Have you ever tried an "ERASO" ink eraser? See one at THE TRIBUNE office.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture says that the unbounded prosperity of the agriculturist is not due to chance, but is the result of intelligent, scientific business methods. A reader of The Weekly Inter Ocean has placed before him each week the practical and approved methods to which Secretary Wilson refers. It is a good investment. Only $1.25 for The Weekly Inter Ocean and this paper one year.

THE WORD "QUACK."

Its Origin Traced Back to the Sixteenth Century.

The original and acquired meanings of many an old word have been cleared up in the law courts. When "quack" had its turn, Sir Edward Clarke, who was probably quoting a dictionary, defined the word as "a boastful pretender to medical skill." "Quack" is undoubtedly derived by suggestion from the quacking of a duck. The quack doctor has always substituted volubility for knowledge. "Quacker" and "quacking cheat" were sixteenth century words. "Quack" in its present sense is certainly as old as 1696, when it was included in the earliest of our slang dictionaries. The original word was "quacksalver," a traveling empiric who quacked about his salves, and, according to Henley and Farmer, the dramatist Wycherly first shortened this word to "quack."

The full term, quack doctor, is found at least as early as 1710, when these words were used as a title to the Earl of Rochester's mountebank speech on Tower hill. This witty and profligate nobleman (he is always called witty and profligate) took it into his head to disappear from his friends and appear to the mob on Tower hill as a quack doctor. The speech he made on that occasion has been preserved, and it shows that quack oratory has gained nothing since.

It is not all printable in these polite pages, but the following passage will show its character:

"The cures I have done are as incredible as innumerable. I cured Prester John's godmother of a stupendous dolor in her os sacrum, which had like to cost the good lady the perdition of her huckle bone. I cur'd the Empress of Boolmapo of a cramp she got in her tongue by eating pork and butter'd parsnips. I cur'd an alderman of Grand Cairo of a scarlet, burning, raging fever, of which he dy'd. I cur'd the Emperor of Morocco, who lay seven years sick of the plague. I cur'd him in forty-two minutes so that he danc'd the serabrand, flipflap and Somerset to the admiration of his whole court. For my pains he presented me with 6,000 Hungarian ducats and a Turkish cymeter. Verbum sat sapienti. No cure, no money."

I doubt very much whether Sir Edward Clarke was right in saying that the word "quack" was revived by Carlyle after it had died out. So useful a word is not likely to have been dropped, though in Carlyle's vocabulary of denunciation it certainly took on a new importance. It was from a court of law, by the way, that Carlyle obtained the word "gig," which, with ferocious glee, he never ceased to use as a symbol of smug respectability. The trial of Thurtell at Hertford assizes for the murder of Mr. Weare produced the following dialogue:

"What sort of person was Mr. Weare?"

"He was always a most respectable person."

"What do you mean by respectable?"

"He kept a gig."

Carlyle's sardonic humor seized on this, and ever after when he was storming at respectabilities and unrealities "gigs" were not far from his mind. He even applied the word "gigmanity" to those classes of society which held the "gig" ideal.—John O'London in London Tatler.

The Arab's Pride of Blood.

Of the Arab's pride a traveler writes: "He is proud of his own blood and of his mare's blood for its own sake. He will show you a broken down little crock and inform you, with perfect truth, that she is of the best blood in the Jazirah; he will also show a fine stallion of his own and tell you he is a 'gdish,' or underbred animal, and there is no doubt it is the bad thoroughbred he admires and prefers to the finest made cross breed. As regards his shaykh and tribal leader, he discriminates in an equal degree between the clever warrior, astute diplomatist and good business man of low extraction and the shaykh of high lineage, who may be a miserable epileptical creature, and always to the disadvantage of the low born man."

Where He Would Have Shone.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died in 1849, at the age of seventy-five years, knew and could speak more than fifty languages. And he knew them thoroughly. He could entertain his English friends with specimens of Yorkshire dialect and his French or German visitors with the patois of their respective countries. "What a fine job he could have had as a universal interpreter should he have lived in the times of the tower of Babel!" was one of Lord Byron's caustic remarks.—Argonaut.

A New Leaf.

"I've just been thinking," said Willieboy.

"Thinking what?" demanded Silliman, to whom the idea of Willieboy's thinking was somewhat disconcerting.

"That in Adam's case it must have been a real re-leaf to change his clothes," said Willieboy. — Harper's Weekly.

For One's Own Comfort.

Half the sting of poverty or small means is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort and not for the comment of one's neighbors.—Dinah Maria Mulock.

Fooling the Cook.

"Your cook is telling that your husband gets a very small salary."

"We just tell her that to keep her from demanding a large one."—Houston Post.

Each man judges things by his own conditions. No sunrise looks alike to any two men.—Manchester Union.

About Some People In Print.

Thomas E. Watson and His Lunch With the President—Boston's New Mayor. Rudyard Kipling's Honors.

THOMAS E. WATSON.

THOMAS E. WATSON, former Populist candidate for president, after taking lunch with Mr. Roosevelt at the White House recently, declared, "I should say that what impressed me most is President Roosevelt's sincerity, earnestness and breadth of human sympathy."

Mr. Watson gave the president his ideas on the subject of needed amendment of the currency laws and in respect to recent conflicts between the authority of state and federal courts. He is a man who has found time in the course of his career to teach school, practice law, write historical works, edit magazines and lecture, in addition to such political activity as led to his nomination by the Populists for president. He is a man of considerable property now, though in early life he had a hard struggle. Speaking of those years, he once said:

"The first year of my law practice yielded me $212 gross. In the second year I bought back one of the old home places that had belonged to our family and removed my father and mother and younger brothers and sisters back to it, having bought the entire property on credit, and I lived with them, walking three miles to my office every morning and carrying my dinner in the schoolboy tin bucket and returning to the farm at night. In that second year I made $474. Of course the money which I owed for board during the first year was returned out of the first surplus that I could make. The third year I again doubled my income, and from that time my practice rapidly increased until the annual income from it reached $12,000."

George A. Hibbard, who recently won the mayoralty of Boston, is a Republican, and his victory was won over John F. Fitzgerald, the present mayor and the Democratic candidate, and also over the candidate of the Independence league, John A. Coulthurst. Mayor Fitzgerald has hitherto sustained a reputation as a man who never got defeated. The mayor elect was born in 1864 and educated in the Boston public schools. He engaged in business and gradually got into politics, serving on his ward committee, going to the state legislature, being chosen as delegate to the national convention of his party in 1896 and serving in various other places of trust in the party organization. In 1895 he was a candidate for state treasurer in the caucus of the Republican members of the legislature and was defeated by one vote. He made a good record as postmaster of Boston and is now promoted from that office to the mayoralty of the Hub.

GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

It was only last year that the Nobel peace prize was awarded to President Roosevelt, and now another of the Nobel prizes, that for attainments in physics, has been given to an American, Professor Albert A. Michelson of the University of Chicago. By the provisions of the will of Alfred Nobel five prizes are awarded each year for the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry, in physiology or medicine, for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature and for the best effort toward the fraternity of the nations and the promotion of peace. The prize in literature was this year awarded to Rudyard Kipling, who married an American, has been much in this country and seems in many respects almost an American.

Like the typical American, Mr. Kipling is usually ready with a retort. On one visit to this country he dined with a party which included several other well known writers, a fair proportion of men and women who knew something about literature, as well as a large number who knew little, making up for their lack of knowledge by pretense. Several of the last started a useless discussion concerning pronunciations, synonyms, antonyms, etc., and, apropos of nothing at all that had been said, one, firing his remark straight at Kipling as being the lion of the evening, said:

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"I find that 'sugar' and 'sumac' are the only words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'shu.'"

Bored though he was, Kipling's politeness did not desert him, and, assuming an expression of interest, though his eyes twinkled behind his glasses, he replied:

"Are you sure?"

SPURIOUS ANTIQUES.

Many Forgeries Clever Enough to Deceive the Experts.

In the manufacture of antiquities the forger shows an ingenuity that is unlimited. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, armor, ivory, bronze, tapestry—all are most successfully imitated. Many such imitations are, it is true, clumsy enough, but a great many deceive even the initiated. The experts of national museums have been imposed upon more than once.

The British museum bought a Palissy plate for $250. While an attendant was handling it one of the seals attached to its back, attesting its genuineness, became detached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter. Terra cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the same institution for thousands of dollars, were discovered to be composed of modern clay. There is one forger of antiquities whose specialty is old leather jacks; another produces horn books; still another turns out mediaeval manuscripts; a fourth, clerical vestments of the middle ages, and so on.

An expert of the Smithsonian institution was called upon not long ago to pass upon a specimen of a mummy servant, an effigy, in a plastic material, such as the Egyptians buried with their dead. Close examination proved it to be made of putty. It was a very clever forgery.

Count Tyskiewicz, a noted judge and collector of antiquities, gives some interesting details of the forgeries that have been attempted from the earliest times. No metal lent itself so easily to this work as gold. Etruscan jewelry has been largely manufactured in Italy, but Syria has carried on the most extensive forgery of gold works of art. Forgeries in silver have been less successful.

A good story is told of a forged silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavation in Sicily. This "ancient" cup was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing the frieze of the Parthenon. In the height of his innocence the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The cup obtained an immediate success—shouts of laughter.—St. Louis Republic.

CORNMEAL.

Varied Joys of This Rich and Versatile Product.

But cornmeal is such a rich and versatile product that it lends itself to all days and all meals. For breakfast it can be turned into batter cakes light and luscious, or into waffles that melt in one's mouth, or into muffins which take on new sweetness in their tin boundaries, or you can have your corn in the shape of grits, yellow with butter and of happy digestibility.

Then for dinner there is the corn pone, large, brown and hot from the oven, ready to be seasoned with a sauce of butter and washed down with freshly churned buttermilk, with an accompaniment of cabbage or collards or turnip salad or new snap beans. If for any reason the corn pone is not desirable, though the farmer cannot imagine anything that can take its place with a healthy and an expectant appetite, there are the dumplings to fall back on, the dumplings boiled with a mess of greens. This dish is a time and space saver, and there is also a butter saver. The dumplings should never by any chance be allowed to grow cold before serving. For supper there is the hoecake, which should be of a generous thickness, and it should be eaten with gravy distilled from the juices of a country cured ham, or, if you please, a dish of mush and milk. And then, the day's work being over and done with, the tired man or woman and the children, weary with play, may fall on their couches and forget in sweet and dreamless slumber the grisly troubles of the world.—Joel Chandler Harris in Uncle Remus' Magazine.

An Oversight.

When Chappie got up the other morning he wandered around his apartments in his pretty pink pajamas, the very picture of woe.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired his valet.

"I don't know, Alphonse," he groaned. "I passed a most unhappy night."

Alphonse looked him over carefully.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I know what was the matter. The trousers of your pajamas were not ever! You must be more careful, sir. Those I had prepared for you were hanging across the foot of the bed."—Bohemian.

Her Compliment.

It is the aim of Mrs. Hall to compliment her friends on every possible occasion, yet, strange to say, she does not always please them.

"Did you like my gown at the reception the other evening?" asked an acquaintance, and Mrs. Hall was ready with her beaming smile.

"My dear," she said, with a cordial pressure of the hand, "it was a dream! You looked lovely! I said to my husband, 'Is that—no, it can't be'—and then I saw it was. But, do you know, I scarcely recognized you."

Clever Woman.

She—Don't you think a woman is clever enough to do any work that a man can? He—She's smarter than that. Why, she's clever enough to make the man do the work and give her the benefit of it.—London Telegraph.

Not Lazy.

"And you say the public can be separated from its money?"

"Without effort."

"Oh, I am perfectly willing to expend some effort, providing the trick can be done."—Washington Herald.

INDIANOLA.

Archibald Mann is quite sick.

Lagrippe is very fashionable among our people at the present time.

Harry Wyrick drove up from Bartley, Saturday evening, to attend the entertainment at the hall.

Allen P. Day and wife have gone to California to spend the winter and visit relatives.

The fourth series of the lecture course was given Saturday evening at Short's opera house.

Charles Kahl and Miss Roberts were married Tuesday evening at the Catholic church, Father Kelley officiating.

Quick and King shipped four cars of cattle and one of hogs to Kansas City, Sunday.

Elba Hotze shipped two cars of cattle to some eastern market, first of the week.

William Plourd went to Lincoln a few days ago to attend the Horse Racers Association of which he is a member.

Teel & Co. are enlarging and otherwise improving the interior of their millinery store.

Protracted meetings are in progress at the Methodist church, and a lively interest is manifested. Rev. Woodson of Ravenna is present at each meeting, and speaks with an eloquence born of his acquaintance with the holy scripture.

Leonard Hethcote is out again after a severe tussle with the grip which kept him confined to his home for a few days.

Miss Pearl Lyman of Bartley was a guest in the Elmer Thompson home this week.

Marion Powell is in town this week, attending to the shipment of some stock.

Leonard Smith is in Grand Island on a business-pleasure trip.

Mrs. John Crocker died, Wednesday morning, at her home eight miles north of town. Her disease was pneumonia.

Butler Jones, president of the "Jones farm company limited," shipped a car load of thoroughbred hogs to St. Joe, Tuesday night.

The health inspector made a visit to Bartley, Tuesday, the result of which was the quarantining of several families on account of smallpox.

A young son of Mr. Theobald, living in Bartley, died of smallpox, Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Tom Haley is expecting her father on a visit soon. He lives in South Dakota.

Mrs. Orobel Walker and little son have returned to their home in Covington, Oklahoma. Master Bennie Smith accompanied them home for a visit.

Mrs. Lytle and children of Box Elder are visiting in Alma, this week.

Newton Smith, who has been suffering from some malady of the mind, has concluded to try the Springs in Arkansas as a relief for his trouble.

John Harrison senior has gone out of the livery business.

Wm. O'Daniel has gone to Edison to visit a sister. From there he will go to Wyoming in the near future.

Miss Helen King went down to Cambridge, Tuesday morning, and spent the day.

"Pack" Keegan and Jake Oberman were visitors in the "Standpipe city," Tuesday.

DANBURY.

Mr. Kendall and wife have gone to Iowa on a visit with her brother and other friends.

We understand Miss Alta Morgan will teach the Hamburg school.

The basket supper at the hall was a success. Some fine music and drill by the Sunday school was excellent.

G. B. Morgan, wife and daughter Alta and son Donald with Sam Graham and Harley Woods have returned after having spent a pleasant three months in Los Angeles, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. McGuire stopped over to visit relatives at La Junta, Colorado.

John Evers who was here on business and visiting old friends and relatives has returned to his home in Valparaiso.

Howard Ruby of Kanona has been under the doctor's care for some time but is reported improving.

Mrs. Maggie Wicks who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dolph of this place returned to her home in Omaha, this week.

Mrs. Noe has been over to see her father who is in very poor health.

Mrs. Dora Hethcote and daughter Cecil are both down with the grippe.

Mr. Olmsteads moved into the Graham residence vacated by McMullen who moves into the Dave Boyer house.

Al Boyer's family after a siege of the grippe are able to be around again.

W. A. Stone was a visitor to Beaver City, last week.

R. F. D. No. 1.

A brother of G. C. Smith arrived, last thursday, and may remain here during the coming summer.

Miss Junie Waters was at the home of Nelson Down's over Sunday, on a visit.

W. N. Rogers had a great loss, last week Wednesday, in the death of his famous prize and sweepstake winner Beau Donald. Death was caused by pneumonia.

John Hume has been very sick, but is improving.

Jacob Fiechtner accompanied Henry Rogers to Denver with the show herd, last week. W. N. Rogers went up, Sunday.

Carl Schlutsmeier is framing a fine new home.

Mrs. William Stadler of Minden and Mrs. Jacob Harsch of School Creek were at the old home during the sale at Joseph Downs, this week.

The Mutual Telephone Co. is putting in a number of new phones.

RED WILLOW.

Mrs. Will Myers and Alta Helm were callers at Louis Longnecker's, Sunday.

Even the bravest women are nervous about being left alone on the farm and think that all tramps and hobos should be severely dealt with.

Mrs. Taylor and son Horace and Mr. Smith's family attended the Odd Fellow and Veteran supper at Indianola on Tuesday evening.

Wm. Randel and wife and others attended the banquet at Indianola on Monday evening.

A little son came to Owens Longnecker's new house on Tuesday, and expects to live with them.

A weekly newspaper that publishes twenty-one columns of good, reliable news each week is rare in these days of cheap weeklies, intended only to sell some article that the publisher is interested in. Credit is due The Weekly Inter Ocean for keeping its columns filled with fresh and up-to-date news. Give it a trial by subscribing through THE McCOOK TRIBUNE.

Typewriter for Sale.

If you are interested in securing a Smith Premer Typewriter in splendid condition at half price, call in THE TRIBUNE office, and see the machine. It is a bargain, and will be sold because the owner has two machines.

A. G. Bump, room two over McConnell's drug store, is agent for some of America's best insurance companies. Consult him.