

SUTTON'S PIANO SALE!

FOR THIRTY DAYS, COMMENCING JULY THIRD, we are offering special inducements to clear our floor for the fall stock. Absolutely the greatest bargains ever shown in McCook will be in this sale. Don't fail to see the

Piano
for
\$165.00

commonly sold elsewhere for \$225.00. Guaranteed for 10 years. Others at \$210.00, \$225.00 and \$250.00.

Organs
\$15.00 and Up

Our Easy Payment Plan: \$10.00 down, balance at \$5.00 a month, and a year without interest. Doesn't that appeal to you? We have no give-away schemes, raffling, or guessing games, but we UNDERSELL.

"Better be Sure than Sorry"

H. P. SUTTON West Side Main Street McCOOK

Time Card

Burlington Route McCook, Neb. **Burlington Route**

MAIN LINE EAST—DEPART:

No. 6..... (Central Time)	10:27 P. M.
2..... " "	5:22 A. M.
12..... " "	7:15 A. M.
14..... " "	9:42 P. M.
16..... " "	7:25 P. M.

MAIN LINE WEST—DEPART:

No. 1..... (Mountain Time).....	9:50 A. M.
3..... " "	11:42 P. M.
5..... " "	8:50 P. M.
13..... " "	10:25 A. M.
15..... " "	12:17 A. M.

IMPERIAL LINE

No. 176 arrives. (Mountain Time).....	5:05 P. M.
No. 175 departs.....	7:10 A. M.

Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.

For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write R. E. Foe, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Engine 1749 is over the drop-pit for usual repairs, this week.

Ira E. Converse is entertaining a sister from Hendley for a couple of weeks.

Engines 1354, 1092 and 1331 are all ready to go out of the backshop.

Engine 1984 is receiving steampipe and driving brass repairs, this week.

Earl Newkirk returned to work, Monday, after a sick lay-off of several days.

Engines 326 and 1232 are receiving some repairs in the roundhouse, this week.

Fred Weidenhamer, a superintendent on the Clover Leaf, is here part of the week, guest of his brother W. M. Weidenhamer, the trainmaster.

Mrs. Trout and children, wife and family of the roadmaster at Red Cloud, came up to McCook, last Friday, to make relatives here a visit of some length.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Howell returned, Sunday night on No. 3, from a visit to Havelock relatives. A brother and a sister of his were present from Michigan. They got out of Lincoln just ahead of Lincoln's greatest flood.

The repairs to the roof of the roundhouse damaged by Sunday night's storm are being pushed now with energy.

Engineer W. C. Schenck writes that Mrs. Schenck has been sick ever since her arrival in Denver, but was able to be up, Thursday.

The three Amend children who perished in the Lincoln flood, Sunday night, are of the family of John Amend, a brother-in-law of George Amend of our city.

Brakeman Charlie Greininger was pulled off of the tender of an engine at Akron, last Friday, by the heavy chain carried on engines, and has been off duty, this week, until the hurts feel better.

Odd Use For Bread.

Perhaps the most novel use to which bread is put may be seen in one of our great watch factories, where more than forty loaves of fresh bread are required each day. An official of the watch factory is quoted as saying:

"There is no secret regarding the use of bread in this factory, and I am willing to tell all I can concerning it. From the earliest times in the history of watchmaking it has been the custom of watchmakers to reduce fresh bread to the form of dough. This is done by steaming and kneading. They then use this dough for removing oil and chips that naturally adhere in course of manufacture to pieces as small as a part of a watch. There are many parts of a watch, by the way, that are so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The oil is absorbed by this dough and the chips stick to it, and there is no other known substance which can be used as a wiper without leaving some of its particles attached to the thing wiped. This accounts for the continued use of bread dough in the watchmaking industry."—American Food Journal.

A Quaint Compliment.

On Mark Twain's seventy-second birthday a Hartford clergyman said of him:

"No wonder he finds happiness in old age. All the aged would be happy if they were as sympathetic and as kind as he. He is continually going out of his way to please others, and the result is that he is continually pleasing himself. Listen, for instance, to the quaint compliment he paid me the last time he came to hear me preach. He waited for me at the church door at the service's end and, shaking me by the hand, said gravely:

"I mean no offense, but I feel obliged to tell you that the preaching this morning has been of a kind that I can spare. I go to church, sir, to pursue my own train of thought, but today I couldn't do it. You interfered with me. You forced me to attend to you and lost me a full half hour. I beg that this may not occur again."

ENGLISH RED TAPE.

War Office Methods and the Test of a Mountain Gun.

The story that a gun of marvelous possibilities invented in England may be sold abroad owing to the apathy of the powers that be is not altogether surprising.

Whitworth refused Napoleon III's offer of \$50,000 a year for life to go to Paris and manufacture his cannon for the French army, but perhaps our war office was not so faddy then as now.

Some little time ago a new gun for hill fighting was offered and was sent out to India to be tried. It was dragged up steep hills, rushed down rocky dingles, left for a week at a time in mountain torrents—in fact, submitted to all the tests which a veteran officer accustomed to war with the hill tribes could suggest.

The report was satisfactory in every respect, but a war office genius blandly asked if the gun had been dropped down a precipice. It had not.

The war office was horrified and amazed at the neglect of so elementary a test. The gun was now dropped down a precipice with the inevitable result—its internals were irremediably damaged.

How was it possible, the war office asked, to accept such a weapon? And the army of India was left to potter along with obsolete weapons because this new arm would not stand impossible tests.—London Sketch.

AWAY BELOW ZERO.

The Awful Cold That Comes With Eighty Degrees of Frost.

It is difficult to form any conception of the degree of cold represented by 80 degrees of frost that at times prevails in certain parts of Russia. Sir Leopold McClintock tells us how in one of his arctic expeditions a sailor was foolish enough to do some outdoor work at precisely this temperature. His hands froze, and when he rushed into the cabin and plunged one of them into a basin of water so cold was the hand that the water was instantly converted into a block of ice.

At 25 degrees, Dr. Kane says, "the mustache and underlip form pendulous beads of dangling ice. Put out your tongue, and it instantly freezes to this icy crust. Your chin has a trick of freezing to your upper jaw by the happy aid of your beard. My eyes have often been so glued as to show that even a blink was unsafe."

During a theatrical performance given by the crew of his ship at an inside temperature of 30 degrees "the condensation was so excessive that we could barely see the performers. Their hands steamed. When an excited Thesplan took off his coat it smoked like a dish of potatoes. Any extra vehemence of delivery was accompanied by volumes of smoke."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wrong Diagnosis.

The small boy with the big bundle of papers was observed to be moistening some of his stock in the street fountain.

"Ah, my lad," said a benevolent old gentleman, "it does me good to see such an illustration of cleanliness."

"What do yer mean, boss?" asked the boy as he stared up in wonder.

"Why, aren't you trying to wash the mud spots off the edge of your papers?"

"No, boss; you are way off. You see, some of dese papers is two weeks old, an' if I dampen 'em up a bit people will think they are just from de press an' never think of lookin' at de date. Good graft, old sport! Say, some day when I am a captain of industry I'll give you a job."

But the benevolent old gentleman had fled.—Boston Post.

The Order of St. Patrick.

The "most illustrious Order of St. Patrick" dates only from 1783, says a London writer, when it was founded by George III., and is not to be compared in age with "the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle," which, dating from a remote antiquity, was revived by James II. in 1687. The curious thing about the bands, or ribbons, of these two orders is that St. Patrick's is blue of the hue that may be seen in the "huckles," or plumes, in the bearskins of the Irish guards, though it suggests the blue bells of Scotland, while the sash of the thistle is a dark green, suggestive of Erin's verdant isle. On state ceremonies these two orders are frequently confounded.

What She Was Trying to Accomplish. The other morning at the breakfast table three-year-old Jeannette was poking vigorously with her knife at a biscuit.

"What are you trying to do, Jeannette?" demanded mother. "Be careful, you will cut your hand."

Said Jeannette: "I'm trying to unloosen this biscuit—it's so tight!"—New York Times.

Not a Matter of Choice.

Columbia Alumnus—The woman on the debate team is intolerable. You wouldn't like to debate with a woman would you? Cornell Alumnus—Got so I don't mind it now. Been married five years.—New York Tribune.

Hard Lines.

"Does your wife make you explain all your acts?"
"Worse than that."
"Worse than that?"
"Far worse; she doesn't permit me to explain them."—Houston Post.

The Three Periods.

Jason—There are three periods in a man's life when he does not understand a woman. Grason—And they are? Jason—Before he knows her, when he knows her and afterward!



Canvas Oxfords for Men and Boys worth \$1.25 and \$1.50. What we have left will sell at 77 cents.

Ladies' Canvas Oxfords, White, Gray, and Black, worth \$1.25 to \$2.50. While they last we sell all at 98 cents.

Get our cut prices on Wash Fabrics, Gingham, Etc.

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C. L. DeGROFF & CO.

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That the Big Noise

raised by the Mower and Binder Trust is only to make Nebraska farmers pay their large ousted fines, forced by Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

G. W. PREDMORE & SONS have Mower Knives, Sections, Wearing Plates, Clips, Pitmans and Pitman Straps, Boxes and Bolts, Guards and Guard Plates, all kinds and sizes of Rivets for the McCormick and Deering mowers, and we can soon get them for any other that you may have.

We have bought from the same manufacturer for 18 years the same goods and we are selling at the same old price. We are not controlled by any trust, combination or association. We buy for cash and sell for cash. Come and hear our whispering, and we will sell you the goods.

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Tea and
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"Ask Scott About It" Fone 30

Fine Repair Work a Specialty	VIERSEN & STANDISH SHOE PARLOR 112 WEST DENNISON STREET	Walk Half a Block and Save a Dollar
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If you'd go into a shoe store and announce that you wanted to buy forty pairs of shoes, you'd get special attention, wouldn't you?

Every person who comes into our store looks at least like a "forty-pair" customer. They are. We'll sell them the first pair, and the fit, comfort and wear that they get out of them will be pretty apt to take care of the other thirty-nine or more sales.

We don't make enough profit on one pair of shoes to be indifferent as to where you buy the next pair, so we do things that make you want to buy them here.

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