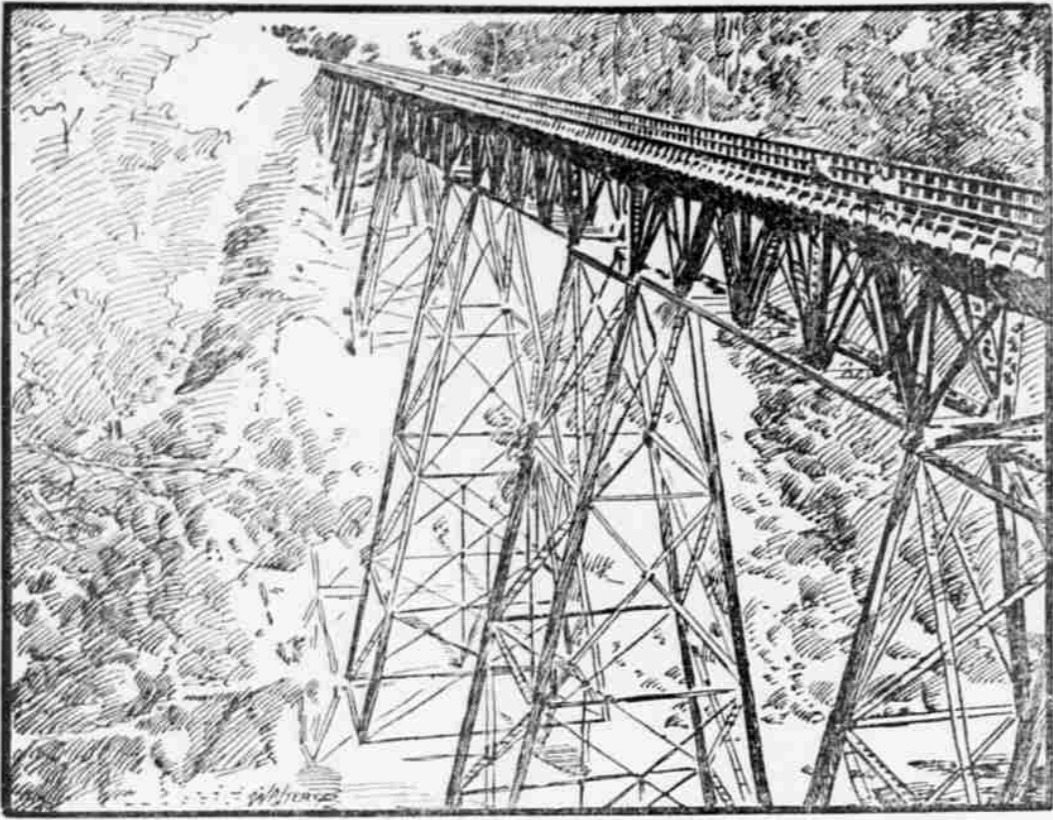


**GREAT RAILROAD BRIDGE IN NEW YORK**



The Buffalo & Susquehanna bridge near Rushford, Allegany county. Height of trestle, 185 feet; length, 754 feet; weight, 1,178,000 pounds.

**AGENT PROVED BOSS**

**SIX-SHOOTER HIS MOST EFFECTIVE ARGUMENT.**

For Once Conductor and Engineer Took Orders from the Man Whom They Had Considered an "Easy Mark."

Twenty years ago the man who was locomotive engineer on a freight train under any circumstances imagined himself boss of the freight traffic for his special jerkwater line. He would get his train out of the way of a passenger train that was coming head on, but he swore at having to do it. For the rest he dictated everything just as far as he could make it go. Ordinarily his dictation went—for awhile at least.

The engineer always told the conductor in the terminal yards just how many cars he meant to pull out on any given occasion. It went, too. At the way stations both the engineer and the conductor got together en banc to oppose any orders of the station agent relative to "cutting" the train and switching in two or three lonesome box cars on the country siding. And that always went with the new agent—for awhile.

But away up in the northwestern country one winter a new agent was given the station at Blizzardino. He was a round-faced, jolly little chap, about 20 years old, who looked unusually easy. He was, too, for about a week, when the siding at Blizzardino began to bank up with empties which the conductors swore they wouldn't pick up for 1,000 years at the least.

The little station agent lay awake most of one night figuring just where he stood. He wanted to hold his job if he could. But he couldn't hold it if he couldn't get his orders obeyed by the freight crews. The result of that sleepless night was that the little agent was ready next morning for the giants, Conductor Bingham and Engineer O'Toole, who were due southbound with No. 21 about ten o'clock, railroad time.

Half an hour before the train was due the Blizzardino agent had his yellow "flimsy" orders for No. 21 to pick up five empties of designated numbers on the sidetrack and pull them in to the nearest terminal. Half an hour later Conductor Bingham was jumping on the orders with both heels in the snow and signaling Engineer O'Toole to go ahead. O'Toole was going ahead, too, when suddenly dead ahead across the track the red arm of the block signal fell, vibrated for an instant, and hung still.

O'Toole shut off steam and jumped from the cab for the station entrance just one lap behind Bingham. But as he entered he saw something which made him gasp. Bingham had one leg through the wide window of the agent's inner office and had stuck there for some reason, his jaw fallen, and his eyes wide. The telegraph instrument was clicking "H-C," "H-C," "H-C," the emergency call for the office of the general superintendent in St. Paul. Stepping to one side, O'Toole saw why Bingham was stuck in the window. The "kid" operator and agent was using his left hand for the sander and in his right held a six shooter of large caliber and at full cock, pointing directly at the man in the window!

"Ah, 't' 'em!" said O'Toole. "We'll take 'em, Jack. Wot's the blinkety blank numbers 'o thim cars, anny-hov'?"

"They're on the flimsy somewhere. When the cars were shunted into the train the little agent lifted the block. He's not an agent now, though. He's a Chicago millionaire."

**Helped Out by Government.**  
The Eastern Chinese railway has been in serious financial trouble since its profitable southern part has been under Japanese control. The part remaining under Russian influence has practically no more freight business. The road has therefore already sold to the state 2,000 freight cars, which are now to be used in the grain traffic of European Russia. The line will receive 7,500,000 rubles from the government for the construction of the Ussuri branch.

**95,000 Gallons to Mile.**  
The engine of an express train consumes 32 gallons of water for each mile traveled.

**WITH THROTTLE WIDE OPEN.**

**Engineer Found That Locomotive Did Its Best Work.**

"Locomotives are curious things," said T. B. Brown at the St. Charles. "Sometimes you think they are almost human. They certainly can be as irritating as any human being. Some years ago I was up in Minnesota and one of the short lines had only recently purchased a half dozen new engines. When they arrived they proved flat failures. To make them steam and draw anything like a decent load was impossible. In consequence there were a number of engineers who stood in great danger of being broke through no fault of their own. But the officials had bought the engines and then put it up to the engineers to get the work out of them or get fired. That was the situation when I arrived. A friend of mine was one of the engineers in question. He asked me to go with him one trip as a fireman, saying that if we could make good with the engine I was certain of a job as engineer if I wanted it. I agreed to go. Just before we started the master mechanic served notice on my friend that his position hinged on the work he could get out of his engine that trip. We got along well at the beginning of the run and by careful feeding I was able to keep steam up fairly well. The engineer's seat was not securely fastened and somehow it broke down. The engineer in catching himself gave a hard pull on the throttle until it was wide open. When he tried to shut it off he found it had caught so it was impossible to move it. We thought we were up against it with the engine being pounded along with the throttle wide open while even by nursing before it had been hard to make steam. There was nothing to be done but let things go until my friend could get the throttle into working order. This took some time and all the while, to our great surprise, the engine steamed more easily than it did before. That was all that was needed, just to be pounded along wide open and there was no trouble. When we reached the end of the run there was a message from the superintendent complimenting him for the excellent time he had made. It was found that the other engines worked equally well under similar conditions, and from that time on there was no further trouble about their hauling good loads and making time."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Famous Accidents.**

A famous runaway disaster, that near Barnsly, on the Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire railroad, on December 12, 1870, by which 14 persons lost their lives, was proved to have been due to a broken coupling-pin; while the failure of the vacuum brake through cold caused the wreck of a runaway L. & N. W. express near Carlisle in March, 1890.

Probably, too, some such contretemps was the proximate cause of the appalling catastrophe—the worst recorded in railroad history—which happened through a train running away on the Morelos (Mexico) short line on the night of June 24, 1881. The driver was seen to be in difficulties at a way station, and an inspector jumped on the engine, which was then traveling at a comparatively low rate of speed, in order to try and render assistance.

Almost immediately afterwards the locomotive was observed to—in the words of an eye witness—"leap forward like a thing of life." A few minutes later it tore through Cuartla at 60 miles an hour, and on to a trestle bridge built on a curve over the San Antonio river, which was in flood at the time. The heavy train crashed through the flimsy structure as though it had been of glass, and every living soul aboard, to the number of more than 200, perished.—London Telegraph.

**Roads Easy to Build.**

The Canadian Pacific road from Arcola to Regina, Saskatchewan, a distance of 75 miles, is a perfectly straight line from terminal to terminal. Another straight line is on the New South Wales Government railway, 126 miles long. The Canadian National Transcontinental road has a straight stretch of 120 miles.

**Long Railroad Bridge in Africa.**

A bridge recently built for the Cape to Cairo railway over the Kafue river is the longest in Africa. It measures 1,400 feet.

**EVER MAKE A BED?**

**HERE'S MAN THAT SAYS JOB LOOKS EASIER THAN IT IS.**

After Strenuous Time at What He Thought Was Simple Undertaking He Had to Give Up the Job.

"Say," spoke up the man whose wife went home to spend the holidays, "d'jever try to make a bed? Did yuh?"

"If you did," said the lonesome looking man, "then I don't need to say anything to you. But ain't it the tricky job? Looks easy, too. How d'juh s'pose a woman ever manages to get away with making two or three beds in a house and then get anything else done that day?"

"Now, the other morning when I got up and found all the bed clothes pulled loose from their moorings at the foot I says to myself: 'Five days is long enough for a bed to go with-out bein' made. I'll just make it. I'd never tried on the bed making proposition, but it looked simple enough. My wife used to make the bed in our room just while I was putting on my collar and then slip in and make up the children's beds before I c'd get my hair combed."

"Well, I tried smoothing out the sheets and blankets, first from one side of the bed and then I'd race around to the other side and rub 'em down. But did they get smoothed out? They did not. They got more askew every time I touched 'em. Then I tried tucking 'em in at the foot, so that I at least wouldn't have my toes sticking out into the chill atmosphere when I went to sleep that night. When I got 'em tucked I found a big welt across the foot of the bed caused by some kivers that I failed to get hold of. Then when I saw just how ruffled up they were all over the bed I decided to pull them all off and start over again.

"I took 'em off and then put 'em all on again, one at a time, and the bed looked pretty solid and even except for one quilt lopping over a little too much toward the floor on one side, but the operation took me just 40 minutes by the clock over on the dresser.

"Then I thought while I was at it I would make the pillows stack up plumb, the way I'd seen 'em before the missus went home. Say, I wonder how that's done. I would pick 'em up and lay 'em down again just as easy like and try to smooth them out real slick, but still they persisted in looking as if they were just about all in. They didn't seem to be up on the bit at all. I don't know when I've seen a more anemic, wilted-looking pair of pillows.

"After this when that bed gets rumped up and lumpy I'm going to pull off the kivers and roll myself up like a bug in a cocoon and let it go at that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**New York Foe to Race Suicide.**

"Fifty dollars when you get married; \$50 for every baby." That's the offer J. B. Martin, proprietor of a fashionable New York hotel, has made to his employees. In case the babies come in twos or threes each one stands to collect \$50 just the same. Mr. Martin has paid \$5,150 in bonuses within the last year, and is willing to pay as much more this year. Once only he has paid upon twins. "I've found the plan to work out admirably," Martin declares. "Marriage and babies bring responsibility, and that increases the reliability of my help. My men are not looking around all the time for another job; their habits are better than ever before, and I can always depend upon them. I used to have lots of trouble in keeping my people. Now they seldom make a change. The plan is worth the money."

**Capital of Cardboard.**

Every time I come to Paris I am struck with the unreal appearance of the town, especially in the less busy quarter which lies all round the Champs Elysees, says a writer in the London Sketch. The tall, blank gray houses, with their gray wooden shutters, look no more real than the cardboard houses in a stage play. Moreover it seems impossible that anyone is alive inside the houses. You never see a face at a window, and no one ever seems to emerge through the great brown doors—doors which are obviously made of painted cardboard, and not of wood. The grayness, the monotony, the absence of colors, the comparative silence are incredible after the warm colors, the red-brown skies, the portentous, seething "movement" of London.

**Where Reform Should Begin.**

The studious-looking man passed his order to the waiter. The latter glanced it over. His usually placid face assumed a puzzled frown.

"Excoose me, sare," he said in choice restaurant French, "but I do not comprehend 'vat is zees?"

The stranger glanced in the direction pointed out by the waiter's stubby finger.

"That," he replied, "is egg. I have followed the reformed way of spelling it, e-g, egg."

The waiter nodded and brought the egg. The stranger attacked it with a fork. Then he suddenly leaned back and turned pale.

"Waiter," he feebly gasped, "take it away. In this instance it is quite evident the reform should be in the egg and not in the spelling."

**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 10 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.

**SCHOOL LAND AUCTION.**

The following described lands in Red Willow county, will be offered for lease at public auction at the county treasurer's office, McCook, Nebraska, Tuesday, March 24th at 2 p. m. Terms of leasing and appraised value may be had, on application, to the county treasurer at McCook or to the commissioner at Lincoln. The west half and west half, southeast quarter, 66-2-27; northeast quarter 36-4-28. -2-28-35. H. M. EXTON, Com. Public Lands and Buildings.

**YOU WOULD DO WELL TO SEE**

**J. M. Rupp**  
FOR ALL KINDS OF Brick Work  
P. O. Box 131, McCook, Nebraska

**NOTICE.**

State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. To all persons interested in the estate of Harriet Humphrey, late of said county, deceased: You are hereby notified that on the twenty-fifth day of February, 1908, Worth Humphrey filed his petition in the county court of said county for his appointment as administrator of the estate of Harriet Humphrey, late of said county, deceased, and that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of McCook of said county on the 16th day of March, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given all persons interested in said estate by publication of this notice for three successive weeks in the McCook Tribune, a newspaper printed and published and of general circulation in said county. -2-28-35. Dated this 25th day of February, 1908. J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

**ORDER OF HEARING.**

In the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska: In the matter of the estate of Ella A. Luck, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of John F. Helm, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to him as administrator. Ordered, that March 14th, 1908, at nine o'clock a. m., be assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the McCook Tribune, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing. -2-28-35. Dated February 24th, 1908. J. C. MOORE, County Judge. Boyle & Eldred, attorneys.

**NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE.**

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed by the clerk of the district court of Red Willow county, in the State of Nebraska, on a judgment rendered in said court in favor of Albertina Rogers, plaintiff, against John S. Miller, Minnie Rogers, defendant, against John S. Miller, Minnie Rogers, Albert Phillippi, Daisy Phillippi, Albert Phillippi, and Roy Rogers, defendants, on the eleventh day of December, 1907, for the partition and sale of the following described real estate, to-wit: The south half of the north quarter and lots one and two, section two, east quarter, north range twenty-nine, west of township two, north range twenty-nine, west of the sixth principal meridian in said Red Willow county: I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash on the 16th day of March, 1908, at the front door of the court house in McCook in said county at two o'clock in the afternoon, the above described real estate. -2-14-51. Dated this 14th day of February, 1908. -2-14-51. J. S. LEHW, Referee.

**REFEREE'S SALE.**

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed by the clerk of the district court of Red Willow county, in the State of Nebraska, on a judgment rendered in said court in favor of Minnie Maude Miller, plaintiff, against Albertina Rogers, Roy Rogers, John S. Miller, Freda Phillippi, Albert Phillippi, Daisy Phillippi and Edwin Phillippi, defendants, on the eleventh day of December, 1907, for the partition and sale of the following described real estate, to-wit: The east half of the west half of section two, the northwest quarter of section one, all in township two, north, range twenty-nine and lots one and two in block ten in the fourth addition to McCook, all in Red Willow county, Nebraska. I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash on the 16th day of March, 1908, at the front door of the court house in said county at two o'clock in the afternoon, the above described real estate. -2-14-51. Dated this 14th day of February, 1908. -2-14-51. J. S. LEHW, Referee.

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**The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter**

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