

"Deck" Harding's Marriage.

Yesterday afternoon at 4:30 occurred the wedding of Miss Lettie S. Trotter and Mr. Frank D. Harding at the home of the bride's parents at Ainsworth. Only the relatives and a few immediate friends of the young couple witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. E. Weigl, of the Ainsworth Methodist church.

Immediately following the ceremony, the wedding supper was served by the Misses Ruth Easter and Clara Trotter and Messrs. Rob Rhea and Willis Trotter. The bride is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Trotter, and for a number of years has been acting as the post-mistress at Ainsworth. She is a talented young lady of fine womanly qualities, and she enjoys the love and respect of a great host of friends. For the last year the groom has been in Colorado, where he has an interest in a large fruit farm. A reception was given in honor of the bride and groom today at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harding, at Ainsworth. Among the guests from a distance who attended the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Mikesell, of Fairfield, Miss Dot Keister, of Washington, and George Johnson, of Washington, Ill. The Journal knows Mrs. Harding well, for she has served as our very efficient correspondent from Ainsworth for several years. We extend our heartiest congratulations to her and Mr. Harding. May they be happy always.—Washington (Ia.) Evening Journal, Jan. 15, 1908.

Chautauqua Benefits a Town.

The Chautauqua although held in many other countries is strictly an American institution.

The movement was started many years ago by Bishop Vincent at Chautauqua Lake, New York, and has spread until every state in the union has at least one of these assemblies. Iowa leads the list with almost one hundred. The character of the Chautauqua of today is such that there are attractions that will interest any one who will attend.

In the present day so many people live on the plain of ordinary amusements which though not immoral are not in any way uplifting or beneficial. Whatever may be said of the entertainments of the Chautauqua it cannot be said they are not the best the country affords and without a doubt raise the level for entertainments in any community.

We wonder if a Chautauqua could be successful in our town.

There are always a few who are afraid to take part in any new movement and the voices of these few may perhaps be heard opposing the Chautauqua.

Every new movement has a trial period. The Chautauqua has passed through that and is known to give definite results.

Why not our town take this opportunity and give the people a summer entertainment that will be beneficial morally and educationally.

McCook Markets.

Merchants and dealers in McCook at noon today (Friday) are paying the following prices:

Corn	55
Wheat	85
Oats	35
Eye	65
Barley	65
Hogs	3.60
Butter (good)	20
Eggs	20

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Rex Lump	7.50
Sheridan Egg	7.50
Wier Lump	7.00
Pennsylvania Nut	13.00

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PHONE 169

THE COLD KEY.

A Popular and an Ancient Remedy For Nosebleed.

In case of hemorrhage, especially in that of bleeding from the nose, our forefathers applied to the forehead and to the nose ointments and even the patient's own blood. They practiced ligation of the limbs, a means devised by Apollonius in the reign of Nero, ligating the great toe of the side corresponding to the bleeding nostril, and they resorted to derivation by blood-letting. They plugged the ears with tow, a procedure recommended by Galen. But, above all, they sought to produce fainting. Locally the haemostatic most employed was spider's web, with which they filled the nasal fossa. Of all these empirical procedures the most widespread and the one still most employed in popular medicine is the application of cold. The most available source of cold, because it is everywhere procurable, is water. Consequently it has often been employed. In epistaxis the ancient physicians advised bathing the face with very cold water and causing it to be held in the mouth. They also soaked the hands and feet in cold water.

On the theory that cold things restrain hemorrhage many persons replaced water by solid cold objects and hung about the neck of the patients attacked with epistaxis coral, jasper, yellow amber, marble or articles of iron. Physicians pointed out, indeed, certain regions with which it was preferable to make the contact. They realized that it was the coldness of the object, not its nature, that did the work. No special property must be attributed to the iron, said Guyon-Dolais, for chains of gold, silver or lead would serve the same purpose. In popular medicine, however, iron has remained the material most employed in nasal hemorrhages, and the application of the iron key to the back is largely resorted to in the household. Dr. Helot possesses an enormous key which he uses only as a paperweight. One day a patient, pointing to this massive key, exclaimed, "It is to stop hemorrhages." It was a key of the eighteenth century.

We may laugh, says M. Helot, at the charm attributed to the key in epistaxis, but we must admit that cold has a certain action in cases of hemorrhage. It contracts the capillary vessels. When it is applied at a distance from the site of hemorrhage its efficiency may be a matter for discussion, but its effect is certain when it is applied to the actual seat of the bleeding, and rhinologists know the value of causing the patient to swallow ice. Possibly the cold key has no other hemostatic power than what is connected with the sensation of cold which it produces. A cold compress would probably act with more certainty, but it would be difficult to de-throne the key, which one always has in one's pocket. There is certainly some wisdom in the resources of our ancestors and of the common people, even as the alchemists of old were no fools, as is shown by our modern chemistry.—New York Medical Journal.

Dodging a Problem.

Little Gracie was very much interested in her arithmetic, and some of the examples which she brought home to work out during the evening hours were puzzling to her parents, who many years ago had forgotten even the rudimentary rules. The other evening the little girl had one about carpeting a room, and this she handed out to her father as the family sat at the table after supper.

"Papa," said Gracie, "if you had a room thirty-seven and a half feet long and forty-two and three-quarter feet wide, how many yards of carpet three-quarters of a yard wide would it take to carpet this room?"

Papa thought a minute and then said: "I think I should leave it to the man in the carpet store. He is paid to figure those things out."

"But, papa," said Gracie, "I've got to do this example. Suppose you were the man in the carpet store. How would you get the number of yards?"

"Well," said papa, "I guess I would have to throw up my job."

"How would you do it, mamma?" said the little girl, turning to her mother.

"Well, Gracie," said mamma, "I don't think I would carpet the room at all. I believe I would buy a rug. It is easier to take care of and a great deal more sanitary."

And Gracie had to struggle through the example all by her lonesome.—Boston Traveler.

To Move the Road.

There appear to have been in the Old Dominion during early colonial days a great number of dogs of a mongrel breed, the chief use of which was to destroy the smaller kind of animals running wild in the woods and fields. How valuable they were considered to be by their owners is shown in a case which occurred in Northampton county about 1691 and is recorded by P. A. Bruce in "The Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century."

A complaint was lodged in the county court against Mike Dixon on the ground that he permitted his dogs to rush out and bark at persons passing along the highway, which was situated immediately in front of his door.

Instead of proposing to kill or restrain the dogs, Dixon simply petitioned the court to have the public road removed some distance back from his dwelling house, "because it was necessary," he declared, "to keep dogs for the preservation of creatures from vermin."

The "creatures" he referred to were poultry and young pigs, and the "vermin" were wolves, foxes, minks, polecats and the like.

It is not stated whether or not his petition was granted.

DANCING MOUNTAINS

Wondrous Mirage That Came With the Break of Day.

A SUNRISE ON THE DESERT.

Strange and Fantastic Scenes on the Arid Wastes of the Colorado—An Aerial Exhibition of Most Bewildering Magnificence and Variety.

Our little party of four, two old hunters and prospectors and two "tenderfeet," was far out on the Colorado desert, near the Mexican boundary line. We had pushed on late into the evening, cooked a hasty supper and, dead tired with our hard day's march, had at once rolled ourselves in our blankets. I awoke some time later feeling stiff and uncomfortable. I rolled over and took a minute to think out the cause of this, ending by lifting my head and looking about me. The air was perfectly clear, and, though no moon was shining, the night was quite light from the myriad of stars that seemed on the point of bursting out of the sky with the energy of their twinkling. My eyes dropped to the desert's level, and I looked across its flat stretch of sand, thinly planted with stunted cactus, to the jagged range of low mountains that reached along the eastern horizon.

As I looked a light seemed to be growing there, but so slowly that I had to compare that part of the horizon with other places to assure myself that it was there. Little by little it grew and diffused itself upward and outward. The silhouette of the mountains became more distinct. The stars on that side of the sky began to lose their brilliancy. A hound, sleeping with his back against that of one of the guides, broke the deathlike silence with a long drawn, muffled whine. One of the horses drew a deep sigh, got to his feet, shook himself and began to munch at a little pile of hay left over from his evening's meal. This little stir of life had to do duty for the universal hum and whirl and movement that mark the break of dawn in habitable parts of the world. Over all this flat waste no sound or sign of animation greeted the coming of another day. The expanse lay stark and still while the life awakening light spread out over the sky.

As I watched the pale blue tinted glow evenly spread over the eastern sky gradually deepened at the bottom and took on a reddish flush. Suddenly long white beams shot upward, their tips almost directly above radiating like the ribs of an open fan. These silvery rays shimmered a few moments and then died down as all at once a scintillating point of dazzling light flashed out at their base. Distant hill and nearby cactus leaped out of their semiobscurity and stood up bold and clear as in the garish light of noonday. The point grew until it was the half of a blazing disk, which suddenly melted and ran along the horizon, where it lay, a glowing lake of gold.

Then a curious thing happened to the low range of mountains that lay beneath and extended beyond the lake of gold. They proceeded to conduct themselves in a manner wholly unheard of in such staid and dignified features of the topography. Mountains have long done yeoman service in poetry, song and elsewhere in literature as type of all that is firm seated, lasting and unyielding. These particular mountains, however, set out to make a new reputation for their kind. First those in the shallower waters of this lake of light detached themselves from their firm set bases and slowly floated upward, while their companions on the dry land at the edge tottered and reeled in an intoxication of amazement at their wonderful performance. The mountains then sank slowly down again upon their bases; then they jumped up and down quickly several times just to make sure that they had mastered this accomplishment, new to the mountain family. After taking thought for a moment our gymnastic mountains proceeded to turn hand springs, alighting sometimes on their heads and standing there in a most marvelous manner, considering how top heavy they must have been with their prodigiously big feet thus up in the air. Their neighbors seemed to regard this exhibition with a spurt of envy which sometimes broke into emulation, but this emulation proceeded no farther than the evolutions of a quadrille, advancing and receding, bowing and scraping, right hand to your partner and all hands round.

Tiring at last of this form of amusement, our surprising mountains now engaged in another—one not less astonishing. They became workers of magic, painters, scene shifters, and I was treated to a most wonderful display of modern cities and mediaeval castles, floating battleships and cathedrals of massive and intricate architecture, scenes of peaceful rural life with sleeping lakelets and feeding herds, Indian tepee villages and streets of Chicago skyscrapers. It was truly an exhibition of most bewildering magnificence and variety, and I know I must have watched it with mouth agape.

But something meanwhile was happening to our lake of fire. It was drying up and all at once condensed into a huge blazing ball, hanging clear of the horizon. Our mountains, whose antics were thus so near to being revealed in the broad light of day, swiftly sought their accustomed places and after a final tremble or two reassumed the severe demeanor, the unmoving attitude and stony stare that their kind always present to the world, except at daybreak on the desert.—Harvey H. Kessler in Los Angeles Times.

A Memory of a Lost Delight.

A fireplace any one may have, and to me the wonder is that our civilization has abolished the very soul from our northern homes. Fire is no longer the joy of the household, but the slave, imprisoned in the cellar. Ah, but it was delicious when the old fashioned family sat together in the great kitchen around the huge fireplace. All the evening we told stories, ate doughnuts, drank cider, at the time paring apples and hanging the long festoons of quarters from the beams. But the dear little mother, she it was who told the best stories while she was knitting mufflers and socks or mending our well worn clothing. There were no parlors at all in those days, and as for thrummed pianos, we had not yet heard of them. At 9 o'clock, honest and drowsy, we knelt and thanked God for life and love and home. Our bunks and beds and trundle beds were all in close proximity, and from every one of them we could see the flames, still jumping up the chimney while the big firelog was slowly eaten through. There was not one millionaire in all the world, and, indeed, we were not worried over the affair.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

He Told the Reason.

"The aeronaut to get along must keep his wits about him," said an army official. "Under the most adverse circumstances he must not lose his head. Always he must be alert and ready, like—like—well, like a scientist I used to know."

"This scientist gave a scientific lecture in a church one night, and at the lecture's end he said, beaming on his audience condescendingly:

"Now, if there is any scientific question that any of my friends would like to ask, I beg them not to hesitate. I shall be only too happy to answer any inquiry in my power."

"An old lady in spectacles that gave her a severe, stern look rose and said: "Why do wet tea leaves kill roaches?"

"The scientist didn't know they did, let alone the cause of the phenomenon. But, never at a loss, he replied:

"Because, madam, when a roach comes across a wet tea leaf he says, 'Hello, here's a blanket!' and wraps himself up in it, catches cold and dies."—Los Angeles Times.

He Met Shorty.

Nicknames are sometimes deceptive things, and they are oftentimes extremely funny. I was in a small town not many miles south of Boston and, asking for a certain piece of information, I was informed by several that "Shorty" could give it to me, and he seemed to be the only man who could. Not knowing just who "Shorty" was, I made further inquiries and was told that he could be found in the store just across the square.

"Just ask for 'Shorty,'" I was told. "Any one will show him to you."

I went over to the store as directed and looked vainly about for some one who might answer the name. Only one man was present, and he was almost a seven footer. After looking about a moment I started to leave.

"Looking for some one, stranger?" he observed.

"Yes, I'm looking for 'Shorty,'" I told him.

A broad grin overspread his face. "Guess you've got him," he murmured. "I'm your man."—Boston Traveler.

A Mean Trick.

In his home city they tell a sad story of a mean trick on a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted. "Come down," demanded the knocker.

"But—" "Come down."

The man of many nephews hastened downstairs and peeped around the door. "Now, sir," the pawnbroker demanded.

"I wan'sh know the time," said the reveler.

"Do you mean to say you knocked me up for that? How dare you?" The midnight visitor looked injured. "Well, you've got my watch," he said.

Bluebeard.

"Bluebeard" originated in France and was called the "Romance of the Chevalier Raoul," the historic figure being a certain Gilles de Laval, lord of Ratz. He was marshal of France in 1429 and though a brave and fearless soldier was addicted to vice and violence, and from this fact was charged with the wholesale murder of young women, whose blood he used for the purpose of diabolical incantations. From these circumstances the web of the story is spun.

A Fugitive Bit.

"Lend me a pencil," said the press humorist.

"Thought of something funny?" "No, but I've thought of something that will pass muster as a joke."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Setting Him Right.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did the bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.

He popped.

Between Friends.

Nan—Did you notice how dreadfully that piano needed tuning? Fau—Why, no, dear; I thought it harmonized perfectly with your voice.—Chicago Tribune.

There is no tyrant like custom and no freedom where its edicts are not resisted.—Bovee.

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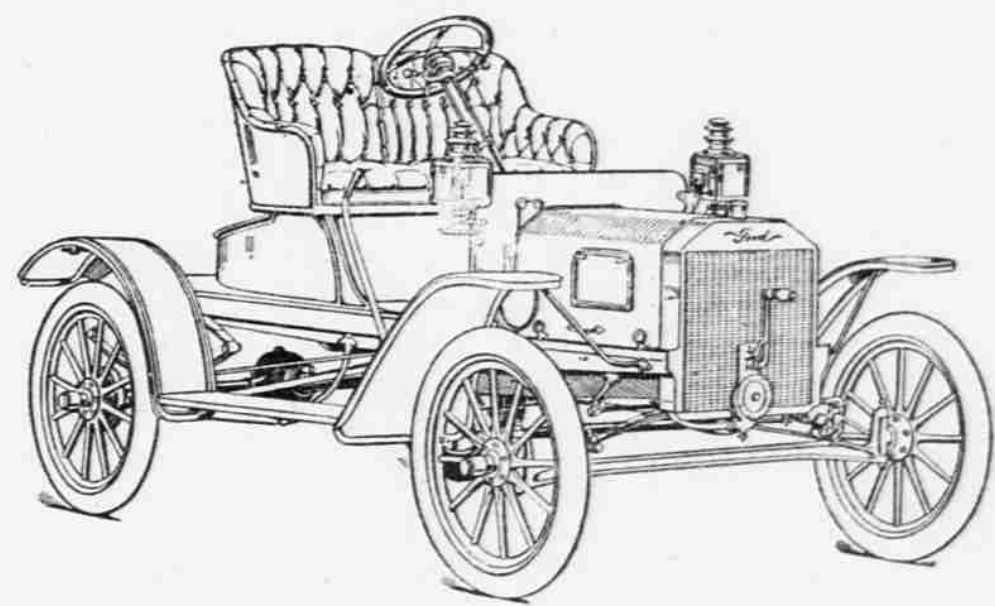
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