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COULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

The Judge Raised, but the Culprit Promptly Called.
A correspondent sends in the following account of an incident which occurred in his presence in a Kentucky courtroom:
Under the laws of Kentucky the penalty for gaming is a fine of from \$20 to \$50. Judge W. W. Jones was holding a term of circuit court, and when the case of the commonwealth of Kentucky against Daniel Cross was called he asked Daniel if he had a lawyer to defend him. Daniel said he had not, and Judge Jones asked him what he wanted to do about his case, which was a charge of gaming.
"I don't know, hardly, judge," said Daniel. "I thought I would just pay it off."
"Were you actually playing?" said the judge.
"I guess we were," Daniel replied. "About how much were you playing for, Daniel?" the judge asked.
"Oh, nothing much," said Daniel. "Just a nickel or dime on the corner."
"Well, Daniel," said the judge. "I will see your dime and raise you \$20."
Daniel looked rather crestfallen for a moment; but, catching the force of the judge's remark, he quickly looked up at the judge and said, "Well, judge, I am satisfied that you have got me beat, so I'll not raise you, but I guess I will have to call you."—Law Notes.

EXPENSIVE BOOKS.

Prices That Prevailed Before the Invention of Printing.
In the present day it seems very strange to read about the prices of books before the invention of printing.
King Alfred gave a very large estate for a book on cosmography. In the year 1174 Walter, prior of St. Swithin's at Winchester, purchased of the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, "Bede's Homilies" and "St. Austin's Psalter" for twelve measures of barley and a pall on which was embroidered in silver the history of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king.
About the year 1400 a copy of John of Meun's "Roman de la Rose" was sold before the palace gate at Paris for 40 crowns, or about \$175.
The Countess of Anjou paid for a copy of the "Homilies of Halmon," bishop of Halberstedt, 200 sheep, five quarters of wheat and the same quantity of rye and millet.
In 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of Rhasis, the Arabian physician, from the faculty of medicine at Paris he not only deposited by way of pledge a considerable quantity of plate, but he was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as surety in a deed binding himself under a great forfeiture to restore the books.

No Time to Lose.
"Sir," said the young man, entering the office, "I sent you a communication yesterday."
"Well?" asked the grim faced man.
"Well, Mr. Prater, I thought perhaps you might give me a reply to my request, and—"
"Wait a minute," said Mr. Prater. "Are you the man that sent this account for £10 for hats for my daughter?"
"No, sir; I—"
"Then you are the one that left this bill for £53 for her dresses?"
"No, sir. My commu—"
"Then it must be this for £7 for shoes."
"No, sir. My note was one asking if I might have your daughter's hand."
"You want to marry her?" gasped Mr. Prater. Then, turning over the pile of bills, he urged: "Take her, young man! I don't know your name, but take her quickly! She's talking about doing some more shopping."—London Scraps.

A Paris Restaurant.
The Parisian men are not likely to grumble at being asked to dine in dress clothes in any particular London restaurant, for they have in Paris one dining place where this unwritten law has always been enforced. No man ever goes to dine at the Armenoville in the Bois de Boulogne without putting on his dress clothes. Why fashion has decreed that a Frenchman may dine at any of the boulevard restaurants in tenue de ville, but must wear a swallowtail coat when he drives to the big park of Paris to dine, no one knows. It is custom, and there to a Parisian is the end of it.—Bellman.

The Effect on the Nerves of Gambling.
How can a man do his daily work quietly, which represents perhaps only the earning of a few shillings, when his anxious other neurotic self is wondering how a horse he has never seen, ridden by a jockey he has only heard of, in a race he has only read about, is faring as to money ostensibly his, which he cannot afford to lose because he has not perhaps got it if he should have to pay? Is such an existence likely to add to the race value of our stock of fleeting patriotism?—Fry's Magazine.

Made Him a Sinker.
Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dog livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots he'd sink to the bottom like a brick.—London Bystander.

The Meek.
"You should try to be a little less assertive, my dear. Remember, the meek shall inherit the earth."
"Oh, yes; I dare say they will—when the others have done with it!"—London Opinion.

Joys are not the property of the rich alone.—Horace.

Famous People of the Moment

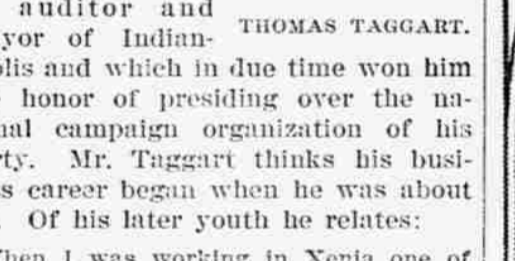
Kogoro Takahira, Japanese Diplomat, Who Looks Like Kipling.
Thomas Taggart's Start in Business.



KOGORO TAKAHIRA.
THE expected appointment of Kogoro Takahira as successor to Viscount Aoki at Washington in the Japanese ambassadorship is taken to mean that Tokyo is especially anxious to maintain friendship with the United States. Mr. Takahira made a fine record in this country before as the Japanese minister, and when at the close of the Russo-Japanese war the Japanese legation at Washington became an embassy, in compliment to the part the United States played in ending that contest, Viscount Aoki was appointed first ambassador on account of his high rank. But Mr. Takahira is himself an ambassador now, being at the head of his country's embassy at Rome. His advancement to the embassy at Washington would be looked upon as a well merited promotion. He is about fifty-three, is a descendant of the old samurai, is sometimes called a "Yankee of the orient" and is likened in appearance to Rudyard Kipling. His diplomatic record is as follows: Attache in foreign office at Tokyo at twenty-six, charge d'affaires of the Washington legation, chief of the political bureau of the Japanese foreign office, consul general at New York, minister to Denmark and Holland, minister to Italy, Austria and Switzerland, vice minister for foreign affairs, minister to the United States and ambassador to Italy. The diplomat once heard two women discussing his nation.

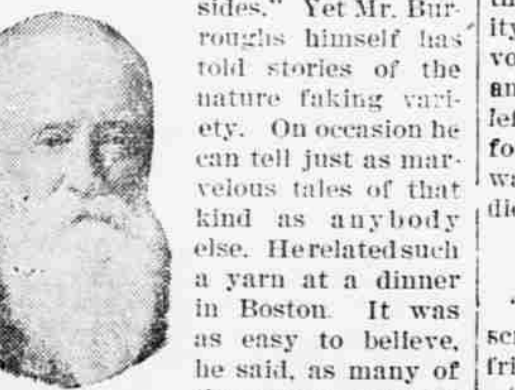
"The Japanese," said one of them, "ought to be excluded from the country. Their young men come here to school, and no sooner do they arrive than they begin a systematic course of cheating."
"How is that?" asked the other.
"They pay tuition for only one," said the complainant, "and they learn enough for two or three."

The rise of Thomas Taggart, chairman of the Democratic national committee, who has been in the public eye on account of the meeting of that committee at Washington, was altogether out of the ordinary. About thirty years ago, when the girls in the railway lunch room at Indianapolis said "Draw one!" it was Taggart, then a red cheeked, blue eyed and broad shouldered young Irishman, who might have been seen turning the faucet of the coffee urn. It was a happy combination of industry and good humor which caused the youth's elevation through the various stages of lunch counter keeper, restaurant proprietor, hotel keeper, county auditor and mayor of Indianapolis and which in due time won him the honor of presiding over the national campaign organization of his party. Mr. Taggart thinks his business career began when he was about six. Of his later youth he relates:
When I was working in Xenia one of my duties was to go up the road every morning to buy flowers for my employer. At the hotel across the way there lived a very pleasant lady, Mrs. John Durand. One day she said to me, "Tom, bring me a flower when you come back," and every morning she would tell me what she would like, but never say anything about the money. My salary, a very small one in those days, was turned over to my family, but I was careful then and managed to save a couple of dollars that I had made by extra work. With this money I paid for the flowers for Mrs. Durand as long as it lasted. Then I would borrow the money until I had spent in all \$7 or \$8 for flowers, but I was ashamed to suggest payment to the lady.



Things went on from day to day, but strangely enough I never despaired of being repaid for my outlay. One day she called me to her and handed me \$5. At that time it seemed a tremendous sum, and that really was the nucleus of any financial success I have had and stands out in my life as a memory of a very happy time. That day, with that \$5 in my pocket, I would not have exchanged places with any one in the world.

It is claimed by some that it was not President Roosevelt who started the much talked of campaign against nature faking, but the venerable naturalist John Burroughs, the "Sage of Shawsheen." Yet Mr. Burroughs himself has told stories of the nature faking variety. On occasion he can tell just as marvelous tales of that kind as anybody else. Here related such a yarn at a dinner in Boston. It was as easy to believe, he said, as many of the nature writers' anecdotes. Then he began: "My cousin's wife's baby was very ill, and finally the crisis came, and the little one fell into a deep sleep.



JOHN BURROUGHS.

John Burroughs as a Nature Fakir.
Captain Charles Polack, Who Was Decorated by the Kaiser.

The sleep was to be decisive. On the child's awakening the doctor would know whether it would live or die. Well, in order that this momentous slumber might not be disturbed my cousin's wife, going about on tiptoe muffled everything—chair legs, cups and saucers, plates, the doorbell. And Sa, the noble dog, from his seat on the sofa, taking in the situation at a glance, silently got up on a chair and stopped the eight day clock by touch with the pendulum with his paw."

Captain Charles Polack of the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, who was highly honored recently by the German emperor is envied by his fellow officers in the steamship service on account of the way in which he distinguished himself. The emperor conferred upon him the Third Order of the Crown in recognition of his skill and courage in saving his ship from destruction when she became rudderless in the open sea and in bringing her safely across the Atlantic and into port. He is one of the youngest officers in the North German Lloyd service, and the decoration recently conferred on him is the second he has received from the emperor. He was given that of the Red Eagle in recognition of his bravery in rescuing from drowning four members of a boat's crew of which he was in command while on the way to save the crew of a sinking ship. For his courage and seamanship on this occasion Captain Polack received the life saving medal of the Royal Humane society and was also decorated by the late Queen Victoria.



CAPTAIN CHARLES POLACK.
The smallest screws in the world are those made in watch factories. They are cut from steel wire by a machine, but as the chips fall from the knife it looks as if the operator was simply cutting up the wire for his own diversion. One thing is certain—no screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made by every third operation.

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

A Most Learned, Wise, Respected and Democratic Monarch.
King Oscar II. of Sweden was born at Stockholm in 1829. His father King Oscar I. was a son of Joseph Francois Bernadotte, the French peasant who became a general under Napoleon and a great favorite with that conqueror. When it was discovered that Charles XIII., who occupied the Swedish throne from 1809 to 1818, was childless, Napoleon induced the national diet at Stockholm to establish Bernadotte crown prince. On the death of Charles XIII. he ascended the throne as Charles XIV. King Oscar II. was monarch of Norway as well as Sweden up to about



THE LATE KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN.
two years ago, when the Norwegian storting declared Norway independent of Sweden and the government of the latter country acquiesced in the separation. As a young man the king was trained in the navy and at the University of Upsala. He ascended the throne in 1872. Few European sovereigns have ever acquired such standing as scholars and statesmen as has been universally accorded to King Oscar, and few have ever acquired to such a degree the affection of their people or have been so democratic. In the days of his greatest literary activity he turned out works of poetry and volumes on military history, criticism and general literature at a rate which left the public to wonder how he ever found time to rule his kingdom. But it was generally acknowledged that he did the latter unusually well.

Rejected Manuscripts.
"I received a lot of rejected manuscripts today," said Titmarsh to a friend.
"Did you? I had no idea you had any ambition to shine as an author."
"Not exactly that. You see, my sweetheart and I quarreled, and she returned all my letters."

A NEST HARD TO FIND.

Remarkable and Artistic Home of the Humming Bird.
The home of the humming bird is one of the most remarkable and artistic creations of all bird architecture. It is a tiny, delicate cup, made of the softest plant down, saddled upon some rather slender branch so deftly that it seems a part thereof. The saliva of the birds is used to compact and secure the material and likewise to coat the exterior with the gray green lichens so generally found upon trees. This makes it so assimilate with the surroundings that it is a very difficult object to discover. And thereby hangs a tale. A gentleman had told me that if I would call upon him he would show me an occupied nest of a humming bird in his orchard. When I came, he was out of town, but I thought I would see if I could not find the nest myself. So I made inspection from tree to tree, and presently the female hummer began to fly about me anxiously. We played a game of hot and cold until it became evident that the nest must be in a certain low apple tree which had many dead, lichen covered branches. Some of these came down nearly to the ground, and for quite awhile I stood by the tree, running my eyes along each branch in order, trying to make out the nest, while the female kept darting frantically at my head. It must have been nearly a quarter of an hour before I discovered that I was standing almost touching the nest with my hands, having been looking right over it all the time. It contained two fresh eggs, this being in the early part of June. The branch upon which it was built was completely overgrown with lichens, and the nest, being covered with them, too, was wonderfully disguised, though there were no leaves to hide it.—From "Experiences With Humming Birds," by H. K. Job, in *Outing Magazine*.

THE SMALLEST SCREWS.

To the Naked Eye They Look Like Specks of Dust.
The smallest screws in the world are those made in watch factories. They are cut from steel wire by a machine, but as the chips fall from the knife it looks as if the operator was simply cutting up the wire for his own diversion. One thing is certain—no screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made by every third operation.

The fourth jewel wheel screw is next to invisible, to the naked eye resembling a speck of dust. With a glass, however, it can be made out quite distinctly. It has 250 threads to an inch. These little screws are four one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It has been estimated that an ordinary thimble would hold 100,000 of them.
About 1,000,000 of them are manufactured in the course of a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them. In determining the number 100 of them are placed on a very delicate balance and the number of the whole quantity calculated from the weight of these. All the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably 50 out of the 120.
When they have been cut the screws are hardened and put into frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch instead of by sight, so that a blind man with a little experience could perform the task.
The next step in the process is to polish the heads in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time. The plate on which this is done is covered with oil and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them very rapidly by a reversing motion until they are in perfect condition.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Drama of London's Fog.
There is a whole world of drama bound up in the chronicles of London's fog. This misty and mysterious visitant, far older than Gog or Magog, which used to visit the watches of the night when the metropolis barely lifted itself out of the surrounding marshes, has a fund of comedy as well as tragedy. Countless murders have been committed under its sheltering cloak, men and women have been waylaid, children have been torn from their mothers and wives from their husbands, but on the other hand there are a few incidents of a less harrowing character.—Strand Magazine.

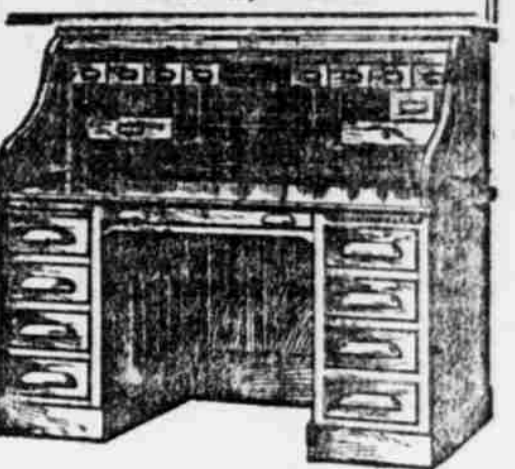
Curved Spokes.
There is no doubt that an iron wheel with curved spokes is much more attractive to the eye than the ordinary variety, but it is not on account of its appearance that it is constructed in this manner. Wheels that are cast invariably contract a little in the process of cooling, and those made with straight spokes are always liable to crack. The curved variety, by allowing a certain give and take in the metal, avoid this danger.

Prisoners of the Law.
"Prisoners of the law" said the magistrate, "if the edicts of overruling you will pay a fine of \$10 or be took to jail for ten days."
"That's not a correct sentence," murmured the prisoner.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way to Draw an Elephant.
Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please, and draw an elephant—What am I to do that for, my pat? Gladys—Cause I want to draw an elephant.—Chicago News.

Love of money is the disease which renders us most pitiful and groveling.—Longinus.
True blessedness consisteth in a good life and a happy death.—Solon.

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