

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE McCook Co-operative Building & Savings Ass'n
of McCook, Nebraska, on the 30th day of June, 1908.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| ASSETS. | |
| First Mortgage Loans..... | \$ 121,855 00 |
| Stock loans..... | 4,310 00 |
| Real estate..... | 925 30 |
| Cash..... | 3,399 48 |
| Delinquent interest..... | 46 38 |
| Expenses and taxes paid..... | 262 05 |
| Delinquent assessments..... | 38 00 |
| Total..... | \$ 132,829 51 |
| LIABILITIES. | |
| Capital stock paid up..... | \$ 127,049 68 |
| Reserve fund..... | 1,574 83 |
| Undivided profits..... | 3,883 98 |
| Other liabilities..... | 221 05 |
| Total..... | \$ 132,829 51 |

Receipts and expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1908.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| RECEIPTS. | |
| Balance on hand July 1, 1907..... | \$ 378 80 |
| Dues..... | 29,675 20 |
| Interest, premiums and fines..... | 11,223 02 |
| Loans repaid..... | 27,963 94 |
| Real Estate Sales..... | 140 00 |
| Total..... | \$96,424 26 |
| EXPENDITURES. | |
| Loans..... | \$ 50,690 00 |
| Expenses..... | 852 04 |
| Stock redeemed..... | 7,082 74 |
| Bills payable..... | 3,800 00 |
| Cash on hand..... | 3,289 48 |
| Total..... | \$ 65,624 26 |

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THE FOREHEAD.
What Its Size and Shape Are Said to Indicate.
A high forehead to be very good should be well developed about the eyebrows.
Breadth of forehead is always favorable. It is distinctly connected with breadth of character.
A forehead that curves back reveals a poetic temperament, a fondness for the arts and a talent for either music or painting.
Of course a broad forehead may be part of a weak face, and a weak chin and mouth will naturally give a truer impression of character than even a combination of a narrow forehead with an otherwise strong face.
If there is quite a perceptible bulge of the eyebrows, combined with a high forehead, the sign is of a calm, cool, deliberate thinker.
If with these eyebrows is combined a forehead that slopes gradually back, a sensitive, poetic temperament is disclosed. If, again, they are combined with a short, narrow forehead, the subject will be successful in business and in everything connected with worldly matters, but he will be incapable of appreciating to any extent or of creating anything connected with the arts.—New York American.

SAW IT IN A DREAM.
A Lost Check and the Peculiar Way It Was Found.
A wealthy New York lawyer sat up late one night writing letters he had not been able to finish during the day. It was past midnight when he went out to mail them, and when he returned and was undressing he paused in dismay, missing a check for a large sum received during the day and taken home with him. In vain was the house ransacked at that late hour. He went to bed convinced that the lost check must be in the house. An hour later he fell into uneasy slumber and beheld as with his eyes of the flesh the pink check curled about an area railing four or five doors from his own house.
So real was the dream that the troubled man woke up, dressed and, slipping down the stairs into the street, walked along the sidewalk to a spot still seen vividly in his mind, and there, sure enough, standing edge upward and partly curled about the iron, was the missing check. "I think," he reported to the Psychological Research society, "my subconsciousness must have noticed it fall from my pocket as I walked to the mail box and my subliminal self pointed it out to me in sleep."—William G. Fitz-Gerald in New York Tribune.

The Dogs of Constantinople.
There are at least 235,000 dogs in Constantinople, which has a population of 1,150,000. They are the vilest of cowards and are the scavengers of the city. It is said that scores of people are bitten daily by the dogs of Constantinople, but that a case of hydrophobia was never known there. Three centuries ago Nassuf Pasha, grand vizier to Achmet III., transported all the dogs to Asia and would have had them destroyed there, but the sultan, on consulting the mufti, was told that every dog had a soul and consequently forbade such wholesale destruction. After the slaughter of the janizaries Mahmoud intended to get rid of them, for he caused an immense number of sausages (5) to be made and, having poisoned them, gave the dogs a feast. Many thousands were thus killed in one day, but the people murmured so much that he was afraid to begin a second day's work. He therefore ordered them to be expelled to Asia, but the order was very indifferently executed, and in a short time the dogs were as numerous as during the time of the janizaries.

The Dog Morland Painted.
Of the many stories of the seemingly unconscious heroisms of Newfoundland dogs none is more interesting than the one concerning the noble dog which Morland afterward painted.
When William Phillips, bathing at Portsmouth, ventured beyond his depth and was drowning, two boatmen, instead of setting out to his rescue, haggled about a reward from the bystanders, who were urging them to go to Phillips' rescue. In the midst of the controversy a Newfoundland dog leaped into the water and brought the exhausted bather to shore. Mr. Phillips bought the dog from its owner, a butcher, and yearly gave a festival in honor of his rescuer.
It was for Mr. Phillips that Morland painted the dog's picture, and Bartolozzi engraved it.

A Dream Warning.
A strange story comes from Calabria. One Braccala, a resident of Pizzo, had a dream in which he saw his son, twenty years of age, being attacked by two men, who were stabbing him with knives. Braccala awoke and, arousing his wife, told her what he had seen. She tried to calm him, but while they were still discussing the matter a noise was heard in front of the house, and, hastening down, Mmie. Braccala opened the door just in time to catch her son in her arms as he fell swooning to the ground. He had been attacked and stabbed and died shortly afterward.

Too Easy For Him.
"Sir, I want work."
"Here's a penny. Buy yourself a newspaper."
"But I know nothin' about runnin' a newspaper," protested Tired Tiffins, who really wanted alms.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.—Shakespeare.

THE BLARNEY STONE.
An Old Legend Tells How It Found Its Way to Ireland.
THE MAGIC OF KISSING IT.
Origin of the Quaint Belief That It Imparts to the Lips That Touch It the Power to Utter Honeyed, Coaxing and Delusive Speeches.

The blarney stone takes its name from the village of Blarney, in County Cork, Ireland, near which stand the ruins of the famous Blarney castle, dating back to the fifteenth century, and the groves of Blarney, which enjoy an equally wide reputation. A rivulet flowing through them bears the same name. The name Blarney is from the Irish "blairne," a little field, the Gaelic form being "blair" or "blar," a plain. The village is four miles northwest of Cork and has a few hundred inhabitants. In the groves of Blarney stands the ruined castle, in one tower of which is the world famous stone, the kissing of which is reputed to endow one with the gift of coaxing, wheedling and flattering.
The true stone is declared to be one in the castle wall, a few feet below the summit of the tower. To reach and osculate it is necessary for one to be held over the parapet by the heels. But so many persons traveling in the Emerald Isle desire to report that they have kissed the real blarney stone that one in the top of the wall is held to be sufficiently near the real thing for the fiction to be maintained that it is the true stone with all the powers of the original. And even to aged and infirm persons one near the castle entrance is declared to be the original. On the true stone, near the top of the tower, a half effaced inscription reads, "Cormack McCarthy Fortis Me Fieri Facit. A. D. 1446."
Of the blarney stone Father Prout, the Irish poet, declared that it was the palladium of liberty for Erin. He describes the stone and relates a number of legends regarding it, one that it was brought to the island by the Phoenicians, who are reputed to have colonized the region, and that it had long been in the custody of the Carthaginians, who from it gained the reputation for insincerity which is transmitted in the phrase "Punic faith," and that before that it belonged to the Syrians, who were credited with speaking with double tongues after kissing it. According to the story, some Carthaginian adventurers became enamored of the stone and appropriated it. They set sail for Minorca, but, being overtaken by a storm, were driven into the harbor of Cork and left the stone in that vicinity until it was made use of in the construction of the donjon tower of Blarney castle.

As to the origin of the belief in regard to the qualities secured by kissing the stone, Crofton Croker says that in 1602, when the Spaniards were urging the Irish chieftains to harass the English, the owner of the castle, Cormack McDermott McCarthy, who then occupied it, concluded an armistice with the lord president on condition of surrendering it to an English garrison. But he put him off from day to day with specious statements, fair promises and false pretenses until the lord president became the laughingstock of the ministers of Queen Elizabeth, and the honeyed and delusive speeches of the lord of the castle became known as mere "blarney."

The word found its way into literature in the last century. In the "Journal" of Caroline Fox, which appeared in 1835, there is this use of the word: "Mme. de Stael was regretting to Lord Castlereagh that there was no word in the English language which answered to their 'sentiment.' 'No,' he said, 'there is no English word, but the Irish have one that corresponds exactly—blarney.'" Samuel Lover wrote "The blarney's so great a deceiver" in one of his Irish novels. President James Buchanan wrote, "The general has yet to learn that my father's countrymen (I have ever felt proud of my descent from an Irishman), though they themselves do blarney others, are yet hard to be blarneyed themselves." Washington Irving in "The Traveler" wrote, "So he blarneyed the landlord." James Russell Lowell in "The Fable For Critics" says:

The cast clothes of Europe your statesmanship tries
And mumbles again the old blarneys and lies.

The name of the old time castle and town has added a noun, a verb, an adjective and a participle to the language. The most comprehensive definition of the noun "blarney" is "exceedingly complimentary language; flattery; smooth, wheedling talk; pleasing cajolery." As to the origin of the word, one lexicographer quotes Grose as crediting the derivation of it from the phrase "licking the blarney stone," "applied to incredible stories told of climbing to a stone very difficult of access in a castle of that name in the county of Cork, Ireland." But he added that Dr. Jamieson derives it from the French "balverne," "a lie; frivolous talk," and defines it "gross flattery; unmeaning or vexatious discourse (Low)." But the word seems to have outgrown this restricted meaning since the latter part of the eighteenth century. Every Irishman south of the Liffey is popularly supposed to have kissed the blarney stone, and if, moreover, he has had a dip in the Shannon he is reputed to have the requisite amount of impudence, or what the natives call "civil courage."—New York Tribune.

SARTORIAL DILEMMAS.
Wighty Problems That Are Puzzling Our English Cousins.
A problem is put forward by a writer in a contemporary which gives food for thought. It is this: Suppose by some combination of circumstances you were faced by the alternative of wearing a frock coat with brown boots. Which would be the better way out of it—to wear a bowler or a tall hat? As the writer justly remarks, if you wear a bowler then the thing you have to explain away is the coat. If you wear a tall hat, you have only the boots to account for. We should advise those of our readers who find one morning that all the wearing apparel in the house had been stolen during the night with the exception of a frock coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt, collar, vest, tie, a pair of brown boots and two hats—one tall, the other round—to cut the Gordian knot by staying in bed. Another of life's dilemmas which may face the traveler down the world's dusty highway has to do with collars. Suppose on arriving at a house for a week end and starting to dress for dinner you find that your evening collars have got wetted by your sponge or otherwise defaced. Should you wear a clean double collar or a dirty orthodox evening collar? In the former case you will be natty, but a thing of loathing to all properly constituted men. In the latter you will give the impression that you cannot afford the services of a laundry.—London Globe.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS.
The Great Warrior Was Fond of Perfume and Clean Linen.
It is pleasant to learn if one has Napoleon I. on the hero list that he had very dainty habits in personal matters; that he was fastidiously clean in his person, according to an article in a French contemporary, and poured eau de cologne into the water he washed in, then sponged his head with perfume and finally poured the remainder of the contents of the flask over his neck and shoulders. He was also extravagantly fond of clean linen and during his campaigns had relays of it sent to different places. In those days it did not cost a farm to have starched things laundered, for, in account with a famous laundress in Paris, the emperor's linen for one wash amounted to 386 pieces and cost only a trifle over \$20.

This strikes an American as very reasonable, but his majesty never wore any article but once, and, as he always undressed himself without aid from his valet, his garments were literally cast to the four corners of the room. Napoleon's bill for eau de cologne, however, exceeded the washerwoman's by a large majority. It is a relief to learn that the Little Corporal was so much a dandy. Some of his predecessors in the Tuileries were not blessed with such excellent habits if history is to be relied upon.

To Make Waxed Paper.
This is used for keeping substances which contain either a volatile aromatic ingredient or grease, which would penetrate through ordinary paper. On a flat sheet of copper over a gentle fire place a sheet of paper as a base and then lay a second sheet on the top of the first. Coat this second sheet with yellow or white wax and distribute the latter uniformly over the entire sheet by means of a sponge, exerting a little pressure, till the paper is everywhere transparent and consequently permeated by the wax. If the fire is too feeble, the process will be retarded. Too powerful a flame is still more harmful, as the paper is liable to become brown or black. Stearin may be used instead of wax.—Der Industriose Geschäftsman.

Sure to Be There.
An old Scotch farmer was lying on what he thought was his deathbed. He began to give orders to his wife about his funeral and the people to be invited. His wife, knowing that he was not dying, paid but little attention to his requests, and this so enraged the farmer that he rose on his elbow and cried out:
"What need I speak? There'll be naething dune richt unless I'm there myself!"
His wife, patting him on the shoulder, replied: "Toots, man, Bauldy! Keep yer min' easy. Ye'll be the principal man there."—Glasgow Times.

Where They Gas Away.
Of the late Langdon Smith, the brilliant journalist and author of New York, a Denver reporter narrated anecdotes the other day.
"I remember," he said, "my first visit to Washington. Smith, big and handsome and vivacious, showed me about. From an eminence a great pale dome rose up against the blue sky, the dome of the capitol.
"What is that?" said I.
"That?" said Smith. "Oh, that's the national gas works!"

In One Lesson.
He—Your sister said she couldn't dance.
She—Well, can she?
"Yes; I made her. We hadn't been on the floor a minute when I stepped on her foot. You just ought to have seen her."—Yonkers Statesman.

Misnamed.
Towne—Why do you call young Fetherbrane "Cholly?" His first name is Noah.
Browne—Yes, but that's so inappropriate. Noah had sense enough to get in out of the rain.—Philadelphia Press.

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; he who dares not is a slave.—Byron.

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