrek'n for Lady Morris as her own maid she had mony a shillin' an' na' crown give her, for there wor foine dol'n's an' fashions av compny, an' Lizzie wor nate an' purty, an' so they all made her foine prinsits too. She saved this unbeknownst to any wan, for she t'ought if she quitted livin' out an' kem home to worrek on the farrum she'd alm' her keep. It is told that after her foive years av service, settin' aside her reg'lar wages fwat she give to her feyther, she had as mooch as fifty pound.

Yis, an' well, thin, her feyther, the

widdy an' Feyther McCarthy an' all the neighbors urged Pat McGowan on her, marnin', noon an' night. An' he kem about wid he's hat on the side av his hid an' a dandherin' av he's shillalah an' a boastin' av all the propiety he'd have whin he's aunt died. He wor the blackguardliest lookin' hunk av mate yez'd foind in the six counties.

Lizzie she said but little, for she wor outnumbered, yez see, but thin that she knewed her from a baby an' that wor not blinded loike her feyther an' Feyther Francis McCarthy, who hilt out for Pat, cud see as she wor not happy. But she wor too proud to ivver let any wan see it. An', to crown it all, Rory hilt the place, an' nobody knowed where he wint.

Whin Lizzie promised her feyther he built her a shmall house about two mile from the widdy's farm, on the edge of the highroad to the valley an' the nixt town. He sold his holdin's in the auld place an' all he had to move to the widdy's whin they wor married—all but wan harse. Lizzie made so much fuss over this, an' cried so harrud that the auld spalpeen av a feyther milted an' kep' it for Lizzie. It hadn't its aqul in all Kerry, savin' wan, an' that wor he's full brother, an' that belonged to a man far up the valley, where Rory wurked sometimes. They wor just as black as a crow an' loike the pictures av harses in books. My, but their tails an' manes wor long an' floated in the wind soft an' free. Nivver wor two harses finer to look at dancin' an' runnin', too, when let. My, but they wor fine harses, an' it is a pity, so it wor!

Yis, I'm comin' to that. As I say, Lizzie wouldn't let Gerge, the harse, be sold, an' so he wor took to Kerry an' called Lizzie's harse.

So whin her feyther wor married wid the widdy she wint for to live wid him, but she soon seen she wor unwelcome, an' like a jufull gell she say she will marry Pat, so whin the bit av a house wor done an' plenished she wor cried in church three Sundays, an' thin she say she would be married under her own roof on New Year's or not at all, at all.

So, thin, seein' as she wor so determined, the rist they give in, an' all the intoure neighborhood kem to the little new house to see the weddin' wid Pat McGowan. We all farmed a percession an' walked along the road, an' Lizzie wor drissed in a fine white gown fwat Lady Morris give her, but she wor whiter nor her driss, an' I seen her movin' her lips all along the road like she wor talkin' wid some one we eudent see. She looked like she wor aslaip.

Whin we all kem to the dure av the feyther's house an' wor walkin' along decorous an' quiet Rory O'Brannigan wor standin' by it, an' whin Lizzie passed him by wid a strange kin' av look he say nivver a word, but he's face look like a cold corpus. He look at Lizzie, but she nivver raise her eyes to him.

All the company had gathered at her fayther's farrum, where her stipmother had made a foine faste for all. There wor fitches av bacon b'iled wid cabbage, baked praties, an' butter galore, an' hot cakes, an' milk an' buttermilk, an' sparrens, an' bloaters, an' kippers bried, an'—oh, I eudent tell you in a wake—an' scones, an' fine white bread, an' tay, an' whusky for the askin'.

Whin it grewed dusk av the twilight there wor to be the marriage an' the ingatherin'. An' the first fire wor to be made on the hearth. Feyther Francis had a little altar fixed on the big chist av drawers, an' Lizzie suddint would have it, that the ceremony shuddent

begin till on the stroke av twelve, just as the New Year wor comin' in.

So she wor that obstinate that no one cud control her, an' instid av the marriage bein' at twilight it wor set for twelve, an' she would have it that they should dance at her feyther's—all av them that could shake a leg. Auld Pat Rafferty wor the fiddler, an' Andy McGraw wor the piper, an' they wint at it hot fit. All the wimmin say it wor dangerous for to go through the roads bechune half past eivin' an' twelve, for the Leprechauns are out thin, an' sorra's the day for the bride they catch!

It wor two miles to the little house from the big farm, an' at last all wor ready to start. Danny Dooly kerried the burnin' turf for to start the new foire, an' they wor all singin' an' dancin' along. Feyther Francis wor pretty well set up, for Lizzie she kep' pourin' whusky intil he's glass an' intil he's cup av tay till he didn't know fwat he wor takin', tay or whusky. An' the clerk he wor put on the donkey, an' one av the min hilt him on jurin' the ride.

They wor all dancin' an' crackin' jokes all the way till they kem to the house. Thin Danny an' Mary Kiley wint an' got down on their marra bones an' built the fire. The bride she wor on her big black harse Gerge, an' Pat wor ridin' near, an' thin fwat had donkeys an' harses rode thin an' fwat didn't walked. An' fwat wid the darkness an' the confusion no one cud see his felly to know him. An' whin they kem to the deepest shaddy av the hills an' trees there kem in among thin a dark man on a big black harse, an' no one knowed who it wor, an' Gerge, Lizzie's harse, whimpered, an' so did the other wan, an', bein' fierce an' mettlesome, they begin to rare an' dance, an' all the rest got away as fast as they cud, for the big rider av the other black harse niver said no wurrud nor even "God save yez all," as a Christian ought, an' so we knowed after that it wor the Leprechaun.

Leprechauns, as yez know, are the wicked fairies that watch out an' steal brides away from their husbands jurin' the dancin' or whilst they are goin' to the new home. They carry thin aff to the wild glins, an' they're nivver heard av ag'in.

Lizzie sid nivver a wurrud to nobody, an' whin they wor in the darkest spot the big black harse danced along be the side av Gerge, an' some says they heard mutterin' talk, but this is not sure. Whin the party kem to the house the big black harse wor gone, an' nobody seen him go nor heard him. But he wor gone.

Lizzie she say nivver a wurrud to nobody, but wint in the house an' left Gerge tied wid the rist. She pat he's head first an' whisper somethin' to him. She know there wor no mate for him in Kerry for the long strid, long wind an' injurance but he's own full brother, an' he wor sold away.

So Lizzie jump to the ground an' wint in an' stud ferminst the foire, holdin' out her han's to the blaze. Nora Kelley she say afterward that Lizzie had the look av wan as had seen a banshee.

The feyther an' stipmother an' Feyther Francis wor a comin' in the carry, an' an' that wor slower an' had not come yit.

Lizzie she go to her bidroom an' put aff her fine gown an' put on a warm wan, sayin' she wor cold, an' she had her hud an' long cloak tied on the harse, an' there they stayed. Pat McGowan wor more than half seas over fwat wid the tostin', an' Lizzie she nivver dance a stip, an' she the lightest fuffed gell in Kerry.

Lizzie wor standin' like a did wan, wid a shmile like it wor carved in white stone. The feyther an' mother an' the praste wor not yit kem, but Lizzie she start an' say she see her feyther's face at the windy, an' she go out, sayin' nothin' to nobody, but Widdy Shaughnessy she say it wor the Leprechaun as done it to get her out, an' she wor gone afore any wan t'ought to tell her. In a minute we heered harses' hoofs poundin' on the road, an' they wor gone.

It wor the Leprechaun as took her feyther's features to beguile her out, an' thin he t'run her on he's own harse, an' hers wor obliged to folly. Leprechauns is compellin' like the little p'aple, an' so Lizzie rode away wid him. Many young brides are beguiled away loike that, specunly if they be purty, wid the enchantments.

First we wor all scared an' dared not move, an' thin Pat he say, "A hunner pound to him as catches thin!" But who can catch a Leprechaun? No wan. Feyther Francis an' the feyther an' mother kem just thin, an' the good praste say go, an' thin as had holy relics wor safe. But whin they got to get on their harses, sure, they wor all tied together fasht wid a bran new rope that wor nivver made wid human hands. An' before they wor untied it wor too late, for no one cud hear a soun' from no direction. An' we all knowed that now Lizzie wor in the deeps av the bog begran an' no one would ivver see her ag'in.

So we all stayed in the little house till day, an' whin we wint out all we cud fin' wor the hoof prints av two harses.

Three months after Pat died wid a sickness. He wor allus a hard drinker, an' now he done nothin' else sence Lizzie wor kerried aff by the Leprechaun till he kem to see awful visions snt by the bewitchments av the Leprechauns.

Fwat bekem av Rory O'Brannigan? Well, it wor nivver rightly understood, but he disappeared that same noight. He had no call to come to the weddin', for nobody axed him, an' he nivver seeked out Lizzie to court her, nor she didn't shmoile at him nivver, but he wor nivver seen in Kerry any more. Some t'ought as maybe the Leprechauns done away wid him.

"Did we ivver hear from him at a Faith, there wor a mon av Kerry that wint to Ameriky, an' he kem back to take the auld p'aple wid him, an' he say he seen Rory in New York, an' he wor a policeman wid a club as big as yer arrum an' wid gool' buttons on he's coat an' a hat like a basin, on'y all white. But sure that eudent be thrue, for they eudent take harses wid 'em nor shwin the say. Yis, it wor the Leprechauns as took Lizzie.

Glang of the Army.

In the army there are expressions peculiar to itself. Heard for the first time by outsiders, they need interpretation. Among the most common are "like" for "march," "striker" for a soldier serving as bodyservant or house man for an officer, "C. O." for "commanding officer" and "O. D." for "officer of the day," "hop" and "hoproom" for "dance" and "dancing room," "citz clothes" for "civilian dress," "commissaries" for "groceries," "coffee cooler" for an officer who is always looking for an easy job in some staff position, "found" when an officer fails to pass his examinations and "shavetail" for a youngster just out of West Point. Among the soldiers the expressions have multiplied until quite a vocabulary of strange words has been established. "Bobtail" is a dishonorable discharge. "Orderly bucker" is a soldier who, when going on guard duty, strives by extra neatness of appearance to be appointed orderly to one of the officers. "Dog robber" is the soldier's contemptuous expression for "striker."—Leslie's Weekly.

Her Visitor.

A young married man of extremely jealous disposition recently visited one of the most famous mediums in London. Being far from home, he wanted to know what his wife was doing. "She is looking out of the window, evidently expecting some one."

"That is strange," said Benedict. "Whom can she expect?" "Some one enters the door, and she caresses him fondly," went on the medium.

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now he lays his head on her lap and looks tenderly in her eyes."

"It's false! I'll make you pay dearly for this!" yelled the jealous husband.

"Now he wags his tail," said the medium. The green eyed monster subsided, and the young husband cheerfully paid over his consulting fee.—London Scraps.

A Peer and His Patent.

After it is once issued the patent for the creation of a new peerage cannot be altered. Otherwise Lord Glenawley would be written Lord Glenawley, as Glenawley was written by a clerk in mistake for this word. Another interesting case of a similar nature is that of Charles Pawlet, afterward third Duke of Bolton, who died in 1754. In 1717, while his father, the second duke, was still alive, Pawlet was made a peer as Lord Pawlet of Basing, although the intention of the king and his advisers was to summon him to the house of lords under one of his father's junior titles—that of Baron St. John of Basing. However, the writ of summons had been made out to Lord Pawlet of Basing, and Pawlet bore this title until he became Duke of Bolton in 1722.—Westminster Gazette.

Simple Rules of Health.

Never pick your teeth with any hard substance. Bar the pick unless it is made of soft white pine. Repeated use of a hard pick drives the gums away from the teeth, and pretty soon you are a victim of Riggs disease. After the meal pick your teeth gently, then rinse out your buccal cavity with an antiseptic solution of tepid water. After rinsing use a gargle to clean out the throat—a solution of salt in water. Wash off your tongue as far back as you can reach and scrape the root of it once in awhile with an instrument of silver made for the purpose. And, above all, never put anything into your mouth that does not agree perfectly with your stomach, if it is expected to descend be'ow the throatlatch.—New York Press.

Strange Uses For Churches.

There are cases innumerable of churches being used during England's civil war to accommodate the horses of one or another regiment of the opposing troops. Dedham church still shows traces of Puritan vandalism in the mutilated sculpture. The oak door, at one time elaborately decorated with small carved figures of saints, now shows the figures without their heads. And there is the famous case of Notre Dame at Paris, which during the days of the Revolution was converted into a "temple of reason," with its goddess, a ballet dancer, enthroned on a mound in the midst of the choir.—Strand Magazine.

As Bait.

Mrs. A. (over phone)—Can you send me up a cook today, Mr. Dwyer? Head of Intelligence Office—Sorry I can't accommodate you, Mrs. A., but we have only one in the office. Mrs. A.—But why mayn't I have her? Head of Intelligence Office—Oh, we have to keep her as a sample!—Harper's Weekly.

Trapped.

He was telling her about the members of his cricket team. "Now, there's Brown," said he; "in a few weeks' time he'll be our best man." "Oh, Jack," she gushed, "what a nice way to ask me!"—London Judy.

On the banks of the river Purus, in South America, is found a small tribe of Indians whose dark skin is spotted with lighter blotches.

NOTICE.

Defendants, the unknown heirs, devisees and assigns of Hannah Schuler, deceased, will take that on the 18th day of December, 1907, Glover plaintiff filed his petition in the county court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, against you, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a decree of this court in favor of plaintiff and against said defendants quieting his title in and to the south half of the north east quarter and the north half of the south east quarter of section fifteen, township two, north of range twenty-nine, west of the sixth principal meridian in said county, against the claims and demands of said defendants; and that the cloud cast upon plaintiff's title by the claims of defendants and each of them be removed and each of them be decreed to have no title in or to said land; but that the same be decreed to be in the plaintiff discharged of all the claims or demands in law or in equity of defendants or any of them, for costs and for general relief and that on the 18th day of December, 1907, said court ordered that service be made upon you by publication. You are required to answer said petition on or before the twenty-seventh day of January, 1908.

Dated December 19, 1907.—12-20-415. WILSON GLOVER, Plaintiff. By W. S. Morlan, his attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the county court. In the matter of the estate of Sarah J. Cooley, deceased. To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in McCook, in said county, on the 28th day of June, 1908, at one o'clock p. m., to examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 14th day of December A. D. 1907, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 14th day of December, 1907.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county court, this 14th day of December, 1907. J. C. MOORE, County Judge. Boyle & Eldred, Attorneys.—12-20-415.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the county court. In the matter of the estate of Fannie E. Green, deceased. To the creditors of said estate: You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in McCook, in said county, on the 28th day of June, 1908, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., to receive and examine all claims against said estate, with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 27th day of December, A. D. 1907, and the time limited for payment of debts is one year from said 27th day of December, 1907.

Witness my hand and the seal of said county, this 23rd day of December, 1907.—12-27-415. [SEAL.] J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

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